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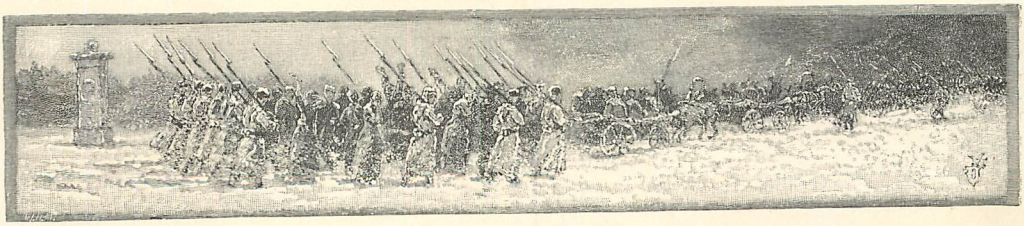
THE BOUNDARY POST.

They have marched away into Siberia



THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

BEFORE beginning this series of papers upon Siberia and the Exile System, it seems to me both proper and necessary that I should say a few words with reference to the circumstances under which I made the journey that I am about to describe, and the opinions concerning Russian affairs which I held at the time it was undertaken. The idea of exploring some of the less known parts of Siberia, and of making, in connection with such exploration, a careful study of the exile system, first took definite form in my mind in the year 1879. From such observations as I had been able to make during a residence of two and a half years in the country, and a subsequent journey of five thousand miles overland to St. Petersburg, it seemed to me that Siberia offered to a competent investigator an extremely interesting and promising field of research. To the Russians, who had possessed it in whole or in part for nearly three centuries, it was, of course, comparatively familiar ground; but to the average American, at that time, it was almost as much a *terra incognita* as central Africa or Thibet. In 1881 the assassination of Alexander II., and the exile of a large number of Russian revolutionists to the mines of the Trans-Baikal, increased my interest in Siberia and intensified my desire not only to study the exile system on the ground, but to investigate the Russian revolutionary movement in the only part of the empire where I thought such an investigation could successfully be made,—namely, in the region to which the revolutionists themselves had been banished. It seemed to me a hopeless task to look for nihilists in the cities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, or to seek there an explanation of the political events and the social phenomena which interested me. Most of the leading actors in the revolutionary drama of 1878–79 were already in Siberia; and if the Imperial Police could not discover the few who still remained at large in European Russia, it was not at all likely that I could. In Siberia, however, communication with exiled nihilists might perhaps be practicable; and there, if anywhere, was to be obtained the information which I desired.

Circumstances, and the want of time and means for such an extended journey as I wished to make, prevented me from taking any definite steps in the matter until the summer of 1884, when the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE became interested in my plans, and proposed to me that I should go to Siberia for that periodical and give to it the results of my work. I thereupon made a preliminary excursion to St. Petersburg and Moscow for the purpose of collecting material and ascertaining whether or not obstacles were likely to be thrown in my way by the Russian Government. I returned in October, fully satisfied that my scheme was a practicable one; that there was really nothing in Siberia which needed concealment; and that my literary record — so far as I had made a record — was such as to predispose the Russian Government in my favor, and to secure for me all the facilities that a friendly investigator might reasonably expect. The opinions which I held at that time with regard to the Siberian exile system and the treatment of political offenders by the Russian Government

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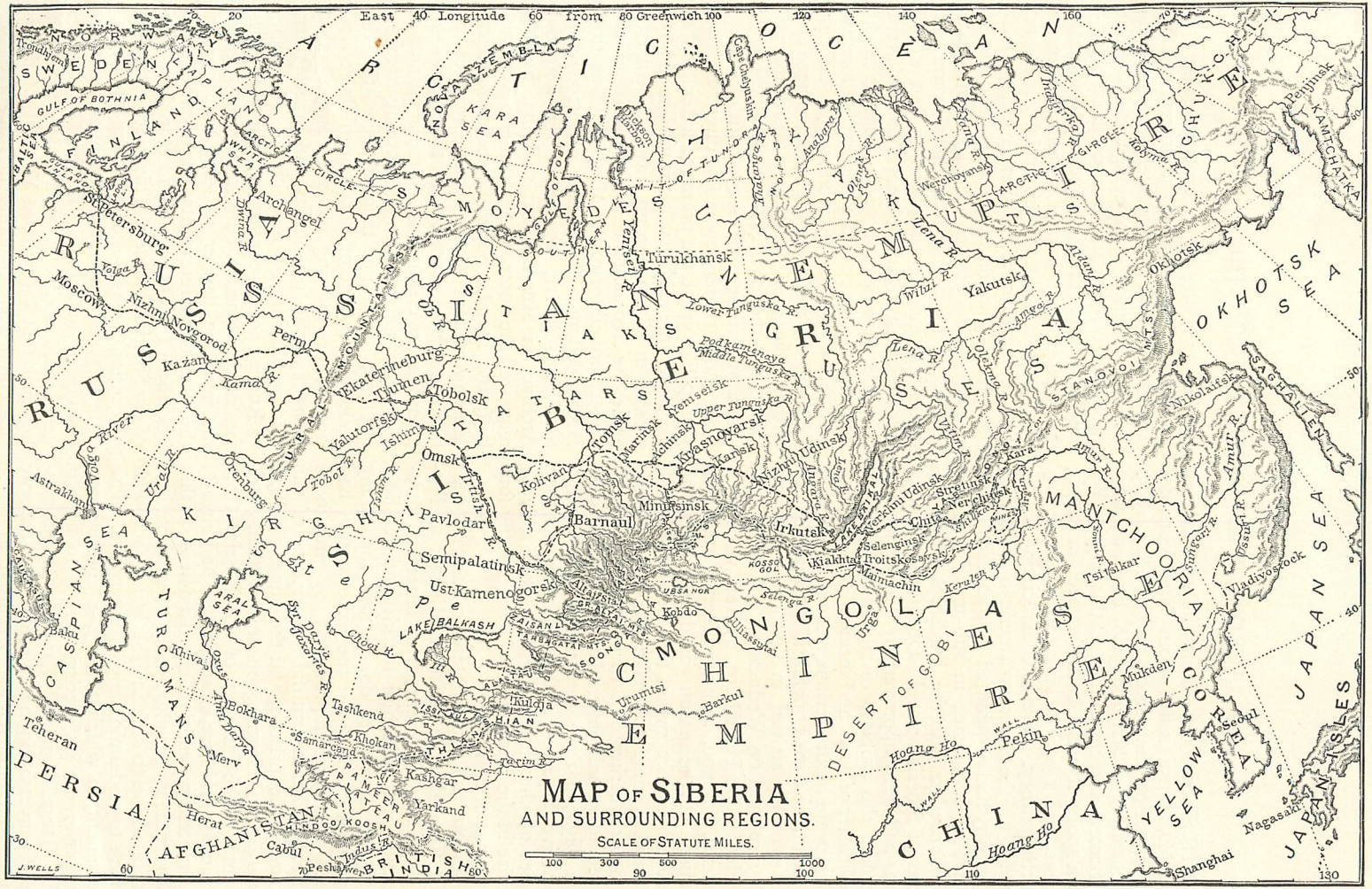
were set forth fully and frankly in an address which I delivered before the American Geographical Society of New York in 1882, and in the newspaper controversy to which that address gave rise. I then believed that the Russian Government and the exile system had been greatly misrepresented by such writers as Stepniak and Prince Krapotkin; that Siberia was not so terrible a country as Americans had always supposed it to be; and that the descriptions of Siberian mines and prisons in the just-published book of the Rev. Henry Lansdell were probably truthful and accurate. I also believed, although I did not say, that the nihilists, terrorists, and political malcontents generally, who had so long kept Russia in a state of alarm and apprehension, were unreasonable and wrong-headed fanatics of the anarchistic type with which we in the United States have recently become so familiar. In short, all my prepossessions were favorable to the Russian Government and unfavorable to the Russian revolutionists. I lay stress upon this fact, not because my opinions at that time had intrinsically any particular weight or importance, but because a just estimate of the results of an investigation cannot be formed without some knowledge of the preconceptions and personal bias of the investigator. I also lay stress upon it for the further reason that it partly explains the friendly attitude towards me which was taken by the Russian Government, the permission which was given me to inspect prisons and mines, and the comparative immunity from arrest, detention, and imprisonment which I enjoyed, even when my movements and associations were such as justly to render me an object of suspicion to the local Siberian authorities. It is very doubtful whether a traveler who had not already committed himself to views that the Government approved would have been allowed to go to Siberia for the avowed purpose of investigating the exile system, or whether, if permitted to go there, he would have escaped serious trouble when it was discovered that he was associating on terms of friendly intimacy with political criminals of the most dangerous class. In my frequent skirmishes with the police, and with suspicious local officials in remote Siberian villages, nothing but the letter which I carried from the Russian Minister of the Interior saved me from summary arrest and imprisonment, or from a search of my person and baggage which probably would have resulted in my expulsion from the empire under guard and in the loss of all my notes and documentary material. That letter, which was my sheet-anchor in times of storm and stress, would never, I think, have been given to me, if I had not publicly defended the Russian Government against some of its numerous assailants, and if it had not been believed that personal pride, and a desire to seem consistent, probably would restrain me from confessing error, even should I find the prison and exile system worse than I anticipated, and worse than I had represented it to be. How far this belief was well founded, and to what extent my preconceived ideas were in harmony with the facts, I purpose, in the present series of papers, to show.

Before closing this preface I desire to tender my most sincere and hearty thanks to the many friends, acquaintances, and well-wishers throughout European Russia and Siberia who encouraged me in my work, coöperated in my researches, and furnished me with the most valuable part of my material. Some of them are political exiles, who imperiled even the wretched future which still remained to them by writing out for me histories of their lives; some of them are officers of the Exile Administration, who, trusting to my honor and discretion, gave me without reserve the results of their long experience; and some of them are honest, humane prison officials, who, after reporting again and again upon the evils and abuses of the prison system, finally pointed them out to me, as the last possible means of forcing them upon the attention of the Government and the world. Most of these people I dare not even mention by name. Although their characters and their services are such as to make their names worthy of remembrance and honor, it is their misfortune to live in a country where the Government regards a frankly expressed opinion as an evidence of "untrustworthiness," and treats an effort to improve the condition of things as an offense to be punished. To mention the names of such people, when they live under such a government, is simply to render them objects of suspicion and surveillance, and thus deprive them of the limited power they still exercise for good. All that I can do, therefore, to show my appreciation of their trust, their kindness, and their aid, is to use the information which they gave me as I believe they would wish it to be used,—in the interest of humanity, freedom, and good government. For Russia and the Russian people I have the warmest affection and sympathy; and if, by a temperate and well-considered statement of the results of my Siberian investigations, I can make the country and the nation better known to the world, and ameliorate, even little, the lot of the "unfortunates" to whom "God is high above and the Tsar is far away," I shall be more than repaid for the hardest journey and the most trying experience of my life.

George Kennan.



MAP OF SIBERIA
AND SURROUNDING REGIONS.

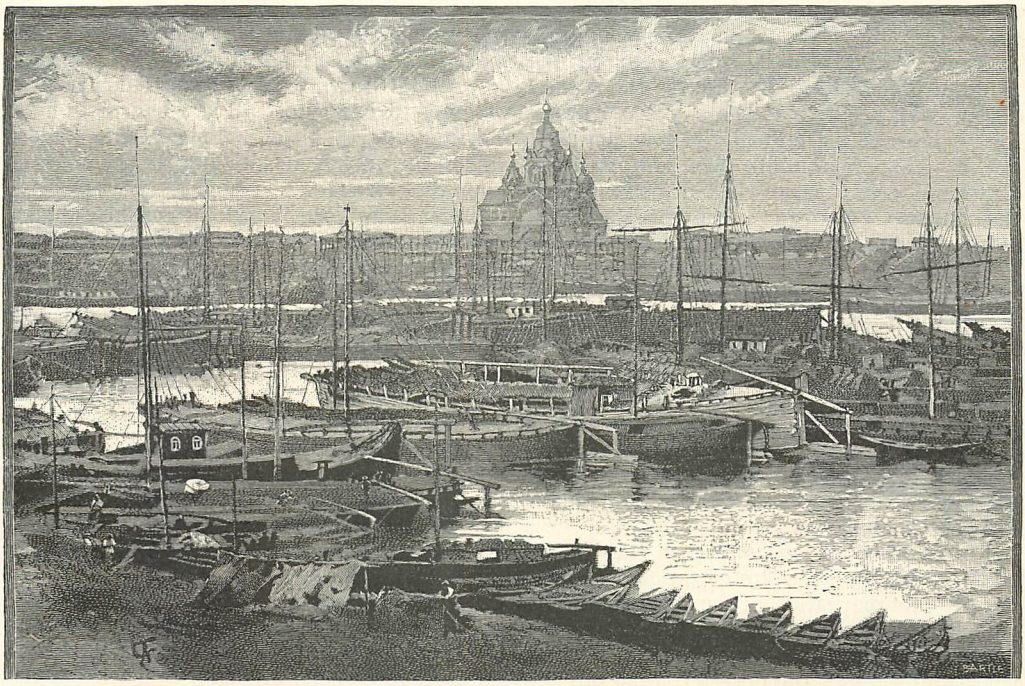
Line of Route
National Boundaries

ACROSS THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER.

THE Siberian expedition of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE sailed from New York for Liverpool on the second day of May, 1885. It consisted of Mr. George A. Frost, an artist of Boston, and the author of this paper. We both spoke Russian, both had been in Siberia before, and I was making to the empire my fourth journey. Previous association in the service of the Russian-American Telegraph Company had acquainted us with each other, and long experience in sub-arctic Asia had familiarized us with the hardships and privations of Siberian travel. Our plan of operations had been approved by THE CENTURY; we had the amplest discretionary power in the matter of ways and means; and although fully aware of the serious nature of the work in hand, we were hopeful, if not sanguine, of success. We arrived in London on Sunday, May 10, and on Wednesday, the 13th, proceeded to St. Petersburg by rail, via Dover, Ostend, Cologne, Hanover, Berlin, and Eydkuhnen. As the season was already advanced, and as it was important that we should reach Siberia in time to make the most of the summer weather and the good roads, I decided to remain in the Russian capital only five days; but we were unfortunate enough to arrive there just at the beginning of a long series of church holidays, and were able to utilize in the transaction of business only four days out of ten.

As soon as I could obtain an interview with Mr. Vlangalli, the assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs, I presented my letters of introduction and told him frankly and candidly what we desired to do. I said that in my judgment Siberia and the exile system had been greatly misrepresented by prejudiced writers; that a truthful description of the country, the prisons, and the mines would, I thought, be advantageous rather than detrimental to the interests of the Russian Government; and that, inasmuch as I had already committed myself publicly to a defense of that Government, I could hardly be suspected of an intention to seek in Siberia for facts with which to undermine my own position. This statement, in which there was not the least diplomacy or insincerity, seemed to impress Mr. Vlangalli favorably; and after twenty minutes' conversation he informed me that we should undoubtedly be permitted to go to Siberia, and that he would aid us as far as possible by giving us an open letter to the governors of the Siberian provinces, and by procuring for us a similar letter from the Minister of the Interior. Upon being asked whether these letters would admit us to Siberian prisons, Mr. Vlangalli replied that they would not; that permission to inspect prisons must in all cases be obtained from provincial governors. As to the further question whether such permission probably would be granted, he declined to express an opinion. This, of course, was equivalent to saying that the Government would not give us *carte-blanche*, but would follow us with friendly observation, and grant or refuse permission to visit prisons, as might from time to time seem expedient. I foresaw that this would greatly increase our difficulties, but I did not deem it prudent to urge any further concession; and after expressing my thanks for the courtesy and kindness with which we had been received, I withdrew.

At another interview, a few days later, Mr. Vlangalli gave me the promised letters, and at the same time said that he would like to have me stop in Moscow on my way to Siberia and make the acquaintance of Mr. Katkoff, the well-known editor of the Moscow "Gazette." He handed me a sealed note of introduction to Baron Buhler, keeper of the Imperial Archives in Moscow, and said that he had requested the latter to present me to Mr. Katkoff, and that he hoped I would not leave Moscow without seeing him. I was not unfamiliar with the character and the career of the great Russian champion of autocracy, and was glad, of course, to have an opportunity of meeting him; but I more than suspected that the underlying motive of Mr. Vlangalli's request was a desire to bring me into contact with a man of strong personality and great ability, who would impress me with his own views of Russian policy, confirm my favorable opinion of the Russian Government, and guard me from the danger of being led astray by the specious misrepresentations of exiled nihilists, whom I might possibly meet in the course of my Siberian journey. This precaution — if precaution it was — seemed to me wholly unnecessary, since my opinion of the nihilists was already as unfavorable as the Government itself could desire. I assured Mr. Vlangalli, however, that I would see Mr. Katkoff if possible; and after thanking him again for his assistance, I bade him good-bye.



THE "FAIR-CITY" OF NIZHNI NOVGOROD, FROM THE SOUTHERN BANK OF THE OKA.

In reviewing now the representations which I made to high Russian officials before leaving St. Petersburg, I have not to reproach myself with a single act of duplicity or insincerity. I did not obtain permission to go to Siberia by means of false pretenses, nor did I at any time assume a deceptive attitude for the sake of furthering my plans. If the opinions which I now hold differ from those which I expressed to Mr. Vlangalli in 1885, it is not because I was then insincere, but because my views have since been changed by an overwhelming mass of evidence.

On the afternoon of May 31, having selected and purchased photographic apparatus, obtained all necessary books and maps, and provided ourselves with about fifty letters of introduction to teachers, mining engineers, and Government officials in all parts of Siberia, we left St. Petersburg by rail for Moscow. The distance from the Russian capital to the Siberian frontier is about 1600 miles; and the route usually taken by travelers, and always by exiles, is that which passes through the cities of Moscow, Nizhni Novgorod, Kazan, Perm, and Ekaterineburg. The eastern terminus of the Russian railway system is at Nizhni Novgorod, but in summer steamers ply constantly between that city and Perm on the rivers Volga and Kama; and Perm is connected with Ekaterineburg by an isolated piece of railroad about 180 miles in length, which crosses the mountain chain of the Ural, and is intended to unite the navigable waters of the Volga with those of the Ob.*

Upon our arrival in Moscow I presented my sealed note of introduction to Baron Buhler, and called with him at the office of the Moscow "Gazette" for the purpose of making the acquaintance of its editor. We were disappointed, however, to find that Mr. Katkoff had just left the city and probably would be absent for two or three weeks. As we could not await his return, and as there was no other business to detain us in Moscow, we proceeded by rail to Nizhni Novgorod, reaching that city early on the morning of Thursday, June 4.

To a traveler visiting Nizhni Novgorod for the first time there is something surprising, and almost startling, in the appearance of what he supposes to be the city, and in the scene presented to him as he emerges from the railway station and walks away from the low bank of the Oka River in the direction of the Volga. The clean, well-paved streets; the long rows of substantial buildings; the spacious boulevard, shaded by leafy birches and poplars; the

* During our stay in Siberia this railroad was extended to Tiumen, on one of the tributaries of the Ob, so that St. Petersburg is now in communication, by rail or steamer, with points in Siberia as remote as Semipalatinsk and Tomsk, the former 2600 and the latter 2700 miles away.

canal, spanned at intervals by graceful bridges; the picturesque tower of the water-works; the enormous cathedral of Alexander Nevski; the Bourse; the theaters; the hotels; the market places — all seem to indicate a great populous center of life and commercial activity; but of living inhabitants there is not a sign. Grass and weeds are growing in the middle of the empty streets and in the chinks of the travel-worn sidewalks; birds are singing fearlessly in the trees that shade the lonely and deserted boulevard; the countless shops and warehouses are all closed, barred, and padlocked; the bells are silent in the gilded belfries of the churches; and the astonished stranger may perhaps wander for a mile between solid blocks of buildings without seeing an open door, a vehicle, or a single human being. The city appears to have been stricken by a pestilence and deserted. If the new-comer remembers for what Nizhni Novgorod is celebrated, he is not long, of course, in coming to the conclusion that he is on the site of the famous fair; but the first realization of the fact that the fair is in itself a separate and independent city, and a city which during nine months of every year stands empty and deserted, comes to him with the shock of a great surprise.

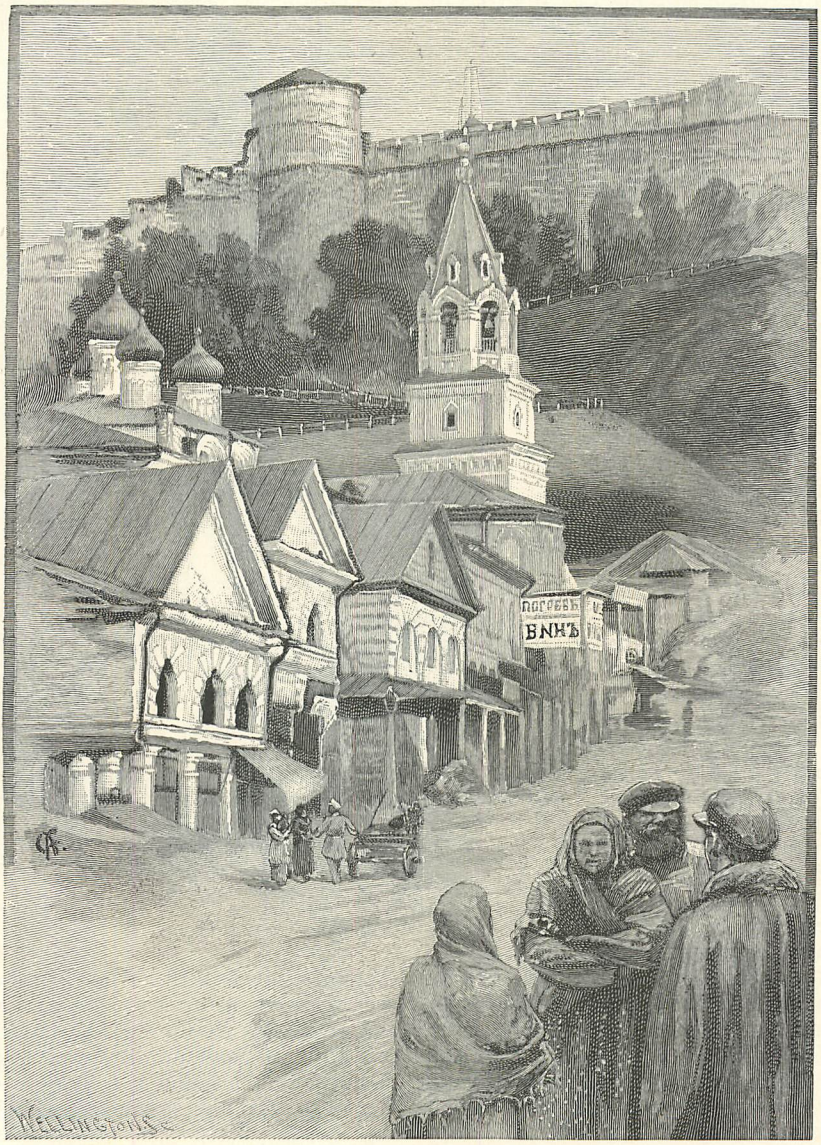
The fair-city of Nizhni Novgorod is situated on a low peninsula between the rivers Oka and Volga, just above their junction, very much as New York City is situated on Manhattan Island between East River and the Hudson. In geographical position it bears the same relation to the old town of Nizhni Novgorod that New York would bear to Jersey City if the latter were elevated on a steep terraced bluff four hundred feet above the level of the Hudson. The Russian fair-city, however, differs from New York City in that it is a mere temporary market — a huge commercial caravansary where 500,000 traders assemble every year to buy and to sell commodities. In September it has frequently a population of more than 100,000 souls, and contains merchandise valued at $75,000,000; while in January, February, or March all of its inhabitants might be fed and sheltered in the smallest of its hotels, and all of its goods might be put into a single one of its innumerable shops. Its life, therefore, is a sort of intermittent commercial fever, in which an annual paroxysm of intense and unnatural activity is followed by a long interval of torpor and stagnation.

It seems almost incredible at first that a city of such magnitude — a city which contains churches, mosques, theaters, markets, banks, hotels, a merchants' exchange, and nearly seven thousand shops and inhabitable buildings, should have so ephemeral a life, and should be so completely abandoned every year after it has served the purpose for which it was created. When I saw this unique city for the first time, on a clear frosty night in January, 1868, it presented an extraordinary picture of loneliness and desolation. The moonlight streamed down into its long empty streets where the unbroken snow lay two feet deep upon the sidewalks; it touched with silver the white walls and swelling domes of the old fair-cathedral, from whose towers there came no clangor of bells; it sparkled on great snow-drifts heaped up against the doors of the empty houses, and poured a flood of pale light over thousands of snow-covered roofs; but it did not reveal anywhere a sign of a human being. The city seemed to be not only uninhabited, but wholly abandoned to the arctic spirits of solitude and frost. When I saw it next, at the height of the annual fair in the autumn of 1870, it was so changed as to be almost unrecognizable. It was then surrounded by a great forest of shipping; its hot, dusty atmosphere thrilled with the incessant whistling of steamers; merchandise to the value of 125,000,000 rubles lay on its shores or was packed into its 6000 shops; every building within its limits was crowded; 60,000 people were crossing every day the pontoon bridge which connected it with the old town; a military band was playing airs from Offenbach's operas on the great boulevard in front of the governor's house; and through all the streets of the reanimated and reawakened city poured a great tumultuous flood of human life.

I did not see the fair-city again until June, 1885, when I found it almost as completely deserted as on the occasion of my first visit, but in other ways greatly changed and improved. Substantial brick buildings had taken the place of the long rows of inflammable wooden shops and sheds; the streets in many parts of the city had been neatly paved; the number of stores and warehouses had largely increased; and the lower end of the peninsula had been improved and dignified by the erection of the great Alexander Nevski cathedral, which is shown in the center of the illustration on page 7, and which now forms the most prominent and striking architectural feature of the fair.

It was supposed that, with the gradual extension of the Russian railway system, and the facilities afforded by it for the distribution of merchandise throughout the empire in small quantities, the fair of Nizhni Novgorod would lose most of its importance; but no such result has yet become apparent. During the most active period of railway construction in Russia, from 1868 to 1881, the value of the merchandise brought annually to the fair rose steadily from 126,000,000 to 246,000,000

rubles,* and the number of shops and stores in the fair-city increased from 5738 to 6298. At the present time the volume of business transacted during the two fair-months amounts to something like 225,000,000 rubles, and the number of shops and stores in the fair exceeds 7000.



A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN OF NIZHNI NOVGOROD.

The station of the Moscow and Nizhni Novgorod railway is situated within the limits of the fair-city, on the left bank of the river Oka, and communication between it and the old town on the other side is maintained in summer by means of a steam ferry, or a long floating bridge consisting of a roadway supported by pontoons. As the bridge, at the time of our arrival, had not been put in position for the season, we crossed the river on a low flat barge in tow of a small steamer.

The view which one gets of the old fortified city of Nizhni Novgorod while crossing the Oka from the fair is both striking and picturesque. The long steep bluff upon which it is situated rises abruptly almost from the water's edge to the height of four hundred

* The value of the Russian ruble is a little less than half a dollar.

feet, notched at intervals by deep V-shaped cuts through which run the ascending roads to the upper plateau, and broken here and there by narrow terraces upon which stand white-walled and golden-domed cathedrals and monasteries half buried in groves of trees. In the warm, bright sunshine of a June day the snowy walls of the Byzantine churches scattered along the crest of the bluff; the countless domes of blue, green, silver, and gold rising out of dark masses of foliage on the terraces; the smooth, grassy slopes which descend here and there almost to the water's edge; and the river front, lined with steamers and bright with flags—all make up a picture which is hardly surpassed in northern Russia. Fronting the Volga, near what seems to be the eastern end of the ridge, stands the ancient Kremlin,* or stronghold of the city, whose high, crenelated walls descend the steep face of the bluff toward the river in a series of titanic steps, and whose arched gateways and massive round towers carry the imagination back to the Middle Ages. Three hundred and fifty years ago this great walled inclosure was regarded as an absolutely impregnable fortress, and for more than a century it served as a secure place of refuge for the people of the city when the fierce Tartars of Kazan invaded the territories of the Grand Dukes. With the complete subjugation of the Tartar khanate, however, in the sixteenth century, it lost its importance as a defensive fortification, and soon began to fall into decay. Its thirteen towers, which were originally almost a hundred feet in height, are now half in ruins; and its walls, which have a circuit of about a mile and a quarter, would probably have fallen long ago had they not been extraordinarily thick, massive, and deeply founded. They make upon one an impression of even greater solidity and strength than do the walls of the famous Kremlin in Moscow.

Upon landing from the ferry-boat in the old town of Nizhni Novgorod, we drove to a hotel in the upper part of the city, and, after securing rooms and sending our passports to the chief of police, we walked down past the Kremlin to the river front. Under the long bluff upon which the city and the Kremlin stand, and between the steep escarpment and the river, there is a narrow strip of level ground which is now given up almost wholly to commerce and is known as the "lower bazar." Upon this strip of land are huddled together in picturesque confusion a multitude of buildings of the most heterogeneous character and appearance. Pretentious modern stores, with gilded signs and plate-glass windows, stand in neighborly proximity to wretched hucksters' stalls of rough, unpainted boards; banks, hotels, and steamship offices are sandwiched

A PEASANT WOMAN OF SIMBIRSK.

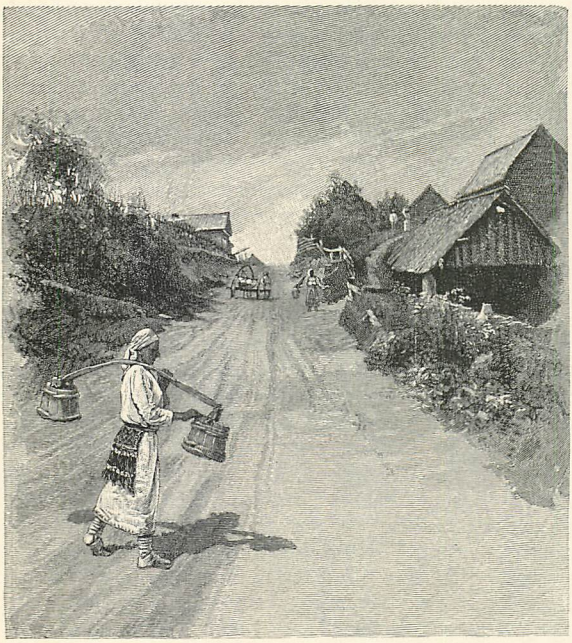
* A Kremlin, or, to use the Russian form of the word, a "Kremle," is merely a walled inclosure with towers at the corners, situated in a commanding position near the center of a city, and intended to serve as a stronghold, or place of refuge, for the inhabitants in time of war. It differs from a castle or fortress in that it generally incloses a larger area, and contains a number of buildings, such as churches, palaces, treasuries, etc., which are merely protected by it. It is popularly supposed that the only Kremlin in Russia is that of Moscow; but this is a mistake. Nizhni Novgorod, Kazan, and several other towns in that part of Russia which was subject to Tartar invasion, had strongholds of this kind.

in among ship-chandlers' shops, old-clothes stalls and "traktirs"; fantastic highly colored churches of the last century appear in the most unexpected places, and give an air of sanctity to the most disreputable neighborhoods; and the entire region, from the river to the bluff, is crowded with wholesale, retail, and second-hand shops, where one can buy anything and everything—from a paper of pins, a wooden comb, or a string of dried mushrooms, to a ship's anchor, a church bell, or a steam-engine. In a single shop of the lower bazar I saw exposed for sale a set of parlor chairs, two wicker-work baby-carriages, a rustic garden seat, two cross-cut log saws, half a dozen battered samovars, a child's cradle, a steam-engine, one half of a pair of elk horns, three old boilers, a collection of telescopes, an iron church-cross four feet in height, six or eight watches, a dilapidated carriage top, feather dusters, opera-glasses, log chains, watch charms, two blacksmith's anvils, measuring tapes, old boots, stove covers, a Caucasian dagger, turning lathes, sleigh bells, pulleys and blocks from a ship's rigging, fire-engine nozzles, horse collars, an officer's sword, axe helves, carriage cushions, gilt bracelets, iron barrel-hoops, trunks, accordions, three or four soup plates filled with old nails and screws, carving-knives, vises, hinges, revolvers, old harnesses, half a dozen odd lengths of rusty stove pipe, a tin can of "mixed biscuits" from London, and a six-foot bath tub. This list of articles, which I made on the spot, did not comprise more than a third part of the dealer's heterogeneous stock in trade; but I had not time for a careful and exhaustive enumeration. In a certain way this shop was illustrative and typical of the whole lower bazar, since nothing, perhaps, in that quarter of the city is more striking than the heterogeneity of buildings, people, and trades. The whole river front is lined with landing-stages and steamers: it is generally crowded with people from all parts of the empire, and it always presents a scene of great commercial activity. Steamers are departing almost hourly for the lower Volga, the frontier of Siberia, and the far-away Caspian; huge black barges, which lie here and there at the landing-stages, are being loaded or unloaded by gangs of swarthy Tartar stevedores; small unpainted one-horse "telegas," which look like longitudinal halves of barrels mounted on four wheels, are carrying away bags, boxes, and crates from the piles of merchandise on the shore; and the broad dusty street is thronged all day with traders, peddlers, peasants, longshoremen, pilgrims, beggars, and tramps.

Even the children seem to feel the spirit of trade which controls the city; and as I stood watching the scene on the river front, a ragged boy, not more than eight or nine years of age, whose whole stock in trade consisted of a few strings of dried mushrooms, elbowed his way through the crowd with all the assurance of an experienced peddler, shouting in a thin childish treble, "Mushrooms! Fine mushrooms! Sustain commerce, gentlemen! Buy my mushrooms and sustain commerce!"

The diversity of popular types in the lower bazar is not perhaps so great in June as it is in September, during the fair, but the peculiarities of dress are such as to make almost every figure in the throng interesting and noteworthy to a foreign observer. There are swarthy Tartars in round skull caps and long loose "khalats"; Russian peasants in greasy sheepskin coats and huge wicker-work shoes, with their legs swathed in dirty bandages of coarse linen cloth and cross-gartered with hempen cords; disreputable-looking long-haired, long-bearded monks, who solicit alms for hospitals or churches, receiving contributions on small boards covered with black velvet and transferring the money deposited thereon to big tin boxes hung from their necks and secured with enormous iron padlocks; strolling dealers in "kvas," mead, sherbet, and other seductive bright-colored drinks; brazen-throated peddlers proclaiming aloud the virtues of brass jewelry, salted cucumbers, strings of dried mushrooms, and cotton handkerchiefs stamped with railroad maps of Russia; and, finally, a surging crowd of wholesale and retail traders from all parts of the Volga River basin.

The first thing which strikes the traveler on the threshold of south-eastern Russia is the *greatness* of the country—that is, the enormous extent of its material resources, and the intense commercial activity manifested along its principal lines of communication. The average American thinks of south-eastern Russia as a rather quiet, semi-pastoral, semi-agricultural country, which produces enough for the maintenance of its own half-civilized and not very numerous population, but which, in point of commercial activity, cannot bear comparison for a moment with even the most backward of our States. He is not a little astonished, therefore, at Nizhni Novgorod, to find the shipping of the Volga occupying six or eight miles of river front; to learn that for its regulation there is in the city a shipping court with special jurisdiction; that the "pristan," or, as a Western steamboatman would say, the levee, is under the control of an officer appointed by the Minister of Ways and Communications and aided by a large staff of subordinates; that the number of steamers plying on the Volga and its tributaries is greater than the number



STREET IN A PEASANT VILLAGE ON THE VOLGA — WATER-CARRIER IN THE FOREGROUND.

on the Mississippi;* that $15,000,000 worth of products annually come down a single tributary of the Volga — namely, the Kama, a stream of which few Americans have ever heard; and, finally, that the waters of the Volga River system annually float nearly 5,000,000 tons of merchandise, and furnish employment to 7000 vessels and nearly 200,000 boatmen. It may be that an ordinarily well-educated American ought to know all these things; but I certainly did not know them, and they came to me with the shock of a complete surprise.

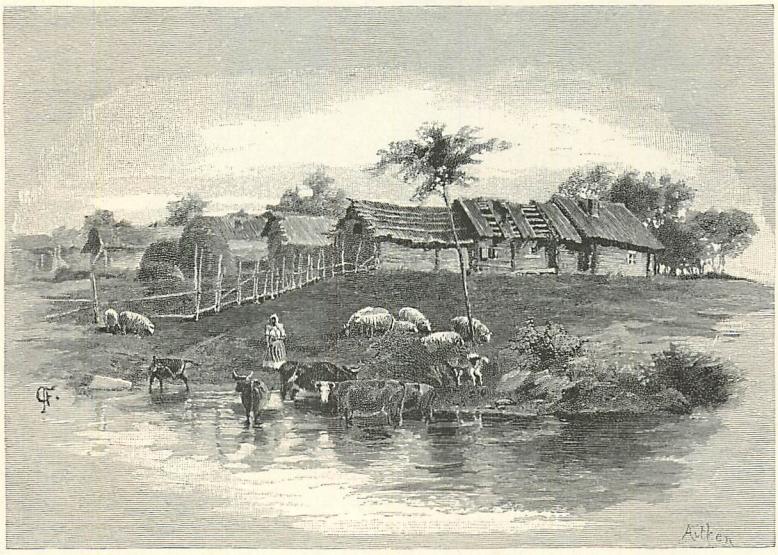
On the morning of Saturday, June 6, after having visited the fair-city and the Kremlin and made as thorough a study of Nizhni Novgorod as the time would permit, we embarked on one of the Kamenski Brothers' steamers for a voyage of nearly a thousand miles down the Volga and up the Kama to Perm.

It has been said that Egypt is the creation of the Nile. In a different sense, but with equal truth, it may be said that eastern Russia is the creation of the Volga. The ethnological composition of its population was mainly determined by that river; the whole history of the country has been intimately connected with it for more than a thousand years; the character and pursuits of all the east Russian tribes have been greatly modified by it; and upon it now depend, directly or indirectly, the welfare and prosperity of more than 10,000,000 people. From any point of view, the Volga must be regarded as one of the great rivers of the world. Its length, from the Valdai hills to the Caspian Sea, is nearly 2300 miles; its width below Tsaritsin, in time of high water, exceeds 30 miles, so that a boatman, in crossing it, loses sight entirely of its low banks and is virtually at sea; it washes the borders of nine provinces, or administrative divisions of the empire, and on its banks stand 39 cities and more than 1000 villages and settlements. The most important part of the river, commercially, is that lying between Nizhni Novgorod and the mouth of the Kama, where there ply, during the season of navigation, about 450 steamers. As far down as the so-called "Samara bend," the river presents almost everywhere a picture of busy life and activity, and is full of steamers, barges, and great hulks, like magnified canal-boats, loaded with goods from eastern Russia, Siberia, and central Asia. The amount of merchandise produced, even in the strip of country directly tributary to the Volga itself, is enormous. Many of the agricultural villages, such as Liskovo, which the steamer swiftly passes between Nizhni Novgorod and Kazan, and which seem, from a distance, to be insignificant clusters of unpainted wooden houses, load with grain 700 vessels a year.

The scenery of the upper Volga is much more varied and picturesque than one would expect to find along a river running through a flat and monotonous country. The left bank, it is true, is generally low and uninteresting; but on the other side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge to a height of 400 or 500 feet, and its boldly projecting promontories, at intervals of two or three miles, break the majestic river up into long still reaches, like a series of placid lakes opening into one another and reflecting in their tranquil depths the dense foliage of the virgin forest on one side and the bold outlines of the half mountainous shore on the other. White-walled churches with silver domes appear here and there on the hills, surrounded by little villages of unpainted wooden houses, with elaborately carved and decorated gables; deep valleys, shaggy with hazel bushes, break through the wall of bluffs on the right at intervals, and afford glimpses of a rich farming country in the interior; and now and then, in sheltered nooks half up the mountain-side overlooking the

*In 1880 there were on the upper and the lower Mississippi 681 steamers. The number on the Volga and its tributaries is about 700.

river, appear the cream-white walls and gilded domes of secluded monasteries, rising out of masses of dark-green foliage. Sometimes, for half an hour together, the steamer plows her way steadily down the middle of the stream, and the picturesque right bank glides past like a magnificent panorama with a field of vision ten miles wide; and then suddenly, to avoid a bar, the vessel sweeps in towards the land, until the wide panorama narrows to a single vivid picture of a quaint Russian hamlet which looks like an artistically contrived scene in a theater. It is so near that you can distinguish the features of the laughing peasant girls who run down into the foreground to wave their handkerchiefs at the passing steamer; or you can talk in an ordinary tone of voice with the "muzhiks" in red shirts and black velvet trousers who are lying on the grassy bluff in front of the green-domed village church. But it lasts only a moment. Before you have fairly grasped the details of the strange Russian picture it has vanished, and the steamer glides swiftly into a new reach of the river, where there is not a sign of human habitation, and where the cliffs on one side and the forest on the other seem to be parts of a vast primeval wilderness.



A PEASANT HAMLET ON THE BANK OF THE VOLGA.

Fascinated by the picturesque beauty of the majestic Volga and the ever-changing novelty of the scenes successively presented to us as we crossed from side to side, or swept around great bends into new landscapes and new reaches of tranquil water, we could not bear to leave the hurricane deck until long after dark. The fresh, cool air was then filled with the blended fragrance of flowery meadows and damp forest glens; the river lay like an expanse of shining steel between banks whose impenetrable blackness was intensified rather than relieved by a few scattered spangles of light; and from some point far away in the distance came the faint voice of a timber rafter, or a floating fisherman, singing that song dear to the heart of every Russian boatman—"V 'nis po matushke po Volge" ["Down the Mother Volga"].

After drinking a few tumblers of fragrant tea at the little center-table in the steamer's small but cozy cabin, we unrolled the blankets and pillows with which we had provided ourselves in anticipation of the absence of beds, and bivouacked, as Russian travelers are accustomed to do, on the long leather-covered couches which occupy most of the floor space in a Russian steamer, and which make the cabin look a little like an English railway carriage with all the partitions removed.

About 5 o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the persistent blowing of the steamer's whistle, followed by the stoppage of the machinery, the jar of falling gang-planks, and the confused trampling of a multitude of feet over my head. Presuming that we had arrived at Kazan, I went up on deck. The sun was about an hour high and the river lay like a quivering mass of liquid silver between our steamer and the smooth, vividly green slopes of the high western bank. On the eastern side, and close at hand, was a line of the black hulls with yellow roofs and deck-houses which serve along the Volga as land-

ing-stages, and beside them lay half a dozen passenger steamers, blowing their whistles at intervals and flying all their holiday flags. Beyond them and just above high-water mark on the barren, sandy shore was a row of heterogeneous wooden shops and lodging-houses, of Kazan stands was washed by the waters of the Volga; but it has been left four or five miles inland by the slow shifting of the river's bed to the westward; and the distant view of the city which one now gets from the shore is only just enough to stimulate the imagina-

A SIBERIAN VILLAGE GATE-KEEPER (PASKÓTNIK).

which, but for a lavish display of color in walls and roofs, would have suggested a street of a mining settlement in Idaho or Montana. There were in the immediate foreground no other buildings; but on a low bluff far away in the distance, across a flat stretch of marshy land, there could be seen a mass of walls, towers, minarets, and shining domes, which recalled to my mind in some obscure way the impression made upon me as a child by a quaint picture of "Vanity Fair" in an illustrated copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It was the famous old Tartar city of Kazan. At one time, centuries ago, the bluff upon which the Kremlin tion and to excite, without gratifying, the curiosity.

The pristan, or steamer-landing of Kazan, however, is quite as remarkable in its way as the city itself. The builders of the shops, hotels, and "rooms for arrivers" on the river bank, finding themselves unable, with the scanty materials at their command, to render their architecture striking and admirable in form, resolved to make it at least dazzling and attractive in color; and the result is a sort of materialized architectural aurora borealis, which astounds if it does not gratify the beholder. While our steamer was lying at the

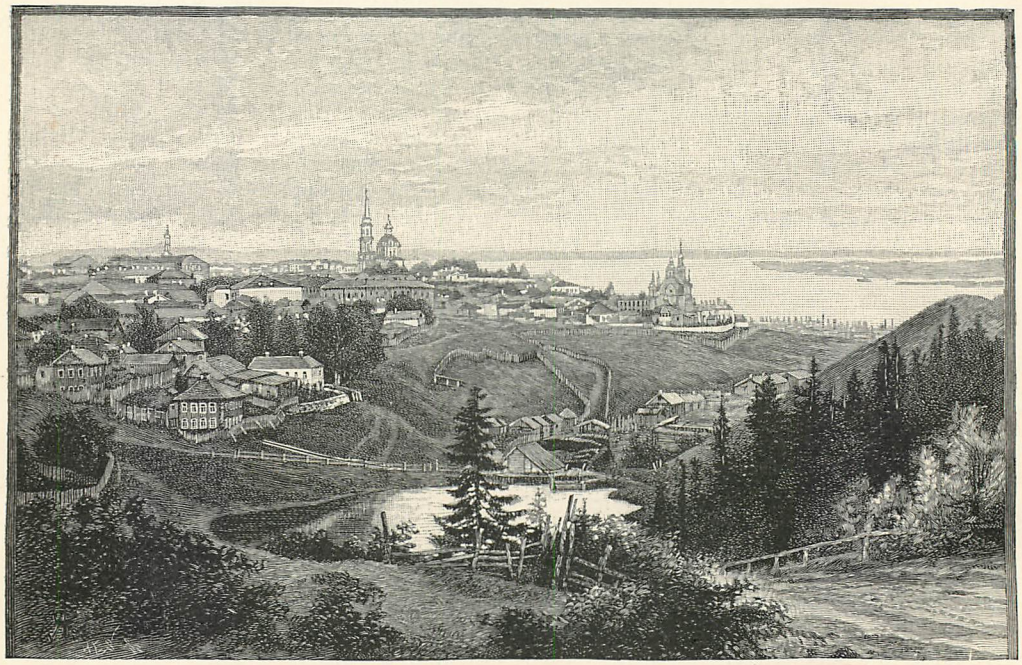
landing I noted a chocolate-brown house with yellow window-shutters and a green roof; a lavender house with a shining tin roof; a crimson house with an emerald roof; a sky-blue house with a red roof; an orange house with an olive roof; a house painted a bright metallic green all over; a house diversified with dark-blue, light-blue, red, green, and chocolate-brown; and, finally, a most extraordinary building which displayed the whole chromatic scale within the compass of three stories and an attic. What permanent effect, if any, is produced upon the optic nerves of the inhabitants by the habitual contemplation of their brilliantly colored and sharply contrasted dwellings I am unable to say; but I no longer wonder that "prekrasni," the Russian word for "beautiful," means literally "very red"; nor that a Russian singer imagines himself to be using a highly complimentary phrase when he describes a pretty girl as "krasnaya devitsa" ["a red maiden"]. When I think of that steamboat-landing at Kazan I am only surprised that the Russian language has not produced such forms of metaphorical expression as "a red-and-green maiden," "a purple-scarlet-and-blue melody," or "a crimson-yellow-chocolate-brown poem." It would be, so to speak, a red-white-and-blue convenience if one could express admiration in terms of color, and use the whole chromatic scale to give force to a superlative.

About 7 o'clock passengers began to arrive in carriages and droshkies from the city of Kazan, and before 8 o'clock all were on board, the last warning whistle had sounded, the lines had been cast off, and we were again under way. It was Sunday morning, and as the weather was clear and warm, we spent nearly the whole day on the hurricane deck, enjoying the sunshine and the exhilarating sense of swift movement, drinking in the odorous air which came to us from the forest-clad hills on the western bank, and making notes or sketches of the strange forms of boats, barges, and rafts which presented themselves from time to time, and which would have been enough to identify the Volga as a Russian river even had we been unable to see its shores. First came a long stately "caravan" of eight or ten huge black barges, like dismantled ocean steamers, ascending the river slowly in single file behind a powerful tug; then followed a curious kedging barge, with high bow and stern and a horse-power windlass amidships, pulling itself slowly upstream by winding in cables attached to kedge anchors which were carried ahead and dropped in turn by two or three boats' crews; and finally we passed a little Russian hamlet of ready-made houses, with elaborately carved gables, standing on an enormous timber raft 100 feet in width by 500 in length, and intended for sale in the treeless region along the lower Volga and around the Caspian Sea. The bare-headed, red-shirted, and blue-gowned population of this floating settlement were gathered in a picturesque group around a blazing camp-fire near one end of the raft, drinking tea; and I could not help fancying that I was looking at a fragment of a peasant village which had in some way gotten adrift in a freshet and was miraculously floating down the river with all its surviving inhabitants. Now and then there came to us faintly across the water the musical chiming of bells from the golden-domed churches here and there on the right bank, and every few moments we passed a large six-oared "lodka" full of men and women in bright-colored costumes, on their way to church service.

About 11 o'clock Sunday morning we left the broad, tranquil Volga and turned into the swifter and muddier Kama, a river which rises in the mountains of the Ural on the Siberian frontier, and pursues a south-westerly course to its junction with the Volga, fifty or sixty miles below Kazan. In going from one river to the other we noticed a marked change, not only in the appearance of the people, villages, boats, and landing-stages, but in the aspect of the whole country. Everything seemed stranger, more primitive, and in a certain sense wilder. The banks of the Kama were less thickly inhabited and more generally covered with forests than those of the Volga; the white-walled monasteries, which had given picturesqueness and human interest to so many landscapes between Nizhni Novgorod and Kazan, were no longer to be seen; the barges were of a ruder, more primitive type, with carved railings and spirally striped red and blue masts surmounted by gilded suns; and the crowds of peasants on the landing-stages were dressed in costumes whose originality of design and crude brightness of color showed that they had been little affected by the sobering and conventionalizing influence of western civilization. The bright colors of the peasant costumes were attributable perhaps, in part, to the fact that, as it was Sunday, the youths and maidens came down to the steamer in holiday attire; but we certainly had not before seen in any part of Russia young men arrayed in blue, crimson, purple, pink, and violet shirts, nor young women dressed in lemon-yellow gowns, scarlet aprons, short pink over-jackets, and lilac head-kerchiefs.

Our four-days' journey up the river Kama was not marked by any particularly noteworthy incident, but it was, nevertheless, a novel and a delightful experience. The weather was as

perfect as June weather can anywhere be; the scenery was always varied and attractive, and sometimes beautifully wild and picturesque; the foliage of the poplars, aspens, and silver-birches which clothed the steep river banks, the hills. So comfortable, pleasant, and care free had been our voyage up the Kama that when, on Wednesday, June 10, it ended at the city of Perm, we bade the little steamer *Alexander* good-bye with a feeling of sincere regret.



THE CITY OF PERM.

and in places overhung the water so as almost to sweep the hurricane deck, had the first exquisite greenness and freshness of early summer; and the open glades and meadows, which the steamer frequently skirted at a distance of not more than fifteen or twenty feet, were blue with forget-me-nots or yellow with the large double flowers of the European trollius. At every landing-place peasant children offered for sale great bunches of lilies of the valley, and vases of these fragrant flowers, provided by the steward, kept our little dining-saloon constantly filled with delicate perfume. Neither in the weather, nor in the scenery, nor in the vegetation was there anything to suggest an approach to the frontier of Siberia. The climate seemed almost Californian in its clearness and warmth; flowers blossomed everywhere in the greatest profusion and luxuriance; every evening we heard nightingales singing in the forests beside the river; and after sunset, when the wind was fair, many of the passengers caused samovars to be brought up and tables to be spread on the hurricane deck, and sat drinking tea and smoking cigarettes in the odorous night air until the glow of the strange northern twilight faded away over

Perm, which is the capital of the province of the same name, is a city of 32,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Kama, about 125 miles from the boundary line of Asiatic Russia. It is the western terminus of the Ural Mountain railroad, and through it passes nearly the whole of the enormous volume of Siberian commerce. In outward appearance it does not differ materially from other Russian provincial towns of its class; and although cleaner and more prosperous than Nizhni Novgorod, it is much less picturesque, both in architecture and in situation.

In Perm, where we spent only one night, we had our first skirmish with the Russian police; and although the incident has intrinsically little importance, it is perhaps worth recital as an illustration of the suspicion with which strangers are regarded on the great exile route to Siberia, and of the unlimited power of the Russian police to arrest and examine with or without adequate cause. Late in the afternoon on the day of our arrival, Mr. Frost and I set out afoot for the summit of a high hill just east of the town, which we thought would afford a good point of view for a sketch. In making our way towards it

we happened to pass the city prison; and as this was one of the first Russian prisons we had seen, and was, moreover, on the exile route to Siberia, we naturally looked at it with interest and attention. Shortly after passing it we discovered that the hill was more distant than we had supposed it to be; and as the afternoon was far advanced, we decided to postpone our sketching excursion until the following day. We thereupon retraced our steps, passed the prison the second time, and returned to our hotel. Early the next morning we again set out for the hill; and as we did not know any better or more direct route to it, we took again the street which led past the prison. On this occasion we reached our destination. Mr. Frost made a sketch of the city and its suburbs, and at the expiration of an hour, or an hour and a half, we strolled homeward. On a large, open common near the prison we were met by two droshkies, in which were four officers armed with swords and revolvers, and in full uniform. I noticed that the first couple regarded us with attentive scrutiny as they passed; but I was not as familiar at that time as I now am with the uniforms of the Russian police and gendarmes, and I did not recognize them. The two officers in the second droshky left their vehicle just before reaching us, walked away from each other until they were forty or fifty feet apart, and then advanced on converging lines to meet us. Upon looking around I found that the first pair had left their carriages and separated in a similar way behind us, and were converging upon us from that direction. Then for the first time it flashed upon my mind that they were police officers, and that we, for some inconceivable reason, were objects of suspicion, and were about to be arrested. As they closed in upon us, one of them, a good-looking gendarme officer about thirty years of age, bowed to us stiffly, and said, "Will you permit me to inquire who you are?"

"Certainly," I replied; "we are American travelers."

"When did you arrive in Perm?"

"Yesterday."

"Where did you come from?"

"From Nizhni Novgorod."

"Where are you going?"

"To Siberia."

"Ah! To Siberia! Allow me to inquire what you are going to Siberia for?"

"We are going there to travel."

"But tourists [with a contemptuous intonation] are not in the habit of going to Siberia. You must have some particular object in view. What is that object?"

I explained to him that American travelers — if not tourists — are in the habit of going everywhere, and that the objects they usually have in view are the study of people and places, and the acquirement of knowledge. He did not seem, however, to be satisfied with this vague general statement, and plied me with all sorts of questions intended to elicit a confession of our real aims and purposes in going to such a country as Siberia. Finally he said, "Yesterday you deigned to walk past the prison."

"Yes," I replied.

"What did you do that for?"

I explained.

"You looked at it very attentively?"

"We did."

"Why did you do that?"

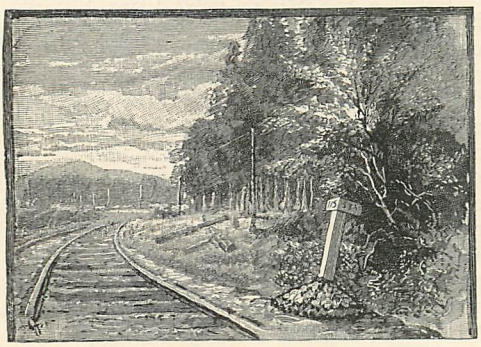
Again I explained.

"But you did not go up on the hill — you merely went a little way past the prison and then came back; and in going and returning you devoted all your attention to the prison. This morning it was the same thing over again. Now, what were you looking at the prison in that way for?"

When I understood from these questions how we happened to fall under suspicion, I could not help smiling in the officer's face; but as there was no responsive levity, and as all four officers seemed to regard this looking at a prison as an exceedingly grave offense, I again went into explanations. Finally the gendarme officer, to whom my statements were evidently unsatisfactory, said, a little more peremptorily, "Give me your passport, please." When informed that our passports were at the hotel, he said that we must regard ourselves as under arrest until we could satisfactorily establish our identity and explain our business in Perm. We were then separated, Frost being put into one droshky under guard of the gendarme officer, and I into another with a gray-bearded official whom I took to be the chief of police, and we all proceeded to the hotel. We were evidently taken for political conspirators meditating an attempt to release somebody from the Perm prison; and as I politely invited our captors into our room at the hotel, gave them cigarettes, and offered to get them tea to drink while they examined our papers, the suspicious young gendarme officer looked at me as if I were some new species of dangerous wild animal not classified in the books, and consequently of unknown power for evil. Our passports did not seem, for some reason, to be satisfactory; but the production of the letter of recommendation from the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs brought the comedy of errors to an abrupt termination. The gendarme officer's face flushed a little as he read it, and after a whispered consultation with the chief of police he came to me with some embarrassment and

said that he hoped we would pardon what was evidently an "unfortunate misunderstanding"; that they had taken us for two important German criminals (!) of whom they were in search, and that in detaining us they were only doing what they believed to be their duty. He hoped that they had not treated us discourteously, and said that it would gratify them very much if we would shake hands with them as an evidence that we did not harbor any resentment on account of this "lamentable mistake." We shook hands solemnly with them all, and they bowed themselves out. This little adventure, while it interested me as a practical illustration of Russian police methods, made me feel some anxiety with regard to the future. If we were arrested in this way before we had even reached the Siberian frontier, and for merely looking at the outside of a prison, what probably would happen to us when we should seriously begin our work of investigation?

On Thursday, June 11, at half-past 9 o'clock in the evening, we left Perm by the



A VERST-POST ON THE URAL RAILROAD.

Ural Mountain railroad for Ekaterineburg. As we were very tired from two days spent almost wholly in walking about the streets of the former city, we converted two of the extension seats of the railway carriage into a bed, and with the help of our blankets and pillows succeeded in getting a very comfortable night's rest.

When I awoke, about 8 o'clock on the following morning, the train was standing at the station of Biser near the summit of the Urals. The sun was shining brightly in an unclouded sky; the morning air was cool, fresh, and laden with the odor of flowers and the resinous fragrance of mountain pines; a cuckoo was singing in a neighboring grove of birches; and the glory of early summer was over all the earth. Frost made hasty botanical researches beside the railroad track and as far away from the train as he dared to venture, and came back with alpine roses, daisies, wild pansies, trollius, and quantities of other flowers to me unknown.

The scenery of the Ural where the railroad crosses the range resembles in general outline that of West Virginia where the Baltimore and Ohio railroad crosses the Alleghanies; but it differs somewhat from the latter in coloring, owing to the greater preponderance in the Ural of evergreen trees. All the forenoon, after leaving Biser, the train swept around great curves in a serpentine course among the forest-clad hills, sometimes running for an hour at a time through a dense larch wood, where there was not a sign of human life; sometimes dashing past placer mining camps, where hundreds of men and women were at work washing auriferous gravel; and sometimes coming out into beautiful park-like openings diversified with graceful clumps of silver-birch, and carpeted with turf almost as smooth and green as that of an English lawn. Flowers were everywhere abundant. Roses, dandelions, violets, wild strawberries, and lilies of the valley were in blossom all along the track, and occasionally we crossed an open glade in the heart of the forest where the grass was almost entirely hidden by a vivid sheet of yellow trollius.

We were greatly surprised to find in this wild mining region of the Ural, and on the very remotest frontier of European Russia, a railroad so well built, perfectly equipped, and luxuriously appointed as the road over which we were traveling from Perm to Ekaterineburg. The stations were the very best we had seen in Russia; the road-bed was solid and well ballasted; the rolling stock would not have suffered in comparison with that of the best lines in the empire; and the whole railroad property seemed to be in the most perfect possible order. Unusual attention evidently had been paid to the ornamentation of the grounds lying adjacent to the stations and the track. Even the verst-posts were set in neatly fitted mosaics three or four feet in diameter of colored Ural stones. The station of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic slope of the mountains, where we stopped half an hour for dinner, would have been in the highest degree creditable to the best railroad in the United States. The substantial station building, which was a hundred feet or more in length, with a covered platform twenty feet wide extending along the whole front, was tastefully painted in shades of brown and had a red sheet-iron roof. It stood in the middle of a large, artistically planned park or garden, whose smooth, velvety greensward was broken by beds of blossoming flowers and shaded by the feathery foliage of graceful white-stemmed birches; whose winding walks were bordered by neatly trimmed hedges; and whose air was filled with the perfume of wild roses and the murmuring plash

A STREET IN EKATERINEBURG.

of falling water from the slender jet of a sparkling fountain. The dining-room of the station had a floor of polished oak inlaid in geometrical patterns, a high dado of dark carved wood, walls covered with oak-grain paper, and a stucco cornice in relief. Down the center of the room ran a long dining-table, beautifully set with tasteful china, snowy napkins, high glass epergnes and crystal candelabra, and ornamented with potted plants, little cedar-trees in green tubs, bouquets of cut flowers, artistic pyramids of polished wine-bottles, druggists' jars of colored water, and an aquarium full of fish, plants, and artificial rock-work. The chairs around the table were of dark hard wood elaborately turned and carved; at one end of the room was a costly clock as large as an American jeweler's "regulator," and at the other end stood a huge bronzed oven by which the apartment was warmed in winter. The waiters were all in evening dress, with low-cut waistcoats, spotless shirt-fronts, and white ties; and the cooks, who filled the waiters' orders as in an English grill room, were dressed from head to foot in white linen and wore square white caps. It is not an exaggeration to say that this was one of the neatest, most tastefully furnished, and most attractive public dining-rooms that I ever entered in any part of the world; and as I sat there eating a well-cooked and well-served dinner of four courses, I found it utterly impossible to realize that I was in the unheard-of mining settlement of Nizhni Tagil, on the Asiatic side of the mountains of the Ural. This, however, was our last glimpse of civilized luxury for many long, weary months, and after that day we did not see a railway station for almost a year.

Early in the evening of Friday, June 12, we reached the city of Ekaterineburg, on the eastern slope of the Urals, about 150 miles from the Siberian frontier. As the railway from Ekaterineburg to Tiumen had not then been completed, we began at this point with horses a journey which lasted nine months, and covered in the aggregate a distance of about 8000 miles. At the time when we reached Ekaterineburg there was in operation between that city and Tiumen an excellent horse express service, by means of which travelers were conveyed over the intervening 200 miles of country in the comparatively short time of 48 hours. The route was let by the Government to a horse express company, which sold through tickets, provided the traveler with a vehicle, and carried him to his destination with relays of horses stationed along the road at intervals of about eighteen miles. The vehicle furnished for the traveler's use in summer is a large, heavy, four-wheeled carriage called a "tarantas," which consists of a boat-shaped body without seats, a heavy leathern top or hood, and a curtain by which the vehicle can be

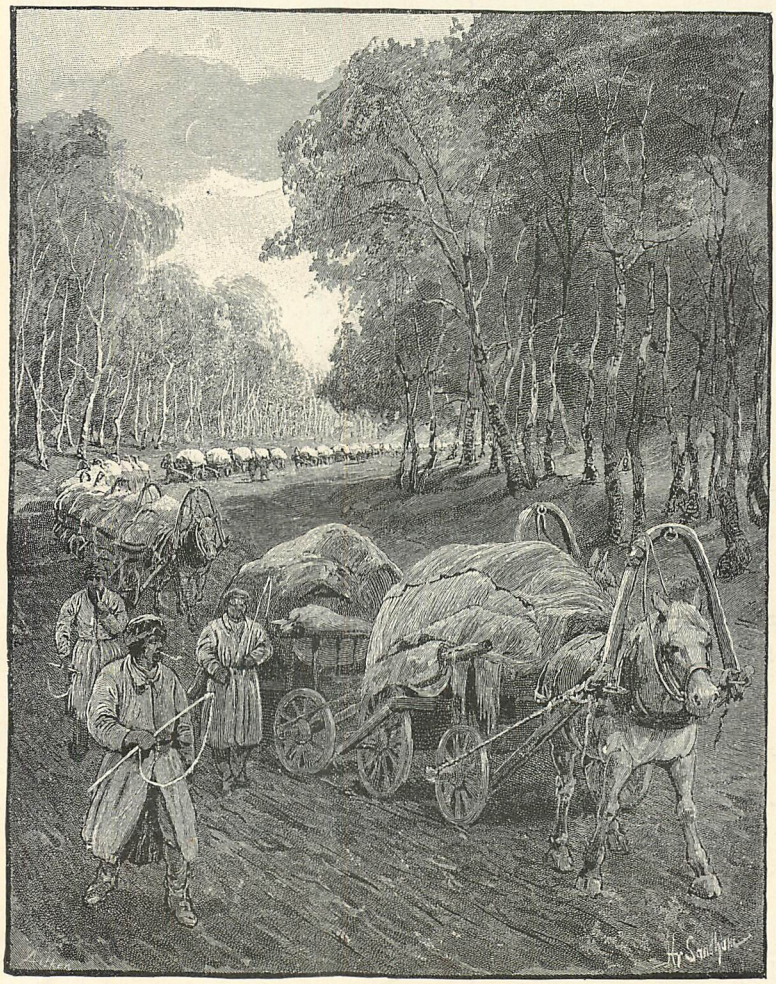
A POST STATION ON THE GREAT SIBERIAN ROAD.

closed in stormy weather. The body of the tarantas is mounted upon two or more long stout poles, which unite the forward with the rear axletree, and serve as rude springs to break the jolting caused by a rough road. The traveler usually stows away his baggage in the bottom of this boat-shaped carriage, covers it with straw, rugs, and blankets, and reclines on it with his back supported by one or more large soft pillows. The driver sits sidewise on the edge of the vehicle in front of the passenger and drives with four reins a team of three horses harnessed abreast. The rate of speed attained on a good road is about eight miles an hour.

On the evening of June 16, having bought through tickets, selected a tarantas, and stowed away our baggage in it as skillfully as possible, we climbed to our uncomfortable seat on Mr. Frost's big trunk, and gave the signal for a start. Our gray-bearded driver gathered up his four reins of weather-beaten rope, shouted "Noo rodneeya!" ["Now, then, my relatives!"], and with a measured jangle, jangle, jangle of two large bells lashed to the arch over the shaft-horse's back we rode away through the wide unpaved streets of Ekaterineburg, across a spacious parade-ground in front of the soldiers' barracks, out between two square white pillars surmounted by double-

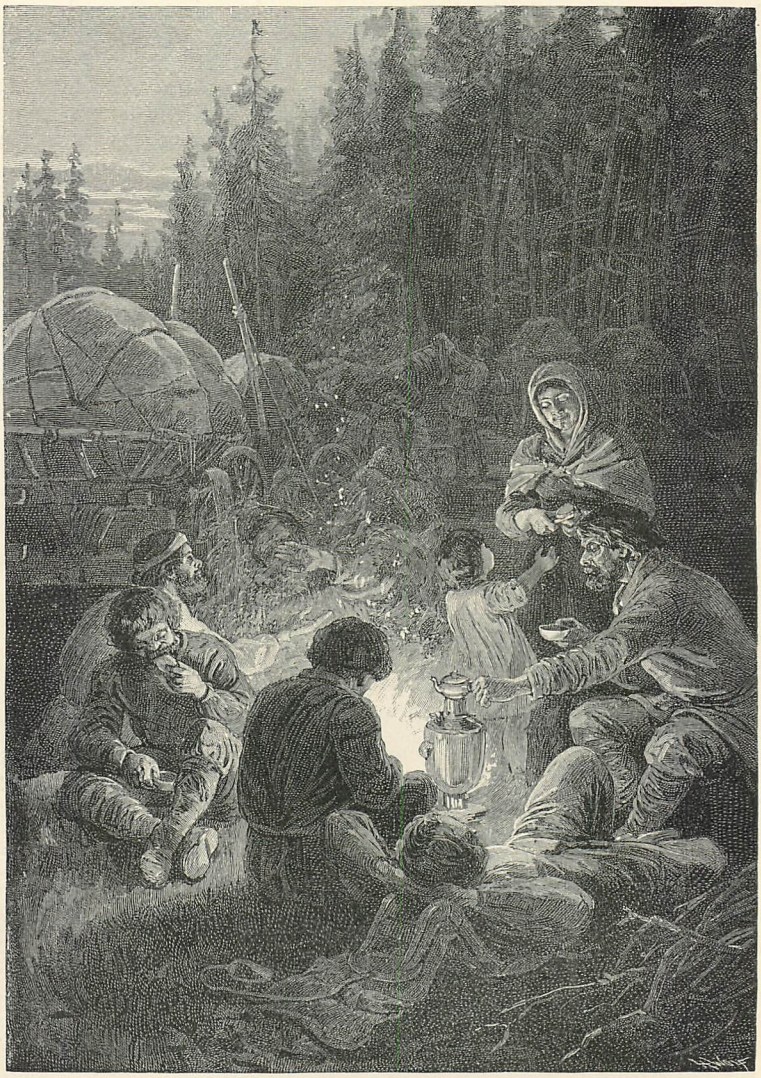
headed eagles, and then into a dark, gloomy forest of pines and firs.

When we had passed through the gate of Ekaterineburg we were on the "great Siberian road" — an imperial highway which extends from the mountains of the Ural to the head-waters of the Amur River, a distance of more than three thousand miles. If we had ever supposed Siberia to be an unproductive arctic waste, we soon should have been made aware of our error by the long lines of loaded wagons which we met coming into Ekaterineburg from the Siberian frontier. These transport wagons, or "obozes," form a characteristic feature of almost every landscape on the great Siberian road from the Ural Mountains to Tiumen. They are small four-wheeled, one-horse vehicles, rude and heavy in construction, piled high with Siberian products, and covered with coarse matting securely held in place by large wooden pins. Every horse is fastened by a long halter to the preceding wagon, so that a train of fifty or a hundred obozes forms one unbroken caravan from a quarter of a mile to half a mile in length. We passed 538 of these loaded wagons in less than two hours, and I counted 1445 in the course of our first day's journey. No further evidence was needed of the fact that Siberia is not a land of desolation. Commercial products at the rate of 1500 tons a day do not come from a barren arctic waste.



A TRAIN OF FREIGHT WAGONS (OBOZES) ON THE SIBERIAN ROAD.

As it gradually grew dark towards midnight, these caravans began to stop for rest and refreshment by the roadside, and every mile or two we came upon a picturesque bivouac on the edge of the forest, where a dozen or more oboz drivers were gathered around a cheerful camp-fire in the midst of their wagons, while their liberated but hoppled horses grazed and jumped

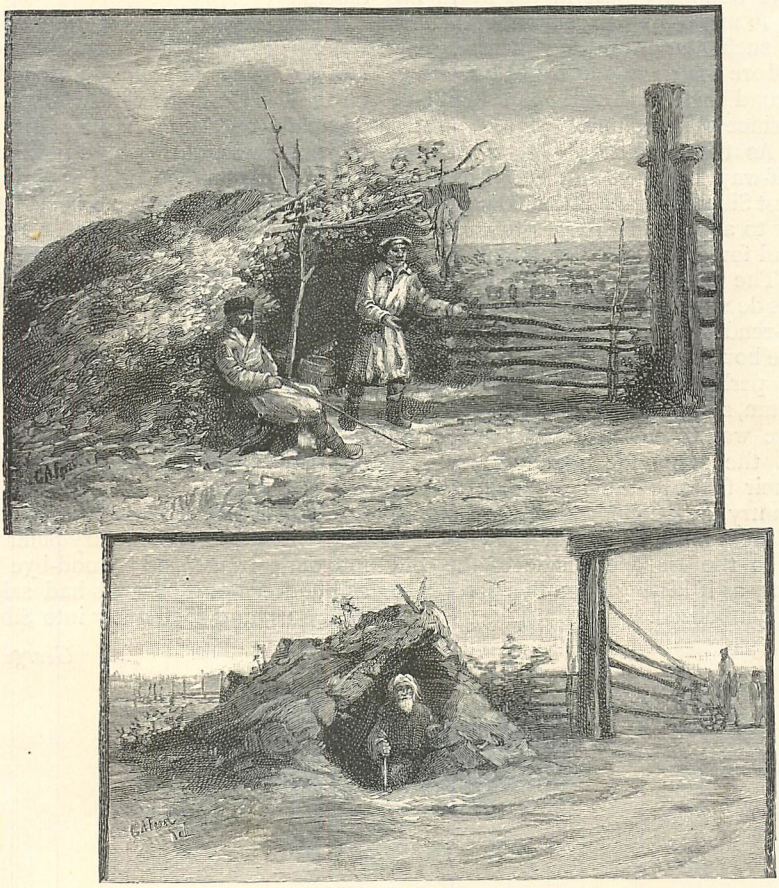


BIVOUAC OF A PARTY OF TEAMSTERS (OBOZ DRIVERS).

awkwardly here and there along the road or among the trees. The gloomy evergreen forest, lighted up from beneath by the flickering blaze and faintly tinged above by the glow of the northern twilight, the red and black Rembrandt outlines of the wagons, and the group of men in long kaftans and scarlet or blue shirts gathered about the camp-fire drinking tea, formed a strange, striking, and peculiarly Russian picture.

We traveled without stop throughout the night, changing horses at every post station, and making about eight miles an hour over a fairly good road. The sun did not set until half-past 9 and rose again about half-past 2, so that it was not at any time very dark. The villages through which we passed were sometimes of great extent, but consisted almost invariably of only two lines of log houses standing with their gables to the road, and separated one from another by inclosed yards without a sign anywhere of vegetation or trees. One of these villages formed a double row five miles in length of separate houses, all fronting on the Tsar's highway. Around every village there was an inclosed area of pasture land, varying in extent from 200 to 500 acres, within which were kept the inhabitants' cattle; and at the point where the inclosing fence crossed the road, on each side of the village, there were a gate and a gate-keeper's hut. These village gate-keepers are almost always old and broken-down men, and in Siberia they are generally criminal exiles. It is their duty

to see that none of the village cattle stray out of the inclosure, and to open the gates for passing vehicles at all hours of the day and night. From the village commune they receive for their services a mere pittance of three or four rubles a month, and live in a wretched hovel made of boughs and earth, which throughout the year is warmed, lighted,



HUTS OF VILLAGE GATE-KEEPERS.

and filled with smoke by an open fire on the ground.

On the next day after leaving Ekaterineburg we saw for the first time an étape, or exile station house, and began to pass parties of criminals on their way to Siberia. Since the establishment of regular steam communication between Nizhni Novgorod and Perm, and the completion of the Ural Mountain railroad, exiles from points west of the Urals have been transported by rail and barge from the forwarding prisons of Moscow, Nizhni Novgorod, and Kazan to Ekaterineburg. None of them are now compelled to march until after they have crossed the Urals, when those destined for points in western Siberia are grouped in parties and sent to their places of banishment on foot. Able-bodied exiles of both sexes, unless they belong to certain privileged classes, are compelled to walk; but rude carts or telegas are provided for the sick and the infirm. As I did not have an opportunity to travel with a marching party of exiles until I reached Tomsk, I will not in this paper attempt to describe the life of such a party on the road.

On the second day after our departure from Ekaterineburg, as we were passing through a rather open forest between the villages of Markova and Tugulimskaya, our driver suddenly pulled up his horses, and turning to us said, "Vot granitsa" ["Here is the boundary"]. We sprang out of the tarantas and saw, standing by the roadside, a square pillar ten or twelve feet in height, of stuccoed or plastered brick, bearing on one side the coat of arms of the European province of Perm, and on the other that of the Asiatic province of Tobolsk. It was the boundary post of Siberia. No other spot between St. Petersburg and the Pacific

is more full of painful suggestions, and none has for the traveler a more melancholy interest than the little opening in the forest where stands this grief-consecrated pillar. Here hundreds of thousands of exiled human beings — men, women, and children; princes, nobles, and peasants — have bidden good-bye forever to friends, country, and home.

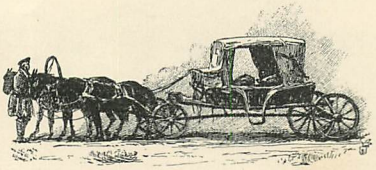
No other boundary post in the world has witnessed so much human suffering, or been passed by such a multitude of heart-broken people. More than 170,000 exiles have traveled this road since 1878, and more than half a million since the beginning of the present century. As the boundary post is situated about half-way between the last European and the first Siberian étape, it has always been customary to allow exile parties to stop here for rest and for a last good-bye to home and country. The Russian peasant, even when a criminal, is deeply attached to his native land; and heart-rending scenes have been witnessed around the boundary pillar when such a party, overtaken perhaps by frost and snow in the early autumn, stopped here for a last farewell. Some gave way to unrestrained grief; some comforted the weeping; some knelt and pressed their faces to the loved soil of their native country, and collected a little earth to take with them into exile; and a few pressed their lips to the European side of the cold brick pillar, as if kissing good-bye forever to all that it symbolized.

At last the stern order "Stroisa!" ["Form ranks!"] from the under officer of the convoy put an end to the rest and the leave-taking, and at the word "March!" the gray-coated troop of exiles and convicts crossed themselves hastily all together, and, with a confused jingling of chains and leg-fetters, moved slowly away past the boundary post into Siberia.

Until recently the Siberian boundary post was covered with brief inscriptions, good-byes, and the names of exiles scratched or penciled on the hard cement with which the pillar was originally overlaid. At the time of our visit, however, most of this hard plaster had apparently been pounded off, and only a few words, names, and initials remained. Many of the inscriptions, although brief, were significant and touching. In one place, in a man's hand, had been written the words "Praschai Marya!" ["Good-bye, Mary!"] Who the writer was, who Mary was, there is nothing now left to show; but it may be that to the exile who scratched this last farewell on the boundary pillar "Mary" was all the world, and that in crossing the Siberian line the writer was leaving behind him forever, not only home and country, but love.

After picking a few flowers from the grass at the base of the boundary pillar, we climbed into our carriage, said "Good-bye" to Europe, as hundreds of thousands had said good-bye before us, and rode away into Siberia.

George Kennan.



INTERLUDES.

I. MEMORY.

MY mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'T was noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May —
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

II. A REFRAIN.

HIGH in a tower she sings,
I, passing by beneath,
Pause and listen, and catch
These words of passionate breath —
"*Asphodel, flower of Life, amaranth, flower of Death!*"

Sweet voice, sweet unto tears!
What is this that she saith?
Poignant, mystical — hark!
Again, with passionate breath —
"*Asphodel, flower of Life, amaranth, flower of Death!*"

III. ACT V.

First, two white arms that held him very close,
And ever closer as he drew him back
Reluctantly, the loose gold-colored hair
A thousand delicate fibers reaching out
Still to detain him; then some twenty steps
Of iron staircase winding round and down,
And ending in a narrow gallery hung
With Gobelin tapestries — Andromeda
Rescued by Perseus, and the sleek Diana
With her nymphs bathing; at the farther end
A door that gave upon a starlit grove
Of citron and clipt palm-trees; then a path
As bleached as moonlight, with the shadow of leaves
Stamped black upon it; next a vine-clad length
Of solid masonry; and last of all
A Gothic archway packed with night, and then —
A sudden gleaming dagger through his heart.

IV. ON REVISING A DISCARDED POEM.

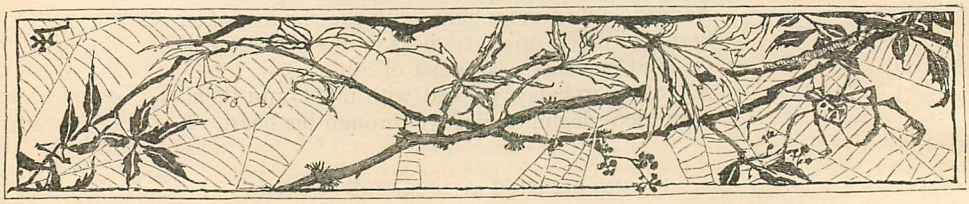
The Song I made and cast away
Comes singing to my heart to-day,
And pleads: "I know my many faults;
I know that here 's a rhythm that halts,
And there — a thing we both abhor —
A very much-mixed metaphor.
In certain passages, I hold,
My story is not clearly told;
Those lack dramatic touch, and these
Are clouded with parentheses.
And yet, by dropping here and there
The dactyls that I well may spare,
And forging new ones, just to bind
The sequence, you will surely find
I 'm not so poor a little thing.
I pray you, sing me!" So I sing.
And if these random couplets seem
Too light a prelude to the theme —
Why, 't is the sun that casts the shade;
Of gall and honey life is made;
A discord helps the perfect note
On harpstring or in linnet's throat;
Crouched in the blue of April skies
The unleashed lightning somewhere lies.
So let Thalia laugh; anon
Melpomene comes sweeping on.
One actor in both parts appears:
The self-same eyes that smile, shed tears.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SOLACE.

WHAT though you lie, like the still pool of rain,
Silent, forgotten in some lowly place;
Or if remembered, in your being to trace
But the remainder of a past storm's pain?
What though the storm-drops, falling fast again,—
Call we them "years" that hasten down apace,—
Smite your still breast, as if they would efface
All sign of peace, and leave but blot and stain?
Look! even now the reaper-beams appear,
And gather in the clouds' spare aftermath,
With glancing scythes, of silver every one.
While in the pool's still bosom, mirror-clear
Is Heaven pictured; and a mystic path
Strikes from its heart's clear center to the Sun.

Julie M. Lippmann.



A LOVE STORY REVERSED.

THE golden hands of the parlor clock point glimmeringly to an hour after midnight and the house is still. The gas is turned almost out, but the flickering of the dying sea-coal fire in the grate fitfully illumines the forms and faces of two young women who are seated before it talking earnestly in low tones. It is apparent from their costumes that they have been spending the evening out.

The fair girl in the low chair, gazing pensively into the fire, is Maud Elliott, the daughter of the house. Not generally called handsome, her features are good and well balanced, and her face is altogether a sweet and wholesome one. She is rather tall, and the most critical admit that she has a fine figure. Her eyes are blue, and their clear, candid expression indicates an unusually sincere and simple character. But, unfortunately, it is only her friends who are fully conversant with the expression of her eyes, for she is very shy. Shyness in little people is frequently piquant, but its effect in girls of the Juno style is too often that of awkwardness. Her friends call Maud Elliott stately; those who do not like her call her stiff; while indifferent persons speak of her as rather too reserved and dignified in manner to be pleasing. In fact, her excess of dignity is merely the cloak of her shyness, and nobody knows better than she that there is too much of it. Those who know her at all well, know that she is not dull, but with mere acquaintances she often passes for that. Only her intimate friends are aware what wit and intelligence, what warmth and strength of feeling, her coldness, when in company, conceals.

No one better understands this, because no one knows her better or has known her longer, than her present companion before the fire, Lucy Merritt. They were room-mates and bosom friends at boarding-school; and Lucy, who recently has been married, is now on her first visit to her friend since that event. She is seated on a hassock, with her hands clasped over her knees, looking up at Maud—an attitude well suited to her petite figure. She is going home on the morrow, or rather on the day already begun; and this fact, together with the absorbing nature of the present conversation, accounts for the lateness of the session.

"And so, Maud," she is saying while she regards her friend with an expression at once sympathetic and amused—"and so that is what has been making your letters so dismal lately. I fancied that nothing less could suggest such

melancholy views of life. The truth is, I came on this visit as much as anything to find out about him. He is a good-looking fellow, certainly; and, from what little chance I had to form an opinion to-night, seems sensible enough to make it quite incredible that he should not be in love with such a girl in a thousand as you. Are you quite sure he is n't?"

"You had a chance to judge to-night," replied Maud, with a hard little laugh. "You overheard our conversation. 'Good-evening, Miss Elliott; jolly party, is n't it?' That was all he had to say to me, and quite as much as usual. Of course, we are old acquaintances, and he 's always pleasant and civil: he could n't be anything else; but he wastes mighty little time on me. I don't blame him for preferring other girls' society. He would show very little taste if he did not enjoy Ella Perry's company better than that of a tongue-tied thing like me. She is a thousand times prettier and wittier and more graceful than I am."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Lucy. "She is a flirt and a conceited little minx. She is not to be mentioned the same day with you; and he would think so, if he could only get to know you. But how in the world is he ever going to? Why, you seem to be shyer than ever, poor dear. You were actually distant, almost chilling, in your manner towards him to-night, although I know you did n't mean to be."

"I know it. Don't I know it!" groaned Maud. "I always am shyer and stiffer with him than with any one else. O Lucy! you can't guess what a dreadful thing it is to be shy. It is as if you were surrounded by a fog which benumbs you, and chills all who approach you. I dare say he thinks that I actually dislike him. I could not blame him if he did. And I can't help it. I could never make him understand anything else, unless I told him in so many words."

The tears filled her eyes as she spoke, and hung heavy on the lashes. Lucy took one of her hands in both of hers, and pressed and stroked it caressingly.

"I know you could n't, poor dear, I know you could n't," she said; "and you cannot tell him in so many words because, forsooth, you are a woman. I often think, Maud, what a heap of trouble would be saved if women, when they cannot make themselves understood in other ways, were allowed to speak out as men do, without fear or reproach. Some day they will, when the world gets wiser — at least I think so. Why should a woman have to hide her love, as if it were a disgraceful secret? Why is it any more a disgrace to her than to a man?"

"I can't quite see what good it would do me," said Maud, "even if women could 'speak out,' as you say. If a man did n't care for one already, I can't see how it would make him know that one cared for him. I should think she would prefer to keep her secret."

"That is n't what men do," replied Lucy. "If they have such a secret they tell it right away, and that is why they succeed. The way half the women are induced to fall in love is by being told the men are in love with them; you know that."

"But men are different," suggested Maud.

"Not a bit of it: they 're more so, if anything," was the oracular response of the young wife. "Possibly there are men," she continued,—"the story-tellers say so, anyhow,— who are attracted by repulsion and warmed by coldness, who like resistance for the pleasure of overcoming it. There must be a spice of the tyrant in such men. I would n't want to marry one of them. Fortunately, they 're not common. I 've noticed that love, like lightning, generally takes the path of least resistance with men as well as women. Just suppose now, in your case, that Mr. Burton had followed us home and had overheard this conversation from behind that door."

"No, no," she added laughing, as Maud looked around apprehensively; "he is n't there. But if he had been there and had overheard you own that you were pining for him, what a lucky chance it would have been! If he, or any other man, once knew that a magnificent girl like you had done him the honor to fall in love with him, half the battle would be won, or I 'm no judge of men. But such lucky eavesdropping only happens in stories and plays; and for lack of it this youth is in a fair way to marry a chit of a girl, who does not think half so much of him as you do, and of whom he will never think a quarter what he would of you. He is not, probably, entirely stupid either. All he wants, very likely, is just a hint as to where his true happiness lies: but, being a woman, you can't give it in words; and, being Maud Elliott, you can't give it in any other way if you died for it. Really, Maud, the canon which makes it a woman's duty to be purely passive in love is exasperating, especially as it does not represent what anybody really believes, but only what they pretend to believe. Everybody knows that unrequited love comes as often to women as to men. Why, then, should n't they have an equal chance to seek requital? Why have not they the same right to look out for the happiness of their lives by all honorable means that men have? Surely it is far more to them to marry the men they love than to a man to marry any particular woman. It seems to me that making suitable matches is not such an easy mat-

ter that society can afford to leave the chief part of it to the stupider sex, giving women merely the right of veto. To be sure, even now women who are artful enough manage to evade the prohibition laid on their lips and make their preference known. I am proud to say that I have a royal husband, who would never have looked my way if I had not set out to make him do so; and if I do say it, who should n't, I flatter myself he has a better wife than he could have picked out without my help. There are plenty of women who can say the same thing; but, unluckily, it is the best sort of women, girls like you — simple, sincere, noble, without arts of any sort — who can't do this. On them the etiquette that forbids women to reveal their hearts except by subterfuge operates as a total disability. They can only sit with folded hands, looking on, pretending not to mind, while their husbands are run away with by others."

Maud took up the poker and carefully arranged the coals under the grate in a heap. Then she said: "Suppose a girl did what you've been speaking of. I mean, suppose she really said such a thing to a man,— said that she cared for him, or anything like that,— what do you suppose he would think of her? Don't you fancy she would be in danger of making him think very cheaply of her?"

"If she thought he were that kind of a man," replied Lucy, "I can't understand her ever falling in love with him. Of course, I 'm not saying that he would necessarily respond by falling in love with her. She would have to take her chance of that; but I 'm sure if he were a gentleman she need have no fear of his thinking unworthily of her. If I had spoken to Dick in that way, even if he had never wanted to marry me, I know he would have had a soft spot for me in his heart all the rest of his life, out of which even his wife would not have quite crowded me. Why, how do we think of men whom we have refused? Do we despise them? Do we ridicule them? Some girls may, but they are not ladies. A low fellow might laugh at a woman who revealed a fondness for him which he did not return; but a gentleman, never. Her secret would be safe with him."

"Girls!" It was the voice of Mrs. Elliott speaking from the upper hall. "Do you know how late it is? It is after 1 o'clock."

"I suppose we might as well go to bed," said Lucy. "There 's no use sitting up to wait for women to get their rights. They won't get them to-night, I dare say; though, mark my word, some day they will.

"This affair of yours may come out all right yet," she said hopefully, as they went upstairs together. "If it does not, you can console yourself with thinking that people in general, and especially girls, never know what is good for them till afterward. Do you remember that summer I was at the beach, what a ninny I made of myself over that little Mr. Parker? How providential it was for me that he did not reciprocate. It gives me the cold shivers when I think what might have become of me if he had proposed."

At the door of her room Lucy said again: "Remember, you are to come to me in New York for a long visit soon. Perhaps you will find there are other people in the world then."

Maud smiled absently, and kissed her good-night. She seemed preoccupied, and did not appear to have closely followed what her lively friend was saying.

The following afternoon, as she was walking home after seeing Lucy on the cars, she met a gentleman who lifted his hat to her. It was Arthur Burton. His office was on the one main street of the small New England city which is the scene of these events, and when out walking or shopping Maud often met him. There was therefore nothing at all extraordinary in the fact of their meeting. What was extraordinary was its discomposing effect upon her on this particular afternoon. She had been absorbed a moment before in a particularly brown study, taking no more notice of surrounding objects and persons than was necessary to avoid accidents. On seeing him she started perceptibly, and forthwith became a striking study in red. She continued to blush so intensely after he had passed, that, catching sight of her crimson cheeks in a shop window, she turned down a side street and took a quieter way home.

There was nothing particularly remarkable about Arthur Burton. Fortunately there does not need to be anything remarkable about young men to induce very charming girls to fall in love with them. He was just a good-looking fellow, with agreeable manners and average opinions. He was regarded as a very promising young man, and was quite a favorite among the young ladies. If he noticed Maud's confusion on meeting him, he certainly did not think of associating it in any way with himself. For although they had been acquaintances these many years, and belonged to the same social set, he had never entertained the first sentimental fancy concerning her. So far as she had impressed him at all, it was as a thoroughly nice girl, of a good family, not bad-looking, but rather dull in society, and with very little facility in conversation; at least he had always found it hard to talk with her.

Ten days or a fortnight after Lucy Merritt's departure there was a little party at Ella Perry's, and both Arthur Burton and Maud

were present. It was the custom of the place for the young men to escort the girls home after evening entertainments, and when the couples were rightly assorted the walk home was often the most agreeable part of the evening. Although they were not engaged, Arthur imagined that he was in love with Ella Perry, and she had grown into the habit of looking upon him as her particular knight. Towards the end of the evening he jestingly asked her whom he should go home with, since he could not that evening be her escort.

"Maud Elliott," promptly suggested Ella, selecting the girl of those present in her opinion least likely to prove a diverting companion. So it chanced that Arthur offered his company to Maud.

It struck him, as she came downstairs with her wraps on, that she was looking remarkably pale. She had worn a becoming color during the evening, but she seemed to have lost it in the dressing-room. As they walked away from the house Arthur began, to the best of his ability, to make himself agreeable, but with very poor success. Not only was Maud, as usual, a feeble contributor of original matter, but her random answers showed that she paid little attention to what he was saying. He was mentally registering a vow never again to permit himself to be committed to a tête-à-tête with her, when she abruptly broke the silence which had succeeded his conversational efforts. Her voice was curiously unsteady, and she seemed at first to have some difficulty in articulating, and had to go back and repeat her first words. What she said was:

"It was very good in you to come home with me to-night. It is a great pleasure to me."

"You 're ironical, this evening, Miss Elliott," he replied, laughing, and the least bit nettled.

It was bore enough doing the polite to a girl who had nothing on her mind without being gibed by her to boot.

"I 'm not ironical," she answered. "I should make poor work at irony. I meant just what I said."

"The goodness was on your part in letting me come," he said, mollified by the unmistakable sincerity of her tone, but somewhat embarrassed withal at the decidedly flat line of remark she had chosen.

"Oh, no," she replied; "the goodness was not on my side. I was only too glad of your company, and might as well own it. Indeed, I will confess to telling a fib to one young man who offered to see me home, merely because I hoped the idea of doing so would occur to you."

This plump admission of partiality for his society fairly staggered Arthur. Again he thought, "She must be quizzing me"; and, to make sure, stole a sidelong glance at her. Her eyes were fixed straight ahead, and the pallor and the tense expression of her face indicated that she was laboring under strong excitement. She certainly did not look like one in a quizzing mood.

"I am very much flattered," he managed to say.

"I don't know whether you feel so or not," she replied. "I 'm afraid you don't feel flattered at all, but I — I wanted to — tell you."

The pathetic tremor of her voice lent even greater significance to her words than in themselves they would have conveyed.

She was making a dead set at him. There was not a shadow of doubt any longer about that. As the full realization of his condition flashed upon him, entirely alone with her and a long walk before them, the strength suddenly oozed out of his legs, he felt distinctly cold about the spine, and the perspiration started out on his forehead. His tongue clung to the roof of his mouth, and he could only abjectly wonder what was coming next. It appeared that nothing more was coming. A dead silence lasted for several blocks. Every block seemed to Arthur a mile long, as if he were walking in a hasheesh dream. He felt that she was expecting him to say something, to make some sort of response to her advances; but what response, in Heaven's name, could he make! He really could not make love. He had none to make; and had never dreamed of making any to Maud Elliott, of all girls. Yet the idea of letting her suppose him such an oaf as not to understand her, or not to appreciate the honor a lady's preference did him, was intolerable. He could not leave it so.

Finally, with a vague idea of a compromise between the impossible alternative of making love to her, which he could n't, and seeming an insensible boor, which he would n't, he laid his disengaged hand upon hers as it rested on his arm. It was his intention to apply to it a gentle pressure, which, while committing him to nothing, might tend to calm her feelings and by its vaguely reassuring influence help to stave off a crisis for the remainder of their walk. He did not, however, succeed in carrying out the scheme; for at the moment of contact her hand eluded his, as quicksilver glides from the grasp. There was no hint of coquettish hesitation in its withdrawal. She snatched it away as if his touch had burned her; and although she did not at the same time wholly relinquish his arm, that was doubtless to avoid making the situation, on the street as they were, too awkward.

A moment before only concerned to evade her apparent advances, Arthur found himself in the position of one under rebuke for

offering an unwarranted familiarity to a lady. There was no question that he had utterly misconstrued her previous conduct. It was very strange that he could have been such a fool; but he was quite too dazed to disentangle the evidence just then, and there was no doubt about the fact.

"Pardon me," he stammered, too much overcome with confusion and chagrin to be able to judge whether it would have been better to be silent.

The quickness with which the reply came showed that she had been on the point of speaking herself.

"You need not ask my pardon," she said. Her tones quivered with excitement and her utterance was low and swift. "I don't blame you in the least after the way I have talked to you to-night. But I did not mean that you should think lightly of me. I have said nothing right, nothing that I meant to. What I wanted to have you understand was that I care for you very much." Her voice broke here, but she caught her breath and went right on. "I wanted you to know it somehow, and since I could not make you know it by ways clever girls might, I thought I would tell you plainly. It really amounts to the same thing; don't you think so? and I know you 'll keep my secret. You need n't say anything. I know you 've nothing to say and may never have. That makes no difference. You owe me nothing merely because I care for you. Don't pity me. I 'm not so much ashamed as you 'd suppose. It all seems so natural when it 's once said. You need n't be afraid of me. I shall never say this again or trouble you at all. Only be a little good to me; that 's all."

She delivered this little speech almost in one breath, with headlong, explosive utterance, as if it were something she had to go through with, cost what it might, and only wanted somehow to get out the words, regardless, for the time, of their manner or effect. She ended with an hysterical sob, and Arthur felt her hand tremble on his arm as she struggled with an emotion that threatened to overcome her. But it was over almost instantly; and without giving him a chance to speak, she exclaimed, with an entire alteration of tone and manner:

"Did you see that article in the 'Gazette' this morning about the craze for collecting pottery which has broken out in the big cities? Do you suppose it will reach here? What do you think of it?"

Now it was perfectly true, as she had told him, that Arthur had nothing whatever to say in response to the declaration she had made; but all the same it is possible, if she had not just so abruptly diverted the conversation, that he would then and there have placed himself and all his worldly goods at her disposal. He would have done this, although five minutes before he had had no more notion of marrying her than the Emperor of China's daughter, merely because every manly instinct cried out against permitting a nice girl to protest her partiality for him without meeting her half-way. Afterward, when he realized how near he had come to going over the verge of matrimony, it was with such reminiscent terror as chills the blood of the awakened sleep-walker looking up at the dizzy ridge-pole he has trodden with but a hair's breadth between him and eternity.

During the remainder of the way to Maud's door the conversation upon pottery, the weather, and miscellaneous topics was incessant — almost breathless, in fact. Arthur did not know what he was talking about, and Maud probably no better what she was saying, but there was not a moment's silence. A stranger meeting them would have thought, "What a remarkably jolly couple!"

"I 'm much obliged for your escort," said Maud, as she stood upon her doorstep.

"Not at all. Great pleasure, I 'm sure."

"Good-evening."

"Good-evening." And she disappeared within the door.

Arthur walked away with a slow, mechanical step. His fallen jaw, open mouth, and generally idiotic expression of countenance would have justified his detention by any policeman who might have met him, on suspicion of being a feeble-minded person escaped from custody. Turning the first corner, he kept on with the same dragging step till he came to a vacant lot. Then, as if he were too feeble to get any farther, he stopped and leaned his back against the fence. Bracing his legs before him so as to serve as props, he thrust his hands deep in his pockets, and raising his eyes appealingly to the stars, ejaculated, "Proposed to, by Jove!" A period of profound introspection followed, and then he broke forth: "Well, I 'll be hanged!" emphasizing each word with a slow nod. Then he began to laugh — not noisily; scarcely audibly, indeed; but with the deep unctuous chuckle of one who gloats over some exquisitely absurd situation, some jest of many facets, each contributing its ray of humor.

Yet, if this young man had tremblingly confessed his love to a lady, he would have expected her to take it seriously.

Nevertheless, let us not be too severe with him for laughing. It was what the average young man probably would have done under similar circumstances, and it was particularly stated at the outset that there was nothing at

all extraordinary about Arthur Burton. For the rest it was not a wholly bad symptom. Had he been a conceited fellow, he very likely would not have laughed. He would have stroked his mustache and thought it quite natural that a woman should fall in love with him, and even would have felt a pity for the poor thing. It was, in fact, because he was not vain that he found the idea so greatly amusing.

On parting with Arthur, Maud rushed upstairs and locked herself in her room. She threw herself into the first chair she stumbled over in the dimly lighted apartment, and sat there motionless, her eyes fixed on the empty air with an expression of desperation, her hands clinched so tightly that the nails bit the palms. She breathed only at considerable intervals, with short, quick inhalations.

Yet the act which caused this extraordinary revulsion of feeling had not been the result of any sudden impulse. It was the execution of a deliberate resolve which had originated in her mind on the night of Lucy Merritt's departure, as she sat with her before the fire, listening to her fanciful talk about the advantages which might be expected to attend franker relations in love affairs between men and women. Deeply in love, and at the same time feeling that in the ordinary course of events she had nothing but disappointment to look forward to, she was in a state of mind just desperate enough to catch at the idea that if Arthur Burton knew of her love there would be some chance of his returning it. It seemed to her that if he did not, she could be no worse off than she was already. She had brooded over the subject day and night ever since, considering from every point of view of abstract right or true feminine propriety the question whether a woman might, without real prejudice to her maidenly modesty, tell a man that she cared for him, without waiting for him to ask her to marry him. Her conclusion had been that there was no reason, apart from her own feelings, why any woman, who dared do it, should not; and if she thought her life's happiness dependent on her doing it, that she would be a weak creature who did not dare.

Her resolve once taken, she had only waited an opportunity to carry it out; and that evening, when Arthur offered to walk home with her, she felt that the opportunity had come. Little wonder that she came downstairs from the dressing-room looking remarkably pale, and that after they had started, and she was trying to screw up her courage to the speaking point, her responses to his conversational efforts should have been at random. It was terribly hard work, this screwing up her courage. All the fine arguments which had convinced her that her intended course was justifiable and right had utterly collapsed. She could not recall one of them. What she had undertaken to do seemed shocking, hateful, immodest, scandalous, impossible. But there was a bed-rock of determination to her character; and a fixed, dogged resolve to do the thing she had once made up her mind to, come what might, had not permitted her to draw back. Hardly knowing what she was about, or the words she was saying, she had plunged blindly ahead. Somehow she had got through with it, and now she seemed to herself to be sitting amidst the ruins of her womanhood.

It was particularly remarked that Arthur Burton's laughter, as he leaned against the fence a square away in convulsions of merriment, was noiseless, but it was perfectly audible to Maud, as she sat in the darkness of her chamber. Nay, more: although his thoughts were not uttered at all, she overheard them, and among them some which the young man, to do him justice, had the grace not to think.

The final touch to her humiliation was imparted by the reflection that she had done the thing so stupidly — so blunderingly. If she must needs tell a man she loved him, could she not have told him in language which at least would have been forcible and dignified. Instead of that, she had begun with mawkish compliments, unable in her excitement to think of anything else, and ended with an incoherent jumble that barely escaped being hysterical. He would think that she was as lacking in sense as in womanly self-respect. At last she turned up the gas, for very shame avoiding a glimpse of herself in the mirror as she did so, and bathed her burning cheeks.

II.

MEANWHILE Arthur had reached home and was likewise sitting in his room, thinking the matter over from his point of view, with the assistance of a long-stemmed pipe. But instead of turning the gas down, as Maud had done, he had turned it up, and, having lighted all the jets in the room, had planted his chair directly in front of the big looking-glass, so that he might enjoy the reflection of his own amusement and be doubly entertained.

By this time, however, amazement and amusement had passed their acute stages. He was considering somewhat more seriously, but still with frequent attacks of mirth, the practical aspects of the predicament in which Maud's declaration had placed him; and the more he considered it, the more awkward as well as absurd that predicament appeared. They had

the same acquaintances, went to the same parties, and were very likely to meet whenever they went out of an evening. What if she should continue to pursue him? If she did, he either would have to cut society, which had promised to be unusually lively that winter, or provide himself with a chaperon for protection. For the first time in his life he was in a position to appreciate the courage of American girls, who, without a tremor, venture themselves, year in and year out, in the company of gentlemen from whom they are exposed at any time to proposals of a tender nature. It was a pity if he could not be as brave as girls who are afraid of a mouse. Doubtless it was all in getting used to it.

On reflection, he should not need a chaperon. Had she not assured him that he need not be afraid of her, that she would never repeat what she had said, or trouble him again? How her arm trembled on his as she was saying that, and how near she came to breaking down! And this was Maud Elliott, the girl with whom he had never ventured to flirt as with some of the others, because she was so reserved and distant. The very last girl anybody would expect such a thing from! If it had been embarrassing for him to hear it, what must it have cost such a girl as Maud Elliott to say it! How did she ever muster the courage?

He took the pipe from his mouth, and the expression of his eyes became fixed, while his cheeks reddened slowly and deeply. In putting himself in Maud's place he was realizing for the first time how strong must have been the feeling which had nerved her to such a step. His heart began to beat rather thickly. There was something decidedly intoxicating in knowing that one was regarded in such a way by a nice girl, even if it were impossible, as it certainly was in this case, to reciprocate the feeling. He continued to put himself mentally in Maud's place. No doubt she was also at that moment sitting alone in her chamber, thinking the matter over as he was. She was not laughing, however, that was pretty certain; and it required no clairvoyant's gift for him to be sensible that her chief concern must be as to what he might be at that moment thinking about her. And how had he been thinking about her?

As this question came up to his mind he saw himself for a moment, through Maud's eyes, sitting there smoking, chuckling, mowing like an idiot before the glass because, forsooth, a girl had put herself at his mercy on the mistaken supposition that he was a gentleman. As he saw his conduct in this new light he had such an access of self-contempt that, had it been physically convenient, it would have been a relief to kick himself. What touching faith she had shown in his ability to take a generous, high-minded view of what she had done, and here he had been guffawing over it like a corner loafer. He would not, for anything in the world, have her know how he had behaved. And she should not. She should never know that he was less a gentleman than she believed him.

She had told him, to be sure, that he owed her nothing because she loved him; but it had just struck him that he owed her at least, on that account, a more solicitous respect and consideration than any one else had the right to expect from him.

There were no precedents to guide him, no rules of etiquette prescribing the proper thing for a young man to do under such circumstances as these. It was a new problem he had to work out, directed only by such generous and manly instincts as he might have. Plainly the first thing, and in fact the only thing that he could do for her, seeing that he really could not return her affection, was to show her that she had not forfeited his esteem.

At first he thought of writing her a note and assuring her, in a few gracefully turned sentences, of his high respect in spite of what she had done. But somehow the gracefully turned sentences did not occur to his mind when he took up his pen, and it did occur to him that to write persons that you still respect them is equivalent to intimating that their conduct justly might have forfeited your respect. Nor would it be at all easier to give such an assurance by word of mouth. In fact, quite the reverse. The meaning to be conveyed was too delicate for words. Only the unspoken language of his manner and bearing could express it without offense. It might, however, be some time before chance brought them together in society, even if she did not, for a while at least, purposely avoid him. Meantime, uncertain how her extraordinary action had impressed him, how was she likely to enjoy her thoughts?

In the generous spirit bred of his new contrition, it seemed to him a brutal thing to leave her weeks or even days in such a condition of mind as must be hers. Inaction on his part was all that was required to make her position intolerable. Inaction was not therefore permissible to him. It was a matter in which he must take the initiative, and there seemed to be just one thing he could do which would at all answer the purpose. A brief formal call, with the conversation strictly limited to the weather and similarly safe subjects, would make it possible for them to meet thereafter in society without too acute embarrassment. Had he the pluck for this, the nerve to carry it through? That was the only question. There was no doubt as

to what he ought to do. It would be an awkward call, to put it mildly. It would be skating on terribly thin ice — a little thinner, perhaps, than a man ever skated on before.

If he could but hit on some pretext, it scarcely mattered how thin,— for of course it would not be intended to deceive her,— the interview possibly could be managed. As he reflected, his eyes fell on a large volume, purchased in a fit of extravagance, which lay on his table. It was a profusely illustrated work on pottery, intended for the victims of the fashionable craze on that subject, which at the date of these events had but recently reached the United States. His face lighted up with a sudden inspiration, and taking a pen he wrote the following note to Maud, dating it the next day:

MISS ELLIOTT:

Our conversation last evening on the subject of old china has suggested to me that you might be interested in looking over the illustrations in the volume which I take the liberty of sending with this. If you will be at home this evening I shall be pleased to call and learn your impressions.

ARTHUR BURTON.

The next morning he sent this note and the book to Maud, and that evening called upon her. To say that he did not twist his mustache rather nervously as he stood upon the doorstep, waiting for the servant to answer the bell, would be to give him credit for altogether more nerve than he deserved. He was supported by the consciousness that he was doing something rather heroic, but he very much wished it were done. As he was shown into the parlor, Maud came forward to meet him. She wore a costume which set off her fine figure to striking advantage, and he was surprised to perceive that he had never before appreciated what a handsome girl she was. It was strange that he should never have particularly observed before what beautiful hands she had, and what a dazzling fairness of complexion was the complement of her red-brown hair. Could it be this stately maiden who had uttered those wild words the night before? Could those breathless tones, that piteous shamefacedness, have been hers? Surely he must be the victim of some strange self-delusion. Only the deep blush that mantled her face as she spoke his name, the quickness with which, after one swift glance, her eyes avoided his, and the tremor of her hand as he touched it, fully assured him that he had not dreamed the whole thing.

A shaded lamp was on the center-table, where also Arthur's book on pottery lay open. After thanking him for sending it and expressing the pleasure she had taken in looking it over, Maud plunged at once into a discussion of Sèvres, and Cloisonné, and Palissy, and tiles, and all that sort of thing, and Arthur bravely kept his end up. Any one who had looked casually into the parlor would have thought that old crockery was the most absorbing subject on earth to these young people, with such eagerness did they compare opinions and debate doubtful points. At length, however, even pottery gave out as a resource, especially as Arthur ceased, after a while, to do his part, and silences began to ensue, during which Maud rapidly turned the pages of the book or pretended to be deeply impressed with the illustrations, while her cheeks grew hotter and hotter under Arthur's gaze. He knew that he was a detestable coward thus to revel in her confusion, when he ought to be trying to cover it, but it was such a novel sensation to occupy this masterful attitude towards a young lady that he yielded basely to the temptation. After all, it was but fair. Had she not caused him a very embarrassing quarter of an hour the night before?

"I suppose I shall see you at Miss Oswald's next Thursday," he said, as he rose to take his leave.

She replied that she hoped to be there. She accompanied him to the door of the parlor. There was less light there than immediately about the table where they had been sitting. "Good-evening," he said. "Good-evening," she replied; and then, in a lowered voice, hardly above a whisper, she added, "I appreciate all that was noble and generous in your coming to-night." He made no reply, but took her hand and, bending low, pressed his lips to it as reverently as if she had been a queen.

Now Arthur's motive in making this call upon Maud, which has been described, had been entirely unselfish. Furthest from his mind, of all ideas, had been any notion of pursuing the conquest of her heart which he had inadvertently made. Nevertheless, the effect of his call, and that, too, even before it was made,— if this bull may be pardoned,— had been to complete that conquest as no other device, however studied, could have done.

The previous night Maud had been unable to sleep for shame. Her cheeks scorched the pillows faster than her tears could cool them; and altogether her estate was so wretched that Lucy Merritt, could she have looked in upon her, possibly might have been shaken in her opinion as to the qualifications of women to play the part of men in love, even if permitted by society.

It had been hard enough to nerve herself to the point of doing what she had done in view of the embarrassments she had foreseen. An

hour after she uttered those fatal words her whole thinking was summed up in the cry, "If I only had not done it, then at least he would still respect me." In the morning she looked like one in a fever. Her eyes were red and swollen, her face was pallid but for a hard red spot in each cheek, and her whole appearance was expressive of bodily and mental prostration. She did not go down to breakfast, pleading a very genuine headache, and Arthur's note and the book on pottery were brought up to her. She guessed his motive in a moment. Her need gave her the clew to his meaning.

What was on Arthur's part merely a decent sort of thing to do, her passionate gratitude instantly magnified into an act of chivalrous generosity, proving him the noblest of men and the gentlest of gentlemen. She exaggerated the abjectness of the position from which his action had rescued her, in order to feel that she owed the more to his nobility. At any time during the previous night she gladly would have given ten years of her life to recall the confession that she had made to him; now she told herself, with a burst of exultant tears, that she would not recall it if she could. She had made no mistake. Her womanly dignity was safe in his keeping. Whether he ever returned her love or not she was not ashamed, but was glad, and always should be glad, that he knew she loved him.

As for Arthur, the reverence with which he bent over her hand on leaving her was as heartfelt as it was graceful. In her very disregard of conventional decorum she had impressed him the more strikingly with the native delicacy and refinement of her character. It had been reserved for her to show him how genuine a thing is womanly modesty, and how far from being dependent on those conventional affectations with which it is in the vulgar mind so often identified, with the effect of seeming as artificial as they.

When, a few evenings later, he went to Miss Oswald's party, the leading idea in his mind was that he should meet Maud there. His eyes sought her out the moment he entered the Oswald parlors, but it was some time before he approached her. For years he had been constantly meeting her, but he had never before taken special note of her appearance in company. He had a curiosity about her now as lively as it was wholly new. He took a great interest in observing how she walked and talked and laughed, how she sat down and rose up and demeaned herself. It gave him an odd but marked gratification to note how favorably she compared in style and appearance with the girls present. Even while he was talking with Ella Perry, with whom he believed himself in love, he was so busy making these observations that Ella dismissed him with the sarcastic advice to follow his eyes, which he presently proceeded to do.

Maud greeted him with a very fair degree of self-possession, though her cheeks were delightfully rosy. At first it was evidently difficult for her to talk, and her embarrassment betrayed uncertainty as to the stability of the conventional footing which his call of the other evening had established between them. Gradually, however, the easy, nonchalant tone which he affected seemed to give her confidence, and she talked more easily. Her color continued to be unusually though not unbecomingly high, and it took a great deal of skirmishing for him to get a glance from her eyes, but her embarrassment was no longer distressing. Arthur, indeed, was scarcely in a mood to notice that she did not bear her full part in the conversation. The fact of conversing on any terms with a young lady who had confessed to him what Maud had was so piquant in itself that it would have made talk in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet vivacious. All the while, as they laughed and talked together quite as any other two young people might do, those words of hers the other night: "I care for you very much," "Be a little good to me," were ringing in his ears. The reflection that by virtue of her confession of love she was his whenever he should wish to claim her, even though he never should claim her, was constantly in his mind, and gave him a sense of potential proprietorship which was decidedly heady.

"Arthur Burton seems to be quite fascinated. I never supposed that he fancied Maud Elliott before, did you?" said one of the young ladies, a little maliciously, to Ella Perry. Ella tossed her head and replied that really she had never troubled herself about Mr. Burton's fancies, which was not true. The fact is, she was completely puzzled as well as vexed by Arthur's attentions to Maud. There was not a girl in her set of whom she would not sooner have thought as a rival. Arthur had never, to her knowledge, talked for five minutes together with Maud before, and here he was spending half the evening in an engrossing tête-à-tête with her to the neglect of his other acquaintances and of herself in particular. Maud was looking very well, to be sure, but no better than often before, when he had not glanced at her a second time. What might be the clew to this mystery? She remembered, upon reflection, that he had escorted Maud home from the party at her own house the week before, but that explained nothing. Ella was aware of no weapon in

the armory of her sex capable of effecting the subjugation of a previously quite indifferent young man in the course of a ten-minutes' walk. If, indeed, such weapons there had been, Maud Elliott, the most reserved and diffident girl of her acquaintance,—"stiff and pokerish," Ella called her,—was the last person likely to employ them. It must be, Ella was forced to conclude, that Arthur was trying to punish her for snubbing him by devoting himself to Maud; and, having adopted this conclusion, the misguided damsel proceeded to flirt vigorously with a young man whom she detested.

In the latter part of the evening, when Arthur was looking again for Maud, he learned that she had gone home, a servant having come to fetch her. The result was that he went home alone, Ella Perry having informed him rather crushingly that she had accorded the honor of escorting herself to another. He was rather vexed at Ella's jilting him, though he admitted that she might have fancied she had some excuse.

A few days later he called on her, expecting to patch up their little misunderstanding, as on previous occasions. She was rather offish, but really would have been glad to make up had he shown the humility and tractableness he usually manifested after their tiffs; but he was not in a humble frame of mind, and, after a brief and unsatisfactory call, took his leave. The poor girl was completely puzzled. What had come over Arthur? She had snubbed him no more than usual that night, and generally he took it very meekly. She would have opened her eyes very wide indeed if she had guessed what there had been in his recent experience to spoil his appetite for humble-pie.

It was not late when he left Ella, and as he passed Maud's house he could not resist the temptation of going in. This time he did not pretend to himself that he sought her from any but entirely selfish motives. He wanted to remove the unpleasantly acid impression left by his call on Ella by passing an hour with some one whom he knew would be glad to see him and not be afraid to let him know it. In this aim he was quite successful. Maud's face fairly glowed with glad surprise when he entered the room. This was their second meeting since the evening Arthur had called to talk pottery, and the tacit understanding that her tender avowal was to be ignored between them had become so well established that they could converse quite at their ease. But ignoring is not forgetting. On the other hand, it implies a constant remembering; and the mutual consciousness between these young people could scarcely fail to give a peculiar piquancy to their intercourse.

That evening was the first of many which the young man passed in Maud's parlor, and the beginning of an intimacy which caused no end of wonder among their acquaintances. Had its real nature been suspected, that wonder would have been vastly increased. For whereas they supposed it to be an entirely ordinary love affair, except in the abruptness of its development, it was, in fact, a quite extraordinary variation on the usual social relations of young men and women.

Maud's society had in fact not been long in acquiring an attraction for Arthur quite independent of the peculiar circumstances under which he had first become interested in her. As soon as she began to feel at ease with him her shyness rapidly disappeared, and he was astonished to discover that the stiff, silent girl whom he had thought rather dull possessed culture and originality such as few girls of his acquaintance could lay claim to. His assurance beyond possibility of doubt that she was as really glad to see him whenever he called as she said she was, and that though his speech might be dull or his jests poor they were sure of a friendly critic, made the air of her parlor wonderfully genial. The result was that he fell into a habit whenever he wanted a little social relaxation, but felt too tired, dispirited, or lazy for the effort of a call on any of the other girls, of going to Maud. One evening he said to her just as he was leaving, "If I come here too much, you must send me home."

"I will when you do," she replied, with a bright smile.

"But really," he persisted, "I am afraid I bore you by coming so often."

"You know better than that," was her only reply, but the vivid blush which accompanied the words was a sufficient enforcement of them; and he was, at the bottom of his heart, very glad to think he did know better.

Without making any pretense of being in love with her, he had come to depend on her being in love with him. It had grown so pleasing to count on her loyalty to him that a change in her feelings would have been a disagreeable surprise. Getting something for nothing is a mode of acquisition particularly pleasing to mankind, and he was enjoying in some respects the position of an engaged man without any of the responsibilities.

But if in some respects he was in the position of an engaged man, in others he was farther from it than the average unengaged man. For while Maud and he talked of almost everything else under heaven, the subject of love was tabooed between them. Once for all Maud had said her say on that point, and Arthur could say nothing unless he said as much as she had said. For the same reason, there

was never any approach to flirting between them. Any trifling of that sort would have been meaningless in an intimacy begun, as theirs had been, at a point beyond where most flirtations end.

Not only in this respect, but also in the singular frankness which marked their interchange of thought and opinion, was there something in their relation savoring of that of brother and sister. It was as if her confession of love had swept away by one breath the whole lattice of conventional affectations through which young men and women usually talk with each other. Once for all she had dropped her guard with him, and he could not do less with her. He found himself before long talking more freely to her than to any others of his acquaintance, and about more serious matters. They talked of their deepest beliefs and convictions, and he told her things that he had never told any one before. Why should he not tell her his secrets? Had she not told him hers? It was a pleasure to reciprocate her confidence if he could not her love. He had not supposed it to be possible for a man to become so closely acquainted with a young lady not a relative. It came to the point finally that when they met in company, the few words that he might chance to exchange with her were pitched in a different key from that used with the others, such as one drops into when greeting a relative or familiar friend met in a throng of strangers.

Of course, all this had not come at once. It was in winter that the events took place with which this narrative opened. Winter had meantime glided into spring, and spring had become summer. In the early part of June a report that Arthur Burton and Maud Elliott were engaged obtained circulation, and, owing to the fact that he had so long been apparently devoted to her, was generally believed. Whenever Maud went out she met congratulations on every side, and had to reply a dozen times a day that there was no truth in the story, and smilingly declare that she could not imagine how it started. After doing which, she would go home and cry all night, for Arthur was not only not engaged to her, but she had come to know in her heart that he never would be.

At first, and indeed for a long time, she was so proud of the frank and loyal friendship between them, such as she was sure had never before existed between unplighted man and maid, that she would have been content to wait half her lifetime for him to learn to love her, if only she were sure that he would at last. But, after all, it was the hope of his love, not his friendship, that had been the motive of her desperate venture. As month after month passed, and he showed no symptoms of any feeling warmer than esteem, but always in the midst of his cordiality was so careful lest he should do or say anything to arouse unfounded expectations in her mind, she lost heart and felt that what she had hoped was not to be. She said to herself that the very fact that he was so much her friend should have warned her that he would never be her lover, for it is not often that lovers are made out of friends.

It is always embarrassing for a young lady to have to deny a report of her engagement, especially when it is a report she would willingly have true; but what made it particularly distressing for Maud that this report should have got about was her belief that it would be the means of bringing to an end the relations between them. It would undoubtedly remind Arthur, by showing how the public interpreted their friendship, that his own prospects in other quarters, and he might even think justice to her future, demanded the discontinuance of attentions which must necessarily be misconstrued by the world. The public had been quite right in assuming that it was time for them to be engaged. Such an intimacy as theirs between a young man and a young woman, unless it were to end in an engagement, had no precedent and belonged to no known social category. It was vain, in the long run, to try to live differently from other people.

The pangs of an accusing conscience completed her wretchedness at this time. The conventional proprieties are a law written on the hearts of refined, delicately nurtured girls; and though, in the desperation of unreciprocated and jealous love, she had dared to violate them, not the less did they now thoroughly revenge themselves. If her revolt against custom had resulted happily, it is not indeed likely that she would ever have reproached herself very seriously; but now that it had issued in failure, her self-confidence was gone and her conscience easily convicted her of sin. The outraged Proprieties, with awful spectacles and minatory, reproachful gestures, crowded nightly around her bed, the Titanic shade of Mrs. Grundy looming above her satellite shams and freezing her blood with a Gorgon gaze. The feeling that she had deserved all that was to come upon her deprived her of moral support.

Arthur had never showed that he thought cheaply of her, but in his heart of hearts how could he help doing so? Compared with the other girls, serene and unapproachable in their virgin pride, must she not necessarily seem bold, coarse, and common? That he took care never to let her see it only proved his kindness of heart. Her sense of this kindness was more and more touched with abjectness.

The pity of it was that she had come to love him so much more since she had known him so well. It scarcely seemed to her now that she could have truly cared for him at all in the old days, and she wondered, as she looked back, that the shallow emotion she then experienced had emboldened her to do what she had done. Ah, why had she done it? Why had she not let him go his way? She might have suffered then, but not such heart-breaking misery as was now in store for her.

Some weeks passed with no marked change in their relations, except that a new and marked constraint which had come over Arthur's manner towards her was additional evidence that the end was at hand. Would he think it better to say nothing, but merely come to see her less and less frequently and so desert her, without an explanation, which, after all, was needless? Or would he tell her how the matter stood and say good-bye? She thought he would take the latter course, seeing that they had always been so frank with each other. She tried to prepare herself for what she knew was coming, and to get ready to bear it. The only result was that she grew sick with apprehension whenever he did not call, and was only at ease when he was with her, in the moment that he was saying good-bye without having uttered the dreaded words.

The end came during a call which he made on her in the last part of June. He appeared preoccupied and moody, and said scarcely anything. Several times she caught him furtively regarding her with a very strange expression. She tried to talk, but she could not alone keep up the conversation, and in time there came a silence. A hideous silence it was to Maud, an abyss yawning to swallow up all that was left of her happiness. She had no more power to speak, and when he spoke she knew it would be to utter the words she had so long expected. Evidently it was very hard for him to bring himself to utter them — almost as hard as it would be for her to hear them. He was very tender-hearted she had learned already. Even in that moment she was very sorry for him. It was all her fault that he had to say this to her.

Suddenly, just as she must have cried out, unable to bear the tension of suspense any longer, he rose abruptly to his feet, uttering something about going and an engagement which he had almost forgotten. Hastily wishing her good-evening, with hurried steps he half-crossed the room, hesitated, stopped, looked back at her, seemed to waver a moment, and then, as if moved by a sudden decision, returned to her and took her gently by the hand. Then she knew it was coming.

For a long moment he stood looking at her. She knew just the pitifulness that was in his expression, but she could not raise her eyes to his. She tried to summon her pride, her dignity, to her support. But she had no pride, no dignity, left. She had surrendered them long ago.

"I have something to say to you," he said, in a tone full of gentleness, just as she had known he would speak. "It is something I have put off saying as long as possible, and perhaps you have already guessed what it is."

Maud felt the blood leaving her face; the room spun around; she was afraid she should faint. It only remained that she should break down now to complete her humiliation before him, and apparently she was going to do just that.

"We have had a most delightful time the past year," he went on; "that is, at least I have. I don't believe the friendship of a girl was ever so much to a man as yours has been to me. I doubt if there ever was just such a friendship as ours has been, anyway. I shall always look back on it as the rarest and most charming passage in my life. But I have seen for some time that we could not go on much longer on the present footing, and to-night it has come over me that we can't go on even another day. Maud, I can't play at being friends with you one hour more. I love you. Do you care for me still? Will you be my wife?"

When it is remembered that up to his last words she had been desperately bracing herself against an announcement of a most opposite nature, it will not seem strange that for a moment Maud had difficulty in realizing just what had happened. She looked at him as if dazed, and with an instinct of bewilderment drew back a little as he would have clasped her. "I thought," she stammered — "I thought — I — "

He misconstrued her hesitation. His eyes darkened and his voice was sharpened with a sudden fear as he exclaimed, "I know it was a long time ago you told me that. Perhaps you don't feel the same way now. Don't tell me, Maud, that you don't care for me any longer, now that I have learned I can't do without you."

A look of wondering happiness, scarcely able even yet to believe in its own reality, had succeeded the bewildered incredulity in her face.

"O Arthur!" she cried. "Do you really mean it? Are you sure it is not out of pity that you say this? Do you love me after all? Would you really like me a little to be your wife?"

"If you are not my wife, I shall never have

one," he replied. "You have spoiled all other women for me."

Then she let him take her in his arms, and as his lips touched hers for the first time he faintly wondered if it were possible he had ever dreamed of any other woman but Maud Elliott as his wife. After she had laughed and cried awhile, she said:

"How was it that you never let me see you cared for me? You never showed it."

"I tried not to," he replied; "and I would not have shown it to-night if I could have helped it. I tried to get away without betraying my secret, but I could not." Then he told her that when he found he had fallen in love with her, he was almost angry with himself. He was so proud of their friendship that a mere love affair seemed cheap and common beside it. Any girl would do to fall in love with; but there was not, he was sure, another in America capable of bearing her part in such a rare and delicate companionship as theirs. He was determined to keep up their noble game of friendship as long as might be.

Afterward, during the evening, he boasted himself to her not a little of the self-control he had shown in hiding his passion so long, a feat the merit of which perhaps she did not adequately appreciate.

"Many a time in the last month or two when you have been saying good-bye to me of an evening, with your hand in mine, the temptation has been almost more than I could withstand to seize you in my arms. It was all the harder, you see, because I fancied you would not be very angry if I did. In fact, you once gave me to understand as much in pretty plain language, if I remember rightly. Possibly you may recall the conversation. You took the leading part in it, I believe."

Maud had bent her head so low that he could not see her face. It was very cruel in him, but he deliberately took her chin in his hands, and gently but firmly turned her face up to his. Then, as he kissed the shamed eyes and furiously blushing cheeks, he dropped the tone of banter and said, with moist eyes, in a voice of solemn tenderness:

"My brave darling, with all my life I will thank you for the words you spoke that night. But for them I might have missed the wife God meant for me."

Edward Bellamy.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE HEART.

WHEN day is dying in the west,
Through shadows faint and far,
It holds upon its gentle breast
A tender, nursling star,
As if to symbolize above
How shines a fair young mother's love.
I watch the sun depart;
A whisper seems to say:
So comes the twilight of the heart,
More beautiful than day.

The listless summer sleeps in green
Among my orange flowers;
The lazy south wind steals between
The lips of languid hours,
As if Endymion, lapped in fern,
Lay dreaming of the moon's return.
The long years seem to part
Like shadows cold and gray,
To show the twilight of the heart
More beautiful than day.

Old hopes and wishes seem to breathe
The gentle evening air,
Of love and sorrow laid beneath
A faded fold of hair.
Life had no other love to give,
Love had no other life to live.
What though the tears must start
For sorrows passed away;
There is a twilight of the heart
More beautiful than day.

I seem to see the smiling eyes
That loved me long ago
Look down the pure and tranquil skies
From out the after-glow;
The still delight, the smiles and tears,
Come back through all the silent years
In which we are apart,
As if they wished to say:
This is the twilight of the heart,
More beautiful than day.

Will Wallace Harney.

SHERIFF'S WORK ON A RANCH.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A TEXAN COWBOY.

UP to 1880 the country through which the Little Missouri flows remained as wild and almost as unknown as it was when the old explorers and fur traders crossed it in the early part of the century. It was the last great Indian hunting-ground across which Grosventres and Mandans, Sioux and Cheyennes, and even Crows and Rees wandered in chase of game, and where they fought one another and plundered the small parties of white trappers and hunters that occasionally ventured into it. Once or twice generals like Sully and Custer had penetrated it in the course of the long, tedious, and bloody campaigns that finally broke the strength of the northern Horse Indians; indeed, the trail made by Custer's baggage train is to this day one of the well-known landmarks, for the deep ruts worn by the wheels of the heavy wagons are in many places still as distinctly to be seen as ever.

In 1883 a regular long-range skirmish took place just south of us between some Cheyennes and some cowboys, with bloodshed on both sides, while about the same time a band of Sioux plundered a party of buffalo hunters of everything they owned, and some Crows who attempted the same feat with another party were driven off with the loss of two of their number. Since then there have been in our neighborhood no stand-up fights or regular raids; but the Indians have at different times proved more or less troublesome, burning the grass, and occasionally killing stock or carrying off horses that have wandered some distance away. They have also themselves suffered somewhat at the hands of white horse-thieves.

Bands of them, accompanied by their squaws and children, often come into the ranch country, either to trade or to hunt, and are then, of course, perfectly meek and peaceable. If they stay any time they build themselves quite comfortable tepees (wigwams, as they would be styled in the East), and an Indian camp is a rather interesting, though very dirty, place to visit. On our ranch we get along particularly well with them, as it is a rule that they shall be treated as fairly as if they were whites: we neither wrong them ourselves nor allow others to wrong them. We have always, for example, been as keen in putting down horse-stealing from Indians as from whites — which indicates rather an advanced stage of frontier morality, as theft from the "redskins" or the "Government" is usually held to be a very trivial matter compared with the heinous crime of theft from "citizens."

There is always danger in meeting a band of young bucks in lonely, uninhabited country — those that have barely reached manhood being the most truculent, insolent, and reckless. A man meeting such a party runs great risk of losing his horse, his rifle, and all else he has. This has happened quite frequently during the past few years to hunters or cowboys who have wandered into the debatable territory where our country borders on the Indian lands; and in at least one such instance, that took place two years ago, the unfortunate individual lost his life as well as his belongings. But a frontiersman of any experience can generally "stand off" a small number of such assailants, unless he loses his nerve or is taken by surprise.

My only adventure with Indians was of a very mild kind. It was in the course of a solitary trip to the north and east of our range, to what was then practically unknown country, although now containing many herds of cattle. One morning I had been traveling along the edge of the prairie, and about noon I rode Manitou up a slight rise and came out on a plateau that was perhaps half a mile broad. When near the middle, four or five Indians suddenly came up over the edge, directly in front of me. The second they saw me they whipped their guns out of their slings, started their horses into a run, and came on at full tilt, whooping and brandishing their weapons. I instantly reined up and dismounted. The level plain where we were was of all places the one on which such an onslaught could best be

met. In any broken country, or where there is much cover, a white man is at a great disadvantage if pitted against such adepts in the art of hiding as Indians; while, on the other hand, the latter will rarely rush in on a foe who, even if overpowered in the end, will probably inflict severe loss on his assailants. The fury of an Indian charge, and the whoops by which it is accompanied, often scare horses so as to stampede them; but in Manitou I had perfect trust, and the old fellow stood as steady as a rock, merely cocking his ears and looking round at the noise. I waited until the Indians were a hundred yards off, and then threw up my rifle and drew a bead on the foremost. The effect was like magic. The whole party scattered out as wild pigeons or teal ducks sometimes do when shot at, and doubled back on their tracks, the men bending over alongside their horses. When some distance off they halted and gathered together to consult, and after a minute one came forward alone, ostentatiously dropping his rifle and waving a blanket over his head. When he came to within fifty yards I stopped him, and he pulled out a piece of paper — all Indians, when absent from their reservations, are supposed to carry passes — and called out, "How! Me good Indian!" I answered "How," and assured him most sincerely I was very glad he *was* a good Indian, but I would not let him come closer; and when his companions began to draw near, I covered him with the rifle and made him move off, which he did with a sudden lapse into the most canonical Anglo-Saxon profanity. I then started to lead my horse out to the prairie; and after hovering round a short time they rode off, while I followed suit, but in the opposite direction. It had all passed too quickly for me to have time to get frightened; but during the rest of my ride I was exceedingly uneasy, and pushed tough, speedy old Manitou along at a rapid rate, keeping well out on the level. However, I never saw the Indians again. They may not have intended any mischief beyond giving me a fright; but I did not dare to let them come to close quarters, for they would have probably taken my horse and rifle, and not impossibly my scalp as well. Towards nightfall I fell in with two old trappers who lived near Killdeer Mountains, and they informed me that my assailants were some young Sioux bucks, at whose hands they themselves had just suffered the loss of a couple of horses.

However, in our own immediate locality, we have had more difficulty with white desperadoes than with the redskins. At times there has been a good deal of cattle-killing and horse-stealing, and occasionally a murder or two. But as regards the last, a man has very little more to fear in the West than in the East, in spite of all the lawless acts one reads about. Undoubtedly a long-standing quarrel sometimes ends in a shooting-match; and of course savage affrays occasionally take place in the barrooms; in which, be it remarked, that, inasmuch as the men are generally drunk, and, furthermore, as the revolver is at best a rather inaccurate weapon, outsiders are nearly as apt to get hurt as are the participants. But if a man minds his own business and does not go into barrooms, gambling saloons, and the like, he need have no fear of being molested; while a revolver is a mere foolish incumbrance for any but a trained expert, and need never be carried.

Against horse-thieves, cattle-thieves, claim-jumpers, and the like, however, every ranchman has to be on his guard; and armed collisions with these gentry are sometimes inevitable.

The fact of such scoundrels being able to ply their trade with impunity for any length of time can only be understood if the absolute wildness of our land is taken into account.

The country is yet unsurveyed and unmapped; the course of the river itself, as put down on the various Government and railroad maps, is very much a mere piece of guesswork, its bed being in many parts — as by my ranch — ten or fifteen miles, or more, away from where these maps make it.

White hunters came into the land by 1880; but the actual settlement only began in 1882, when the first cattle-men drove in their herds, all of Northern stock, the Texans not passing north of the country around the head-waters of the river until the following year, while until 1885 the territory through which it ran for the final hundred and fifty miles before entering the Big Missouri remained as little known as ever.

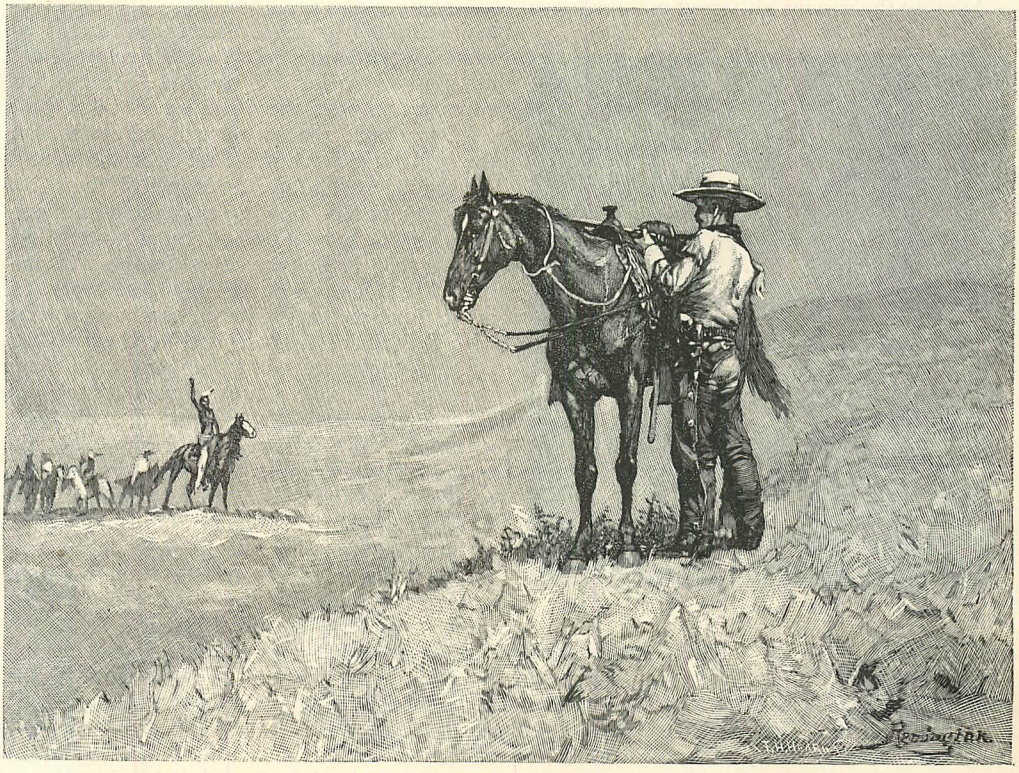
Some of us had always been anxious to run down the river in a boat during the time of the spring floods, as we thought we might get good duck and goose shooting, and also kill some beaver, while the trip would, in addition, have all the charm of an exploring expedition. Twice, so far as we knew, the feat had been performed, both times by hunters, and in one instance with very good luck in shooting and trapping. A third attempt, by a couple of men on a raft, made the spring preceding that on which we made ours, had been less successful; for when a score or so of miles below our ranch, a bear killed one of the two adventurers, and the survivor returned.

We could only go down during a freshet; for the Little Missouri, like most plains' rivers, is usually either a dwindling streamlet, a

mere slender thread of sluggish water, or else a boiling, muddy torrent, running over a bed of shifting quicksand, that neither man nor beast can cross. It rises and falls with extraordinary suddenness and intensity; an instance of which has just occurred as this very page is being written. Last evening, when the moon rose, from the ranch veranda we could see the river-bed almost dry, the stream having shrunk under the drought till it was little but a string of shallow pools, with between them a trickle of water that was not ankle deep, and hardly wet the fetlocks of the saddle-band when driven across it; yet at daybreak this morning, without any rain having fallen near us, but doubtless in consequence of some heavy cloudburst near its head, the swift, swollen current was foaming brim high between the banks, and even the fords were swimming-deep for the horses.

Accordingly we had planned to run down the river sometime towards the end of April, taking advantage of a rise; but an accident made us start three or four weeks sooner than we had intended.

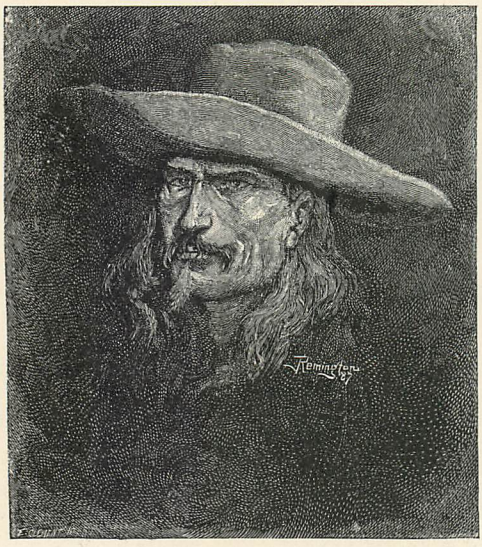
In 1886 the ice went out of the upper river very early, during the first part of February; but it at times almost froze over again, the bottom ice did not break up, and a huge gorge, scores of miles in length, formed in and above the bend known as the Ox-bow, a long distance up-stream from my ranch. About the middle of March this great Ox-bow jam came down past us. It moved slowly, its front forming a high, crumbling wall, and creaming over like an immense breaker on the seashore: we could hear the dull roaring and crunching as it plowed down the river-bed long before it came in sight round the bend above us. The ice kept piling and tossing up in the middle, and not only heaped itself above the level of the banks, but also in many places spread out on each side beyond them, grinding against the cottonwood trees in front of the ranch veranda, and at one moment bidding fair to overwhelm the house itself. It did not, however, but moved slowly down past us with that look of vast, resistless, relentless force that any great body of moving ice, as a glacier, or an iceberg, always conveys to the beholder. The heaviest pressure from the water that was backed up behind being, of course, always in the middle, this part kept breaking away, and finally was pushed on clear through, leaving the river so changed that it could hardly be known. On each



STANDING OFF INDIANS.

bank, and for a couple of hundred feet out from it into the stream, was a solid mass of ice, edging the river along most of its length, at least as far as its course lay through lands that we knew; and in the narrow channel between the sheer ice-walls the water ran like a mill-race.

At night the snowy, glittering masses, tossed



ONE OF THE BOYS.

and heaped up into fantastic forms, shone like crystal in the moonlight; but they soon lost their beauty, becoming fouled and blackened, and at the same time melted and settled down until it was possible to clamber out across the slippery hummocks.

We had brought out a clinker-built boat especially to ferry ourselves over the river when it was high, and were keeping our ponies on the opposite side, where there was a good range shut in by some very broken country that we knew they would not be apt to cross. This boat had already proved very useful and now came in handier than ever, as without it we could take no care of our horses. We kept it on the bank tied to a tree, and every day would carry it or slide it across the hither ice bank, usually with not a little tumbling and scrambling on our part, lower it gently into the swift current, pole it across to the ice on the farther bank, and then drag it over that, repeating the operation when we came back. One day we crossed and walked off about ten miles to a tract of wild and rugged country, cleft in every direction by ravines and cedar canyons, in the deepest of which we had left four deer hanging a fortnight before, as game thus hung up in cold weather keeps indefinitely. The walking was very bad, especially over the clay buttes; for the sun at midday had enough strength to thaw out the soil to the depth of a few inches only, and accordingly the steep hillsides were covered by a crust of slippery mud, with the frozen ground underneath. It was hard to keep one's footing, and to avoid falling while balancing along the knife-like ridge crests, or while clinging to the stunted sage brush as we went down into the valleys. The deer had been hung in a thicket of dwarfed cedars; but when we reached the place we found nothing save scattered pieces of their carcasses, and the soft mud was tramped all over with round, deeply marked footprints, some of them but a few hours old, showing that the plunderers of our cache were a pair of cougars—"mountain lions," as they are called by the Westerners. They had evidently been at work for some time, and had eaten almost every scrap of flesh; one of the deer had been carried for some distance to the other side of a deep, narrow, chasm-like gully across which the cougar must have leaped with the carcass in its mouth. We followed the fresh trail of the cougars for some time, as it was well marked, especially in the snow still remaining in the bottoms of the deeper ravines; finally it led into a tangle of rocky hills riven by dark cedar-clad gorges, in which we lost it, and we retraced our steps, intending to return on the morrow with a good track hound.

But we never carried out our intentions, for next morning one of my men who was out before breakfast came back to the house with the startling news that our boat was gone—stolen, for he brought with him the end of the rope with which it had been tied, evidently cut off with a sharp knife; and also a red woolen mitten with a leather palm, which he had picked up on the ice. We had no doubt as to who had stolen it; for whoever had done so had certainly gone down the river in it, and the only other thing in the shape of a boat on the Little Missouri was a small flat-bottomed scow in the possession of three hard characters who lived in a shack or hut some twenty miles above us, and whom we had shrewdly suspected for some time of wishing to get out of the country, as certain of the cattle-men had begun openly to threaten to lynch them. They belonged to a class that always holds sway during the raw youth of a frontier community, and the putting down of which is the first step towards decent government. Dakota, west of the Missouri, has been settled very recently, and every town within it has seen strange antics performed during the past five or six years. Medora, in particular, has had more than its full share of shooting and stabbing affrays, horse-stealing and cattle-killing.

But the time for such things was passing away; and during the preceding fall the vigilantes — locally known as "stranglers," in happy allusion to their summary method of doing justice — had made a clean sweep of the cattle country along the Yellowstone and that part of the Big Missouri around and below its mouth. Be it remarked, in passing, that while the outcome of their efforts had been in the main wholesome, yet, as is always the case in an extended raid of vigilantes, several of the sixty odd victims had been perfectly innocent men who had been hung or shot in company with the real scoundrels, either through carelessness and misapprehension or on account of some personal spite.

MOUNTAIN LIONS AT THE DEER CACHE.

The three men we suspected had long been accused — justly or unjustly — of being implicated both in cattle-killing and in that worst of frontier crimes, horse-stealing: it was only by an accident that they had escaped the clutches of the vigilantes the preceding fall. Their leader was a well-built fellow named Finnigan, who had long red hair reaching to his shoulders, and always wore a broad hat and a fringed buckskin shirt. He was rather a hard case, and had been chief actor in a number of shooting scrapes. The other two were a half-breed, a stout, muscular man, and an old German, whose viciousness was of the weak and shiftless type.

We knew that these three men were becoming uneasy and were anxious to leave the locality; and we also knew that traveling on horseback, in the direction in which they would wish to go, was almost impossible, as the swollen, ice-fringed rivers could not be crossed at all, and the stretches of broken ground would form nearly as impassable barriers. So we had little doubt that it was they who had taken our boat; and as they knew there was then no boat left on the river, and as the country along its banks was entirely impracticable for horses, we felt sure they would be confident that there could be no pursuit.

Accordingly we at once set to work in our turn to build a flat-bottomed scow, wherein to follow them. Our loss was very annoying, and might prove a serious one if we were long prevented from crossing over to look after the saddle-band; but the determining

motive in our minds was neither chagrin nor anxiety to recover our property. In any wild country where the power of the law is little felt or heeded, and where every one has to rely upon himself for protection, men soon get to feel that it is in the highest degree unwise to submit to any wrong without making an immediate and resolute effort to avenge it upon the wrong-doers, at no matter what cost of risk or trouble. To submit tamely and meekly to theft, or to any other injury, is to invite almost certain repetition of the offense, in a place where self-reliant hardihood and the ability to hold one's own under all circumstances rank as the first of virtues.

Two of my cowboys, Seawall and Dow, were originally from Maine, and were mighty men of their hands, skilled in woodcraft and the use of the ax, paddle, and rifle. They set to work with a will, and, as by good luck there were plenty of boards, in two or three days they had turned out a first-class flat-bottom, which was roomy, drew very little water, and was dry as a bone; and though, of course, not a handy craft, was easily enough managed in going down-stream. Into this we packed flour, coffee, and bacon enough to last us a fortnight or so, plenty of warm bedding, and the mess kit; and early one cold March morning slid it into the icy current, took our seats, and shoved off down the river.

There could have been no better men for a trip of this kind than my two companions, Seawall and Dow. They were tough, hardy, resolute fellows, quick as cats, strong as bears, and able to travel like bull moose. We felt very little uneasiness as to the result of a fight with the men we were after, provided we had anything like a fair show; moreover, we intended, if possible, to get them at such a disadvantage that there would not be any fight at all. The only risk of any consequence that we ran was that of being ambushed; for the extraordinary formation of the Bad Lands, with the ground cut up into gullies, serried walls, and battlemented hilltops, makes it the country of all others for hiding-places and ambuscades.

For several days before we started the weather had been bitterly cold, as a furious blizzard was blowing; but on the day we left there was a lull, and we hoped a thaw had set in. We all were most warmly and thickly dressed, with woolen socks and underclothes, heavy jackets and trousers, and great fur coats, so that we felt we could bid defiance to the weather. Each carried his rifle, and we had in addition a double-barreled duck gun, for water-fowl and beaver. To manage the boat, we had paddles, heavy oars, and long iron-shod poles, Seawall steering while Dow sat in the bow. Altogether we felt as if we were off on a holiday trip, and set to work to have as good a time as possible.

The river twisted in every direction, winding to and fro across the alluvial valley bottom, only to be brought up by the rows of great barren buttes that bounded it on each edge. It had worn away the sides of these till they towered up as cliffs of clay, marl, or sandstone. Across their white faces the seams of coal drew sharp black bands, and they were elsewhere blotched and varied with brown, yellow, purple, and red. This fantastic coloring, together with the jagged irregularity of their crests, channeled by the weather into spires, buttresses, and battlements, as well as their barrenness and the distinctness with which they loomed up through the high, dry air, gave them a look that was a singular mixture of the terrible and the grotesque. The bottoms were covered thickly with leafless cottonwood trees, or else with withered brown grass and stunted, sprawling sage bushes. At times the cliffs rose close to us on either hand, and again the valley would widen into a sinuous oval a mile or two long, bounded on every side, as far as our eyes could see, by a bluff line without a break, until, as we floated down close to its other end, there would suddenly appear in one corner a cleft through which the stream rushed out. As it grew dusk the shadowy outlines of the buttes lost nothing of their weirdness; the twilight only made their uncouth shapelessness more grim and forbidding. They looked like the crouching figures of great goblin beasts.

> Those two hills on the right
> Crouched like two bulls locked horn in horn in fight—
> While to the left a tall scalped mountain. . . .
> The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
> The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay
> Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay—

might well have been written after seeing the strange, desolate lands lying in western Dakota.

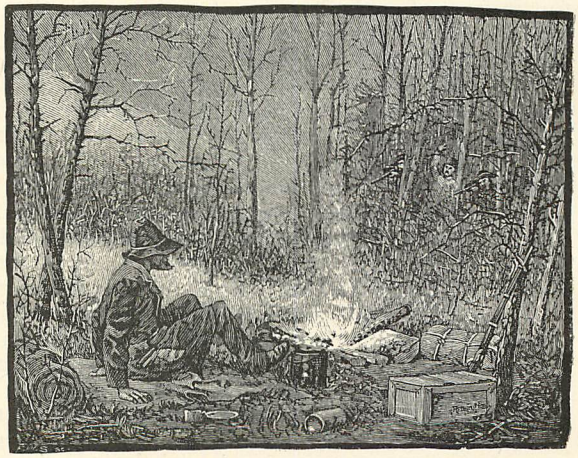
All through the early part of the day we drifted swiftly down between the heaped-up piles of ice, the cakes and slabs now dirty and unattractive looking. Towards evening, however, there came long reaches where the banks on either side were bare, though even here there would every now and then be necks where the jam had been crowded into too narrow a spot and had risen over the side as it had done up-stream, grinding the bark from the big cottonwoods and snapping the smaller ones short off. In such places the ice-walls were sometimes eight or ten feet high, continually undermined by the restless current; and every now and then overhanging pieces would break off and slide into the stream with

a loud sullen splash, like the plunge of some great water beast. Nor did we dare to go in too close to the high cliffs, as bowlders and earth masses, freed by the thaw from the grip of the frost, kept rolling and leaping down their faces and forced us to keep a sharp look-out lest our boat should be swamped.

At nightfall we landed, and made our camp on a point of wood-covered land jutting out into the stream. We had seen very little trace of life until late in the day, for the ducks had not yet arrived; but in the afternoon a sharp-tailed prairie fowl flew across stream ahead of the boat, lighting on a low branch by the water's edge. Shooting him, we landed and picked off two others that were perched high up in leafless cottonwoods, plucking the buds. These three birds served us as supper; and shortly afterward, as the cold grew more and more biting, we rolled in under our furs and blankets and were soon asleep.

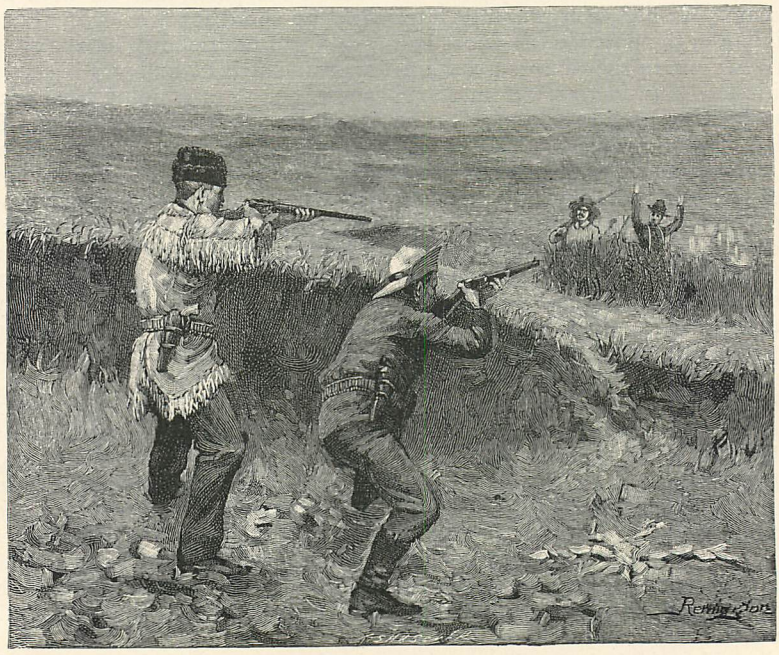
In the morning it was evident that instead of thawing it had grown decidedly colder. The anchor ice was running thick in the river, and we spent the first hour or two after sunrise in hunting over the frozen swamp bottom for white-tail deer, of which there were many tracks; but we saw nothing. Then we broke camp — a simple operation, as we had no tent, and all we had to do was to cord up our bedding and gather the mess kit — and again started down-stream. It was colder than before, and for some time we went along in chilly silence, nor was it until midday that the sun warmed our blood in the least. The crooked bed of the current twisted hither and thither, but whichever way it went the icy north wind, blowing stronger all the time, drew steadily up it. One of us remarking that we bade fair to have it in our faces all day, the steersman announced that we could n't, unless it was the crookedest wind in Dakota; and half an hour afterward we overheard him muttering to himself that it *was* the crookedest wind in Dakota. We passed a group of tepees on one bottom, marking the deserted winter camp of some Grosventre Indians, which some of my men had visited a few months previously on a trading expedition. It was almost the last point on the river with which we were acquainted. At midday we landed on a sand-bar for lunch; a simple enough meal, the tea being boiled over a fire of driftwood, that also fried the bacon, while the bread only needed to be baked every other day. Then we again shoved off. As the afternoon waned the cold grew still more bitter, and the wind increased, blowing in fitful gusts against us, until it chilled us to the marrow when we sat still. But we rarely did sit still; for even the rapid current was unable to urge the light-draught scow down in the teeth of the strong blasts, and we only got her along by dint of hard work with pole and paddle. Long before the sun went down the ice had begun to freeze on the handles of the poles, and we were not sorry to haul on shore for the night. For supper we again had prairie fowl, having shot four from a great patch of bulberry bushes late in the afternoon. A man doing hard open-air work in cold weather is always hungry for meat.

During the night the thermometer went down to zero, and in the morning the anchor ice was running so thickly that we did not care to start at once, for it is most difficult to handle a boat in the deep frozen slush. Accordingly we took a couple of hours for a deer hunt, as there were evidently many white-tail on the bottom. We selected one long, isolated patch of tangled trees and brushwood, two of us beating through it while the other watched one end; but almost before we had begun four deer broke out at one side, loped easily off, evidently not much scared, and took refuge in a deep glen or gorge, densely wooded with cedars, that made a blind pocket in the steep side of one of the great plateaus bounding the bottom. After a short consultation, one of our number crept round to the head of the gorge, making a wide détour, and the other two advanced up it on each side, thus completely surrounding the doomed deer. They attempted to break out past the man at the head of the glen, who shot down a couple, a buck and a yearling doe. The other two made their escape by running off over ground so rough that it looked fitter to be crossed by their upland-loving cousins, the black-tail.



THE CAPTURE OF THE GERMAN.

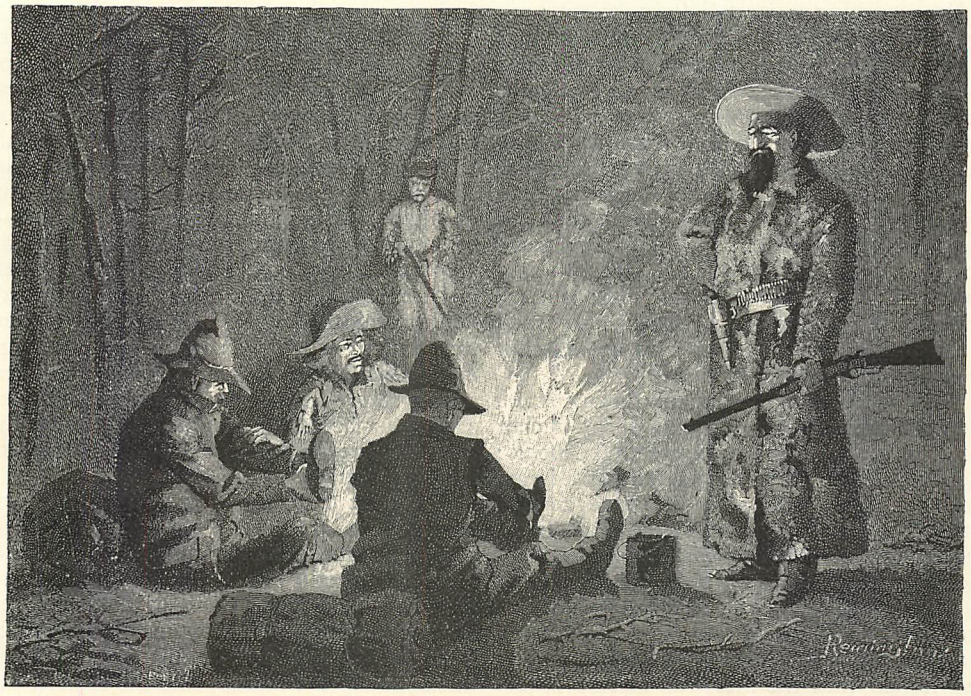
This success gladdened our souls, insuring us plenty of fresh meat. We carried pretty much all of both deer back to camp, and, after a hearty breakfast, loaded our scow and started merrily off once more. The cold still continued intense, and as the day wore away we became numbed by it, until at last an incident occurred that set our blood running freely again.



"HANDS UP!"—THE CAPTURE OF FINNIGAN.

We were, of course, always on the alert, keeping a sharp lookout ahead and around us, and making as little noise as possible. Finally our watchfulness was rewarded, for in the middle of the afternoon of this, the third day we had been gone, as we came round a bend, we saw in front of us the lost boat, together with a scow, moored against the bank, while from among the bushes some little way back the smoke of a camp-fire curled up through the frosty air. We had come on the camp of the thieves. As I glanced at the faces of my two followers I was struck by the grim, eager look in their eyes. Our overcoats were off in a second, and after exchanging a few muttered words, the boat was hastily and silently shoved towards the bank. As soon as it touched the shore ice I leaped out and ran up behind a clump of bushes, so as to cover the landing of the others, who had to make the boat fast. For a moment we felt a thrill of keen excitement, and our veins tingled as we crept cautiously towards the fire, for it seemed likely there would be a brush; but, as it turned out, this was almost the only moment of much interest, for the capture itself was as tame as possible.

The men we were after knew they had taken with them the only craft there was on the river, and so felt perfectly secure; accordingly, we took them absolutely by surprise. The only one in camp was the German, whose weapons were on the ground, and who, of course, gave up at once, his two companions being off hunting. We made him safe, delegating one of our number to look after him particularly and see that he made no noise, and then sat down and waited for the others. The camp was under the lee of a cut bank, behind which we crouched, and, after waiting an hour or over, the men we were after came in. We heard them a long way off and made ready, watching them for some minutes as they walked towards us, their rifles on their shoulders and the sunlight glinting on the steel barrels. When they were within twenty yards or so we straightened up from behind the bank, covering them with our cocked rifles, while I shouted to them to hold up their hands—an order that in such a case, in the West, a man is not apt to disregard if he thinks the giver is in earnest. The half-breed obeyed at once, his knees trembling as if they had been made of whalebone. Finnigan hesitated for a second, his eyes fairly wolfish; then, as I walked up within a few paces, covering the center of his chest so as to avoid overshooting, and repeating the command, he saw he had no show, and, with an oath,



"TAKE OFF YOUR BOOTS!"

let his rifle drop and held his hands up beside his head.

It was nearly dusk, so we camped where we were. The first thing to be done was to collect enough wood to enable us to keep a blazing fire all night long. While Seawall and Dow, thoroughly at home in the use of the ax, chopped down dead cottonwood trees and dragged the logs up into a huge pile, I kept guard over the three prisoners, who were huddled into a sullen group some twenty yards off, just the right distance for the buckshot in the double-barrel. Having captured our men, we were in a quandary how to keep them. The cold was so intense that to tie them tightly hand and foot meant, in all likelihood, freezing both hands and feet off during the night; and it was no use tying them at all unless we tied them tightly enough to stop in part the circulation. So nothing was left for us to do but to keep perpetual guard over them. Of course we had carefully searched them, and taken away not only their firearms and knives, but everything else that could possibly be used as a weapon. By this time they were pretty well cowed, as they found out very quickly that they would be well treated so long as they remained quiet, but would receive some rough handling if they attempted any disturbance.

Our next step was to cord their weapons up in some bedding, which we sat on while we took supper. Immediately afterward we made the men take off their boots — an additional safeguard, as it was a cactus country, in which a man could travel barefoot only at the risk of almost certainly laming himself for life — and go to bed, all three lying on one buffalo robe and being covered by another, in the full light of the blazing fire. We determined to watch in succession a half-night apiece, thus each getting a full rest every third night. I took first watch, my two companions, revolver under head, rolling up in their blankets on the side of the fire opposite that on which the three captives lay; while I, in fur cap, gantlets, and overcoat, took my station a little way back in the circle of firelight, in a position in which I could watch my men with the absolute certainty of being able to stop any movement, no matter how sudden. For this night-watching we always used the double-barrel with buckshot, as a rifle is uncertain in the dark; while with a shot-gun at such a distance, and with men lying down, a person who is watchful may be sure that they cannot get up, no matter how quick they are, without being riddled. The only danger lies in the extreme monotony of sitting still in the dark guarding men who make no motion, and the consequent tendency to go to sleep, especially when one has had a hard day's work and is feeling really tired. But neither on the first night nor on any subsequent one did we ever abate a jot of our watchfulness.

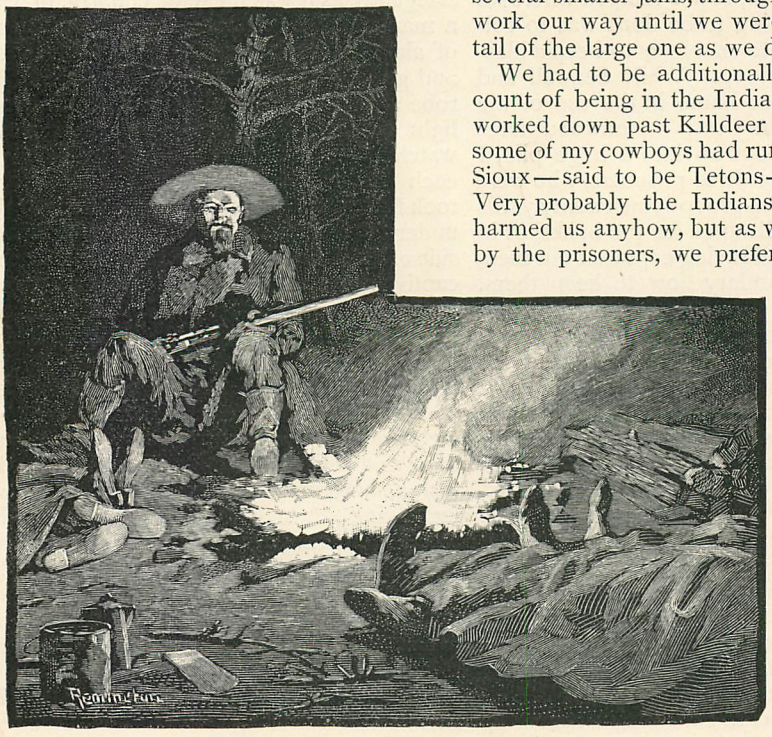
Next morning we started down-stream, having a well-laden flotilla, for the men we had caught had a good deal of plunder in their boats, including some saddles, as they evidently intended to get horses as soon as they reached a part of the country where there were any, and where it was possible to travel. Finnigan, who was the ringleader, and the man I was especially after, I kept by my side in our boat, the other two being put in their own scow, heavily laden and rather leaky, and with only one paddle. We kept them just in front of us, a few yards distant, the river being so broad that we knew, and they knew also, any attempt at escape to be perfectly hopeless.

For some miles we went swiftly down-stream, the cold being bitter and the slushy anchor ice choking the space between the boats; then the current grew sluggish, eddies forming along the sides. We paddled on until, coming into a long reach where the water was almost backed up, we saw there was a stoppage at the other end. Working up to this, it proved to be a small ice jam, through which we broke our way only to find ourselves, after a few hundred yards, stopped by another. We had hoped that the first was merely a jam of anchor ice, caused by the cold of the last few days; but the jam we had now come to was black and solid, and, running the boats ashore, one of us went off down the bank to find out what the matter was. On climbing a hill that commanded a view of the valley for several miles, the explanation became only too evident — as far as we could see, the river was choked with black ice. The great Ox-bow jam had stopped and we had come down to its tail.

We had nothing to do but to pitch camp, after which we held a consultation. The Little Missouri has much too swift a current,— when it has any current at all,— with too bad a bottom, for it to be possible to take a boat up-stream; and to walk, of course, meant abandoning almost all we had. Moreover we knew that a thaw would very soon start the jam, and so made up our minds that we had best simply stay where we were, and work down-stream as fast as we could, trusting that the spell of bitter weather would pass before our food gave out.

The next eight days were as irksome and monotonous as any I ever spent: there is very little amusement in combining the functions of a sheriff with those of an arctic explorer. The weather kept as cold as ever. During the night the water in the pail would freeze solid. Ice formed all over the river, thickly along the banks; and the clear, frosty sun gave us so little warmth that the melting hardly began before noon. Each day the great jam would settle down-stream a few miles, only to wedge again, leaving behind it several smaller jams, through which we would work our way until we were as close to the tail of the large one as we dared to go.

We had to be additionally cautious on account of being in the Indian country, having worked down past Killdeer Mountains, where some of my cowboys had run across a band of Sioux — said to be Tetons — the year before. Very probably the Indians would not have harmed us anyhow, but as we were hampered by the prisoners, we preferred not meeting them; nor did we, though we saw plenty of fresh signs, and found, to our sorrow, that they had just made a grand hunt all down the river, and had killed or driven off almost every head of game in the country through which we were passing. As our stock of provisions grew scantier and scant-



ON GUARD AT NIGHT.

ier, we tried in vain to eke it out by the chase; for we saw no game. Two of us would go out hunting at a time, while the third kept guard over the prisoners. The latter would be made to sit down together on a blanket at one side of the fire, while the guard for the time being stood or sat some fifteen or twenty yards off. The prisoners being unarmed, and kept close together, there was no possibility of their escaping, and the guard kept at such a distance that they could not overpower him by springing on him, he having a Winchester or the double-barreled shot-gun always in his hands cocked and at the ready. So long as we kept wide-awake and watchful, there was not the least danger, as our three men knew us, and understood perfectly that the slightest attempt at a break would result in their being shot down; but, although there was thus no risk, it was harassing, tedious work, and the strain, day in and day out, without any rest or let up, became very tiresome.

The days were monotonous to a degree. The endless rows of hills bounding the valley, barren and naked, stretched along without a break. When we rounded a bend, it was only to see on each hand the same lines of broken buttes dwindling off into the distance ahead of us as they had dwindled off into the distance behind. If, in hunting, we climbed to their tops, as far as our eyes could scan there was nothing but the great rolling prairie, bleak and lifeless, reaching off to the horizon. We broke camp in the morning, on a point of land covered with brown, leafless, frozen cottonwoods; and in the afternoon we pitched camp on another point in the midst of a grove of the same stiff, dreary trees. The discolored river, whose eddies boiled into yellow foam, flowed always between the same banks of frozen mud or of muddy ice. And what was, from a practical standpoint, even worse, our diet began to be as same as the scenery. Being able to kill nothing, we exhausted all our stock of provisions and got reduced to flour, without yeast or baking-powder; and unleavened bread, made with exceedingly muddy water, is not, as a steady thing, attractive.

DOWN-STREAM.

Finding that they were well treated and were also watched with the closest vigilance, our prisoners behaved themselves excellently and gave no trouble, though afterward, when out of our hands and shut up in jail, the half-breed got into a stabbing affray. They conversed freely with my two men on a number of indifferent subjects, and after the first evening no allusion was made to the theft, or anything connected with it; so that an outsider overhearing the conversation would never have guessed what our relations to each other really were. Once, and once only, did Finnigan broach the subject. Somebody had been speaking of a man whom we all knew, known as "Calamity," who had been recently taken by the sheriff on a charge of horse-stealing. Calamity had escaped once, but was caught at a disadvantage the next time;

"A SHARP PRELIMINARY TUSSLE."

nevertheless, when summoned to hold his hands up, he refused, and attempted to draw his own revolver, with the result of having two bullets put through him. Finnigan commented on Calamity as a fool for "not knowing when a man had the drop on him"; and then, suddenly turning to me, said, his weather-beaten face flashing darkly: "If I 'd had any show at all, you 'd have sure had to fight, Mr. Roosevelt; but there was n't any use making a break when I 'd only have got shot myself, with no chance of harming any one else." I laughed and nodded, and the subject was dropped.

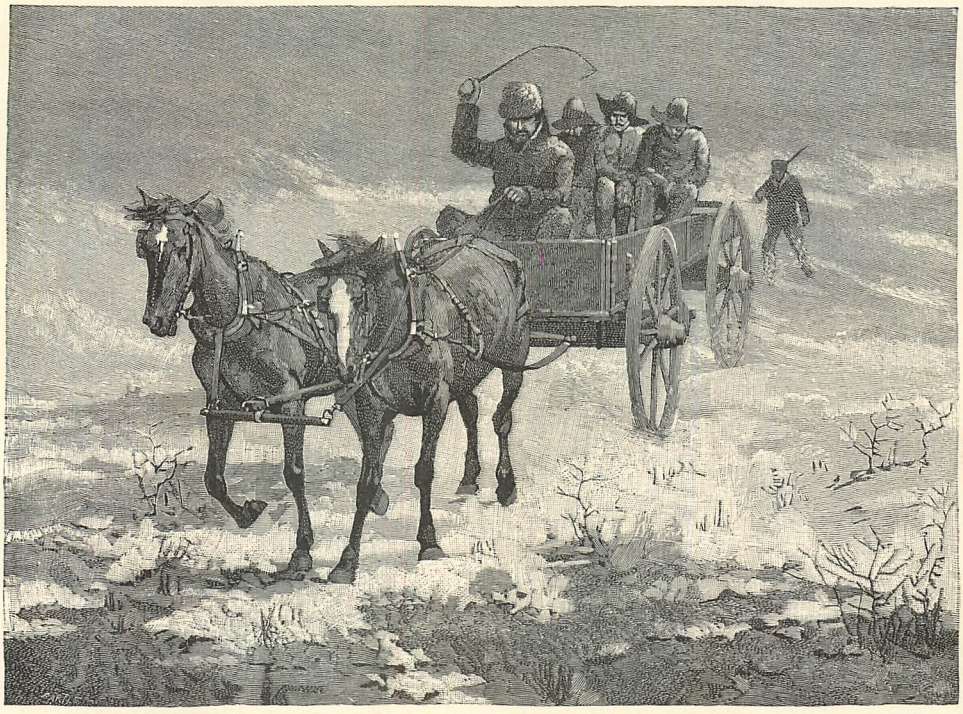
Indeed, if the time was tedious to us, it must have seemed never-ending to our prisoners, who had nothing to do but to lie still and read, or chew the bitter cud of their reflections, always conscious that some pair of eyes was watching them every moment, and that at least one loaded rifle was ever ready to be used against them. They had quite a stock of books, some of a rather unexpected kind. Dime novels and the inevitable "History of the James Brothers"—a book that, together with the "Police Gazette," is to be found in the hands of every professed or putative ruffian in the West—seemed perfectly in place; but it was somewhat surprising to find that a large number of more or less drearily silly "society" novels, ranging from Ouida's to those of The Duchess and Augusta J. Evans, were most greedily devoured.

Our commons grew shorter and shorter; and finally even the flour was nearly gone, and we were again forced to think seriously of abandoning the boats. The Indians had driven all the deer out of the country; occasionally we shot prairie fowl, but they were not plentiful. A flock of geese passed us one morning, and afterward an old gander settled down on the river near our camp; but he was over two hundred yards off, and a rifle-shot missed him.

But when the day was darkest the dawn appeared. At last, having worked down some thirty miles at the tail of the ice jam, we struck an outlying cow-camp of the C Diamond (C ◇) ranch, and knew that our troubles were almost over. There was but one cowboy in it, but we were certain of his cordial help, for in a stock country all make common cause against either horse-thieves or cattle-thieves. He had no wagon, but told us we could get one up at a ranch near Killdeer Mountains, some fifteen miles off, and lent me a pony to go up there and see about it—which I accordingly did, after a sharp preliminary tussle when I came to mount the wiry bronco. When I reached the solitary ranch spoken of, I was able to hire a large prairie schooner and two tough little bronco mares, driven by the settler

himself, a rugged old plainsman, who evidently could hardly understand why I took so much bother with the thieves instead of hanging them off-hand. Returning to the river the next day, we walked our men up to the Killdeer Mountains. Seawall and Dow left me the following morning, went back to the boats, and had no further difficulty, for the weather set in very warm, the ice went through with a rush, and they reached Mandan in about ten days, killing four beaver and five geese on the way, but lacking time to stop and do any regular hunting.

Meanwhile I took the three thieves in to with them, except for the driver, of whom I knew nothing, I had to be doubly on my guard, and never let them come close to me. The little mares went so slowly, and the heavy road rendered any hope of escape by flogging up the horses so entirely out of the question, that I soon found the safest plan was to put the prisoners in the wagon and myself walk behind with the inevitable Winchester. Accordingly I trudged steadily the whole time behind the wagon through the ankle-deep mud. It was a gloomy walk. Hour after hour went by always the same, while I plodded along through the dreary landscape — hunger,



ON THE ROAD TO DICKINSON.

Dickinson, the nearest town. The going was bad, and the little mares could only drag the wagon at a walk, so, though we drove during the daylight, it took us two days and a night to make the journey. It was a most desolate drive. The prairie had been burned the fall before, and was a mere bleak waste of blackened earth, and a cold, rainy mist lasted throughout the two days. The only variety was where the road crossed the shallow headwaters of Knife and Green rivers. Here the ice was high along the banks, and the wagon had to be taken to pieces to get it over. My three captives were unarmed, but as I was alone cold, and fatigue struggling with a sense of dogged, weary resolution. At night, when we put up at the squalid hut of a frontier granger, the only habitation on our road, it was even worse. I did not dare to go to sleep, but making my three men get into the upper bunk, from which they could get out only with difficulty, I sat up with my back against the cabin-door and kept watch over them all night long. So, after thirty-six hours' sleeplessness, I was most heartily glad when we at last jolted into the long, straggling main street of Dickinson, and I was able to give my unwilling companions into the hands of the sheriff.

Theodore Roosevelt.

And to think I used to scold him for his everlastin' noise!—

THE ABSENCE OF LITTLE WESLEY.

SENCE little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—
W'y, I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I 'd miss the whipperwill!
And to think I ust to scold him fer his everlastin' noise,
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys!
I wisht a hunderd times a day 'at he 'd come trompin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud ag'in!—
It 'u'd seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument,
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went!

Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it ust to do—
Yit now they 's times it 'pears like it 'u'd bu'st itself in-two!
And, let a rooster, suddent-like, crow som'ers clos't around,
And seems 's ef, mighty nigh it, it 'u'd lift me off the ground!
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk and dew and stars,
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but jes go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'v's—sence little Wesley 's gone!

And then, o' nights when Mother 's settin' up oncommon late,
A-bilin' pears er somepin, and I set and smoke and wait,
Tel the moon out through the winder don't look bigger 'n a dime,
And things keeps gittin' stiller—stiller—stiller all the time,—
I 've ketched myse'f a-wishin' like—as I clumb on the cheer
To wind the clock, as I hev done fer more 'n fifty year'—
A-wishin' 'at the time hed come fer us to go to bed,
With our last prayers, and our last tears, sence little Wesley 's dead!

James Whitcomb Riley.

MILTON.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE most eloquent voice of our century uttered, shortly before leaving the world, a warning cry against "the Anglo-Saxon contagion." The tendencies and aims, the view of life and the social economy of the ever-multiplying and spreading Anglo-Saxon race, would be found congenial, this prophet feared, by all the prose, all the vulgarity amongst mankind, and would invade and overpower all nations. The true ideal would be lost, a general sterility of mind and heart would set in.

The prophet had in view, no doubt, in the warning thus given, us and our colonies, but the United States still more. There the Anglo-Saxon race is already most numerous, there it increases fastest; there material interests are most absorbing and pursued with most energy; there the ideal, the saving ideal, of a high and rare excellence, seems perhaps to suffer most danger of being obscured and lost. Whatever one may think of the general danger to the world from the Anglo-Saxon contagion, it appears to me difficult to deny that the growing greatness and influence of the United States does bring with it some danger to the ideal of a high and rare excellence. The *average man* is too much a religion there; his performance is unduly magnified, his shortcomings are not duly seen and admitted. A lady in the State of Ohio sent to me only the other day, a volume on American authors; the praise given throughout was of such high pitch that in thanking her I could not forbear saying that for only one or two of the authors named was such a strain of praise admissible, and that

* An address delivered in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the 13th of February, 1888, at the unveiling of a Memorial Window presented by Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia.

we lost all real standard of excellence by praising so uniformly and immoderately. She answered me with charming good temper, that very likely I was quite right, but it was pleasant to her to think that excellence was common and abundant. But excellence is not common and abundant; on the contrary, as the Greek poet long ago said, excellence dwells among rocks hardly accessible, and a man must almost wear his heart out before he can reach her. Whoever talks of excellence as common and abundant, is on the way to lose all right standard of excellence. And when the right standard of excellence is lost, it is not likely that much which is excellent will be produced.

To habituate ourselves, therefore, to approve as the Bible says, things that are really excellent, is of the highest importance. And some apprehension may justly be caused by a tendency in Americans to take, or, at any rate, attempt to take, profess to take, the average man and his performances too seriously, to over-rate and over-praise what is not really superior.

But we have met here to-day to witness the unveiling of a gift in Milton's honor, and a gift bestowed by an American, Mr. Childs of Philadelphia; whose cordial hospitality so many Englishmen, I myself among the number, have experienced in America. It was only last autumn that Stratford upon Avon celebrated the reception of a gift from the same generous donor in honor of Shakspere. Shakspere and Milton — he who wishes to keep his standard of excellence high, cannot choose two better objects of regard and honor. And it is an American who has chosen them, and whose beautiful gift in honor of one of them, Milton, with Mr. Whittier's simple and true lines inscribed upon it, is unveiled to-day. Perhaps this gift in honor of Milton, of which I am asked to speak, is, even more than the gift in honor of Shakspere, one to suggest edifying reflections to us.

Like Mr. Whittier, I treat the gift of Mr. Childs as a gift in honor of Milton, although the window given is in memory of his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, the "late espoused saint" of the famous sonnet, who died in childbed at the end of the first year of her marriage with Milton, and who lies buried here with her infant. Milton is buried in Cripplegate, but he lived for a good while in this parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and here he composed part of "Paradise Lost," and the whole of "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." When death deprived him of the Catherine whom the new window commemorates, Milton had still some eighteen years to live, and Cromwell, his "chief of men," was yet ruling England. But the Restoration, with its "Sons of Belial," was not far off; and in the mean time Milton's heavy affliction had laid fast hold upon him, his eyesight had failed totally, he was blind. In what remained to him of life he had the consolation of producing the "Paradise Lost" and the "Samson Agonistes," and such a consolation we may indeed count as no slight one. But the daily life of happiness in common things and in domestic affections — a life of which, to Milton as to Dante, too small a share was given — he seems to have known most, if not only, in his one married year with the wife who is here buried. Her form "vested all in white," as in his sonnet he relates that after her death she appeared to him, her face veiled, but, with "love, sweetness and goodness" shining in her person,— this fair and gentle daughter of the rigid sectarist of Hackney, this lovable companion with whom Milton had rest and happiness one year, is a part of Milton indeed, and in calling up her memory, we call up his.

And in calling up Milton's memory we call up, let me say, a memory upon which, in prospect of the Anglo-Saxon contagion and of its dangers supposed and real, it may be well to lay stress even more than upon Shakspere's. If to our English race an inadequate sense for perfection of work is a real danger, if the discipline of respect for a high and flawless excellence is peculiarly needed by us, Milton is of all our gifted men the best lesson, the most salutary influence. In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction.

Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, all of them good poets who have studied Milton, followed Milton, adopted his form, fail in their diction and rhythm if we try them by that high standard of excellence maintained by Milton constantly. From style really high and pure Milton never departs; their departures from it are frequent.

Shakspere is divinely strong, rich, and attractive. But sureness of perfect style Shakspere himself does not possess. I have heard a politician express wonder at the treasures of political wisdom in a certain celebrated scene of "Troilus and Cressida"; for my part I am at least equally moved to wonder at the fantastic and false diction in which Shakspere has in that scene clothed them. Milton, from one end of "Paradise Lost" to the other, is in his diction and rhythm constantly a great artist in the great style. Whatever may be said as to the subject of his poem, as to the conditions under which he received his subject

and treated it, that praise, at any rate, is assured to him.

For the rest, justice is not at present done, in my opinion, to Milton's management of the inevitable matter of a Puritan epic, a matter full of difficulties, for a poet. Justice is not done to the *architectonics*, as Goethe would have called them, of "Paradise Lost"; in these, too, the power of Milton's art is remarkable. But this may be a proposition which requires discussion and development for establishing it, and they are impossible on an occasion like the present.

That Milton, of all our English race, is by his diction and rhythm the one artist of the highest rank in the great style whom we have; this I take as requiring no discussion, this I take as certain.

The mighty power of poetry and art is generally admitted. But where the soul of this power, of this power at its best, chiefly resides, very many of us fail to see. It resides chiefly in the refining and elevation wrought in us by the high and rare excellence of the great style. We may feel the effect without being able to give ourselves clear account of its cause, but the thing is so. Now, no race needs the influences mentioned, the influences of refining and elevation, more than ours; and in poetry and art our grand source for them is Milton.

To what does he owe this supreme distinction? To nature first and foremost, to that bent of nature for inequality which to the worshipers of the average man is so unacceptable; to a gift, a divine favor. "The older one grows," says Goethe, "the more one prizes natural gifts, because by no possibility can they be procured and stuck on." Nature formed Milton to be a great poet. But what other poet has shown so sincere a sense of the grandeur of his vocation, and a moral effort so constant and sublime to make and keep himself worthy of it? The Milton of religious and political controversy, and perhaps of domestic life also, is not seldom disfigured by want of amenity, by acerbity. The Milton of poetry, on the other hand is one of those great men, "who are modest" — to quote a fine remark of Leopardi, that gifted and stricken young Italian, who in his sense for poetic style is worthy to be named with Dante and Milton — "who are modest, because they continually compare themselves, not with other men, but with that idea of the perfect which they have before their mind." The Milton of poetry is the man, in his own magnificent phrase, of "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." And finally, the Milton of poetry is, in his own words again, the man of "industrious and select reading." Continually he lived in companionship with high and rare excellence, with the great Hebrew poets and prophets, with the great poets of Greece and Rome. The Hebrew compositions were not in verse, and can be not inadequately represented by the grand, measured prose of our English Bible. The verse of the poets of Greece and Rome no translation can adequately reproduce. Prose cannot have the power of verse; verse-translation may give whatever of charm is in the soul and talent of the translator himself, but never the specific charm of the verse and poet translated. In our race are thousands of readers, presently there will be millions, who know not a word of Greek and Latin and will never learn those languages. If this host of readers are ever to gain any sense of the power and charm of the great poets of antiquity, their way to gain it is not through translations of the ancients, but through the original poetry of Milton, who has the like power and charm, because he has the like great style.

Through Milton they may gain it, for, in conclusion, Milton is English; this master in the great style of the ancients is English. Virgil, whom Milton loved and honored, has at the end of the "Æneid" a noble passage, where Juno, seeing the defeat of Turnus and the Italians imminent, the victory of the Trojan invaders assured, entreats Jupiter that Italy may nevertheless survive and be herself still, may retain her own mind, manners, and language, and not adopt those of the conqueror.

Sit Latium, sint Albani per secula reges!

Jupiter grants the prayer; he promises perpetuity and the future to Italy — Italy reënforced by whatever virtue the Trojan race has, but Italy, not Troy. This we may take as a sort of parable suiting ourselves. All the Anglo-Saxon contagion, all the flood of Anglo-Saxon commonness, beats vainly against the great style but cannot shake it, and has to accept its triumph. But it triumphs in Milton, in one of our own race, tongue, faith, and morals. Milton has made the great style no longer an exotic here; he has made it an inmate amongst us, a leaven, and a power. Nevertheless he, and his hearers on both sides of the Atlantic, are English and will remain English:

Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.

The English race overspreads the world, and at the same time the ideal of an excellence the most high and the most rare abides a possession with it forever.

Matthew Arnold.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

THE BORDER STATES.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

REBELLIOUS MARYLAND.

NO sooner had the secession ordinance been secretly passed by the convention of Virginia than Governor Letcher notified Jefferson Davis of the event, and (doubtless by preconcert) invited him to send a commissioner from Montgomery to Richmond to negotiate an alliance. The adhesion of Virginia was an affair of such magnitude and pressing need to the cotton-States, that Davis made the Vice-President of the new Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens, his plenipotentiary, who accordingly arrived at Richmond on the 22d of April. Here he found everything as favorable to his mission as he could possibly wish. The convention was filled with a newborn zeal of insurrection; many lately stubborn Union members were willingly accepting offices in the extemporized army of the State; the governor had that day appointed Robert E. Lee commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, which choice the convention immediately confirmed. Stephens was shrewd enough to perceive that his real negotiation lay neither with the governor nor the convention, but with this newly created military chieftain. That very evening he invited Lee to a conference, at which the late Federal colonel forgot the sentiment written by his own hand two days before, that he never again desired to draw his sword except in defense of his native State,† and now expressed great eagerness for the proposed alliance. Lee being willing, the remainder of the negotiation was easy; and two days afterward (April 24) Stephens and certain members of the convention signed a formal military league, making Virginia an immediate member of the "Confederate States," and placing her armies under the command of Jefferson Davis — thus treating with contempt the convention proviso that the secession ordinance should only take effect after ratification by the people, the vote on which had been set for the fourth Thursday of May. Lee and others endured this military usurpation, under which they became beneficiaries, without protest. No excuse for it could be urged. Up to this time not the slightest sign of hostility to Virginia had been made by the Lincoln administration — no threats, no invasion, no blockade; the burning of Harper's Ferry and Gosport were induced by the hostile action of Virginia herself. On the contrary, even after these, Mr. Lincoln repeated in writing, in a letter to Reverdy Johnson which will be presently quoted, the declarations made to the Virginia commissioners on the 13th, that he intended no war, no invasion, no subjugation — nothing but defense of the Government.

At the time of the Baltimore riot the telegraph was still undisturbed; and by its help, as well as by personal information and private letters, that startling occurrence and the succeeding insurrectionary uprising were speedily made known throughout the entire South, where they excited the liveliest satisfaction and most sanguine hopes. All the Southern newspapers immediately became clamorous for an advance on Washington; some of the most pronounced Richmond conspirators had all along been favorable to such an enterprise; and extravagant estimates of possibilities were telegraphed to Montgomery. They set forth that Baltimore was in arms, Maryland rising, Lincoln in a trap, and not more than 1200 regulars and 3000 volunteers in Washington; that the rebels had 3000 men at Harper's Ferry; that Governor Letcher had seized three to five steamers on the James River; that the connecting Southern railroads could carry 5000 to 7000 men daily at the rate of 350 miles per day.

> As a leader we want Davis. An hour now is worth years of common fighting. One dash, and Lincoln is taken, the country saved, and the leader who does it will be immortalized.‡

This, from a railroad superintendent supposed to have practical skill in transportation, looked plausible. The Montgomery cabinet caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and on April 22 Jefferson Davis telegraphed to Governor Letcher at Richmond:

> In addition to the forces heretofore ordered, requisitions have been made for 13 regiments; 8 to rendezvous at Lynchburg, 4 at Richmond, and 1 at Harper's Ferry. Sustain Baltimore, if practicable. We reënforce you.

† Lee to General Scott, April 20, 1861.

‡ Bird to Walker, April 20, 1861. War Records.

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This dispatch shows us what a farce even the Virginia military league was, since two days before its conclusion "foreign" rebel troops were already ordered to the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion. Governor Letcher was doubtless willing enough to respond to the suggestion of Davis, but apparently had neither the necessary troops nor preparation. He had as yet been able to muster but a shadowy force on the line of the Potomac, notwithstanding his adjutant-general's pretentious report of the previous December. Nevertheless, hoping that events might ripen the opportunity into better conditions for success, he lost no time in sending such encouragement and help as were at his control. The rebel commander at Harper's Ferry had already communicated with the Baltimore authorities and effected a cordial understanding with them, and they promised to notify him of hostile menace or approach.* Mason, late senator, appears thereupon to have been dispatched to Baltimore.† He seems to have agreed to supply the Maryland rebels with such arms as Virginia could spare; and some 2000 muskets actually found their way to Baltimore from this source during the following week,‡ though an arrangement to send twenty cannon (32-pounders) to the same city from the Gosport navy yard § apparently failed.

But it would appear that the project of a dash at Washington found an unexpected obstacle in the counsels of Virginia's new military chief, Robert E. Lee, who assumed command of the State forces April 23.‖ He instructed the officers at Alexandria and along the Potomac to act on the defensive, to establish camps of instruction, and collect men and provisions.¶ This course was little to the liking of some of the more ardent rebels. They telegraphed (in substance) that Davis's immediate presence at Richmond was essential; that his non-arrival was causing dissatisfaction; that the troops had no confidence in Lee and were murmuring; that there were signs of temporizing, hopes of a settlement without collision, and consequent danger of demoralization; that Lee "dwelt on enthusiasm North and against aggression from us." Said another dispatch:

> Have conversed with General Robert E. Lee. He wishes to repress enthusiasm of our people. His troops not ready, although pouring in every hour. They remain here. General Cocke has three hundred and no more. Corps of observation on Potomac near Alexandria. He considers Maryland helpless, needing encouragement and succor. Believes twenty thousand men in and near Washington.**

In no State were the secession plottings more determined or continuous than in Maryland. From the first a small but able and unwearying knot of Baltimore conspirators sought to commit her people to rebellion by the empty form of a secession ordinance. They made speeches, held conventions, besieged the governor with committees; they joined the Washington conspirators in treasonable caucus; they sent recruits to Charleston; they incited the Baltimore riot; and there is no doubt that in these doings they reflected a strong minority sentiment in the State. With such a man as Pickens or Letcher in the executive chair they might have succeeded, but in Governor Hicks they found a constant stumbling-block and an irremovable obstacle. He gave Southern commissioners the cold shoulder. He refused at first to call the legislature. He declined to order a vote on holding a convention. He informed General Scott of the rebel plots of Maryland, and testified of the treasonable designs before the investigating committee of Congress. His enemies have accused him of treachery, and cite in proof a letter which they allege he wrote a few days after Lincoln's election in which he inquired whether a certain militia company would be "good men to send out to kill Lincoln and his men." If the letter be not a forgery, it was at most an ill-judged and awkward piece of badinage; for his repeated declarations and acts leave no doubt that from first to last his heart was true to the Union. He had the serious fault of timidity, and in several instances foolishly gave way to popular clamor; but in every case he soon recovered and resumed his hostility to secession.

The Baltimore riot, as we have seen, put a stop to the governor's arrangements to raise and arm four regiments of Maryland volunteers, of picked Union men, for United States service within the State or at Washington. Instead of this, he, in the flurry of the uprising, called out the existing militia companies, mainly disloyal in sentiment and officered by secessionists. The Baltimore authorities collected arms, bought munitions, and improvised companies to resist the passage of troops; they forbade the export of provisions, regulated the departure of vessels, controlled the telegraph. General Stewart, commanding the State militia, established posts and patrols, and in effect Maryland became hostile territory to the North and to the Government. The Union flag disappeared from her soil. For three or

* Harper to Richardson, April 21, 1861. War Records.

† Blanchard to Howard, April 23, 1861. McPherson, "History of the Rebellion."

‡ Stuart to Police Board, May 2, 1861. Ibid., p. 394.

§ Watts to Lee, April 27, 1861. MS.

‖ Lee, General Orders, April 23, 1861. War Records.

¶ Lee to Cocke, April 24, 1861. War Records.

** Duncan to Walker, April 26, 1861. MS.

four days treason was rampant; all Union men were intimidated; all Union expression or manifestation was suppressed by mob violence. The hitherto fearless Union newspapers, in order to save their offices and materials from destruction, were compelled to drift with the flood, and print editorials advising, in vague terms, that all must now unite in the defense of Maryland. It was in this storm and stress of insurrection that Governor Hicks protested against Butler's landing, and sent Lincoln his proposal of mediation;* and on the same day (April 22), and by the same influence, he was prevailed upon to notify the legislature to meet on the 26th. It so happened that the seats of the Baltimore members were vacant. A special election, dominated by the same passions, was held on the 24th. Only a "States Rights" ticket was voted for; and of the 30,000 electors in the city 9244, without opposition, elected the little knot of secession conspirators — the Union men not daring to nominate candidates or come to the polls.

For the moment the leading Unionists of Maryland deemed their true rôle one of patience and conciliation. In this spirit Reverdy Johnson, a lawyer and statesman of fame and influence both at home and abroad, came to Lincoln upon the stereotyped errand to obtain some assurance in writing that he meditated no invasion or subjugation of the South; to which the President confidentially replied:

I forebore to answer yours of the 22d because of my aversion (which I thought you understood) to getting on paper and furnishing new grounds for misunderstanding. I do say the sole purpose of bringing troops here is to defend this Capital. I do say I have no purpose to invade Virginia with them or any other troops, as I understand the word invasion. But suppose Virginia sends her troops, or admits others through her borders, to assail this Capital, am I not to repel them even to the crossing of the Potomac, if I can? Suppose Virginia erects, or permits to be erected, batteries on the opposite shore to bombard the city, are we to stand still and see it done? In a word, if Virginia strikes us, are we not to strike back, and as effectively as we can? Again, are we not to hold Fort Monroe (for instance), if we can? I have no objection to declare a thousand times that I have no purpose to invade Virginia or any other State, but I do not mean to let them invade us without striking back.†

Mr. Johnson replied, thanking the President for his frankness, and indorsing all his policy. "In a word," said he, "all that your note suggests would be my purpose were I intrusted with your high office." He also promised that the President's note should "be held perfectly confidential."‡ But it appears that Mr. Johnson chose his confidants with very poor judgment; for within four days its substance was written from Washington direct to Jefferson Davis.§

By no means the least of the difficult problems before Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet was the question how to deal with the Maryland legislature, so unexpectedly called to assemble. The special election in Baltimore,‖ held under secession terrorism, had resulted in the unopposed choice of ten delegates from the city, all believed to be disloyal, and several of them known to be conspicuous secessionists. With this fresh element of treason suddenly added to a legislative body so small in numbers, it seemed morally certain that its first act would be to arm the State, and pass something equivalent to a secession ordinance. Should this be permitted? How could it best be prevented? Ought the legislature to be arrested? Should it be dispersed by force? General Butler was at Annapolis, where it was expected that the session would be held, and signified his more than willingness to act in the matter. The plans were discussed in Cabinet with great contrariety of opinion. Some of the least belligerent of the President's councilors were by this time in hot blood over the repeated disasters and indignities which the Government had suffered, and began to indulge in the unreasoning temper and impatience of the irritated public opinion of the North, where one of the largest and most influential journals had already declared that the country needed a dictator. Mr. Bates filed a written opinion — in spirit a protest — declaring that the treasonable acts in Virginia and Maryland were encouraged by the fact that "we frighten nobody, we hurt nobody"; though he failed to suggest any other than merely vindictive remedies that were immediately feasible. Mr. Chase also partook of this frame of mind, and wrote the President a curt little note of querulous complaint, eminently prophetic of his future feelings towards and relations to Mr. Lincoln:

Let me beg you to remember that the disunionists have anticipated us in everything, and that as yet we

* War Records.

† Lincoln to Johnson, April 24, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Johnson to Lincoln, April 24, 1861. Unpublished MS.

§ Campbell to Davis, April 28, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‖ As the legislature, at its last session, had unseated the delegates from Baltimore, a special election was held in that city on April 24. But one ticket was presented, and 9244 ballots were cast for Messrs. John C. Brune, Ross Winans, Henry M. Warfield, J. Hanson Thomas, T. Parkin Scott, H. M. Morfitt, S. Teackle Wallis, Charles H. Pitts, Wm. G. Harrison, and Lawrence Sangston, the States Rights candidates. — Scharf, "History of Maryland," Vol. III., p. 424.

have accomplished nothing but the destruction of our own property. Let me beg you to remember also that it has been a darling object with the disunionists to secure the passage of a secession ordinance by Maryland. The passage of that ordinance will be the signal for the entry of disunion forces into Maryland. It will give a color of law and regularity to rebellion and thereby triple its strength. The custom-house in Baltimore will be seized and Fort McHenry attacked—perhaps taken. What next? Do not, I pray you, let this new success of treason be inaugurated in the presence of American troops. Save us from this new humiliation. A word to the brave old commanding general will do the work of prevention. You alone can give the word.*

The bad taste and injustice of such language consisted in its assumption that the President was somehow culpable for what had already occurred, whereas Mr. Chase had in the beginning been more conciliatory towards the rebels than had Mr. Lincoln.

With a higher conception of the functions of the presidential office, Mr. Lincoln treated public clamor and the fretfulness of Cabinet ministers with the same quiet toleration. Again, as before, and as ever afterward, he listened attentively to such advice as his Cabinet had to give, but reserved the decision to himself. He looked over the Attorney-General's legal notes, weighed the points of political expediency, canvassed carefully the probabilities of military advantage, and embodied his final directions in a letter to General Scott:

MY DEAR SIR: The Maryland legislature assembles to-morrow at Annapolis, and not improbably will take action to arm the people of that State against the United States. The question has been submitted to and considered by me, whether it would not be justifiable, upon the ground of necessary defense, for you, as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, to arrest or disperse the members of that body. I think it would not be justifiable, nor efficient for the desired object. *First*, they have a clearly legal right to assemble; and we cannot know in advance that their action will not be lawful and peaceful. And if we wait until they shall have acted, their arrest or dispersion will not lessen the effect of their action.

Secondly, we cannot permanently prevent their action. If we arrest them, we cannot long hold them as prisoners; and, when liberated, they will immediately reassemble and take their action. And precisely the same if we simply disperse them. They will immediately reassemble in some other place.

I therefore conclude that it is only left to the commanding general to watch and await their action, which, if it shall be to arm their people against the United States, he is to adopt the most prompt and efficient means to counteract, even if necessary to the bombardment of their cities; and, in the extremest necessity, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*.†

Thus directed, General Scott wrote to General Butler on the following day:

In the absence of the undersigned, the foregoing instructions are turned over to Brigadier-General B. F. Butler of the Massachusetts Volunteers, or other officer commanding at Annapolis, who will carry them out in a right spirit; that is, with moderation and firmness. In the case of arrested individuals notorious for their hostility to the United States, the prisoners will be safely kept and duly cared for, but not surrendered except on the order of the commander aforesaid.‡

At the last moment, however, conscious of the offenses which some of their members were meditating against the Government, the Maryland legislature abandoned the idea of meeting at Annapolis, and induced the governor to convene their special session at the town of Frederick. Here Governor Hicks sent them his special message on the 27th, reciting the recent occurrences, transmitting his correspondence with the various Federal authorities, and expressing the conviction "that the only safety of Maryland lies in preserving a neutral position between our brethren of the North and of the South." At the same time he admitted the right of transit for Federal troops, and counseled "that we shall array ourselves for Union and peace."§ The lack of coherence and consistency in the message was atoned for by its underlying spirit of loyalty.

Meanwhile the plentiful arrival of volunteers enabled the Government to strengthen its hold upon Annapolis and the railroad.‖ The military "Department of Annapolis" was created, and General Butler assigned to its command. This embraced twenty miles on each side of the railroad from Annapolis to Washington;¶ and all of Maryland not included in these limits was left in General Patterson's "Department of Pennsylvania." Measures were taken to concentrate sufficient troops at Harrisburg and at Philadelphia to approach Baltimore in force from those quarters and permanently to occupy the city; and to give the military ample authority for every contingency, the President issued the following additional order to General Scott:

You are engaged in suppressing an insurrection against the laws of the United States. If at any point on or in the vicinity of any military line which is now or which shall be used between the city of Philadelphia and the city of Washington you find resistance which renders it necessary to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* for the public safety, you personally, or through the officer in command at the point at which resistance occurs, are authorized to suspend that writ.**

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* Chase to Lincoln, April 24, 1861. Schuckers, "Life of S. P. Chase."

† Lincoln to Scott, April 25, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Scott to Butler, April 26, 1861. War Records.

§ Hicks, Special Message, April 27, 1861. "Rebellion Record."

‖ Butler to Scott, April 27, 1861. War Records.

¶ General Orders, No. 12, April 27, 1861. War Records.

** Lincoln to Scott, April 27, 1861. McPherson, "History of the Rebellion."

Having run its course about a week or ten days, the secession frenzy of Baltimore rapidly subsided. The railroad managers of that city once more tendered their services to the War Department; but Secretary Cameron, instead of giving them immediate encouragement, ordered that the Annapolis route be opened for public travel and traffic. Their isolation, first created by the bridge-burning, was thus continued and soon began to tell seriously upon their business interests, as well as upon the general industries and comfort of the city. On the 4th of May General Butler, under Scott's orders, moved forward and took post with two regiments at the Relay House, eight miles from Baltimore, where he could control the westward trains and cut off communication with Harper's Ferry. The significance of all these circumstances did not escape the popular observation and instinct. The Union newspapers took courage and once more printed bold leaders; the city government dismissed the rebel militia and permitted bridges and telegraphs to be repaired. Governor Hicks issued a proclamation for the election of members of Congress to attend the coming special session on the 4th of July; and also, by special message to the legislature and publication in the newspapers, repudiated the charge that he had consented to the bridge-burning. More than all, the Unionists of both city and State, gaining confidence with the strong evidences of reaction, began to hold meetings and conventions vigorously to denounce secession, and to demonstrate that they were in a decided majority.

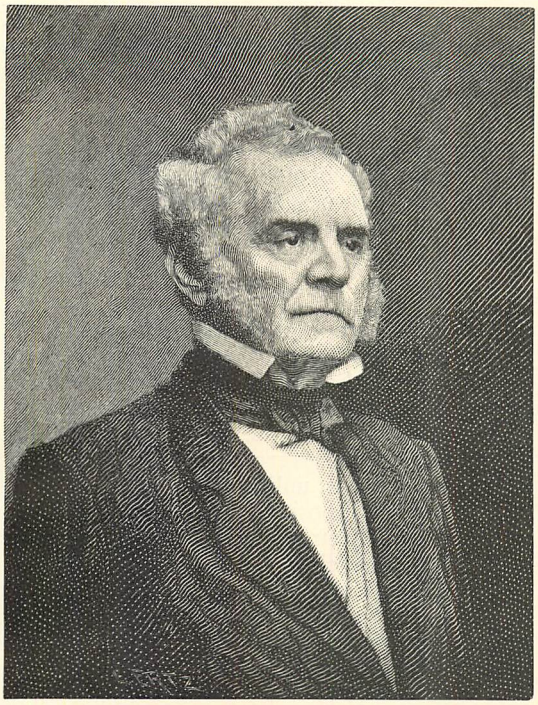
Little by little loyalty and authority asserted themselves. About the 1st of May General Scott began preparing to reëstablish the transit of troops through Baltimore, and on the 9th the first detachment since the riot of April 19 successfully made the journey. Some 1300 men in all, including Sherman's regular battery from Minnesota and 500 regulars from Texas, were brought in transports from Perryville and landed at Locust Point under the guns of the *Harriet Lane*, embarked in cars, and carried through South Baltimore. The city authorities, police, and a large concourse of people were present; and the precautions and arrangements were so thorough that not the slightest disturbance occurred. Four days after this (May 13) the railroad brought the first train from Philadelphia over its repaired track and restored bridges.

The Maryland legislature, finding its occupation gone, and yet nursing an obstinate secession sympathy, adjourned on May 14 to meet again on the 4th of June. About the same time the people of Baltimore underwent a surprise. Late on the evening of May 13, under cover of an opportune thunder-storm, General Butler moved from the Relay House into the city with about a thousand men, the bulk of his force being the famous Massachusetts 6th, which had been mobbed there on the 19th of April. The movement was entirely unauthorized and called forth a severe rebuke from General Scott; but it met no opposition and was loudly applauded by the impatient public opinion of the North, which could ill comprehend the serious military risk it involved. The general carried his spirit of bravado still farther. He made his camp on Federal Hill, which he proceeded to fortify; and on the afternoon of the 14th sent a detachment of only thirty-five men to seize a lot of arms stored near the locality of the riot. The little squad of volunteers found the warehouse and were given possession of the arms,—2200 muskets sent from Virginia, and 4020 pikes of the John Brown pattern, made for the city by the Winans establishment during the riot week,—and loading them on thirty-five wagons and drays started for Fort McHenry over some of the identical streets where the Massachusetts men had been murdered by the mob. It was already late when this long procession got under way; large crowds collected, and riotous demonstrations of a threatening character were made at several points. Fortunately, the police gave efficient assistance, and what might easily have become an unnecessary sacrifice of life was by their vigilance averted.

Also coincident with this, the Union cause gained another signal advantage in Maryland. Governor Hicks's courage had risen with the ebb of disloyalty throughout the State; and as soon as the legislature was adjourned he issued his proclamation calling into the service of the United States the four regiments he originally promised under the President's call. These were rapidly formed, and became a part of the Union army under a new call. Amidst these fluctuations the more belligerent Maryland rebels also formed companies and went South — some to Richmond, some to the rebel camp at Harper's Ferry. But the fraction of military aid which Maryland finally gave to the rebellion rose to no special significance.

Out of these transactions, however, there arose a noteworthy judicial incident. A man named John Merryman, found recruiting as a lieutenant for one of these rebel companies, was arrested (May 25) and imprisoned in Fort McHenry. Chief-Justice Taney, then in Baltimore, being applied to, issued a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring the prisoner before him.* General Cadwalader, at this time in command, made a respectful reply to the writ, alleging

* Tyler, "Memoir R. B. Taney," pp. 640–642.



GOVERNOR T. H. HICKS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

Merryman's treason, and stating further that the President had authorized him to suspend the writ in such cases; and requested the Chief-Justice to postpone further action till the matter could be referred to the President.* This avowal aroused all the political ire of the Chief-Justice; he was struck with a judicial blindness which put disloyalty, conspiracy, treason, and rebellion utterly beyond his official contemplation. He saw not with the eye of a great judge the offended majesty of the law commanding the obedience of all citizens of the republic, but only, with a lawyer's microscopic acuteness, the disregard of certain technical forms and doubtful professional dicta. The personal restraint of one traitor in arms became of more concern to him than the endangered fate of representative government to the world.

The Chief-Justice immediately ordered an attachment to issue against General Cadwalader for contempt; upon which the marshal made return that he was unable to serve it, being denied entrance to Fort McHenry. Thereupon the Chief-Justice admitted the existence of a superior military force, but declared "that the President, under the Constitution of the United States, cannot suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, nor authorize a military officer to do it," and that Merryman ought therefore to be immediately discharged; and went on to say "that he should cause his opinion when filed, and all the proceedings, to be laid before the President, in order that he might perform his constitutional duty to enforce the laws by securing obedience to the process of the United States."

To this general purport the Chief-Justice filed his written opinion on the 1st of June,† and caused a copy to be transmitted to the President.

Of that opinion it will not be irrelevant to quote the criticism of one of the profoundest and most impartial jurists of that day:

> Chief-Justice Taney's opinion in Merryman's case is not an authority. This, of course, is said in the judicial sense. But it is not even an argument, in the full sense. He does not argue the question from the language of the clause, nor from the history of the clause, nor from the principles of the Constitution, except by an elaborate depreciation of the President's office, even to the extent of making him, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, called from the States into the service of the United States, no more than an assistant to the marshal's posse — the deepest plunge of judicial rhetoric. The opinion, moreover, has a tone, not to say a ring, of disaffection to the President, and to the Northern and Western side of his house, which is not comfortable to suppose in the person who fills the central seat of impersonal justice. ‡

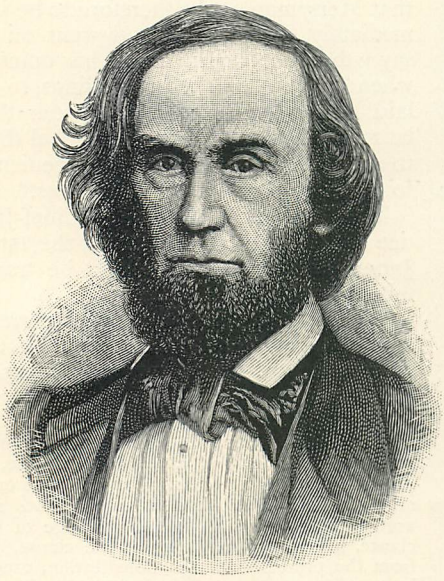
To this estimate of the spirit of Chief-Justice Taney's view we may properly, by way of anticipation, here add President Lincoln's own official answer to its substance. No attention was of course paid to the transmitted papers; but the President at the time of their receipt was already engaged in preparing his message to the coming special session of Congress, and in that document he presented the justification of his act. The original draft of the message, in Lincoln's autograph manuscript, thus defines the executive authority with that force of statement and strength of phraseology of which he was so consummate a master:

> Soon after the first call for militia, I felt it my duty to authorize the commanding general, in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* — or, in other words, to arrest and detain, without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety. At my verbal request, as well as by the general's own inclination, this authority has been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned; and I have been reminded from a high quarter that one who is sworn to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" should not himself be one to violate them. Of course I gave some consideration to the questions of power and

* Tyler, "Memoir R. B. Taney," pp. 643, 644.

† Ibid., pp. 644–659.

‡ Horace Binney, "The Privilege of the Writ of Habeas Corpus," Part I., p. 36.



GOVERNOR CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON.

propriety before I acted in this matter. The whole of the laws which I have sworn to take care that they be faithfully executed were being resisted, and failing to be executed, in nearly one-third of the States. Must I have allowed them to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that by the use of the means necessary to their execution some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty, that practically it relieves more of the guilty than the innocent, should, to a very limited extent, be violated? To state the question more directly, are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the Government itself go to pieces, lest that one be violated? Even in such a case I should consider my official oath broken, if I should allow the Government to be overthrown, when I might think the disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it. But in this case I was not, in my own judgment, driven to this ground. In my opinion, I violated no law. The provision of the Constitution that "The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it," is equivalent to a provision — is a provision — that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety does require it. I decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, which I authorized to be made. Now it is insisted that Congress, and not the executive, is vested with this power. But the Constitution itself is silent as to which, or who, is to exercise the power; and as the provision plainly was made for a dangerous emergency, I cannot bring myself to believe that the framers of that instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented, as was intended in this case by the rebellion.*

The alterations and corrections from this first draft into the more impersonal form as finally sent to Congress and officially printed, but nowise changing its argument or substance, are also entirely in Lincoln's handwriting. That second and corrected form better befits the measured solemnity of a State paper. But in the language quoted above we seem brought into direct contact with the living workings of Lincoln's mind, and in this light the autograph original possesses a peculiar biographical interest and value.

* Lincoln, Special Message, July 4, 1861. Autograph MS. of original draft.

MISSOURI.

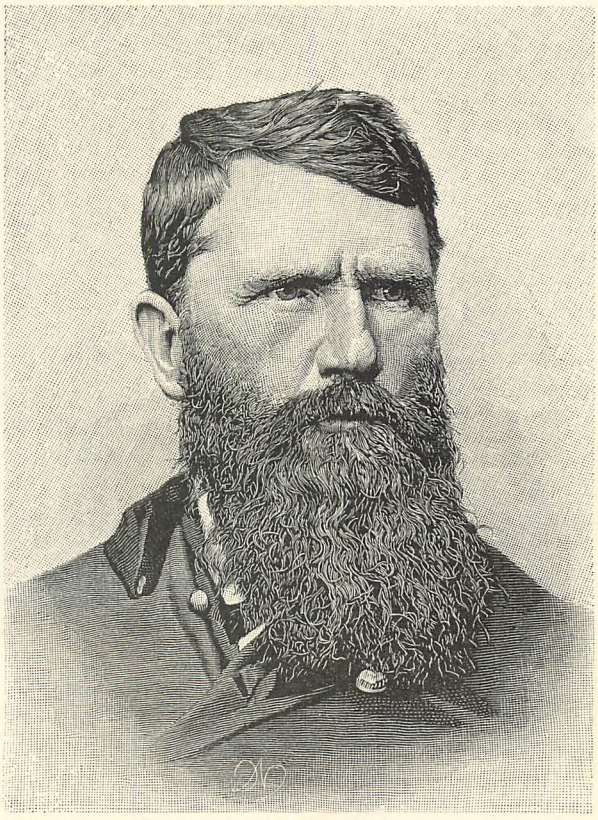
THE governor of Missouri, Claiborne F. Jackson, was early engaged in the secession conspiracy, though, like other border-State executives, he successfully concealed his extreme designs from the public. There was an intolerant pro-slavery sentiment throughout the State; but, unlike other border States, it contained a positive and outspoken minority of equally strong antislavery citizens in a few localities, chiefly in the great commercial city of St. Louis, and made up mainly of its German residents and voters, numbering fully one-half the total population, which in 1860 was 160,000. This was the solitary exception to the general pro-slavery reaction in the whole South during the decade. Here, in 1856, a young, talented, courageous leader and skillful politician, Francis P. Blair, Jr., though himself a slaveholder, had dared to advocate the doctrine and policy of gradual emancipation, and on that issue secured an election to Congress. The same issue repeated in 1858 brought him sufficiently near an election to entitle him to contest his opponent's seat. In 1860 Blair and his followers, now fully acting with the Republican party, cast 17,028 votes for Lincoln, while the remaining votes in the State were divided as follows: Douglas, 58,801; Bell, 58,372; Breckinridge, 31,317. Blair was also again elected to Congress. The combined Lincoln, Douglas, and Bell vote showed an overwhelming Union majority; but the governor elected by the Douglas plurality almost immediately became a disunionist and secession conspirator.

With Blair as a leader, and such an organized minority at his call, the intrigues of Governor Jackson to force Missouri into secession met from the outset with many difficulties, notwithstanding the governor's official powers, influential following, and the prevalent pro-slavery opinion of the State. The legislature was sufficiently subservient; it contained a majority of radical secessionists, and only about fifteen unconditional Union members, who, however, were vigilant and active, and made the most of their minority influence. The same general expedients resorted to in other States by the conspirators were used in

Missouri — visits and speeches from Southern commissioners; messages and resolutions of "Southern" rights and sympathy and strong enunciation of the doctrine of non-coercion; military bills and measures to arm and control the State; finally, a "sovereign" State Convention. Here they overshot their mark. A strong majority of Union members was elected. The convention met at Jefferson City, the State capital, adjourned to the healthier atmosphere of St. Louis, and by an outspoken report and decided votes condemned secession and took a recess till December following.

The secession leaders, however, would not accept their popular defeat. In the interim Sumter fell, and Lincoln issued his call for troops. Governor Jackson, as we have seen, insultingly denounced the requisition as "illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman, and diabolical," and again convened his rebel legislature in extra session to do the revolutionary work which the "sovereign" Missouri convention had so recently condemned.

It was an essential feature of Governor Jackson's programme to obtain possession of the St. Louis arsenal, and as early as January he had well-nigh completed his intrigue for its surrender to the State by a treacherous officer. But suspicion was aroused, the commandant changed, and the arsenal reënforced; by the middle of February the garrison had been increased to 488 regulars and recruits. In the mean time local intrigue was active. The secessionists organized bodies of "Minute men" to capture it, while the Union men with equal alertness formed a safety committee, and companies of Home Guards to join in its defense. These latter were largely drawn from the German part of the city, to which the arsenal lay contiguous, and their guardianship over it was therefore more direct and effective. Lincoln was inaugurated, and making Montgomery Blair his postmaster-general and Edward Bates his attorney-general, Missouri had virtually two representatives in the Cabinet. Francis P. Blair, Jr., brother of Montgomery, therefore found no great difficulty in having the command of the arsenal given to Captain Nathaniel Lyon, not only a devoted soldier, but a man of thorough anti-slavery convictions. Lyon was eager to forestall the secession conspiracy by extensive preparation and swift repression; but the department commander, General Harney, and the ordnance officer, Major Hagner, whom Lyon had displaced, both of more slow and cautious temper, and reflecting the local political conservatism, thwarted and hampered Lyon and Blair, who from the beginning felt and acted in concert. No great difficulty grew out of this antagonism till the President's call for troops; then it created discussion, delay, want of coöperation. Blair could not get his volunteers mustered into service, and Governor Yates of Illinois could get no arms. The President finally grew impatient. Harney was relieved and called to Washington, and Lyon directed to muster-in and arm the four Missouri regiments of volunteers with all expedition, and to send the extra arms to Springfield, Illinois, while three Illinois regiments were ordered to St. Louis to assist in guarding the arsenal.



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JR. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

These orders were issued in Washington on April 20. By this time St. Louis, like the whole Union, was seething with excitement, except that public opinion was more evenly divided than elsewhere. There were Union speeches and rebel speeches; cheers for Lin-

coln and cheers for Davis; Union flags and rebel flags; Union headquarters and rebel headquarters. With this also there was mingled a certain antipathy of nationality, all the Germans being determined Unionists. The antagonism quickly grew into armed organizations. The Unionists were mustered, armed, and drilled at the arsenal as United States volunteers. On the other hand Governor Jackson, having decided on revolution, formed at St. Louis a nominal camp of instruction under the State militia laws. The camp was established at Lindell's Grove, was christened "Camp Jackson," in honor of the governor, and was commanded by Brigadier-General D. M. Frost, a West Point graduate. Two regiments quickly assembled, and a third was in process of formation. The flag of the United States still floated over it and many Unionists were in the ranks of the old holiday parade militia companies, but the whole leadership and animating motive were in aid of rebellion: it was already literally one of Jefferson Davis's outposts. As soon as Governor Jackson had avowed his treason, he dispatched two confidential agents to Montgomery to solicit arms and aid, by whom Jefferson Davis wrote in reply:

BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

After learning as well as I could from the gentlemen accredited to me what was most needful for the attack on the arsenal, I have directed that Captains Green and Duke should be furnished with two 12-pounder howitzers and two 32-pounder guns, with the proper ammunition for each. These from the commanding hills will be effective, both against the garrison and to breach the inclosing walls of the place. I concur with you as to the great importance of capturing the arsenal and securing its supplies, rendered doubly important by the means taken to obstruct your commerce and render you unarmed victims of a hostile invasion. We look anxiously and hopefully for the day when the star of Missouri shall be added to the constellation of the Confederate States of America.*

In reality he already regarded the "star" as in the "constellation." Three days later the rebel Secretary of War wrote to the governor:

Can you arm and equip one regiment of infantry for service in Virginia to rendezvous at Richmond? Transportation will be provided by this Government. The regiment to elect its own officers, and must enlist for not less than twelve months, unless sooner discharged.†

In face of the overwhelming Union sentiment of Missouri, so lately manifested by the action of the State convention, Governor Jackson was not prepared for so bold a proceeding, and therefore wrote in reply:

Yours of the 26th ultimo, *via* Louisville, is received. I have no legal authority to furnish the men you desire. Missouri, you know, is yet under the tyranny of Lincoln's government — so far, at least, as forms go. We are wofully deficient here in arms and cannot furnish them at present; but so far as men are concerned we have plenty of them ready, willing, and anxious to march at any moment to the defense of the South. Our legislature has just met, and I doubt not will give me all necessary authority over the matter. If you can arm the men they will go whenever wanted, and to any point where they may be most needed. I send this to Memphis by private hand, being afraid to trust our mails or telegraphs. Let me hear from you by the same means. Missouri can and will put one hundred thousand men in the field if required. We are using every means to arm our people, and until we are better prepared must move cautiously. I write this in confidence. With my prayers for your success, etc.‡

* Davis to Jackson, April 23, 1861. War Records.
† Walker to Jackson, April 26, 1861. War Records.
‡ Jackson to Walker, May 5, 1861. War Records.

First to capture the arsenal and then to reënforce the armies of Jefferson Davis was doubtless the immediate object of Camp Jackson. It would be a convenient nucleus which at the given signal would draw to itself similar elements from different parts of the State. Already the arsenal at Liberty — the same one from which arms were stolen to overawe Kansas in 1855 — had been seized on April 20 and its contents appropriated by secessionists in western Missouri. Jeff M. Thompson had been for some weeks drilling a rebel camp at St. Joseph, and threatening the neighboring arsenal at Leavenworth. The legislature was maturing a comprehensive military bill which would give the governor power to concentrate and use these scattered fractions of regiments. Until this was passed, Camp Jackson had a lawful existence under the old militia laws.

But the Union Safety Committee, and especially Mr. Blair and Captain Lyon, followed the governor's intrigue at every step, and reporting the growing danger to Washington received from President Lincoln extraordinary powers to overcome it. An order to Captain Lyon read as follows:

> The President of the United States directs that you enroll in the military service of the United States the loyal citizens of St Louis and vicinity, not exceeding, with those heretofore enlisted, ten thousand in number, for the purpose of maintaining the authority of the United States for the protection of the peaceable inhabitants of Missouri; and you will, if deemed necessary for that purpose by yourself and by Messrs. Oliver T. Filley, John How, James O. Broadhead, Samuel T. Glover, J. Witzig, and Francis P. Blair, Jr., proclaim martial law in the city of St. Louis, etc.*

It was upon this order, with certain additional details, that General Scott made the indorsement, "It is revolutionary times, and therefore I do not object to the irregularity of this."

The Union Safety Committee soon had indisputable evidence of the insurrectionary purposes and preparations. On the night of May 8 cannon, ammunition, and several hundred muskets, sent by Jefferson Davis, were landed at the St. Louis levee from a New Orleans steamer, and at once transferred to Camp Jackson. They had been brought from the arsenal at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and were a part of the United States arms captured there in January by the governor of that State. The proceeding did not escape the vigilance of the Safety Committee, but the material of war was allowed to go unobstructed to the camp. The next day Captain Lyon visited Camp Jackson in disguise, and thus acquainting himself personally with its condition, strategical situation, and surroundings matured his plan for its immediate capture. All legal obstacles which had been urged against such a summary proceeding were now removed by the actual presence in the camp of the hostile supplies brought from Baton Rouge.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of May 10 a strong battalion of regulars with six pieces of artillery, four regiments of Missouri Volunteers, and two regiments of Home Guards, all under command of Captain Lyon, were rapidly marching through different streets to Camp Jackson. Arrived there, it was but a moment's work to gain the appointed positions surrounding the camp, and to plant the batteries, ready for action, on commanding elevations. General Frost heard of their coming, and undertook to avert the blow by sending Lyon a letter denying that he or his command, or "any other part of the State forces," meant any hostility to the United States — though it was himself who had endeavored to corrupt the commandant of the arsenal in January,† and who, in a letter to the governor,‡ had outlined and recommended these very military proceedings in Missouri, convening the legislature, obtaining heavy guns from Baton Rouge, seizing the Liberty arsenal, and establishing this camp of instruction, expressly to oppose President Lincoln.

So far from being deterred from his purpose, Lyon refused to receive Frost's letter; and, as soon as his regiments were posted, sent a written demand for the immediate surrender of Camp Jackson, "with no other condition than that all persons surrendering under this demand shall be humanely and kindly treated." The case presented no alternative; and seeing that he was dealing with a resolute man, Frost surrendered with the usual protest. Camp and property were taken in possession; arms were stacked, and preparation made to march the prisoners to the arsenal, where on the following day they were paroled and disbanded.

Up to this time everything had proceeded without casualty, or even turbulent disorder; but an immense assemblage of the street populace followed the march and crowded about the camp. Most of them were peaceful spectators whose idle curiosity rendered them forgetful of danger; but among the number was the usual proportion of lawless city rowdies, of combative instincts, whose very nature impelled them to become the foremost elements of disorder and revolution. Many of them had rushed to the scene of expected conflict with such weapons as they could seize; and now as the homeward march began they pressed defiantly upon the troops, with cheers for Jeff Davis and

* Cameron to Lyon, April 30, 1861. War Records.
† Frost to Jackson, January 24, 1861. Peckham, "General Nathaniel Lyon," p. 43.
‡ Frost to Jackson, April 15, 1861. Ibid., p. 147.

insults and bitter imprecations upon the soldiers. It seems a fatality that when a city mob in anger and soldiers with loaded guns are by any circumstances thrown into close contact it produces the same incidents and results. There are insult and retort, a rush and a repulse; then comes a shower of missiles, finally a pistol-shot, and after it a return volley from the troops, followed by an irregular fusillade from both sides. Who began it, or how it was done, can never be ascertained. It so happened on this occasion, both at the head and rear of the marching column and during a momentary halt; and, as usual, the guilty escaped, and innocent men, women, and children fell in their blood, while the crowd fled pell-mell in mortal terror. Two or three soldiers and some fifteen citizens were killed and many wounded.

As at Baltimore, the event threw St. Louis into the excitement of a general riot. Gun stores were broken into and newspaper offices threatened; but the police checked the outbreak, though public tranquillity and safety were not entirely restored for several days.

Aside from its otherwise deplorable results, the riot produced, or rather magnified, a military and political complication. On the day after the capture of Camp Jackson, General Harney returned from Washington, and once more assumed command. His journey also was eventful. Arrested by the rebels at Harper's Ferry, he had been sent to Richmond; there the authorities, anxious to win him over to secession by kindness, set him at liberty. Proof against their blandishments, however, he merely thanked them for their courtesy, and, loyal soldier as he was, proceeded to his superiors and his duty at Washington. This circumstance greatly aided his explanations and excuses before General Scott, President Lincoln, and the Cabinet, and secured his restoration as Department Commander.

But his return to St. Louis proved ill timed. His arrival there in the midst of the excitement over the capture of Camp Jackson and the riot emphasized and augmented the antagonism between the radical Unionists, led by Blair and Lyon, and the pro-slavery and conservative Unionists, who now made the general their rallying point. Paying too much attention to the complaints and relying too blindly upon the false representations and promises of secession conspirators like Frost, and greatly underrating the active elements of rebellion in Missouri, Harney looked coldly upon the volunteers and talked of disbanding the Home Guards. This brought him into conflict with the Union Safety Committee and President Lincoln's orders. Delegations of equally influential citizens representing both sides went to Washington, in a stubborn mistrust of each other's motives. In their appeal to Lincoln, Lyon's friends found a ready advocate in Mr. Blair, Postmaster-General, and Harney's friends in Mr. Bates, the Attorney-General; and the Missouri discord was thus in a certain degree, and at a very early date, transplanted into the Cabinet itself. This local embitterment in St. Louis beginning here ran on for several years, and in its varying and shifting phases gave the President no end of trouble in his endeavor from first to last to be just to each faction.

Harney was strongly intrenched in the personal friendship of General Scott; besides, he was greatly superior in army rank, being a brigadier-general, while Lyon was only a captain. On the other hand, Lyon's capture of Camp Jackson had shown his energy, courage, and usefulness, and had given him great popular éclat. Immediately to supersede him seemed like a public censure. It was one of the many cases where unforeseen circumstances created a dilemma, involving irritated personal susceptibilities and delicate questions of public expediency.

President Lincoln took action promptly and firmly, though tempered with that forbearance by which he was so constantly enabled to extract the greatest advantage out of the most perplexing complications. The delegations from Missouri with their letters arrived on May 16, a week after the Camp Jackson affair. Having heard both sides, Lincoln decided that in any event Lyon must be sustained. He therefore ordered that Harney should be relieved, and that Lyon be made a brigadier-general of volunteers. In order, however, that this change might not fall too harshly, Lincoln did not make his decision public, but wrote confidentially to Frank Blair, under date of May 18:

> My Dear Sir: We have a good deal of anxiety here about St. Louis. I understand an order has gone from the War Department to you, to be delivered or withheld in your discretion, relieving General Harney from his command. I was not quite satisfied with the order when it was made, though on the whole I thought it best to make it; but since then I have become more doubtful of its propriety. I do not write now to countermand it, but to say I wish you would withhold it, unless in your judgment the necessity to the contrary is very urgent. There are several reasons for this. We had better have him a friend than an enemy. It will dissatisfy a good many who otherwise would be quiet. More than all, we first relieve him, then restore him, and now if we relieve him again the public will ask, "Why all this vacillation?" Still, if in your judgment it is indispensable, let it be so.

Upon receipt of this letter both Blair and Lyon, with commendable prudence, determined to carry out the President's suggestion. Since Harney's return from Washington his words and acts had been more in conformity

with their own policy. He had published a proclamation defending and justifying the capture of Camp Jackson, and declaring that "Missouri must share the destiny of the Union," and that the whole power of the United States would be exerted to maintain her in it. Especially was the proclamation unsparing in its denunciation of the recent military bill of the rebel legislature.

This bill cannot be regarded in any other light than an indirect secession ordinance, ignoring even the forms resorted to by other States. Manifestly its most material provisions are in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States. To this extent it is a nullity, and cannot, and ought not to, be upheld. . . . Within the field and scope of my command and authority the supreme law of the land must and shall be maintained, and no subterfuges, whether in the form of legislative acts or otherwise, can be permitted to harass or oppress the good and law-abiding people of Missouri. I shall exert my authority to protect their persons and property from violations of every kind, and I shall deem it my duty to suppress all unlawful combinations of men, whether formed under pretext of military organizations, or otherwise.*

He also suggested to the War Department the enlistment of Home Guards and the need of additional troops in Missouri. So far as mere theory and intention could go, all this was without fault. There can be no question of Harney's entire loyalty, and of his skill and courage as a soldier dealing with open enemies. Unfortunately, he did not possess the adroitness and daring necessary to circumvent the secret machinations of traitors.

Governor Jackson, on the contrary, seems to have belonged by nature and instinct to the race of conspirators. He and his rebel legislature, convened in special session at Jefferson City, were panic-stricken by the news of the capture of Camp Jackson. On that night of May 10 the governor, still claiming and wielding the executive power of the State, sent out a train to destroy the telegraph and to burn the railroad bridge over the Osage River, in order to keep the bayonets of Lyon and Blair at a safe distance. At night the legislature met for business, the secession members belted with pistols and bowie-knives, with guns lying across their desks or leaning against chairs and walls, while sentinels and soldiers filled the corridors and approaches. The city was in an uproar; the young ladies of the female seminary and many families were moved across the river for security.† All night long the secession governor and his secession majority hurried their treasonable legislation through the mere machinery of parliamentary forms. It was under these conditions that the famous military bill and kindred acts were passed. It appropriated three millions; authorized the issue of bonds; diverted the school fund; anticipated two years' taxes; made the governor a military dictator, and ignored the Federal Government. It was in truth, as Harney called it, "an indirect secession ordinance."

Armed with these revolutionary enactments, but still parading his State authority, Governor Jackson undertook cautiously to consolidate his military power. Ex-Governor Sterling Price was appointed Major-General commanding the Missouri State Guard; who, more conveniently to cloak the whole conspiracy, now sought an interview with Harney, and entered with him into a public agreement, vague and general in its terms, "of restoring peace and good order to the people of the State in subordination to the laws of the general and State governments."

General Price, having by commission full authority over the militia of the State of Missouri, undertakes, with the sanction of the governor of the State, already declared, to direct the whole power of the State officers to maintain order within the State among the people thereof, and General Harney publicly declares that, this object being thus assured, he can have no occasion, as he has no wish, to make military movements which might otherwise create excitements and jealousies, which he most earnestly desires to avoid.‡

Blinded and lulled by treacherous professions, Harney failed to see that this was evading the issue and committing the flock to the care of the wolf. Price's undertaking to "maintain order" was, in fact, nothing else than the organization of rebel companies at favorable points in the State, and immediately brought a shower of Union warnings and complaints to Harney. Within a week the information received caused him to notify Price of these complaints, and of his intention to organize Union Home Guards for protection.§ More serious still, reliable news came that an invasion was threatened from the Arkansas border. Price replied with his blandest assurances, denying everything. The aggressions, he said, were acts of irresponsible individuals. To organize Home Guards would produce neighborhood collision and civil war. He should carry out the agreement to the letter. Should troops enter Missouri from Arkansas or any other State he would "cause them to return instanter."‖

Harney, taking such declarations at their surface value, and yielding himself to the suggestions and advice of the St. Louis conservatives who disliked Lyon and hated Blair, remained inactive, notwithstanding a sharp

* Harney, Proclamation, May 14, 1861. War Records.
† Peckham, "General Nathaniel Lyon," pp. 168–178.
‡ Price, Harney Agreement, May 21, 1861. War Records.
§ Harney to Price, May 27, 1861. War Records.
‖ Price to Harney, May 28 and May 29. War Records.

admonition from Washington. The Adjutant-General wrote:

> The President observes with concern that notwithstanding the pledge of the State authorities to coöperate in preserving peace in Missouri, loyal citizens in great numbers continue to be driven from their homes. . . . The professions of loyalty to the Union by the State authorities of Missouri are not to be relied upon. They have already falsified their professions too often, and are too far committed to secession, to be entitled to your confidence, and you can only be sure of their desisting from their wicked purposes when it is out of their power to prosecute them. You will therefore be unceasingly watchful of their movements, and not permit the clamors of their partisans and opponents of the wise measures already taken to prevent you from checking every movement against the Government, however disguised, under the pretended State authority. The authority of the United States is paramount, and whenever it is apparent that a movement, whether by color of State authority or not, is hostile, you will not hesitate to put it down.*

Harney had announced this identical policy in his proclamation of May 14. The difficulty was that he failed to apply and enforce his own doctrines, or rather that he lacked penetration to discern the treachery of the State authorities. He replied to the War Department:

> My confidence in the honor and integrity of General Price, in the purity of his motives, and in his loyalty to the Government remains unimpaired. His course as President of the State Convention that voted by a large majority against submitting an ordinance of secession, and his efforts since that time to calm the elements of discord, have served to confirm the high opinion of him I have for many years entertained.†

Lyon and Blair were much better informed, and the latter wrote to Lincoln:

> . . . I have to-day delivered to General Harney the order of the 16th of May above mentioned relieving him, feeling that the progress of events and condition of affairs in this State make it incumbent upon me to assume the grave responsibility of this act, the discretionary power in the premises having been given me by the President.‡

The President and the Secretary of War duly sustained the act.

This change of command soon brought matters in Missouri to a crisis. The State authorities were quickly convinced that Lyon would tolerate no evasion, temporizing, or misunderstanding. They therefore asked an interview; and Lyon sent Governor Jackson and General Price a safeguard to visit St. Louis. They on the one part, and Lyon and Blair on the other, with one or two witnesses, held an interview of four hours on June 11. The governor proposed that the State should remain neutral; that he would not attempt to organize the militia under the military bill, on condition that the Union Home Guards should be disarmed and no further Federal troops should be stationed in Missouri. Lyon rejected this proposal, insisting that the governor's rebel "State Guards" should be disarmed and the military bill abandoned, and that the Federal Government should enjoy its unrestricted right to move and station its troops throughout the State, to repel invasion or protect its citizens. This the governor refused.

So the discussion terminated. Jackson and Price hurried by a special train back to Jefferson City, burning bridges as they went. Arrived at the capital, the governor at once published a proclamation of war. He recited the interview and its result, called fifty thousand militia into the active service of the State, and closed his proclamation by coupling together the preposterous and irreconcilable announcements of loyalty to the United States and declaration of war against them — a very marvel of impudence, even among the numerous kindred curiosities of secession literature.§

This sudden announcement of active hostility did not take Lyon by surprise. Thoroughly informed of the conspirators' plans, he had made his own preparations for equally energetic action. Though Jackson had crippled the railroad, the Missouri River was an open military highway, and numerous swift steamboats lay at the St. Louis wharf. On the afternoon of June 13 he embarked one of his regular batteries and several battalions of his Missouri Volunteers, and steamed with all possible speed up the river to Jefferson City, the capital of the State, leading the movement in person. He arrived on the 15th of June, and, landing, took possession of the town without resistance, and raised the Union flag over the State-house. The governor and his adherents hurriedly fled, his Secretary of State carrying off the great seal with which to certify future pretended official acts.

* Thomas to Harney, May 27, 1861. War Records.

† Harney to Thomas, June 5, 1861. War Records.

‡ F. P. Blair, Jr., to the President, May 30, 1861. Peckham, "General Nathaniel Lyon," p. 223.

§ In issuing this proclamation I hold it to be my solemn duty to remind you that Missouri is still one of the United States; that the Executive Department of the State government does not arrogate to itself the power to disturb that relation; that that power has been wisely vested in a convention which will at the proper time express your sovereign will; and that meanwhile it is your duty to obey all *constitutional* requirements of the Federal Government. But it is equally my duty to advise you that your first allegiance is due to your own State, and that you are under no obligation whatever to obey the *unconstitutional* edicts of the military despotism which has enthroned itself at Washington, nor to submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its wicked minions in this State. No brave and true-hearted Missourian will obey one or submit to the other. Rise, then, and drive out ignominiously the invaders who have dared to desecrate the soil which your labors have made fruitful, and which is consecrated by your homes. [Jackson, Proclamation, June 12, 1861. Peckham, "General Nathaniel Lyon," p. 252.]

There had been no time for the rebellion to gather any head at the capital; but at the town of Boonville, fifty miles farther up the river, General Price was collecting some fragments of military companies. This nucleus of opposition Lyon determined also to destroy. Leaving but a slight guard at the capital, he reëmbarked his force next day, and reaching Boonville on the 17th landed without difficulty, and put the half-formed rebel militia to flight after a spirited but short skirmish. General Price prudently kept away from the encounter; and Governor Jackson, who had come hither, and who witnessed the disaster from a hill two miles distant, once more betook himself to flight. Two on the Union and fifteen on the rebel side were killed.

This affair at Boonville was the outbreak of open warfare in Missouri, though secret military aggression against the United States Government had been for nearly six months carried on by the treasonable State officials, aided as far as possible by the conspiracy in the cotton-States.

The local State government of Missouri, thus broken by the hostility of Governor Jackson and subordinate officials, was soon regularly restored. It happened that the Missouri State convention, chosen, as already related, with the design of carrying the State into rebellion, but which, unexpectedly to the conspirators, remained true to the Union, had, on adjourning its sessions from March to December, wisely created an emergency committee with power to call it together upon any necessary occasion. This committee now issued its call, under which the convention assembled in Jefferson City on the 22d of July. Many of its members had joined the rebellion, but a full constitutional quorum remained, and took up the task of reconstituting the disorganized machinery of civil administration. By a series of ordinances it declared the State offices vacant, abrogated the military bill and other treasonable legislation, provided for new elections, and finally, on the 31st of July, inaugurated a provisional government, which thereafter made the city of St. Louis its official headquarters. Hamilton R. Gamble, a conservative, was made governor. He announced his unconditional adherence to the Union, and his authority was immediately recognized by the greater portion of the State. Missouri thus remained through the entire war, both in form and in substance, a State in the Union.

Nevertheless a considerable minority of its population, scattered in many parts, was strongly tinctured with sympathy for the rebellion. The conspiracy so long nursed by Governor Jackson and his adherents had taken deep and pernicious root. An anomalous condition of affairs suddenly sprung up. Amidst a strongly dominant loyalty there smoldered the embers of rebellion, and during the whole civil war there blazed up fitfully, often where least expected, the flames of neighborhood strife and guerrilla warfare to an extent and with a fierceness not equaled in any other State. We shall have occasion to narrate how, under cover of this sentiment, the leaders of secession bands and armies made repeated and desolating incursions; and how, some months later, Governor Jackson with his perambulating State seal set up a pretended legislature and State government, and the Confederate authorities at Richmond enacted the farce of admitting Missouri to the Southern Confederacy. It was, however, from first to last, a palpable sham; the pretended Confederate officials in Missouri had no capital or archives, controlled no population, permanently held no territory, collected no taxes; and Governor Jackson was nothing more than a fugitive pretender, finding temporary refuge within Confederate camps.

KENTUCKY.

THE three States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, forming McClellan's department, were bounded south of the Ohio River by the single State of Kentucky, stretching from east to west, and occupying at least four-fifths of the entire Ohio line. Kentucky was a slave State. This domestic institution allied her naturally to the South, and created among her people a pervading sympathy with Southern complaints and demands. Her geographical position and her river commerce also connected her strongly with the South. On the other hand, the traditions of her local politics bound her indissolubly to the Union. The fame of her great statesman, Henry Clay, rested upon his lifelong efforts for its perpetuity. The compromise of 1850, which thwarted and for ten years postponed the Southern rebellion, was his crowning political triumph. But Henry Clay's teaching and example were being warped and perverted. A feebler generation of disciples, unable, as he would have done, to distinguish between honorable compromise and ruinous concession, undertook now to quell war by refusing to take up arms; desired an appeal from the battlefield to moral suasion; proposed to preserve the Government by leaving revolution unchecked.

The legislature, though appealing to the South to stay secession, and though firmly refusing to call a State convention, nevertheless protested against the use of force or

coercion by the General Government against the seceding States. John J. Crittenden took similar ground, counseling Kentucky to stand by the Union and correctly characterizing secession as simple revolution. Nevertheless he advised against the policy of coercion, and said of the seceded States, "Let them go on in peace with their experiment."* A public meeting of leading citizens at Louisville first denounced secession and then denounced the President for attempting to put down secession. They apostrophized the flag and vowed to maintain the Union, but were ready to fight Lincoln.† It makes one smile to read again the childish contradictions which eminent Kentucky statesmen uttered in all seriousness.

> A people that have prospered beyond example in the records of time, free and self-governed, without oppression, without taxation to be felt, are now going to cut each other's throats; and why? Because Presidents Lincoln and Davis could n't settle the etiquette upon which the troops were to be withdrawn from Fort Sumter. ‡

This was the analysis of one. Another was equally infelicitous:

> Why this war? . . . Because Mr. Lincoln has been elected President of the country and Mr. Davis could not be, and therefore a Southern Confederacy was to be formed by Southern demagogues, and now they are attempting to drag you on with them. . . . Let us not fight the North or South, but, firm in our position, tell our sister border States that with them we will stand to maintain the Union, to preserve the peace, and uphold our honor and our flag, which they would trail in the dust. . . . If we must fight, let us fight Lincoln and not our Government. §

The resolutions of the meeting were quite as illogical. They declared that

> the present duty of Kentucky is to maintain her present independent position, taking sides not with the Administration, nor with the seceding States, but with the Union against them both; declaring her soil to be sacred from the hostile tread of either; and, if necessary, to make the declaration good with her strong right arm. ‖

The preposterous assumption was also greatly strengthened in the popular mind by the simultaneous publication of an address of the same tenor in Tennessee, from John Bell and others. He had been one of the four candidates for President in the election of 1860 — the one for whom both Kentucky and Tennessee cast their electoral votes; and as the standard-bearer of the "Constitutional Union" party had in many ways reiterated his and their devotion to "the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws." The address distinctly disapproved secession; it condemned the policy of the Administration; it unequivocally avowed the duty of Tennessee to resist by force of arms the subjugation of the South.¶ What shall be said when men of reputed wisdom and experience proclaim such inconsistencies? All these incidents are the ever-recurring signs of that dangerous demoralization of public sentiment, of that utter confusion of political principles, of that helpless bewilderment of public thought, into which portions of the country had unconsciously lapsed.

Governor Magoffin of Kentucky and his personal adherents seem to have been ready to rush into overt rebellion. His official message declared that Kentucky would resist the principles and policy of the Republican party "to the death, if necessary"; that the Union had practically ceased to exist; and that she would not stand by with folded arms while the seceded States were being "subjugated to an anti-slavery Government." With open contumacy he replied to President Lincoln's official call, "Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States."** He applied to Jefferson Davis for arms, and to the Louisville banks for money, but neither effort succeeded. The existing legislature contained too many Union members to give him unchecked control of the public credit of the State. He was therefore perforce driven to adhere to the policy of "neutrality," as the best help he could give the rebellion. Nevertheless, he was not without power for mischief. The militia of Kentucky had recently been reorganized under the personal influence and direction of S. B. Buckner, who, as inspector-general, was the legal and actual general-in-chief. Buckner, like the governor, ex-Vice-President Breckinridge, and others, was an avowed "neutral" but a predetermined rebel, who in the following September entered the military service of Jefferson Davis. For the present his occupation was rather that of political intrigue to forward the secession of Kentucky, which he carried on under pretense of his formal and assumed instructions from the governor to employ the "State Guard," or rather its shadow of authority, to prevent the violation of "State neutrality" by either the Southern or the Northern armies.

The public declarations and manifestations in Kentucky were not reassuring to the people

* Crittenden, speech before Kentucky legislature, March 26, 1861. New York "Tribune," March 30.

† "Rebellion Record."

‡ James Guthrie, speech at Louisville, Ky., April 18, 1861. Ibid.

§ Archibald Dixon, speech at Louisville, April 18, 1861. Ibid.

‖ "Rebellion Record."

¶ Ibid.

** Magoffin to Cameron, April 15, 1861. War Records.

north of the Ohio line. Governor Morton of Indiana wrote:

> The country along the Ohio River bordering on Kentucky is in a state of intense alarm. The people entertain no doubt but that Kentucky will speedily go out of the Union. They are in daily fear that marauding parties from the other side of the river will plunder and burn their towns.*

Even after the lapse of some weeks this fear was not dissipated. General McClellan wrote:

> The frontier of Indiana and Illinois is in a very excited and almost dangerous condition. In Ohio there is more calmness. I have been in more full communication with the people. A few arms have been supplied, and all means have been taken to quiet them along the frontier. Special messengers have reached me from the governors of Indiana and Illinois, demanding heavy guns and expressing great alarm. I sent Lieutenant Williams to confer with Governor Morton, to tell him that I have no heavy guns, and to explain to him the impropriety of placing them in position along the frontier just at the present time. I have promised Governor Yates some heavy guns at Cairo as soon as I can get them.

McClellan himself was not free from apprehension:

> I am very anxious to learn the views of the General [Scott] in regard to western Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. At any moment it may become necessary to act in some one of these directions. From reliable information I am sure that the governor of Kentucky is a traitor. Buckner is under his influence, so it is necessary to watch them. I hear to-night that one thousand secessionists are concentrating at a point opposite Gallipolis. Cairo is threatened.†

He proposed, therefore, to reënforce and fortify Cairo, place several gunboats on the river, and in case of need to cross into Kentucky and occupy Covington Heights for the better defense of Cincinnati.

This condition of affairs brought another important question to final decision. The governor of Illinois had ordered the summary seizure of war material at Cairo, and President Lincoln formally approved it. Ordinary river commerce was more tenderly dealt with. Colonel Prentiss wrote:

> No boats have been searched unless I had been previously and reliably informed that they had on board munitions of war destined to the enemies of the Government, and in all cases where we have searched we have found such munitions. My policy has been such that no act of my command could be construed as an insult, or cause to any State for secession.‡

But the threatening demonstrations from the South were beginning to show that this was a dangerous leniency. McClellan therefore asked explicitly whether provisions destined for the seceded States or for the Southern army should longer be permitted to be sent,§ to which an official order came on May 8: "Since the order of the 2d, the Secretary of War decides that provisions must be stopped at Cairo."‖

In reality matters in Kentucky were not quite so bad as they appeared to the public eye. With sober second thought, the underlying loyalty of her people began to assert itself. Breckinridge and his extreme Southern doctrines had received only a little more than one-third the votes of the State.¶ Mr. Lincoln was a Kentuckian by birth, and had been a consistent Whig; their strong clanship could not quite give him up as hopelessly lost in abolitionism. Earnest Unionists also quickly perceived that "armed neutrality" must soon become a practical farce; many of them from the first used it as an artful contrivance to kill secession. The legislature indeed declared for "strict neutrality," and approved the governor's refusal to furnish troops to the President.** Superficially, this was placing the State in a contumacious and revolutionary attitude. But this official action was not a true exponent of the public feeling. The undercurrent of political movement is explained by a letter of John J. Crittenden, at that time the most influential single voice in the State. On the 17th of May he wrote to General Scott:

> The position of Kentucky, and the relation she occupies toward the government of the Union, is not, I fear, understood at Washington. It ought to be well understood. Very important consequences may depend upon it and upon her proper treatment. Unfortunately for us, our governor does not sympathize with Kentucky in respect to the secession. His opinions and feelings incline him strongly to the side of the South. His answer to the requisition for troops was in its terms hasty and unbecoming, and does not correspond with usual and gentlemanly courtesy. But while she regretted the language of his answer, Kentucky acquiesced in his declining to furnish the troops called for, and she did so, not because she loved the Union the less, but she feared that if she had parted with those troops, and sent them to serve in your ranks, she would have been overwhelmed by the secessionists at home and severed from the Union; and it was to preserve, substantially and ultimately, our connection with the Union that induced us to acquiesce in the partial infraction of it by our governor's refusal of the troops required. This was the most prevailing and general motive. To this may be added the strong indisposition of our people to a civil war with the South, and the apprehended consequences of a civil war within our State and among our own people. I could elaborate and strengthen all this, but I will leave the subject to your own reflection; with this only remark, that I think Kentucky's excuse

* Morton to Cameron, April 28, 1861. War Records.
† McClellan to Townsend, May 10, 1861. War Records.
‡ Prentiss to Headquarters.
§ McClellan to Scott, May 7, 1861. War Records.
‖ Townsend to McClellan, May 8, 1861. Ibid.

¶ The vote of Kentucky in 1860 was: Lincoln, 1364; Douglas, 25,651; Breckinridge, 53,143; Bell, 66,058. ["Tribune Almanac," 1861.]
** Resolutions, May 16, 1861. Van Horne, "History Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I., p. 7.

is a good one, and that, under all the circumstances of the complicated case, she is rendering better service in her present position than she could by becoming an active party in the contest.*

In truth, Kentucky was undergoing a severe political struggle. The governor was constantly stimulating the revolutionary sentiment. The legislature had once more met, on May 6, being a second time convened in special session by the governor's proclamation. The governor's special message now boldly accused the President of usurpation, and declared the Constitution violated, the Government subverted, the Union broken. He again urged that the State be armed and a convention be called. It was these more radical and dangerous measures which the Union members warded off with a legislative resolution of "neutrality." So also the military bill which was eventually passed was made to serve the Union instead of the secession cause. A Union Board of Commissioners was provided to control the governor's expenditures under it. A "Home Guard" was authorized, to check and offset Buckner's "State Guard" of rebellious proclivities. Privates and officers of both organizations were required to swear allegiance to both the State and the Union. Finally, it provided that the arms and munitions should be used neither against the United States nor against the Confederate States, unless to protect Kentucky against invasion. Such an attitude of qualified loyalty can only be defended by the plea of its compulsory adoption as a lesser evil. But it served to defeat the conspiracy to assemble a "sovereignty convention" to inaugurate secession; and the progress of the Kentucky legislature, from its "anti-coercion" protest in January to its merely defensive "neutrality" resolutions and laws in May, was an immense gain.

From the beginning of the rebellion, Lincoln felt that Kentucky would be a turning weight in the scale of war. He believed he knew the temper and fidelity of his native State, and gave her his special care and confidence. Though Governor Magoffin refused him troops, there came to him from private sources the unmistakable assurance that many Kentuckians were ready to fight for the Union. His early and most intimate personal friend, Joshua F. Speed, was now an honored and influential citizen of Louisville. At Washington also he had taken into a cordial acquaintanceship a characteristic Kentuckian, William Nelson, a young, brave, and energetic lieutenant of the United States Navy. Nelson saw his usefulness, and perhaps also his opportunity, in an effort to redeem his State, rather than in active service on the quarter-deck. He possessed the social gifts, the free manners, the impulsive temperament peculiar to the South. Mr. Lincoln gave him leave of absence, and sent him to Kentucky without instructions. At the same time the President brought another personal influence to bear. Major Anderson was the hero of the hour, and being a Kentuckian, that State rang with the praise of his prudence and valor in defending Sumter. On the 7th of May, Lincoln gave him a special commission, "To receive into the army of the United States as many regiments of volunteer troops from the State of Kentucky, and from the western part of the State of Virginia, as shall be willing to engage in the service of the United States,"† etc., and sent him to Cincinnati, convenient to both fields of labor. These three persons, Speed and Nelson at Louisville, and Anderson within easy consulting distance, formed a reliable rallying-point and medium of communication with the President. The Unionists, thus encouraged, began the formation of Union Clubs and Home Guards, while the Government gave them assurance of protection in case of need. Wrote General McClellan:

The Union men of Kentucky express a firm determination to fight it out. Yesterday Garrett Davis told me: "We will remain in the Union by voting if we can, by fighting if we must, and if we cannot hold our own, we will call on the General Government to aid us." He asked me what I would do if they called on me for assistance, and convinced me that the majority were in danger of being overpowered by a better-armed minority. I replied that if there were time I would refer to General Scott for orders. If there were not time, that I would cross the Ohio with 20,000 men. If that were not enough, with 30,000; and if necessary, with 40,000; but that I would not stand by and see the loyal Union men of Kentucky crushed. I have strong hopes that Kentucky will remain in the Union, and the most favorable feature of the whole matter is that the Union men are now ready to abandon the position of "armed neutrality," and to enter heart and soul into the contest by our side. ‡

In a short time Nelson quietly brought five thousand Government muskets to Louisville, under the auspices and control of a committee of leading citizens. Wrote Anderson to Lincoln:

I had the pleasure to receive yesterday your letter of the 14th [May] introducing Mr. Joshua F. Speed, and giving me instructions about issuing arms to our friends in Kentucky. I will carefully attend to the performance of that duty. Mr. Speed and other gentlemen for whom he will vouch, viz., Hon. James Guthrie, Garrett Davis, and Charles A. Marshall, advise that I should not, at present, have anything to do with the raising of troops in Kentucky. The committee charged with that matter will go on with the organization and arming of the Home Guard, which they will see is composed of reliable men. §

* Unpublished MS.

† War Records.

‡ McClellan to Townsend, May 17, 1861. War Records.

§ Anderson to Lincoln, May 19, 1861. Unpublished MS.

Under date of May 28 Lincoln received further report of these somewhat confidential measures to counteract the conspiracy in his native State:

> The undersigned, a private committee to distribute the arms brought to the State of Kentucky by Lieutenant William Nelson, of the United States Navy, among true, reliable Union men, represent to the Executive Department of the United States Government that members of this Board have superintended the distribution of the whole quantity of five thousand muskets and bayonets. We have been reliably informed and believe that they have been put in the hands of true and devoted Union men, who are pledged to support the Constitution of the United States and the enforcement of the laws; and, if the occasion should arise, to use them to put down all attempts to take Kentucky, by violence or fraud, out of the Union.*

The committee added that this had greatly strengthened the cause, that twenty thousand more could be safely intrusted to the Union men, who were applying for them and eager to get them, and recommended that this system of arming Kentucky be resumed and widely extended.†

The struggle between treason and loyalty in the Kentucky legislature had consumed the month of May, ending, as we have seen, by decided advantages gained for the Union, and attended by the important understanding and combination between prominent Kentucky citizens and President Lincoln whereby the loyalists were furnished with arms and assured of decisive military support. The Kentucky legislature adjourned *sine die* on May 24, and the issue was thereupon transferred to the people of the State. The contest took a double form: first an appeal to the ballot in an election for members of Congress, which the President's call for a special session on the 4th of July made necessary. A political campaign ensued of universal and intense excitement. Whatever the Union sentiment of the State had hitherto lacked of decision and boldness was largely aroused or created by this contest. The Unionists achieved a brilliant and conclusive triumph. The election was held on the 20th of June, and nine out of the ten Congressmen chosen were outspoken loyalists.

The second phase of the contest was, that it evoked a partial show of military force on both sides of the question. The military bill passed on the last day of the May session provided for organizing "Home Guards" for local defense. Whether by accident or design, Buckner's old militia law to organize the "State Guards" had required an oath of allegiance from the officers only. The new law required all the members to swear fidelity to both Kentucky and the United States, and a refusal terminated their membership.‡ This searching touchstone at once instituted a process of separating patriots from traitors. The organization of Home Guards and the reorganization of the State Guards went on simultaneously. It would perhaps be more correct to say disorganization of the State Guards; for many loyal members took advantage of the requirement to abandon the corps and to join the Home Guards, while disloyal ones seized the same chance to go to rebel camps in the South; and under the action of both public and private sentiment the State Guards languished and the Home Guards grew in numerical strength and moral influence.

Meanwhile, as a third military organization, Kentuckians were enlisting directly in the service of the United States. Even before the already mentioned commission to Anderson, Colonels Guthrie and Woodruff had established "Camp Clay," on the Ohio shore above Cincinnati, where a number of Kentuckians joined a yet larger proportion of Ohioans, and were mustered into the three-months' service as the 1st and 2d regiments Kentucky Volunteer Infantry.§ These regiments were afterward reorganized for the three-years' service; and this time, mainly filled with real Kentuckians, were on the 9th and 10th of June remustered under their old and now entirely appropriate designations. About this time also State Senator Rousseau, who had made a brilliant Union record in the legislature, obtained authority to raise a brigade. On consulting with the Union leaders, it was resolved still to humor the popular "neutrality" foible till after the congressional election; and to this end he established "Camp Joe Holt," on the Indiana shore, where he gathered his recruits.‖ The same policy kept the headquarters of Anderson yet in Cincinnati.

With the favorable change of public sentiment, and the happy issue of the congressional election, the Union men grew bolder. Nelson had all this while been busy, and had secretly appointed the officers and enrolled the recruits for four regiments from central Kentucky. At the beginning of July he threw off further concealment, and suddenly assembled his men in "Camp Dick Robinson," which he established between Danville and Lexington. His regiments were only partly full and indifferently armed, and the transmission of proper arms to his camp was persist-

* The report was signed by C. A. Wickliffe, Garrett Davis, J. H. Garrard, J. Harlan, James Speed, and Thornton F. Marshall; and also indorsed by J. F. Robinson, W. B. Houston, J. K. Goodloe, J. B. Brunner, and J. F. Speed.

† Committee, Report, May 28, 1861. Unpublished MS.

‡ Act of May 24, 1861. "Session Laws," p. 6.

§ Van Horne, "Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I., p. 14.

‖ Van Horne, "Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I., p. 16.

ently opposed by rebel intrigue, threats, and forcible demonstrations. Nevertheless the camp held firm, and by equal alertness and courage secured its guns, and so far sustained and strengthened the loyal party that at the general election of the 5th of August a new legislature was chosen giving the Union members a majority of three-fourths in each branch.

Thus in a long and persistent contest, extending from January to August, the secession conspirators of Kentucky, starting with the advantage of the governor's coöperation, military control, and general acceptance of the "neutrality" delusion, were, nevertheless, outgeneraled and completely baffled. Meanwhile the customary usurpations had carried Tennessee into active rebellion; and now, despairing of success by argument and intrigue, and inspirited by the rebel success at Bull Run, the local conspiracy arranged to call in the assistance of military force. On the 17th of August the conspirators assembled in caucus in Scott county,* and, it is alleged, arranged a threefold programme: first, the governor should officially demand the removal of Union camps and troops from the State; secondly, under pretense of a popular "peace" agitation, a revolutionary rising in aid of secession should take place in central Kentucky; thirdly, a simultaneous invasion of rebel armies from Tennessee should crown and secure the work.

Whether or not the allegation was literally true, events developed themselves in at least an apparent conformity to the plan. Governor Magoffin wrote a letter to the President, under date of August 19, urging "the removal from the limits of Kentucky of the military force now organized and in camp within the State." In reply to this, President Lincoln, on August 24, wrote the governor a temperate but emphatic refusal:

> I believe it is true that there is a military force in camp within Kentucky, acting by authority of the United States, which force is not very large, and is not now being augmented. I also believe that some arms have been furnished to this force by the United States. I also believe this force consists exclusively of Kentuckians, having their camp in the immediate vicinity of their own homes, and not assailing or menacing any of the good people of Kentucky. In all I have done in the premises I have acted upon the urgent solicitation of many Kentuckians, and in accordance with what I believed, and still believe, to be the wish of a majority of all the Union-loving people of Kentucky. While I have conversed on this subject with many eminent men of Kentucky, including a large majority of her members of Congress, I do not remember that any one of them or any other person, except your Excellency and the bearer of your Excellency's letter, has urged me to remove the military force from Kentucky, or to disband it. One other very worthy citizen of Kentucky did solicit me to have the augmenting of the force suspended for a time. Taking all the means within my reach to form a judgment, I do not believe it is the popular wish of Kentucky that this force shall be removed beyond her limits, and with this impression I must respectfully decline to so remove it. I most cordially sympathize with your Excellency in the wish to preserve the peace of my own native State, Kentucky. It is with regret I search and cannot find in your not very short letter any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the Federal Union.

The other features of the general plot succeeded no better than Magoffin's application to Lincoln. Three public demonstrations were announced, in evident preparation and prompting of a popular rebel uprising in central Kentucky. Under pretense of an ovation to Vallandigham, an Ohio congressman and Democratic politician, who had already made himself notorious by speeches of a rebel tendency, a meeting was held in Owen county on September 5. On September 10 a large "peace" mass meeting was called at Frankfort, the capital, to overawe the newly assembled loyal legislature. Still a third gathering, of "States Rights" and "peace" men, was called at Lexington on September 20, to hold a camp drill of several days, under supervision of leading secessionists.†

The speeches and proceedings of these treacherous "peace" meetings sufficiently revealed their revolutionary object. They were officered and managed by men whose prior words and acts left no doubt of their sympathies and desires, and the most conspicuous of whom were soon after in important stations of command in the rebel armies. The resolutions were skillfully devised: though the phraseology was ambiguous, the arrangement and inference led to one inevitable conclusion. The substance and process were: Firstly, that peace should be maintained; secondly, to maintain peace we must preserve neutrality; thirdly, that it is incompatible with neutrality to tax the State "for a cause so hopeless as the military subjugation of the Confederate States"; fourthly, that a truce be called and commissioners appointed to treat for a permanent peace.

At the larger gatherings, where the proceedings were more critically scanned, prudence dictated that they should refrain from definite committal; but at some of the smaller preliminary meetings the full purpose was announced "that the recall of the invading armies, and the recognition of the separate independence of the Confederate States, is the true policy to restore peace and preserve the relations of fraternal love and amity between the States."

While these peace meetings were in course of development, the second branch of the plot was not neglected. In the county of Owen an

* "Danville Quarterly Review," June, 1862.

† "Danville Quarterly Review," June and September, 1862, pp. 245, 381, 385, and 388.

insurrectionary force was being organized by Humphrey Marshall. There was no concealment of his purpose to march upon Frankfort, where the legislature of the State had lately met, and by force of arms to scatter it and break up the session. Senator Garrett Davis of Kentucky related the attendant circumstances in a speech in the United States Senate:

> I reached there to attend a session of the Court of Appeals on the very evening that it was said Humphrey Marshall was to make his incursion into Franklin county, and to storm the capital. Some members, especially secession members of the legislature, and some citizens of the town of Frankfort, and one or two judges of our Court of Appeals, left Frankfort hurriedly in the expectation that it was to be sacked that night by Humphrey Marshall's insurgent hosts. I myself, with other gentlemen, provided ourselves with arms to take part in the defense of the legislature and the capital of the State. We sent to Lexington, where there were encamped three to five hundred Union troops, who had been enlisted in the Union service for the defense of the legislature and the capital of our State, and had them brought down at 3 o'clock in the morning.*

As events progressed, both these branches of the plot signally failed. The peace meetings did not result in a popular uprising; they served only to show the relative weakness of the secession conspiracy. Such manifestations excited the Union majority to greater vigilance and effort, and their preparation and boldness overawed the contemplated insurrectionary outbreak. A decisive turn of affairs had indeed come, but armed conflict was avoided. Instead of the Union legislature being driven from the capital and dispersed, Vice-President Breckinridge, General Buckner, William Preston, and other leaders of the conspiracy soon after hurriedly left Kentucky with their rebellious followers and joined the Confederate army, just beyond the Tennessee border, to take part in the third branch of the plot,—a simultaneous invasion of Kentucky at three different points.

THE CONFEDERATE MILITARY LEAGUE.

It was constantly assumed that secession was a movement of the entire South. The fallacy of this assumption becomes apparent when we remember the time required for the full organization and development of the rebellion. From the 12th of October, when Governor Gist issued his proclamation convening the South Carolina legislature to inaugurate secession, to January 26, when Louisiana passed her secession ordinance, is a period of three and a half months. In this first period, as it may be called, only the six cotton-States reached a positive attitude of insurrection; and they, as is believed, by less than a majority of their citizens. Texas, the seventh, did not finally join them till a week later. During all this time the eight remaining slave States, with certainly as good a claim to be considered the voice of the South, earnestly advised and protested against the precipitate and dangerous step. But secession had its active partisans in them. As in the cotton-States, their several capitals were the natural centers of disunion; and, with few exceptions, their State officials held radical opinions on the slavery question. With the gradual progress of insurrection therefore in the extreme South four of the interior slave States gravitated into secession. Their change was very gradual; perhaps principally because a majority of their people wished to remain in the Union, and it was necessary to wait until by slow degrees the public opinion could be overcome.

The anomalous condition and course of Virginia has already been described—its Union vote in January, the apparently overwhelming Union majority of its convention, its vacillating and contradictory votes during February and March, and its sudden plunge into a secession ordinance and a military league with Jefferson Davis immediately after the Sumter bombardment. The whole development of the change is explained when we remember that Richmond had been one of the chief centers of secession conspiracy since the Frémont and Buchanan campaign of 1856.

In the other interior slave States the secession movement underwent various forms, according to the greater obstacles which its advocates encountered. North Carolina, it will be remembered, gave a discouraging answer to the first proposal, and the earliest demonstrations of the conspiracy elicited no popular response. On the 9th and 10th of January an immature combination of State troops and citizens seized Forts Caswell and Johnston, but the governor immediately ordered their restoration to the Federal authorities. The governor excused the hostile act by alleging the popular apprehension that Federal garrisons were to be placed in them, and earnestly deprecated any show of coercion.† He received a conciliatory response from the War Department (January 15, 1861) that no occupation of them was intended unless they should be threatened.‡

Nevertheless conspiracy continued, and, as usual, under the guise of solicitude for peace; and in a constant clamor for additional guarantees, the revolutionary feeling was augmented little by little. There seems to have

* Garrett Davis, Senate speech, March 13, 1862. "Congressional Globe," p. 1214.

† Ellis to Buchanan, Jan. 12, 1861. War Records.

‡ Holt to Ellis, Jan. 15, 1861. Ibid.

been great fluctuation of public opinion. A convention was ordered by the legislature and subsequently voted down at the polls. Commissioners were sent to the peace convention at Washington, and also to the provisional rebel Congress at Montgomery, with instructions limiting their powers to an effort at mediation. At the same time the North Carolina House passed a unanimous resolution that if reconciliation failed, North Carolina must go with the slave States. Next a military bill was passed to reorganize the militia, and arm ten thousand volunteers.* In reality it seems to have been the same struggle which took place elsewhere; the State officials and radical politicians favoring secession, and the people clinging to the Union, but yielding finally to the arts and intrigues of their leaders. When Sumter was bombarded and President Lincoln called for troops, the governor threw his whole influence and authority into the insurrectionary movement. He sent an insulting refusal to Washington,† and the next day ordered his State troops to seize Forts Caswell and Johnston. A week later (April 22) he seized the Fayetteville arsenal, containing 37,000 stands of arms, 3000 kegs of powder, and an immense supply of shells and shot. We may also infer that he was in secret league with the Montgomery rebellion; for the rebel Secretary of War at once made a requisition upon him, and he placed his whole military preparation at the service of Jefferson Davis, sending troops and arms to Richmond and elsewhere. It was a bold usurpation of executive power. Neither legislature nor convention had ordered rebellion; but from that time on the State was arrayed in active hostility to the Union. It was not till the 1st of May that the legislature for the second time ordered a convention, which met and passed an ordinance of secession on the 20th of that month, also formally accepting the Confederate States Constitution.

In the State of Arkansas the approaches to secession were even slower and more difficult than in North Carolina. There seems to have been little disposition at first, among her own people or leaders, to embark in the disastrous undertaking. The movement appears to have been begun when, on December 20, 1860, a commissioner came from Alabama, and by an address to the legislature invited Arkansas to unite in the movement for separation. No direct success followed the request, and the deceitful expedient of a convention to ascertain the will of the people was resorted to. All parties joined in this measure; the fire-eaters to promote secession, the Unionists to thwart it. An election for or against a convention took place February 18, 1861, resulting in 27,412 votes for and 15,826 votes against it; though as compared with the presidential election it was estimated that at least 10,815 voters did not go to the polls. At a later election for delegates the returns indicated a Union vote of 23,626 against a secession vote of 17,927. When the convention was organized, March 4, 1861, the delegates are reported to have chosen Union officers by a majority of six;‡ many of the delegates must have already betrayed their constituents by a change of front. Revolutionary tricks had been employed, the United States arsenal at Little Rock had been seized (February 8), and the ordnance stores at Napoleon (February 12), while no doubt the insurrectionary influences from the neighboring cotton-States were indefinitely multiplied. With all this the progress of the conspirators was not rapid. A conditional secession ordinance was voted down by the convention, 39 to 35. This ought to have effectually killed the movement; but it shows the greater aggressiveness and persistence of the secession leaders, that, instead of yielding to their defeat, they kept alive their scheme, by the insidious proposal to take a new popular vote on the question in the following August. Meanwhile there were a continual loss of Union sentiment and growth of secession excitement; and, as in other States, when the Sumter catastrophe occurred, the governor and his satellites placed the State in an attitude of insurrection by the refusal to comply with Lincoln's call for troops, and by hostile military organization. Thereafter disunion had a free course. The convention was hastily called together April 20, and, meeting on the 6th of May, immediately passed the customary ordinance of secession.

In no other State did secession resort to such methods of usurpation as in Tennessee. The secession faction of the State was insignificant in numbers, but its audacity was perhaps not equaled in any other locality; and it may almost be said that Governor Harris carried the State into rebellion single handed. The whole range of his plottings cannot, of course, be known. He called a session of the legislature January 7, 1861, and sent them a highly inflammatory message. A convention bill was passed and approved January 19, 1861, which submitted the question of "convention" or "no convention," and which also provided that any ordinance of disunion should be ratified by popular vote before taking effect. At the election held on February 9 there appeared on the vote for delegates a Union majority of 64,114, and

* "Annual Cyclopedia," 1861, p. 538.
† Ellis to Cameron, April 15, 1861. War Records.
‡ "Annual Cyclopedia," 1861, p. 22.

against holding the convention a majority of 11,875. This overwhelming popular decision for a time silenced the conspirators. The fall of Fort Sumter and Lincoln's call for troops afforded the governor a new pretext to continue his efforts. He sent the President a defiant refusal, and responded to a requisition from Montgomery for troops, being no doubt in secret league with the rebellion. In the revolutionary excitement which immediately followed, the governor's official authority, and the industrious local conspiracy of which he was the head, carried all before them. Since it was evident that he could not obtain a convention to do his bidding, he resolved to employ the legislature, which he once more called together. In secret sessions he was able to manipulate it at his will. On the 1st of May the legislature passed a joint resolution directing the governor to appoint commissioners "to enter into a military league with the authorities of the Confederate States," placing the whole force of the State at the control of Jefferson Davis, and on the 7th of the month a formal military league or treaty to this effect was signed.* Even after this the governor had difficult work. Eastern Tennessee was pervaded by so strong a Union sentiment that it continued to labor and protest against being dragged into rebellion contrary to its will, but the opposition was of little direct avail. Military organization had its grasp on the whole State, and citizens not in arms had no choice but to submit to the orders issued from Montgomery and Nashville.

It will be seen from this recital that the secession movement divides itself into two distinct periods. The first group, the cotton-States, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, took action mainly between the 12th of October, 1860, and February 4, 1861, a period of a little more than three and a half months. The second group, the interior slave States, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, was occupied by the struggle about three months longer, or a total of six months after Lincoln's election. So also these two periods exhibited separate characteristics in their formative processes. The first group, being more thoroughly permeated by the spirit of revolt, and acting with greater vigor and promptness, shows us the semblance at least of voluntary confederation, through its Provisional Congress at Montgomery. On the other hand, the action of the four interior slave States was, in each case, with more or less distinctness at first, merely that of joining the original nucleus in a military league, in which the excitement of military preparation and allurement of military glory, not the consideration of political expediency, turned the scale.

There remained still the third group, consisting of the border slave States of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. The efforts of the conspirators to involve Maryland in secession have already been detailed, as well as the persistence they employed to gain control of Kentucky and Missouri. In these three States, however, the attempt failed because of the direct and indirect military support which the Government was able to give immediately to the Union sentiment and organizations. Had it been possible to extend the same encouragement and help to Arkansas and Tennessee, they also might have been saved. This becomes more apparent when we remember how quickly half of Virginia was reclaimed and held steadfastly loyal during the war. The remaining slave State, Delaware, was so slightly tainted with treason that her attitude can scarcely be said to have been in doubt; moreover, her geographical position threw her destiny inseparably with the free States.

The adhesion which we have described of the four interior slave States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas to the Confederate States at once wholly changed the scope and resources of the rebellion. It extended its territorial area nearly one-third, and almost doubled its population and resources. It could now claim to be a compact nation of eleven States, with a territory more than double the size of any European nation except Russia, and with a population of five and a half millions of whites and three and a half millions of blacks. It had a long sea-coast, several fine harbors, and many navigable rivers. It contained a great variety of lands, important diversities of climate, and a wide range of agricultural products. Its country was as yet sparsely inhabited, and was known to include very considerable mineral wealth, while its manufacturing capabilities were almost wholly untouched. The exultation and enthusiastic prophecies of the rebel chiefs at the successful beginning of their daring project were perhaps not unnatural when we reflect that their mischievous design and reprehensible cause had secured the support of such fair and substantial elements of national greatness and power.

* "Rebellion Record."

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

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XX.

LINCOLN AND BOB.

EAST by the "City Hotel" in Moscow stood a beech-tree, as we have said, and under this tree were two or three benches. This umbrageous spot was the cool and favorite loafing-place of the villagers, the trysting-place for making bargains or meeting friends. The ground was beaten by many feet to the hardness of a floor, and the village boys delighted to play marbles in this convenient spot. Their cries of "rounses," "taw," "dubs," "back licks," and "vent" might often be heard there before and after school hours. On one of these benches under the beech-tree Bob McCord had an interview with Tom Grayson's lawyer, according to appointment, on the day of Lincoln's return from court at Perrysburg.

"What 's this about lynching Tom?" Lincoln inquired. "A lot of fellows rode into Perrysburg looking for him last Thursday night."

"Yes," said Bob, with a hearty chuckle; "I put 'em onto that air track myself. They wuz comin' down h-yer, but I made 'em think 't Tom wuz moved to Perrysburg."

"Are they going to try it again?" asked Lincoln.

"Not right off; they 're sort-uh discairaged like. A few uv 'em wuz cocked un primed to come a Sunday night,— sech uv 'em as had n't gin it up arter ridin' over to Perrysburg,—but we fooled 'em ag'in. Pete Markham, the depitty sher'f, jes sidled over to camp-meetin' un let on 't he wuz a-lookin' fer somebody what knowed sumpin about a young feller weth red whiskers un one eye a leetle crossed-like. Magill, the clerk, went over to camp-meetin' un down onto the Run, un gin it out on the sly like zif he could n' keep it in, that they 'd diskivered the tracks uv a young feller from another k-younty weth red whiskers, un so on, that had done the shootin'. The story run like a perrary fire in a high wind un sort-uh mixed 'em up in the'r minds, like. I 've got it fixed so as they can't come down unbeknownst to me; un ef wust *comes* to wust, w'y, I 've got my eye sot onto a crowbar."

"A crowbar? What could you do with a crowbar, Bob?" asked Lincoln, with a puzzled contraction of the brows. "You would n't try to whale the whole crowd with it, would you?"

"W'y, Abe, I 'low, ef a rale tight pinch comes, to try a tussle weth that air jail. I don't know 's I could prize out one uv them air iron grates, but ef 't wuz to *come* to that, I 'd try to git Tom out uv harm's way. You say the word un I 'll find some way to let 'im out anyhow."

"No, no; don't do that. If he runs away he 'll be caught, and then he 'll be sure to be lynched, or hanged. Let me try the law first, and then it 'll be time enough to use crowbars afterward if I fail. Do you know Dave Sovine?"

"When I see 'im. He 's an ornery kind uv a cuss. I don't know 's he rickollecks me."

"So much the better if he does n't. You must get him to tell you all about the shooting—his story of it. Get him to tell more than was brought out at the inquest. Make him explain it, and find out if he 's going to clear out before the trial."

"I heern tell 't he won't talk," said Bob. "The prosecutin' attorney 's shut 'im up tight 'z bees-wax, they say."

Lincoln mused awhile. "If the prosecuting attorney has shut him up, you must open him. Contrive some way to get his story and find out what he means to do."

But it was not easy to encounter Dave in these days. Since he had acquired notoriety, as the only witness of the murder, he had been seized with an unprecedented diffidence, and kept himself out of public gaze. The boys about the village conjectured that he was "laying low for big game." Bob, however, had no objection to waiting for Sovine's coming. He liked this lurking for prey as a cat likes the watching at a mouse-hole. Besides, loafing of any sort suited Big Bob's genius. He could sit astride a barrel on the shady side of a grocery for hours with no sense of exhaustion. More than one day McCord had passed in

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this way, when at last Dave Sovine came in sight, walking rather hurriedly and circumspectly toward the center of the village. Bob was in the middle of a hunting yarn which he was lazily telling to another loafer on the next barrel as he whittled a bit of hickory stripped from one of the hoops in front of him. Without betraying any excitement, he astonished his companion by bringing the story to an abrupt conclusion. Then dismounting from his barrel he sauntered across the street in such a way as to encounter Dave and to fall in with the direction in which the latter was going.

"Hot day!" Bob said, as he intersected Dave's course at an acute angle.

"Yes," answered the other.

"How 's the corn crap out your way?"

"Dunno," said Dave.

"Goin' to be in town long?" Bob persisted.

To this Dave made no response. He only turned off abruptly at the street-corner and left Bob behind.

"A feller might as well try to git sugar-water by tappin' a dead sycamore as to git anything out uv him," Bob said to himself, as he turned and took the road toward Hubbard Township.

As he walks homeward over the level prairie, which westwardly has no visible limit, Bob can only think of one way to persuade Sovine to talk, and that way is out of the reach of a man so impecunious as he. It is in vain that you thrust your great fists down into the pockets of your butternut trousers, Bob. You know before you grope in them that there is no money there. You have felt of them frequently to-day and found them empty; that is why you are going home thirsty. Money will not be persuaded to remain in those pockets. Nevertheless, all the way home Bob mechanically repeats the search and wonders how he will get money to carry out his plan. He might go to Lincoln, but he has an instinctive feeling that Lincoln is what he calls "high-toned," and that the lawyer might see an impropriety in his new plan. By the time he passes into his own cabin he knows that there is no other way but to get the money from Mrs. Grayson. No easy task, Bob reflects. Mrs. Grayson has never shown any readiness to trust Bob McCord's business skill.

But the next morning he takes the path to the Grayson house, walking more and more slowly as he approaches it, with head dropped forward and fists rammed hard into his pockets, while he whistles doubtfully and intermittently. Now and then he pauses and looks off scrutinizingly. These are the ordinary physical signs of mental effort in this man. In seeking a solution of any difficulty he follows his habits. He searches his pockets, he looks for tracks on the ground, he scans the woods.

He approaches the back of the Grayson house and is relieved to see Barbara alone in the kitchen, spinning.

"You see, Barb'ry," he said, as he half ducked his head in entering the door,—"you see, I 'm in a fix."

"Won't you take a chair, Mr. McCord?" said Barbara, as she wound the yarn she had been spinning on the spindle and then stopped the wheel.

"No, I 'm 'bleeged to yeh, I won't sed down," he replied, holding himself awkwardly as with a sense that indoors was not a proper or congenial place for him.

"Abe Lincoln sot me a sum un I can't noways git the answer. He wanted me to git out uh that Dave Sovine a full account uh the lie he 's a-goin' to tell agin Tommy. Bur I can't git at it noways. The feller won't talk to me. I 've thought uv ketchin' 'im by himself un lickin' 'im till 'e 'd let it out, but I 'm afeerd Abe 'u'd think ut that 'u'd flush his game afore he wuz ready to shoot. They ain't on'y jest one other way, un that 's to gamble weth Dave un coax his secret that away. But you see I 'm so oncommonly pore this year 't I could n't gamble at a cent a game 'thout he 'd trust me, un he would n't do that, I 'low."

After cross-questioning Bob a little, Barbara went into the sitting-room to her mother and Bob went to the outer door to breathe the open air while he waited. Barbara's mother positively refused to let go of a dollar of her money.

"D' you think, Barb'ry, 't I 'd let a shif'less kind uv a man like Big Bob have my money to gamble it away to that Sovine? No, I won't, and that 's all there is about it. Dave got a lot uv my money a-gamblin' with Tommy, an' he don't git no more uv it, that 's as shore as my name 's Marthy Grayson. They don't no good come uv gamblin' noways, an' I can't bear that Dave Sovine should git some more uv our money, an' him a-tryin' to take Tommy's life."

Barbara stood still a minute to give her mother's indignation time to spend itself. Then she said:

"Well, poor Tom 'll have to die, I suppose, if you can't bring yourself to give Bob something to help Abraham to save him."

Mrs. Grayson stood for several seconds in self-conflict. Then she replied, "Well, Barb'ry, you always will have your way." Saying this she turned irresolutely toward her money-drawer. "I s'pose I 'd jest as well give up first as last. How much does Bob want?"

"Ten dollars 'll be enough, he thinks."

"Ten dollars! Does he think I 'm made out of money? Now, looky here, Barb'ry; I 'm not a-goin' to give him no sech amount.

Here 's five, an' you tell him I won't spare another red cent."

Barbara took the silver pieces and went out to Bob.

Possessed of funds, Bob again set out to meet Dave. This time he could not wait for Dave to come to town, but boldly sallied out along the road past the house of Sovine's father. How could he wait? His pockets and his fingers were burned by the possession of so much hard cash. He felt obliged to take it out and count it once or twice, and to make an inspection of his pockets, which had a treacherous way of coming into holes under the strain of the big, muscular hands, so often rammed into their depths for purposes of meditation.

After walking past the Sovine house once or twice without encountering Dave, he sat down by a prairie brook, the gentle current of which slipped noiselessly along, dragging its margins softly against the grass, whose seed-laden heads at this season of the year hung over into the water, the matted blades lying prone upon the unbroken surface: — their tips all curved in one way mark the direction of the stream. Bob reclined on the low bank, where he was concealed from the road by a little yellow-twigged water-willow, the only thing within a mile or two that could be called a tree.

After a while Dave Sovine, sauntering, ruminating tobacco, and looking warily about, as was his way, came slowly along the road. When he caught sight of Bob he started, and paused irresolutely as though about to retreat. But seeing that Bob was looking at him, he recovered himself and came toward the reclining figure. Truth to tell, Dave was lonesome in retirement, and the sight of Bob had awakened a desire to talk.

"Have you seed a man go a-past h-yer weth a bag of wheat on his hoss?" queried Bob. "I 'm a-waitin' h-yer to buy a half-bushel uv seed wheat fer fall sowin', f'om a feller what 's a-comin' in f'om t' other eend uv the k-younty."

The story was impromptu, and Bob had no time to fill in details. Dave looked at him suspiciously, and only replied by shaking his head. By way of confirming his theory of the reason for his waiting, Bob idly jingled the silver coins in his pocket as he talked about the craps and the relative advantage of living in the timber, where you can raise winter wheat, or on the perrary. The sound of tinkling silver caught Dave's ear, as it was meant to.

"Play a game of seven-up?" said Dave, languidly.

"You 're too good a hand fer me," answered Bob, with affected wariness.

"Oh! we 'll only try small stakes. Luck 's ag'inst me here lately"; and he pulled out a well-worn pack of cards without waiting for Bob to reply.

"No; ef I play, I want to play weth my k-yards," said Bob, who had a lurking hope of winning, notwithstanding Dave's reputation.

"I don't mind where the cards come from," said Dave, as he took Bob's pack, which was in a worse state than his own. Then, with habitual secretiveness, he said, "Let 's go into the corn-field."

They crossed the road and climbed into the corn-field, seating themselves on the edge of the unplowed grassy balk between the corn and the fence. Here they were hidden and shaded by the broad-leaved horse and trumpet weeds in the fence-row. As was to be expected, Bob won rather oftener than he lost at first. After a while the luck turned, and Bob stopped playing.

"You 'd better go on," said Dave.

"I d' know," answered Bob; "I 'm about as well off now as I wuz in the beginnin'. I 'low I 'd better hold up."

"Aw, no; let 's go on. You might make sumpin."

"Well," said Bob, running the ends of the cards through his fingers, "ef you 'll tell me jest how that air shootin' tuck place, I will."

"I don' keer to talk about that," said Dave, with a nonchalant air, that hardly concealed his annoyance. "The prosecuting attorney thought I 'd better not."

"I wuz n't at the eenques'," Bob pleaded, "un they 's so many stories a-goin' that I want to h-yer it f'om you."

"Oh, I know *you*," said Dave. "You think I have n't got my eye-teeth cut yet. You 've been a-layin' for me and I know what you are here fer. Do you think I don't see through your winter wheat? I know you 're on Tom's side."

"Well, in course I am," said Bob, roused to audacity by his failure to deceive. "But it mout be jest as well fer you to tell me. Un maybe a leetle better. It mout be the very k-yard fer you to throw at this p'int in the game." And Bob's face assumed a mysterious and suggestive look as he laid his cards on the grass and leaned forward regarding Dave.

"Well," said Dave, in a husky half-whisper, letting his eyes fall from Bob's, "I 'll tell you what: I don't really keer to have Tom hung, un I 've been feelin' bad un wishin' I could git out uv it. Ef I had anuff money to go to New Orleans like a gentleman, I 'd just light out some night, and give Tom a chance for his life."

"Maybe you mout git the money," said

McCord, picking up his cards. "But your story would n' hang him nohow, I 'low." Here Bob laid down half a dollar for a new game, and Dave covered it.

"Of course, if I stay he 's *got* to swing," said Dave; and by way of proving this to Bob, he told his story of the shooting with some particularity, while he proceeded to win one half-dollar after another almost without interruption. "Now," he said, when he had told the story and answered Bob's questions, "you can see that 's purty tolerable bad. I sh'd think they 'd ruther I 'd clear out. An' if somebody 'd give you a hundred dollars an' you 'd let me play three or four games of poker with you some fine day I 'd make tracks, an' the prosecuting attorney 'd have to get along without me."

By this time all of the five dollars that Barbara had furnished, except the last twenty-five-cent piece, had passed from Bob's reluctant hands to Dave Sovine's greedy pockets. This one quarter of a dollar Bob had prudently placed in the great pocket of his hunting-shirt, that he might have something to fill his stone jug with. For though he was devoted to the Graysons' side of the controversy, Bob McCord could hardly be called a disinterested philanthropist; and he held that even in serving one's friends one must not forget to provide the necessaries of life.

"You 're awful good on a game," said Bob, with a rueful face. "You 've cleaned me out, by hokey; I 'll see ef I can't git you that hunderd dollars, so 's you kin win it. But it 'll take time fer the Widder Grayson to raise it, I 'low."

"Oh! they ain't no *partik'lar* hurry," said Dave, cheerfully counting over his winnings and stowing the silver about in his pockets as a ship-master might distribute his ballast. "Only if I don't get the money I 'll have to stay h-yer an' go to court, I guess." And Dave hitched up his trousers and walked off with the air of a man who has a master-stroke of business in view.

Lincoln came to town the next week and Bob told him the story, while Lincoln made careful notes of Dave's account of the shooting.

"He says ef Widder Grayson 'll let me have a hunderd dollars, un I 'll let him play draw poker fer it, he 'll light out fer parts onknown."

"Oh! he wants pay, does he?" And the young lawyer sat and thought awhile. Then he turned full on Bob and said:

"Could I depend on you to be in court at the trial without fail, and without my sending a subpœna?"

"Oh, I 'll be there un nowheres else," said Bob. "You need n't soopeeny me. I 'll come 'thout callin', foller 'thout tollin', un stan' 'thout hitchin'."

"Now if Dave Sovine comes after you for that hundred dollars, you 'd better put him off, as easy as you can. If we should buy him off we would n't want to give the prosecution time to fetch him back."

Bob thought he saw a twinkle in Lincoln's eye as he said this; a something in his expression that indicated more than he said. But though he looked at the lawyer curiously, he got no further light. That evening, as Bob passed the Grayson farm-house, he told the anxious Barbara something about it, and added: "Abe Lincoln 's powerful deep. He 's got sumpin ur nuther in 'is head 't I can't noways see into. I don't half believe 't 'e means to buy up that low-lived scoundrel arter all. He acts like a man that 's got a deadfall all sot, un is a-tryin' to honey-fugle the varmint to git 'im to come underneath."

And Barbara took what comfort she could out of this assurance.

XXI.

HIRAM AND BARBARA.

To Barbara, indeed, the unrelieved apprehension and suspense of those long, hot, August days were almost intolerable. The frequent excursions to the Moscow jail, to carry some tidbits of home cookery, or some article for Tom's personal comfort, afforded a practical outlet to feeling and a relief from the monotony of passive suffering, but these journeys also brought sharp trials of their own to Barbara's courage and self-control. She might not betray to Tom or to her mother how much she suffered; it was for her to support both the one and the other.

Doubtless it would have been a relief could she have told Hiram Mason all the dreadful apprehensions that haunted her during the long, sleepless nights. But from the hour of Mason's entering the house he had avoided confidential relations with Barbara. Before and after school Hiram attended to all those small cares that about a farm-house usually fall to the lot of a man. Gentle and considerate to Mrs. Grayson and Barbara, he preserved toward the latter a careful reserve. He could not resume the subject discussed the evening they had peeled apples by the loom; it seemed out of the question that he should talk to Barbara of such things while her mind was engrossed with the curse of Cain impending upon her brother. He might have sought to renew the matter under cover of giving her a closer sympathy and a more cordial support in her sorrows, but he saw in her demureness only the same sensitive pride that had shrunk from his first advances; and he knew that this pride had been wounded

to the quick by the family disgrace. Moreover, to urge his claims as a lover at such a time would cover all his services to the family with a verdigris of self-interest; and he thought that such advances would add to Barbara's distress. In making them he would be taking an unfair advantage of the obligations she might feel herself under to him, and the more he thought of it the more he abhorred to put himself in such an attitude. So he daily strengthened his resolution to be nothing but Mrs. Grayson's next friend while he remained under her roof, and to postpone all the rest until this ordeal should be past.

In many ways he was able to be helpful to the two troubled women. He stood between them and the prying curiosity of strangers, answering all questions about the family, about Tom, and about the case. He was their messenger on many occasions, and he went with them every Saturday or Sunday to Moscow. But at other times Barbara saw little of him except at the table, and he avoided all conspicuous attentions to her. Even Mely McCord, though often at the house, could find no subject for chaff in the relations of the two. When the matter was under discussion among the young gossips at the Timber Creek schoolhouse, Mely declared that she "did n' 'low they wuz anything in the talk about the master un Barbary,— he did n' pay Barbary no 'tention 't all, now 't 'e 'd got every chance." If Mason had been a person of less habitual self-repression he would not have been able to house his feelings so securely; but this man came of an austere stock; self-control was with him not merely habitual, it was hereditary.

Hiram had besides a battle of his own to fight. The Monday morning after the killing of Lockwood, as he went to the school-house, he was met in the road by Lysander Butts, next neighbor to the Graysons — a square-built man with a cannon-ball head. Butts was from the hill country of New Jersey, a man of narrow prejudices and great obstinacy.

"Looky here, Mr. Mason," he said, "d' you think now that a schoolmaster ought to take up for a rascal like Tom Grayson, that 's a gambler, and I don' know what, and that 's killed another fellow, like a sneak, in the dark?"

"I have n't taken up for Tom any more than to want him to have fair play," said Mason. "But I thought that the poor old lady needed somebody to be her friend, and so I went there, and am going to do what I can for her."

"Well, I know the Graysons mighty well, first and last, this many a ye'r, and they 're all cut off of the same piece; and none of 'em is to be overly trusted, now you mind that."

"You have a right to your opinion," said Hiram; "but I am Mrs. Grayson's friend, and that is my lookout."

"Mrs. Grayson's friend?" said Butts, with a sneer. "Mrs. Grayson, ainh? As if you could make me believe it was the mother you 're defending. It 's Barbary you 're after."

Mason colored as though accused of a crime. Then, recovering himself, he said: "It 's very impudent of you to be meddling, Mr. Butts. So long as I behave myself it 's none of your business." And he went on toward the school.

"None of my business, ainh? You 'll find out whose business it is mighty shortly," Butts called after Hiram.

The quarrel between the Buttses and the Graysons dated back to their first settlement in Illinois. Butts had regularly cut wild hay on the low-lying meadow between the two farms. Fond of getting something for nothing, he gave out among his neighbors that this forty acres was his own, but he put off entering it at the Land Office. When Tom Grayson's father entered his farm he found this piece blank and paid for it. From that time Butts had been his enemy, for there was no adjunct to a farm in the timber so highly prized as a bit of meadow. When once near neighbors in the country have quarreled their proximity is usually a guarantee that they will never be reconciled; — there are so many occasions of offense between people who must always be eating off the same plate. It was universally known that "the Buttses and the Graysons could n't hitch." Where two of their fields joined without an intervening road they had not been able even to build a line fence together; but each man laid up a rail fence on the very edge of his own land, and the salient angles of the two hostile fences stood so near together that a half-grown pig could not have passed between. This is what is called, in the phrase of the country, a "devil's lane," because it is a monument of bad neighborhood.

When Mason reached the school-house that morning Angeline Butts had her books and those of her younger brother and two younger sisters gathered in a heap, and the rest of the scholars were standing about her, while she did her best to propagate the family antagonism to the master. The jealousy of Lysander Butts's family had been much inflamed by Barbara's swift success in study. Angeline had never been able to get beyond the simple rules of arithmetic; her feeble bark had quite gone ashore on the sandy reaches of long division. The Buttses were therefore not pleased to have Barbara arrive at the great goal of the Rule of Three, and even become the marvel of the neighborhood by

passing into the mysterious realm of algebraic symbols. For Angeline's part she "could n't see no kind-uv good, noways you could fix it, in cipherin' with such saw-bucks." Figgers was good enough for common folks, she said, and all this gimcrack work with x's and y's was only just a trick to ketch the master. For her part she would n' fool away time settin' her cap for such as him, not if he was the only man in the world.

When Tom was arrested for murder, the Buttses felt that their day had come. Folks would find out what sort of people the Graysons were now; and what would become of all Barbary's fine match with the master? Hey? But when, on the very day after the shooting, Angeline came home bursting with indignation, that the master 'd gone and took up his board and lodging at the Graysons', and had put John Buchanan into his place for a day and gone off down to the jail with the Graysons, their exasperation knew no bounds. Butts rose to the occasion, and resolved to take his children out of the school. It is the inalienable right of the free-born American citizen to relieve his indignation by taking his children from school, and by stopping his newspaper. No man that countenanced murder could teach Butts's children.

When Mason entered the school-room after his encounter with the father he was not surprised to find the whole battalion of Butts infantry drawn up in martial array, while Angeline held forth to the assembled pupils on the subject of the master's guilt in countenancing Tom Grayson, and the general meanness of the whole Grayson "click," living and dead. When the auditors saw Hiram come in they fell away to their seats; but Angeline, pleased to show her defiance of the master, who could no longer punish her, stood bolt upright with her bonnet on until the school had been called to order. The younger Buttses sat down from habitual respect for authority, and the brother pulled off his hat; but Angeline jammed it on his head again, and pulled him to his feet. She might have left before the school began; but she preferred to have a row, if possible. So when the school had grown quiet, she boldly advanced to the space in front of the master's desk, with the younger and more timid Buttses slinking behind her.

"Mr. Mason, father 's goin' to take me out of school," she said.

"So he told me."

"He wants us to come right straight home this morning."

"Well, you know the road, don't you?" said Hiram, smiling. "If he 's in a hurry for you, I should have thought you might have been there by this time."

This reply set the school into an audible smile. Angeline grew red in the face, but the master was standing in silence waiting for her to get out, and the scholars were laughing at her. There was nothing more to be said, and nothing for it but to be gone or burst. In her irritation she seized her youngest sister, who was shamefacedly sneaking into Angeline's skirts, and gave her a sharp jerk, which only gave a fresh impulse to the titter of the scholars, and Angeline and her followers were forced to scuffle out of the door in confusion.

Lysander Butts was not a man to give over a struggle. Conflict was his recreation, and he thought he could "spite the master" not only by refusing payment for the tuition his children had already received, but by getting the Timber Creek district to shut Mason out of their school-house. There were those in the district who resented Mason's friendship for the Graysons, but they were not ready to go so far as Butts proposed. And in asking Buchanan to teach school for him a single day Mason had unwittingly made friends against the time of trouble; for the old schoolmaster now took the young man's part, and brought over to his side the three Scotch families in the district, who always acted in unison, as a sort of clan. Butts was at a serious disadvantage in that he lived beyond the limits of the Timber Creek district. "What does he want to come a-maiddlin' wi' us fer?" Buchanan demanded of the Timber Creekers. "Let 'im attaind to the beesness of his own deestrict, and not go to runnin' his wee crookit daivils' lanes doun here." Such arguments, with the help of Mason's good nature, his popularity with the pupils, and his inflexible determination to keep his own gait, caused the opposition to weaken and die out gradually without doing serious damage to the school.

To this favorable issue the friendly influence of the Albaugh family, who were outside of the district on the other side from Butts, contributed something. With Rachel Albaugh Mason became better acquainted through her interest in Tom's fate. She sought a conversation with the master almost every day to gain information about the case. The placidity of her face was not ruffled by solicitude, the glory of her eyes was not dimmed by tears. But interest in Tom's fate there surely was. It did not greatly matter to her whether Tom had committed the deed or not: in any case he was a bold and daring fellow who had lifted himself out of the commonplace, and who was proportionately interesting to Rachel's imagination.

But the people generally did not see things through the eyes of a romantic young woman. They were for the most part dead against Tom,

and the adverse tide set more and more strongly against him when the long August days had worn themselves away and September with its bursts of storm had come in. If Tom had shot Lockwood in a street affray there would have been a disposition to condone the offense, seeing there was "a girl in the case," a circumstance that goes for much in the minds of pioneer people; for girls and horses are two things accounted well worth fighting for in a new country. Some philosophers explain this by saying that both the one and the other are means of ascent in the scale of civilization. But the fact is, that new-country people set much more store by their horses and their sweethearts than they do by civilization, for which, in the abstract, they care but little. They also esteem courage very highly. But to shoot a man in the dark as Lockwood had been shot was cowardly, and cowardice was in itself almost ground enough for hanging a man.

This increased momentum in the popular feeling against Tom could not escape the knowledge of Mason, to whom people talked with some freedom, but he managed to conceal it from Barbara and Mrs. Grayson. His own situation indeed was becoming more and more difficult. He foresaw that the maintenance of his present attitude toward Barbara might soon become impossible. To be always near to her, and yet to keep himself so aloof, was more than even his nature would bear. Above all, to see her consumed by sorrow and to be afraid to speak the tenderest word of sympathy was torment. The very aspect of her suffering face set his nerves in a tremor; it became difficult for him to say good-morning to her with composure. There is the uncontrollable in all of us; and self-contained as Hiram was, he came upon the uncontrollable in himself at last.

He had reached the closing days of his school term, though it yet lacked a fortnight of the September "court week" at Moscow. It was his purpose to remain and see the Graysons through their trouble: what would become of his own trouble, when Tom's fate should have been settled one way or the other, he could not foretell. And he was, moreover, filled with the worst forebodings in regard to the issue of the trial. He came home from school a little earlier than usual on the last day but one of his school session, and fearing to trust himself too much in Barbara's presence, he had gone past the house directly to the barn, to do those night and morning things which are classed as "chores," or "choores," according to the accent of the region in which you chance to hear the word. On entering the barn he was surprised to find Barbara sitting on the "draw-horse" or shaving-bench. She had fled to the threshing-floor, with the belief that she was seeking for eggs, but really to find relief in tears that she could not shed in the house without opening the great deep of her mother's sorrows. She had remained longer than she intended, weeping heartily, with no witness but the chattering swallows in the rafters above, and old Blaze-face, who looked placidly at her from behind the bars of his hay-rack.

The sight of Barbara alone in the dusky light of the threshing-floor awakened in Hiram an inexpressible longing to tell her of all there was in his heart; the vision of Barbara in tears was too much for his resolution. He went forward and sat down by her; he involuntarily put his right arm about her shoulders, and drew her to him in a gentle embrace; he took her handkerchief in his left hand and wiped the tears from her cheeks and said softly:

"Dear Barbara, now don't cry any more; I 'm so sorry for you."

Barbara sat still; whether displeased or not Hiram could not tell, for she did not say a word. She neither accepted nor refused his embrace. Hiram felt a powerful impulse to say more, but he suddenly remembered that Barbara's grief had no relation to him, and it seemed hateful that he should intrude his own feelings and hopes upon her in her all-engrossing sorrow, and he feared to offend again a pride so sensitive as he knew hers to be. But he allowed himself once more to draw the silent Barbara toward him with a gentle pressure; then, with a resolute effort at self-control, he climbed into the mow to pitch down some hay for old Blaze. This duty he performed as quickly as possible, blindly intent on returning to Barbara once more. But when he came down again Barbara had gone, and he sat down on the draw-horse where she had been, and remained there long, all alone but for the swallows flitting in and out through the openings between the lower ends of the rafters, and gossiping from one mud-built nest to another. In this time he asked himself questions about his conduct in the difficult days yet to come, and tried to reproach himself for the partial surrender he had made to his feelings; though now he had given so much expression to his affection, he could not for the life of him repent of it.

If he had known how much strength this little outbreak of sympathy on his part had given to Barbara, his conscience would have been quite at ease. Even Mrs. Grayson was sustained by the girl's accession of courage. In the darkest days that followed, Barbara liked to recall Hiram's voice soothing

her, and begging her not to weep; and with blushes she remembered the pressure of his gentle embrace about her shoulders. This memory was a check to the bitterness of her grief. But Hiram had lost confidence in himself. There were yet two more weeks to be passed, and unless he should desert Barbara in her trouble, he would have to spend these weeks in unceasing conflict.

The next day was the last of the school-term, and according to immemorial usage, the last Friday afternoon of a school-term was spent in a grand spelling-match, in which others than the regular pupils of the school were free to engage. It was while this orthographical scrimmage was going on that the county clerk, Magill, sprucely dressed, and ruddy-faced as ever, rode up to the school-house. He spent many of his days in riding about the county, palavering the farmers and flattering their wives and daughters, and, by his genial Irish manners, making friends against the time of need. Who could tell whether it might not also be worth while to make friends with the grown-up and growing-up pupils of the Timber Creek school; there would be elections after these boys came to vote. Besides, he remembered that Rachel Albaugh was one of Mason's post-graduate scholars, and it was not in such a connoisseur of fine women to miss an opportunity of seeing the finest in the county. So he went in and sat for an hour on the hard bench with his back against the stone jamb of the great empty fire-place, and smilingly listened to the scholars wrestling with the supreme difficulties of Webster's Elementary; such, for example, as "incomprehensibility," and other "words of eight syllables accented on the sixth." By the time the spelling-match was over and the school was ready to be dismissed he had evolved a new plan relating to his own affairs. In making friends and electioneering no one could excel Magill; but for attending to the proper work of his office he had neither liking nor aptitude, and the youth he kept there, though good enough at building fires and collecting fees, was not competent to transcribe a document. The records were behind, and he needed some one to write them up. He was too prudent to take into the office any man who in after years could use the experience that might be gained and the knowledge of his own dilatory habits that might be acquired there to supplant him. It occurred to him now that it would be a good stroke to engage Mason, who was not likely ever to be a resident of the county, and who could therefore never become a rival.

While these thoughts were in Magill's mind, Hiram was indulging in a few words of that sort of sentiment to which schoolmasters are prone when the parting time comes. When the children were dismissed they formed themselves into two rows on the outside of the school-house door, according to an antique and, no doubt, Old-World custom still lingering in some rural places at that time. When the master made his exit the boys were on his right and the girls were on his left,—perhaps because of Eve's imprudence in the garden of Eden. Between the two rows Hiram marched slowly, with a quizzical look on his face, as the boys, to the best of their knowledge and ability, bowed to him, and the girls, with an attempt at simultaneousness, dropped "curcheys" of respect. Magill stood in the door and smiled to see some of the boys bend themselves to stiff right angles on their middle hinges, while others grinned foolishly and bobbed their heads forward or sidewise, according to the string they chanced to pull. The performances of the other row were equally various; some of the girls bent their knees and recovered themselves all in one little jerk, while others dropped so low as to "make tubs" of their dress-skirts. When these last honors had been paid, the scholars broke ranks and started for their homes.

As Magill put one foot into the stirrup he said: "Mason, how would yeh like to come down to Moscow an' help me write up me books? I 'm a good dale behoind; an' ef you like to come for a wake or two an' help me to ketch up, I 'll give yeh four bits a day an' yer board at the tavern."

Hiram's finances were so straitened that this offer of fifty cents a day was very welcome to him. How could he serve the Graysons better than to be where he could see Tom every day, and look after his interest in any contingency that might arise? This and the recollection of his embarrassing situation in the Grayson household quickly decided him; and as the condition of Magill's office was distressing, he promised to come to town in time to begin by 9 o'clock the next morning.

That evening he explained the matter to Barbara and her mother at the supper table; and before bedtime he had arranged with Bob McCord to look after the "critters," as Bob called them. The next morning, Hiram was off by daybreak. Bob McCord took him halfway with old Blaze,—for the rest, he "rode shank's mare," as the people say,—and by 9 o'clock he was trying to thread the labyrinth of confusion in Magill's office.

To Barbara it seemed the greatest good fortune to have Mason near to Tom, but the

table was intolerably lonely when only two sorrow-smitten women sat down together.

XXII.

THE FIRST DAY OF COURT.

THE eventful morning of the opening of the "fall term" of the court at Moscow came at length. Mrs. Grayson again put her house into the care of her neighbor Mely McCord, and she arranged that Bob McCord should stay at home so as to feed the cattle that night and the next morning. It was thought that Tom's trial would take place on the second day. Mrs. Grayson and Barbara drove into Moscow early on the first day of court that they might give Tom all the sympathy and assistance possible.

On that very first forenoon the grand jury heard such fragments of evidence as the public prosecutor thought necessary to bring before them, and found an indictment against Thomas Grayson, Junior, for murder in the first degree. In the prevailing state of public opinion a true bill would almost have been found if no evidence had been before them. Delay in such cases was not to be thought of in that time of summary justice; dilatory postponements were certainly not to be expected in a court presided over, as this one was, by Judge Watkins. He was a man approaching sixty years of age, with a sallow, withered face; a victim to hot biscuit and dyspepsia; arbitrary and petulant, but with deep-set, intelligent black eyes. Though his temper was infirm, his voice crabbed, and his administration of justice austere and unrelenting, he was eminently just, and full of the honorable if somewhat irascible pride of a Virginian with a superstitious reverence for his "family." Judge Watkins came of an ancestry who were famous only for courageously holding up their heads and doing nothing that they considered unworthy of gentlemen. Their greatest pride was that they had always been proud. The judge's coat hung loosely on his frame, and his trousers were generally drawn up in wrinkles so as to show the half of his boot-legs. His garments were, moreover, well-worn and rather coarse; like his planter ancestors, he never fancied that dress could add anything to the dignity of a gentleman. The substantial distinction of a gentleman, in his estimation, consisted in being of a "good family," and in preferring to lose one's life rather than to lie, and to take another man's life rather than to suffer the reproach of falsehood or cowardice. It was characteristic of a Virginian of this type to have something like a detestation for clothes, except in so far as they served for decency and warmth; all the great difference between a respected gentleman and a despised fop lay in this fierce contempt for appearances. Judge Watkins left fine coats and gold watches for those who needed such decorations; he clothed himself in homespun and family pride.

When the indictment was read, the judge, looking from under his overhanging, grizzled eyebrows, said, "When can we try this case?" The counsel on both sides knew that he intended to dispatch this disagreeable business promptly. As he put the question, Judge Watkins looked first at Allen, the prosecuting attorney, and then at Lincoln.

"We are ready, your Honor," said the prosecuting attorney, a little man with a freckled face and a fidgety desire to score a point on every occasion. "I hope there 'll be no delay, your Honor. The defense knew six weeks ago that a true bill would be found. They 've had time enough to prepare, and I hope we shall be able to go on."

The judge listened impatiently to this, with the air of a man who has heard so much claptrap that it has become nauseous to him. Indeed, before Allen had completed his little speech Judge Watkins had turned quite away from him and fastened his deep-set eyes on young Lincoln, who rose to his feet without succeeding in getting himself quite straight,—this was always a matter of time with him,—and said in a grave, half-despondent way:

"Your Honor, we are ready."

"I 'll set the case for to-morrow, then," said the judge, and added in a sharper key, "Sheriff, command silence!" This last injunction was prompted by an incontinent rustle of interest in the court-room when the time for the murder trial was fixed for the next day. The judge's high-strung, irascible nerves, and his sense of the sacred dignity of his court, made him take offense at the slightest symptom of popular feeling.

The sheriff, who sat at the judge's left a little lower than the judge, now stood up and rapped with a mallet on the plank desk in front of him, and cried lustily, "Si—lence in court!"

And all was still again.

The judge's dignity would not admit of his addressing the commonalty, who, since they were neither members of the bar, court officers, witnesses, nor criminals, were beyond official recognition, but he said to the sheriff in a severe tone:

"Sheriff, you will arrest any person who makes any kind of disturbance in the court."

Then the business of the court went on. One after another of the spectators, whose interest was centered in the next day's session, rose and tip-toed softly out of the room.

They did not all go at once, nor did any one of them go noisily. The judge had been known to fine a man for treading heavily, and those who wore squeaking boots were in misery until they were quite clear of the door.

XXIII.

BROAD RUN IN ARMS.

THE popular imagination had made Tom into something monstrous. Visitors to the village went to the jail window to look at him, as one might go to look at a wild beast. Confinement, solicitude, and uncertainty had worn upon him. He shrank nervously into the darker corners of the jail to avoid observation. His mind was a very shuttlecock between the battledores of hope and fear. He knew no more than the public of the purposes or expectations of his lawyer. All that Lincoln would say to Tom or his friends was that the case was a difficult one, and that it was better to leave the line of defense wholly to himself. But in proportion as Tom's counsel was uncommunicative about his plans rumor was outspoken and confident, though not always consistent in its account of them. It was reported that Tom was to plead guilty to manslaughter; that Lincoln would try to clear him on the ground of justifiable homicide in self-defense; and that the lawyer had found a man willing to swear that he was in company with Tom on another part of the ground at the very time of the shooting. In any case, it was decided that Lincoln would move for a change of venue, for it was well understood that in Moscow the accused did not stand "a ghost of a chance."

As the time of the court session drew on, a new and more exciting report had got abroad. It was everywhere said that Dave Sovine had been bought off, and that he was to get his money and leave the country in time to avoid testifying. How the story was set a-going, or who was responsible for it, no one could tell. Dave Sovine's conferences with Bob McCord may have raised surmises, for as the time of the trial approached, Dave grew more and more solicitous to get the hundred dollars and be off. He even hinted to Bob that he might refuse to accept it, if it did not come soon. Bob McCord had his own notions about the report. He thought that either Sovine had incontinently let the matter out, which was hardly probable, or that Abe Lincoln for some reason wanted such a belief to be spread abroad. Secretive and tricky as Bob was, there was a finesse about Lincoln's plans which he could not penetrate, and which led him more than once to remark that Abe was "powerful deep for a young feller." Whether the rumor was launched for a purpose or not, it had had the effect of waking up Allen, the public prosecutor, who put a watch on Sovine's movements, and gave his chief witness to understand that any attempt of his to leave the country, by night or day, would bring about his immediate arrest.

The story that Sovine had been bought off produced another result which could not have been desired by either of the lawyers: it fanned to a blaze the slumbering embers of Broad Run. Jake Hogan's abortive expedition to Perrysburg had left resentment rankling in his manly bosom. He had reluctantly given over the attempt to redeem himself by making a raid on Moscow the Sunday night following, when Deputy Sheriff Markham had pretended to look up a hypothetical wall-eyed, red-whiskered man, who was believed to have had some reason for killing George Lockwood. It was, indeed, only by degrees that Broad Run came to understand that its dignity had been again trifled with. The first result of its indignation was that the Broad Run clan, attributing to Sheriff Plunkett all the humiliation put upon it, had unanimously resolved to compass his defeat at the next election. Plunkett, having heard of this, promptly took measures to avert the defection of his good friends on the Run. Markham, as the principal author of the difficulty, was dismissed from his place of deputy on some trifling pretext. It did not cost Sheriff Plunkett serious pain to let him go; Markham was becoming too conspicuous a figure. It is the way of shrewd small men to cut down in time an apprentice who is likely to overtop the master. Then Plunkett told his brother-in-law to go out to Broad Run and explain things. Greater diplomatists than he have prepared to make use of irresponsible ambassadors when they had that to say which it might be necessary to repudiate. The brother-in-law was one of those men who like to take a hand in local politics, not for the sake of holding office themselves, but for the pleasure of intrigue for its own sake. He first sought Jake Hogan at his cabin, and sat and whittled with him at his wood-pile in the most friendly way, laughing at Jake's lank jokes, flattering his enormous self-love, and by every means in his power seeking to appease Hogan's wrath against the sheriff. The sheriff had n't anything to do with running Tom off after the inquest, said the envoy,— Markham had done that. It was Markham who had peddled around the story of the man with red whiskers. Markham had got too big-feeling for his place. The sheriff saw that Markham was against the Broad Run boys, and so he

put him out — dropped him like a hot potato, you know.

"Just consider," the brother-in-law urged, "how much Plunkett 's done for the boys. He 's refused tee-totally to let Tom be taken to Perrysburg. Plunkett ain't going to be dictated to by rich men like ole Tom Grayson. He knows who elected him. And he don't feel obliged to protect a murderer after the coroner's jury says he 's guilty."

"They 's been talk of his shootin' if any reg-'laters come around," said Jake.

"*Him* shoot?" answered the brother-in-law. "He 's done everything he could not to put out the boys, and what 'u'd 'e shoot for? He ain't anxious to have the job of hangin' Tom Grayson. He 's heard tell of sheriffs, 'fore now, that 's felt themselves ha'nted as long 's they lived, because they 'd hanged a man. He ain't goin' to fight for the privilege of hangin' Tom, and he ain't the kind to do anythin' brash, and he ain't ag'inst good citizens like the boys on the Run — depend on that. Of course,"— here the brother-in-law picked up a new splinter and whittled it cautiously as he spoke,—"of course you know 't the sheriff 's give bonds. He 's got to make a show of defending his prisoner. He 's took 'n oath, you see, 'n' people expect him to resist. But if a lot of men comes, what can one man do? S'posin' they wuz to tie his hands, and then s'pose they was to say if he moved they 'd shoot. What *could* he do?"

The envoy stopped whittling and looked at Jake, giving the slightest possible wink with one eye. Jake nodded his head with the air of a man who is confident that he is not such a fool as to be unable to take a hint enforced by half a wink.

"What does 'n oath amount to with a pistol at your head?" the brother-in-law inquired; "an' what 's the use of bonds if your hands are tied? You can *talk* strong; that don't hurt anybody."

Jake nodded again, and said, "In course."

"If you was to hear about the sheriff's sayin' he 'd ruther die than give up his prisoner, you can just remember that he 's *got* to talk that way; he 's under bonds, and he 's swore in, and the people expect him to talk about doin' his dooty. But you 're too old a hand to set much store by talk."

"Well, I 'low I am," said Hogan, greatly pleased that his experience and astuteness were at length coming in for due recognition.

Then when Jake was pretty well mollified, the brother-in-law adjourned himself and Jake to the grocery, where he treated the crowd, and in much more vague and non-committal terms let all the citizens that resorted thither understand that Sheriff Plunkett was their friend, and that Pete Markham was the friend of the rich men and the lawyers. But he took pains to leave the impression that Tom would certainly meet his deserts at the hands of the court, for the sheriff desired to avoid the embarrassment of a mob if he could.

The sweetness of Jake Hogan's spirit had been curdled by his disappointment and reverses, but these overtures from the sheriff to him as a high-contracting power were very flattering and assuring. When, a little later, the startling intelligence reached that center of social and intellectual activity, the Broad Run grocery, that Dave Sovine had been bought off, Broad Run was aroused, and Jake Hogan left off sulking in his tent and resumed his activity in public affairs.

"Did n't I tell you," he asked, leaning his back against the counter and supporting himself on his two elbows thrust behind him, while one of his legs, ending in a stogy boot, was braced out in front of him, "you can't hang the nephew 'v a rich man in such a dodrotted country as this yer Eelenoys? Dave Sovine 's bought off, they say, by an ornery young lawyer un that air Bob McCord." Jake was too prudent to apply any degrading adjectives to a man of Bob's size and renown. "Dave 'll light out the day afore the trial with rocks in his pockets, un that air young coward 'll git clean off. Where 's yer spunk, I 'd like to know? 'F you 're go'n' to be hornswoggled by lawyers like that air long-legged Abe Lincoln, un rich men like ole Seven-per-cent Tom Grayson, w'y, you *kin*, that 's all."

Jake, with his head thrown forward, looked sternly around on the group about him, and they seemed to feel the reproach of his superior aggressiveness. Bijy Grimes was rendered so uneasy by Jake's regard that he shut his mouth; and then, not knowing what better to do, he ventured to ask humbly, "What kin we do about it, Jake?" letting his mouth drop open again in token that he waited for a reply.

"Do?" said Jake, contemptuously. "W'y, chain-lightin', Bijy, what a thing, now, to ax! Show me two dozen, ur even *one* dozen, men that 'll stan' at my back tell the blood runs, un I 'll show 'em 't folks can't take a change of venoo out-uh the k-younty that knows all about the rascality into one that don't. I 'll show 'em how to buy off witnesses, un I 'll larn these yer dodrotted lawyers un rich men how to fool weth the very bone un sinoo uv the land."

Notwithstanding the natural love of these men for a little excitement, they had been rendered somewhat unresponsive by Jake's failures. The most of them thought it best to go to town on the day of the trial and see

ZEKE AND S'MANTHY'S OLDEST SON.

how it would come out. But at 6 o'clock in the evening of the first day of court, Lew Baker, a farmer from the river valley beyond the Run, rode past the door of the grocery on his way home, and said a collective "Howdy" to the three or four who stood outside. Bijy Grimes, who was one of them, came out towards the middle of the road heading off the traveler.

"Hello, Lew! Any nooze about the trial?" he said, dropping his lower jaw from between his fat infantile cheeks and waiting for a reply, while the rest of the group moved up to hearing distance.

"Well, yes," said Baker, pulling up his horse and swinging himself round in the saddle so as to bring the most of his weight on the right stirrup, while he rested his left elbow on his left knee and his right hand on the horse's mane. "I heern tell, jest as I come away, that Dave what-ye-may-call-'im, the witness, had sloped, liker 'n not. He hain't been seed aroun' for a right smart while, un they say he 's gone off to New Ur*leans* ur the Injun country. Moscow 's stirred up about it."

"Tu-lah!" said Bijy. "They 'low he 'll be got off, don't they?"

"They 're shore sumpin 's fixed, fer the young feller's lawyer hain't soopeenied a derned witness."

"Tu-lah!" said Bijy. "Is that a fack?"

"Shore 's shootin', they say. He 's to be got off somehow, I s'pose."

"Tu-laws-a-massy!" broke out Bijy; and turning to his fellow-loafers he said, "That 'll rile Jake purty consid'able, now won't it?"

It did stir up Jake when he heard of it. He promptly set to work to form a company to descend at once on Moscow and take the case out of the hands of the dodrotted lawyers. He could not at so late an hour get together more than twenty or twenty-five men from Broad Run and the regions within warning distance. Some of these joined him only because they could not endure to have anything very exciting take place in their absence: it would entail the necessity of their hearing for the rest of their lives the account given of the affair by the participators, who would always value themselves on it. Some of the larger boys, whose aid had been rejected in the previous excursion because they were not accounted mature enough for such public responsibilities, were now admitted: the company would be small, and a boy is better than nobody in a pinch. S'manthy's oldest son, a tow-headed fellow of sixteen, was one of these, and he was sent over the hill to warn Zeke Tucker, who was still at Britton's, a mile away from the borders of what was distinctively called "the Run Neighborhood."

The September twilight was already fading when the lad arrived and communicated his message to Zeke, who was perched on the top rail of a fence, for rest and observation after his day's work. Mrs. Britton was making the house over-warm just now, and Zeke naturally preferred the fresh air. He was notified that the start was to be made three hours after dark, so as to have time to get home before dawn. He promised to come "jest as soon as possible," and sent word to Jake not to go without him, hoping to delay the expedition by this means.

(To be continued.)

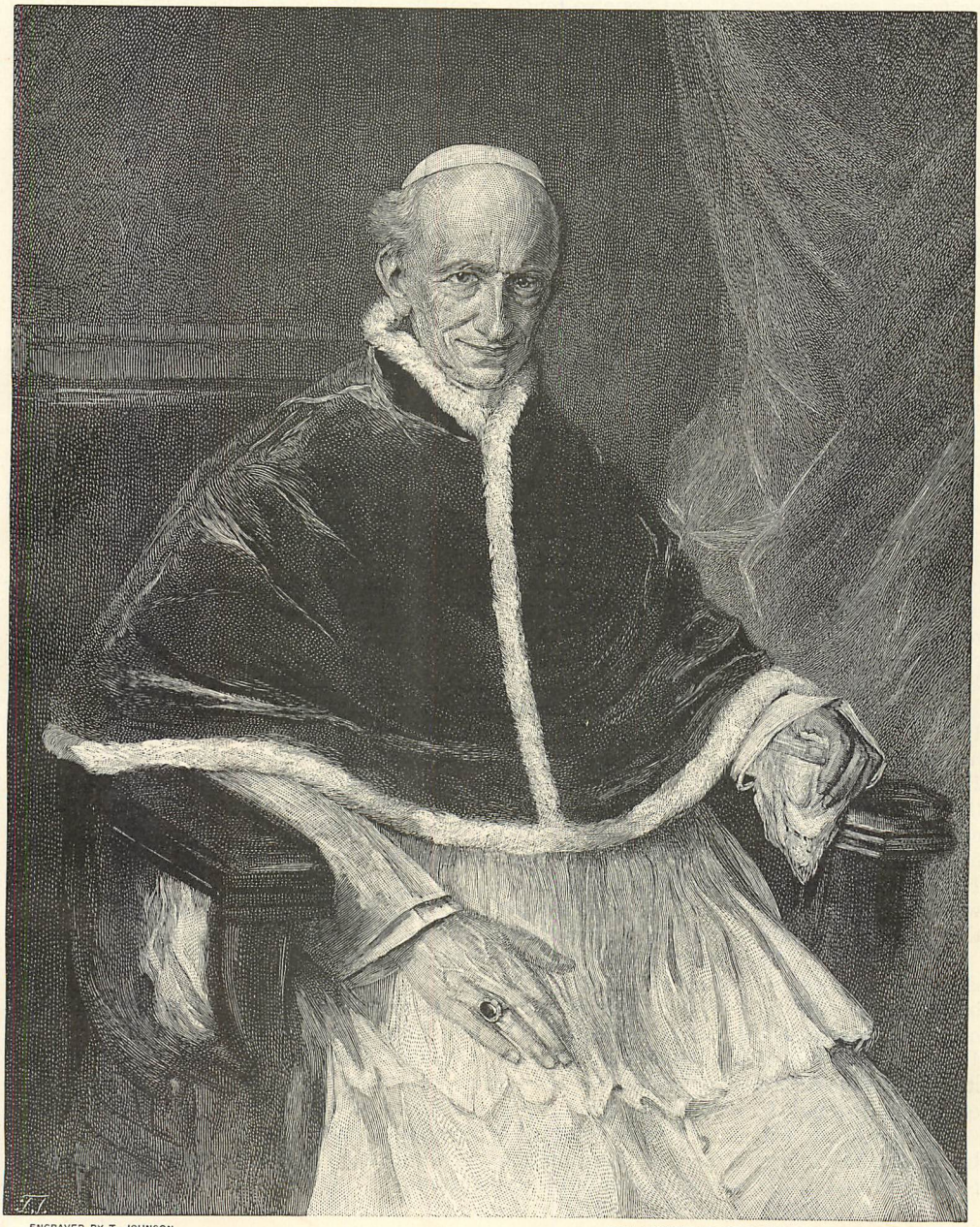
Edward Eggleston.

THE PERSONALITY OF LEO XIII.

LEO XIII. is described by the Italian publicist Bonghi as "one of the most finely balanced and vigorous of characters." Without the brilliancy or the geniality of Pius IX., which attracted even his enemies to him personally, he has qualities which many Catholics believe of greater usefulness in the present time. He is little of an orator, but much of an author. He uses the pen *urbi et orbi* (to the city and to the world). He teaches by encyclicals; his predecessor taught by allocutions. To the culture of Leo X. he unites the spirituality of Pius IX. He possesses all that is good in the spirit of the Renaissance without that mixture of paganism which almost put the classics above the Scriptures and valued a variation in a line of Horace as much as the Gospel of St. John. He never forgets the weight of his burden as the spiritual ruler in matters of faith and morals of the Catholic world. When he speaks in his encyclicals, which are models of classic Latinity, when he teaches *ex cathedrâ* on subjects of faith or of those principles which touch faith, being of Christian morality, the elegant graces of the past are forgotten and his words flow solemnly, gravely, with such force that even those who reject him as a teacher recognize his knowledge, broad and deep, of the Scriptures, and his ardent desire for the welfare of society.

Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis Pecci was born on March 2, 1810, at Carpineto,— Carpineto Romagna, to be accurate. His brother, Cardinal Pecci, calls it "an eagle's nest." It is placed high in the Monte Lepini, in the Volscian range. Here, in this aerie-like town, much out of the course of the ordinary traveler, stands the country house of the Pecci family, its outlines softened by the boughs of well-grown trees. Carpineto is still, in appearance, a medieval town, and even the lumbering stage-coach hurrying through its streets, ancient as that vehicle is, seems painfully modern. The Pecci are of Siennese origin. The mother of Leo XIII. was Anna Prosperi Buzi, a descendant of a famous Volscian family. Count Domenico, his father,— of a race which had been forced to flee from Sienna for having taken sides with the Medici,— fought for a time under Napoleon I. But while Napoleon held Pius IX. in his clutches, Count Domenico lived quietly in his home at Carpineto, little dreaming that his son was to be the successor of the imprisoned Pope.

Vincent Pecci, as he was called during his mother's life, spent a happy childhood in "the eagle's nest," for he was the youngest of six children,— four boys and two girls,— and the memories of that peaceful time permeate his poetical work. Like most boys of his class, he was put in the care of the Jesuits. In their establishments at Viterbo and Rome he showed a marked taste for the classics. He resolved to be a priest. He did not allow himself, in



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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING BY LENBACH, IN MUNICH.

Leo XIII. P.M.

POPE LEO XIII.

spite of his bad health, many hours of rest. His life was absorbed in those studies which his friend Pope Leo XII. had done so much to revive in Rome.

In the Divinity School of the Roman College, in the College of Nobles, in the University of the Sapienza, during the outbreak of cholera in 1837, he showed his courage, Christian charity, and executive ability in assisting Cardinal Sala in fighting the scourge. On December 31, of the same year, he was ordained priest. He was marked at once by the papal authorities as a man of mind and power.

Appointed Governor of Benevento, a hotbed of smuggling and brigandage, connived at by treacherous nobles, he virtually purged the place. He was next made delegate of Umbria, of which his beloved Perugia is the capital. Umbria was in a worse condition than Benevento. His practical and prompt reforms there gave the then reigning Pope, Gregory XVI., the greatest satisfaction. He was consecrated Archbishop of Damietta and appointed Nuncio to Belgium. His influence on the progress of higher education in Belgium was felt at once. But Perugia needed an archbishop, and the Perugians would have no one but Mgr. Pecci, if they could help it. He was sent from Belgium to London and Paris; and then recalled to Rome, he was made Archbishop of Perugia. Pius IX. succeeded Gregory XVI. It was not long before Pecci was created cardinal. His model was St. Charles Borromeo,—of that famous family which produced the Cardinal Frederico of "I Promessi Sposi,"—and his teacher of teachers, St. Thomas Aquinas. He believed that priests should be learned as well as virtuous. He enforced his belief so well that Perugia became known as "admirable."

Pius IX. died. The conclave opened. Cardinal Pecci was elected Pope in the third ballot, by a vote of forty-four out of sixty-one. He assumed the name of Leo XIII. During his pontificate the Pope's one thought, iterated and reiterated, has been the salvation of society through Christian education.

He is now an old man. He has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. This century was ten years old when he entered it. He is not strong. He lives with the frugality and simplicity of a Spartan. This Pope, who in great functions wears the garments of a Roman patrician, a tiara more splendid than that of emperors, and moves, upborne by the arms of men, with more pomp than any potentate on earth, spends most of his time in a simple white robe, and engaged in active intellectual labor. He finds time to bless the little children that are brought to him; he is never hurried when an American Catholic, or non-Catholic, is introduced to him. The hardest work of his day is that done with the Cardinal Secretary of State. The problems which foreign governments offer him can only be solved by the keenest insight and the most consummate knowledge. Fortunately, he once ruled in Perugia with a firm hand, and he knows the difficulties of rulers. He also visited foreign courts, and he understands how to meet diplomacy with diplomacy. Sir Charles Dilke says that the diplomatic service of the Vatican is the most complete in Europe, and Sir Charles Dilke knows Europe very well. But Leo XIII., whose only recreation is a walk in the Vatican garden, a talk with an old friend, or the pleasure he finds in the Psalms of David, is the director of the policy of the Vatican in all matters. His days are happy when no diplomatic riddle vexes them. Secluded in his own palace, with no soldiers but an ornamental troop, helpless so far as physical force is concerned, he is an immense power in the world.

The poems of Leo XIII. are remarkable for their exquisite Latinity. They are the record of his feelings at various periods of his existence. In 1830 he wrote:

Scarce twenty years thou numberest, Joachim,
And fell diseases thy young life invade!
Yet pains, when charmed by verse, seem half allayed—
Record thy sorrows, then, in mournful hymn.

He anticipated death, but death has spared him longer than he spares most men. The elegance of the Pope's Latin and the sincerity of his sentiments—pure, warm, hearty, and in the cases of old scenes and old friends even homely—make his poems interesting. He writes lovingly of the past and hopefully of the future.

Maurice Francis Egan.

THE CHANCES OF BEING HIT IN BATTLE.

A STUDY OF REGIMENTAL LOSSES IN THE CIVIL WAR.

IF a man enlist in time of war, what are the chances of his being killed? When a new regiment leaves for the front, how many of its men will probably lose their lives by violent deaths? What are the battle losses of regiments in active service — not in wounded and captured, but in killed and died of wounds? A very good answer to these or similar inquiries is found in the records of the Northern troops in the war of 1861–65. It was a war so great, so long and desperate, it employed so many men, that these records furnish of themselves a fair reply.

A soldier of the late civil war is often questioned as to how many men his regiment lost. His answer is always something like this: "We left our barracks 1000 strong; when we returned there were only 85 left." Few people have the hardihood to dispute the old veteran, who testily fortifies all of his assertions by the argument that he was there and ought to know. So the story of the 1000 who went and the 85 who returned is accepted without reply. Now this peculiar form of statement as made by the old soldier is apt to be correct so far as it goes, but the inferences are invariably wrong. So few are aware of the many causes which deplete a regiment, that these missing men are generally thought of as dead. A better way for the veteran to answer the question would be to state that in round numbers his regiment lost 100 men killed; that 200 died of disease; that 400 were discharged for sickness or wounds; that 100 deserted; that 100 were absent in hospital or on furlough; and so only 100 remained as present at the muster-out. Of course, there are many regiments whose brilliant records would require a different statement, but as regards three-fourths of the troops in the late war it would fairly approximate the truth. Of the 2000 regiments or more in the Union army, there were 45 * only in which the number of killed and mortally wounded exceeded 200 men. Such statements must not be regarded as derogatory nor belittling; for the simple facts are such as need no exaggeration, and the truth only need be told to furnish records unrivaled in military history.

As regards the number killed in regiments, the prevailing ideas are indefinite or incorrect, seldom approaching the truth. Nor are these errors confined to civilians alone; they are prevalent among the officers and men who were there and would be supposed to know. All this is largely due to the reckless and careless statements too often made regarding such losses. The error is a somewhat excusable one, as neither officers nor men have the means of knowing the actual loss in every engagement. They remember, perhaps, some of the official reports of their colonel as rendered at the close of certain battles, but not all of them. These casualty reports, as given in, are divided into killed, wounded, and missing, the latter term generally including the captured. Many of these wounded and missing return; some of them during their absence die in hospitals or military prisons; nothing is definitely known about them at the time; so the tendency is to consider only the total of these casualties, and in time to think of them as all killed or lost.

There is fortunately, however, one reliable source of information as to the number of men in a regiment who were killed in action, and that is the regimental muster-out rolls. Every regiment before disbanding was required to hand in company rolls, made out in triplicate, bearing the names of all who had ever belonged to the company from first to last. Opposite each name were remarks showing what became of the man, such as: "killed," "died of wounds," "died of disease," "transferred," "discharged," "deserted," or "present at muster-out." So these rolls, when properly made out, form a reliable basis for ascertaining the number killed in a regiment. Many of the rolls, however, were defective, and some were lost. But the various States, through their respective military bureaus, have regained the desired information, and, with few exceptions, have completed their rolls, although this involved in some States years of clerical research and large appropriations of money. Some of these final rolls have been put in print, while the others are on file in the various offices of the States' adjutants general. In some of the States there are a few rolls missing, but the duplicates are on file in the War Department at Washington. The remark has been made concerning muster-out rolls that they are not always accurate. This was true to a certain extent at the close of the war, but for twenty years a clerical force has been busy in correcting and perfecting them. Certainly but few errors can remain as regards the killed, for the pension claims soon called attention to nearly all of such omissions. Hence these rolls, together with certain other sources

* Does not include heavy artillery organizations.

of information, furnish a reliable source for ascertaining the relative losses of every regiment and battery in the Northern army.

The maximum losses possess the greatest interest, and so invite attention first. The greatest loss in battle of any one regiment in the late war fell to the lot of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, in which 423 were killed, or died of wounds, out of 2202 men enrolled. Just here it is necessary to state that, while an infantry regiment consists of 1000 men with 30 line officers, the heavy artillery organization has 1800 men with 60 line officers, there being 12 companies of 150 each, with a captain and four lieutenants to each company. The 2202 men mentioned here as enrolled indicates that about 400 recruits were received during its term of service. The heavy artillery regiments saw no active service while on duty in that line. They left their fortifications near Washington and took the field in 1864, being armed with rifles, drilled and manœuvred the same as infantry, the only difference being in their larger organization. By carefully counting and classifying each name on the rolls of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery the following abstract is obtained:

1ST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY.
Birney's Division,* Second Corps.
(1) Colonel Daniel Chaplin (killed).
(2) " Russell B. Shepherd, Bvt. Brigadier-General.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	*En. Men.*	*Total.*
Killed, or died of wounds	23	400	423
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	2	258	260

2202 enrolled; 423 killed = 19.2 per cent.

Battles.	*Killed.*
Spotsylvania, Va.	147
North Anna, Va.	3
Totopotomoy, Va.	3
Petersburg, Va., June 16, 17	12
Petersburg, Va., June 18	120
Jerusalem Road, Va.	5
Siege of Petersburg, Va.	10
Deep Bottom, Va.	2
Weldon Railroad, Va., Oct. 2	5
Boydton Road, Va.	10
Hatcher's Run, Va., March 25	6
Sailor's Creek, Va.	5
Picket duty	2
Place unknown	3
Total of killed and died of wounds	423
Total of killed and wounded	1283

In their assault on Petersburg, June 18, 1864, they lost 604† killed and wounded in less than twenty minutes, out of about 900 engaged. This regiment sustained not only the greatest numerical loss, but its percentage of killed as based upon its enrollment is also among the highest. This matter of percentage is an important factor in the subject of regimental loss, especially so as claims to gallant conduct are very apt to be based upon the size of the casualty list. In many regiments the losses are apparently small, when an examination of their enrollment shows that their loss was really heavy in proportion to their numbers. The 1st Maine Heavy Artillery is remarkable for holding a high place in the list, whether tabulated as to loss by percentage or loss numerically. Although this organization enlisted in 1862, it saw no fighting until May, 1864, all of its losses in action occurring during a period of less than a year. This is noteworthy, as forming a proper basis for comparison with regimental losses in certain foreign wars — the late Franco-Prussian, for instance, in which the duration of the fighting was about the same. The total enrollment of this regiment was larger than the number just stated, but the excess was caused by accessions in June, 1865, after the war had ended, the additions consisting of men with unexpired terms of enlistment, transferred from disbanded regiments. The actual number belonging to the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery during the war was as given in the preceding figures.

The next largest number of killed is found in the 8th New York Heavy Artillery, whose muster-out rolls, on file in the Adjutant-General's office at Albany, show, upon a careful examination of each name, the casualties upon which the following summary is based:

8TH NEW YORK HEAVY ARTILLERY.
Gibbon's Division, Second Corps.
(1) Colonel Peter A. Porter (killed).
(2) " Willard W. Bates (killed).
(3) " James M. Willett.
(4) " Joel B. Baker.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	*En. Men.*	*Total.*
Killed, or died of wounds	19	342	361
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	4	298	302

2575 enrolled; 361 killed = 14 per cent.

Battles.	*Killed.*
Spotsylvania, Va.	10
North Anna, Va.	2
Cold Harbor, Va.	207
Petersburg (assault)	42
Jerusalem Road, Va.	34
Siege of Petersburg	16
Reams's Station, Va.	26
Deep Bottom, Va.	4
Boydton Road, Va.	13
Hatcher's Run, Va.	1
White Oak Road, Va.	2
Picket, February 8, 1865	1
Confederate prison-guard	3
Total of killed and died of wounds	361
Total of killed and wounded	1010

The loss by disease includes 102 deaths in Confederate prisons.

There were only a few regiments in the heavy artillery service, and so the regiment which stands next in point of numerical loss is an infantry command. The infantry constituted the bulk of the army, more than four-fifths of the troops belonging to that arm of the service. After examining carefully the losses in each one of all the infantry regiments in the Northern army it appears that the one which sustained the greatest loss in battle was

* The divisions mentioned, in connection with regiments, are the ones with which the regiments were the most prominently identified.

† Maine Reports, 1866. The War Department's figures are 90 killed, 459 wounded (including mortally wounded), and 31 missing; total, 580.

the 5th New Hampshire, from whose muster-out rolls, after due correction of errors, the following summary is prepared:

5TH NEW HAMPSHIRE INFANTRY.

Barlow's Division, Second Corps.

(1) Colonel Edward E. Cross (killed).
(2) " Charles E. Hapgood.
(3) " Welcome A. Crafts.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	*En. Men.*	*Total.*
Killed, or died of wounds	18	277	295
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	2	176	178

Original roll, 976; of whom 175 were killed = 17.9 per cent.

Battles.	*Killed.*
Fair Oaks, Va.	33
Picket, June 10, 1862	1
Allen's Farm, Va.	8
Glendale, Va.	8
Malvern Hill, Va.	2
Antietam, Md.	13
Fredericksburg, Va.	51
Chancellorsville, Va.	5
Gettysburg, Pa.	34
Cold Harbor, Va.	69
Petersburg (assault)	15
Petersburg (trenches)	14
Jerusalem Road, Va.	4
Deep Bottom, Va.	5
Reams's Station, Va.	5
Sailor's Creek, Va.	6
Farmville, Va.	20
Place unknown	2
Total of killed and died of wounds	295
Total of killed and wounded	1051

With the killed are included a few who are recorded as, "Wounded and missing in action"; — men who never returned, were never heard from, were not borne on any of the Confederate prison lists, and were undoubtedly killed. They fell in some retreat, unobserved by any comrade, and, like wounded animals, crawled into some thicket to die; or else while sinking fast under their death hurt were removed by the enemy, only to die in some field hospital, barn, or tent, without leaving word or sign as to whom they were. They are now resting in some of the many thousand nameless graves in the battle-field cemeteries — graves with headstones bearing no other inscription than that shortest, and to soldiers the saddest, of all epitaphs, the one word "Unknown."

The infantry regiment which stands second as to numerical loss is the 83d Pennsylvania. It went out with the usual ten companies of one thousand men which constituted an infantry command, but as its ranks became depleted it received recruits, until from first to last over eighteen hundred men were carried on its rolls. With these, however, were included the non-combatants, the sick, wounded, and absentees. The muster-out rolls of this gallant regiment furnish the names from which the following abstract is made:

83D PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

Griffin's Division, Fifth Corps.

(1) Colonel John W. McLane (killed).
(2) " Strong Vincent (killed), Brigadier-General.
(3) " O. S. Woodward, Bvt. Brigadier-General.
(4) " Chauncey P. Rogers.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	*En. Men.*	*Total.*
Killed, or died of wounds	11	271	282
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	2	151	153

1808 enrolled; 282 killed = 15.5 per cent.

Battles.	*Killed.*
Hanover Court House, Va	1
Gaines's Mill, Va.	61
Malvern Hill, Va.	50
Manassas, Va.	26
Chancellorsville, Va.	1
Fredericksburg, Va.	4
Gettysburg, Pa.	18
Guerrillas, Va., Dec. 10, 1863	1
Wilderness, Va.	20
Spotsylvania, Va., May 8	57
Spotsylvania, Va., May 10	2
North Anna, Va.	2
Bethesda Church, Va.	1
Siege of Petersburg, Va.	15
Peebles's Farm, Va.	10
Hatcher's Run, Va.	5
White Oak Road, Va.	1
Gravelly Run, Va.	4
Total of killed and died of wounds	282
Total of killed and wounded	971

The 83d was present at several engagements in addition to those mentioned, sustaining at each a loss in wounded; but it does not appear from their rolls that any of the wounded died of their injuries. This applies also to the other regiments whose list of battles may be given here.

The following-named commands also sustained remarkable losses during their terms of service. They were all infantry organizations, and the loss mentioned represents those who were killed in action or died of wounds received there, the loss including both officers and men. This list embraces *every* regiment in the Northern army whose loss in killed was two hundred or more:

Regiment.	*Corps.*	*Killed.**
5th New Hampshire	Second	295
83d Pennsylvania	Fifth	282
7th Wisconsin	First	281
5th Michigan	Third	263
20th Massachusetts	Second	260
69th New York	Second	259
28th Massachusetts	Second	250
16th Michigan	Fifth	247
105th Pennsylvania	Third	245
6th Wisconsin	First	244
15th Massachusetts	Second	241
15th New Jersey	Sixth	240
2d Wisconsin	First	238
40th New York	Third	238
61st Pennsylvania	Sixth	237
11th Pennsylvania	First	236
48th New York	Tenth	236
45th Pennsylvania	Ninth	227
121st New York	Sixth	226
27th Michigan	Ninth	225
2d Michigan	Ninth	225
100th Pennsylvania	Ninth	224
8th Michigan	Ninth	223
2d Vermont	Sixth	221
111th New York	Second	220
18th U. S. Infantry	Fourteenth	218
9th Illinois	Sixteenth	217
22d Massachusetts	Fifth	216
5th Vermont	Sixth	213
148th Pennsylvania	Second	210
9th Massachusetts	Fifth	209
81st Pennsylvania	Second	208
7th Michigan	Second	208
55th Pennsylvania	Tenth	208
17th Maine	Third	207

* Compiled from State records. The figures on file at Washington show: 7th Wisconsin, 280; 83d Pennsylvania, 278; 5th New Hampshire, 277; 5th Michigan, 262; 20th Massachusetts, 257; but these figures of the War Department do not include any of the missing.

Regiment.	*Corps.*	*Killed.*
3d Vermont	Sixth	206
145th Pennsylvania	Second	205
14th Connecticut	Second	205
36th Illinois	Fourth	204
6th Vermont	Sixth	203
49th Ohio	Fourth	202
51st New York	Ninth	202
20th Indiana	Third	201
57th Massachusetts	Ninth	201
53d Pennsylvania	Second	200

The following heavy artillery regiments also lost over two hundred killed in action or died of wounds during their term of service:

Regiment.	*Corps.*	*Killed.*
1st Maine	Second	423
1st Massachusetts	Second	241
2d Connecticut	Sixth	254
2d New York	Second	211
7th New York	Second	291
8th New York	Second	361
9th New York	Sixth	204
14th New York	Ninth	226
2d Pennsylvania	Ninth	240

It should be remembered that these heavy artillery commands were much larger organizations than the ordinary infantry regiment, and that their extended ranks rendered them liable to heavy loss. They all went into action for the first time in Grant's overland campaign. They entered that campaign with full ranks, the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery going into the fight at Spotsylvania with 1617 men.

In giving figures here on the number killed, those who died of wounds received in action are included, and unless otherwise stated, it will, in each case, be so understood. The figures, as stated in connection with these leading regiments, should give a fair idea of the maximum killed in American regiments during the civil war. All of these troops belonged to the infantry, or to heavy artillery serving as infantry, and were three-years' regiments, many of them reënlisting when their term expired, and so were in service during the whole war. Still, as the active campaigning did not begin, to any extent, until 1862, the duration of the fighting was three years or less. The three-years' regiments, for the most part, lost about one hundred men killed in action. Some, of course, lost many more, and some considerably less, the smaller losses being represented by the tabulated figures which run in close gradations down to such commands as were fortunate enough to sustain no loss whatsoever in action.

The total of killed during the whole war was, on the Union side, 110,070, out of about 2,200,000 men. To be exact, there were 2,778,304 enlistments; but, after deducting the reënlistments and reducing the short-term numbers to a three-years' basis, the round numbers would not be very much in excess of the figures stated. This would indicate that the number killed during the war was, on the Northern side, very close to five per cent. of those engaged, and which is, by the way, a greater percentage than that of the Crimean or Franco-Prussian wars.

Although the average loss of the whole army was five per cent., it must be borne in mind that the percentage was very unevenly divided among the various regiments, ranging from twenty per cent. down to nothing. In most of the commands, the percentage of killed would naturally be the same as that of the whole army, but there were some in which the rate was necessarily large to offset that of those whose ranks sustained little or no loss. This increased percentage fell heavily on the Army of the Potomac, and on certain divisions in that army.

This subject of percentage is an interesting one, creating heroic records which might otherwise be overlooked, and adding fresh laurels when many would think the whole story had been told. There is something pathetic in the story of the Pennsylvania Reserves, when one studies the figures and thinks how thin were the ranks that furnished so many dead Pennsylvanians. The percentage list also shows plainly that the brunt of battle fell much heavier on some regiments than on others, and requires that such ones be known, so that the credit so justly due them may be fully acknowledged.

First of all, in this respect, stands the 2d Wisconsin Infantry, it having lost the most men, in proportion to its numbers, of any regiment in the whole Union army. The mortuary records of the State of Wisconsin furnish the information from which the following statement of their loss is made:

2D WISCONSIN INFANTRY.

Wadsworth's Division, First Corps.

(1) Colonel S. Park Coon.
(2) " Edgar O'Connor (killed).
(3) " Lucius Fairchild, Brigadier-General.
(4) " John Mansfield.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	*En. Men.*	*Total.*
Killed, or died of wounds	10	228	238
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.		77	77

1188 enrolled; 238 killed = 20 per cent.

Battles.	*Killed.*
Blackburn's Ford, Va.	1
First Bull Run, Va.	29
Catlett's Station, Va.	1
Gainesville, Va.	81
Manassas, Va.	2
South Mountain, Md.	12
Antietam, Md.	30
Fredericksburg, Va.	3
Gettysburg, Pa.	49
Wilderness, Va.	13
Spotsylvania, Va.	7
Petersburg, Va.	2
Weldon Railroad, Va.	1
Hatcher's Run, Va.	1
Gun-boat, *Mound City*	6
Total of killed and died of wounds	238
Killed and wounded, 753; missing and captured	132

Another extraordinary percentage of killed occurred in the 57th Massachusetts Infantry, where 201 were killed out of an enrollment of 1052, or 19.1 per cent. This case cannot well be classed with the others, because the 57th went into action within a few days after leaving Boston, going into the thick of the

Wilderness fight with full ranks, while most regiments went into their first fight with ranks depleted by eight months' previous campaigning. The 57th was recruited largely from veteran soldiers, being known also as the "Second Veteran," and had the honor of being commanded by Colonel William F. Bartlett.

The next largest percentage of killed is found in the 140th Pennsylvania Infantry, whose muster-out rolls tell the following story; and, as in the instances previously cited, the names of each one of the dead could be given, were it necessary, in verification of the loss.

140TH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY.

Caldwell's Division, Second Corps.

(1) Colonel Richard P. Roberts (killed).
(2) " John Fraser, Bvt. Brigadier-General.

LOSSES.

	Officers.	*En. Men.*	*Total.*
Killed, or died of wounds	10	188	198
Died of diseases, accidents, etc.	1	127	128

1132 enrolled; 198 killed = 17.4 per cent.

Battles.	*Killed.*
Chancellorsville, Va.	15
Gettysburg, Pa.	61
Mine Run, Va.	1
Bristoe Station, Va.	1
Wilderness, Va.	8
Corbin's Bridge, Va.	4
Po River, Va.	5
Spotsylvania, Va.	52
North Anna, Va.	3
Totopotomoy, Va.	11
Cold Harbor, Va.	7
Petersburg, Va.	14
Deep Bottom, Va.	5
Reams's Station, Va.	1
Hatcher's Run, Va.	4
Sailor's Creek, Va.	1
Farmville, Va.	5
Total of killed and wounded	732
Total of killed and died of wounds	198

Died of disease in Confederate prisons, 28 (included).

The following regiments were also remarkable for their percentage of killed in action; remarkable because the general average was five per cent. They were all infantry commands:

*Regiment.**	*Corps.*	*Enrolled.*	*Killed.*	*Per cent.*
26th Wisconsin (Germans)	Twentieth	1089	188	17.2
11th Pa. Reserves	Fifth	1179	196	16.6
142d Pennsylvania	First	935	155	16.5
141st Pennsylvania	Third	1037	167	16.1
36th Wisconsin	Second	1014	157	15.4
5th Kentucky	Fourth	1020	157	15.3
27th Indiana	Twelfth	1101	169	15.3
24th Michigan	First	1238	189	15.2
1st Minnesota	Second	1242	187	15.0
93d Illinois	Seventeenth	1011	151	14.9
8th Pa. Reserves	Fifth	1062	158	14.8
126th New York	Second	1036	153	14.7
55th Illinois	Fifteenth	1099	161	14.6
63d Pennsylvania	Third	1308	186	14.2
4th Michigan	Fifth	1325	189	14.2
37th Wisconsin	Ninth	1110	156	14.0
1st Michigan	Fifth	1346	187	13.8
73d Ohio	Twentieth	1267	174	13.7
6th Iowa	Sixteenth	1102	152	13.7
14th Indiana	Second	1134	152	13.4
44th New York	Fifth	1365	182	13.3
32d Indiana	Fourth	1285	171	13.3
22d Illinois	Fourth	1123	147	13.0

* Each of the 45 regiments previously mentioned as having lost 200 or more in killed has a place in this table.

In these enrollments no account is taken of men transferred to a regiment after the war had closed.

But the above enrollments include the non-combatants and absentees. The maximum of effective strength was fully one-fifth less and the actual percentage of loss correspondingly greater. A new regiment may leave its barracks 1000 strong, and yet, within 30 days, go into action with less than 800 muskets. The process of depletion begins with the very first day of service. Men are detailed as cooks, teamsters, servants, and clerks; the sick-list then appears, and the thousand muskets are never seen together again. So the percentage of killed, as based on a total enrollment, does not render justice to the survivors. Still, it is the only definite basis for such figures, and is sufficient in estimating the comparative losses of the various commands. This point is better understood when the losses in certain actions are considered by themselves. There are many regiments which lost one-fourth of their men killed, or three-fourths, including the wounded, in some one engagement. The 69th Pennsylvania, of Gibbon's division, Second Corps, lost at Gettysburg 55 killed out of 258 present at morning roll-call. The 5th New York, Duryea Zouaves, of Fitz-John Porter's corps, at Manassas lost 117 killed out of 490 present for duty, and had 221 wounded besides. The 6th United States Colored Infantry at New Market Heights had 367 present at roll-call, of whom 6 officers and 55 enlisted men were killed, besides 8 officers and 134 men wounded. The 24th Michigan, of the Iron Brigade, went into the first day's fight at Gettysburg with 496 rank and file, losing 79 killed and 237 wounded, many of the latter mortally so. Among their killed were 8 officers and 4 color bearers.

On the field of Gettysburg there is a bronze tablet with this inscription:

FROM THE HILL BEHIND THIS MONUMENT
ON THE MORNING OF
JULY 3, 1863,
THE SECOND MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY
MADE AN ASSAULT UPON THE
CONFEDERATE TROOPS
IN THE WORKS AT THE BASE OF CULP'S HILL,
OPPOSITE.
THE REGIMENT CARRIED TO THE CHARGE
22 OFFICERS AND 294 ENLISTED MEN.
IT LOST 4 OFFICERS
AND
41 ENLISTED MEN
KILLED AND MORTALLY WOUNDED,
AND
6 OFFICERS AND 84 MEN WOUNDED.

This inscription has a historical value, on account of the precision with which the loss is stated, the records on some of the Gettysburg field stones being very loose in this respect.

But the most remarkable instance of all is

that of the 1st Minnesota Infantry, at Gettysburg. It was coming on the field alone, just at the time when General Hancock observed a Confederate column advancing through his line at a point where there were no Union troops to confront them. In order to delay the Confederate advance until some brigade could be brought up, Hancock ordered the 1st Minnesota alone to charge the enemy's line. This forlorn hope moved forward with only 252* officers and men, accomplished the purpose, forced back the Confederates, and captured their flag; but when it was over only 47 men clustered around their own colors, while 205 lay dead or wounded on the field. The muster-out rolls of this regiment bear the names of 75 men all marked as killed at Gettysburg, or died of wounds received there, a loss in killed of 29 per cent. of those engaged. Fifty-six of these men are buried in the Gettysburg cemetery; the others, dying of their wounds in hospitals at Philadelphia or York, were buried elsewhere.

The extent of these losses will be better understood if compared with some of the extraordinary cases cited in the histories of other wars. Take, for instance, the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava,— the charge of the Six Hundred. Lord Cardigan took 673 officers and men into that action; they lost† 113 killed and 134 wounded; total, 247, or 36.7 per cent. The heaviest loss in the late Franco-Prussian war occurred at Mars-la-Tour,‡ in the 16th German Infantry (3d Westphalian), which lost 49 per cent. But the 141st Pennsylvania lost 76 per cent. at Gettysburg, while regimental losses of 60 per cent. were a frequent occurrence in both Union and Confederate armies. In the war for the Union there were scores of regiments, unknown or forgotten in history, whose percentage of killed and wounded in certain actions would far exceed that of the much praised Light Brigade; and nobody blundered either.

Company losses show still greater percentages in certain cases. In this same 1st Minnesota, one company lost, at Gettysburg, 13 killed and 17 wounded out of 35 engaged. The maximum of company losses, however, both numerically and by percentage, is reached in Company I of the 83d Pennsylvania Infantry. This company, during its term of service, carried 193 names on its rolls, including recruits, out of which number 2 officers and 45 enlisted men were killed. With the killed bear in mind an additional number, of nearly three times as many more, who were wounded. As these 193 names embraced all the non-combatants, sick, and absentees, together with its many absent wounded, it will be seen that the percentage of loss in some of their battles must have been without an equal.

The following instances of excessive loss in particular actions may be of interest in connection with this topic. They represent the maximum of loss, and may be of interest to such historians as persist in telling of regiments that were all cut to pieces or completely annihilated.

Regiment.	*Battle.*	*Present.*	*Killed and wounded.**	*Per cent.*
25th Massachusetts....	Cold Harbor, Va	302	215	71
36th Wisconsin (4 co's)	Bethesda Church, Va..	240	166	69
12th Massachusetts....	Antietam, Md	334	224	67
81st Pennsylvania.....	Fredericksburg, Va....	261	176	67
5th New Hampshire..	Fredericksburg, Va....	303	193	64
15th New Jersey.....	Spotsylvania, Va.....	432	272†	63
9th Illinois.....	Shiloh, Tenn.....	578	366	63
9th New York‡ (8 co's)	Antietam, Md	373	235	63
69th New York.....	Antietam, Md	317	196	61
121st New York.....	Salem Heights, Va....	453	276	61
97th Pennsylvania.....	Bermuda Hundred, Va.	311	188	60
2d Wisconsin.....	Gettysburg, Pa.....	302	181§	60
7th Ohio.....	Cedar Mountain, Va ..	307	182	59
63d New York.....	Antietam, Md.....	341	202	59
49th Pennsylvania.....	Spotsylvania, Va.....	478	274‖	57
37th Wisconsin.....	Petersburg Mine, Va..	251	145	57
12th New Hampshire..	Cold Harbor, Va.....	301	167	55
141st New York	Peach Tree Creek, Ga.	142	80	56
111th New York.....	Gettysburg, Pa.....	450	249	55
26th Pennsylvania.....	Gettysburg, Pa.....	382	213	55
8th Kansas.....	Chickamauga, Ga.....	406	220	54
14th Ohio.....	Chickamauga, Ga.....	449	245	54
10th Wisconsin.....	Chaplin Hills, Ky.....	276	150	54
22d Indiana.....	Chaplin Hills, Ky.....	303	159	52
32d Iowa.....	Pleasant Hill, La.....	420	210	50

* Includes a few missing ones; but they were, undoubtedly, killed or wounded.
† Includes 116 killed or mortally wounded.
‡ "Hawkins's Zouaves."
§ All killed or wounded; missing not included.
‖ Includes 109 killed or mortally wounded.

The foregoing lists indicate fairly the limit of injury which a regiment will endure, and also the capacity of modern fire-arms for inflicting the same when used subject to the varying conditions of a battle-field.

Loss in action properly includes all of the wounded, and so where only the number of killed is stated, as in some instances here, there should be added a certain proportion of wounded, in order fully to comprehend what is implied in the statement. This proportion, after deducting from the wounded those fatally injured and adding their number to the killed, is something over two wounded to one killed and died of wounds. Before such deduction, the usual proportion is a fraction over four to one. The number of killed, as officially reported at the close

* Two of the companies were not engaged in this affair, having been detailed elsewhere on the field. The loss of the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg for both days — July 2 and 3 — was 50 killed, 173 wounded, and 1 missing; total, 224, or about 83 per cent. of the number engaged.
† Kinglake.
‡ Dr. Engel, Direktor der königlichen preussischen statistischen Bureaux.

of a battle, is generally increased over fifty per cent. by those who die of their wounds. This statement is based upon an extended and careful comparison of official reports with final muster-out rolls. It will always be found correct as to an aggregate loss of any large number of regiments, although it may not always hold true as to some particular one.

The battle losses of a regiment are always unevenly distributed among the various engagements in which it participates. There is generally some one battle in which its losses are unusually severe, some one which the men always remember as their Waterloo. The following are the heaviest losses sustained by regiments in any one battle, and, together with the instances mentioned elsewhere in this article, embrace all where the loss in killed exceeds eighty. Do not grow impatient at these statistics. They are no ordinary figures. They are not a census of population and products, but statistics every unit of which stands for the pale, upturned face of a dead soldier.

Battle.	*Regiment.*	*Corps.*	*Killed and mortally wounded.*
Cold Harbor, Va. ...	2d Conn. H. A....	Sixth.....	129
Spotsylvania, Va.....	1st Mass. H. A. ..	Second.	120
Cold Harbor, Va.....	7th N. Y. H. A....	Second.....	116
Antietam, Md.....	15th Mass. (11 co's)*	Second.....	108
Shiloh, Tenn.....	9th Illinois.....	Sixteenth....	103
Stone's River, Tenn..	18th U. S. Infantry.	Fourteenth ..	102
Fort Donelson, Tenn.	11th Illinois.....	Seventeenth..	102
Salem Heights, Va..	121st New York.....	Sixth.....	97
Williamsburg, Va....	70th New York.....	Third	97
Wilderness, Va.....	57th Massachusetts..	Ninth.....	94
Fair Oaks, Va.....	61st Pennsylvania ..	Sixth.....	91
Fredericksburg, Va ..	145th Pa. (8 co's)	Second	91
Gettysburg, Pa.....	111th New York.....	Second.....	88
Chickamauga, Ga...	22d Michigan.....	Fourth	88
Gaines's Mill, Va....	9th Massachusetts..	Fifth.....	87
Olustee, Fla.....	8th U. S. Colored..	Tenth	87
Pleasant Hill, La....	32d Iowa.....	Sixteenth....	86
Prairie Grove, Ark...	20th Wisconsin.....	Herron's Div.	86
Fort Wagner, S. C...	48th New York.....	Tenth.....	83
Pickett's Mills, Ga...	49th Ohio.....	Fourth	83
Gaines's Mill, Va. ...	22d Massachusetts..	Fifth	84
Chaplin Hills, Ky ...	15th Kentucky	Fourteenth...	82
Wilderness, Va	4th Vermont	Sixth	82
Shiloh, Tenn	55th Illinois.....	Fifteenth	82

* Includes one company Andrew Sharpshooters.

In the preceding figures none of the wounded are counted, except the mortally wounded, who, in each case, are included with the killed. If there be added the many wounded ones who survived,—the maimed and crippled,—the record becomes appalling, and unsurpassed in all the annals of military heroism.

There may be some officers who will dispute the accuracy of certain figures given here, and will claim even a greater loss. If so, they should bear in mind that if their regiments did lose more men killed, they themselves failed so to state the fact when, twenty-three years ago, at the close of the war, they made out their official statement of losses, and appended their signatures thereto.

The three-months' troops did not always have a safe pleasure excursion. For instance:

Regiment.	*Battle.*	*Killed.*	*Wounded, including mortally.*	*Missing.*
69th New York Infantry...	First Bull Run..	38	59	95
1st Missouri Infantry....	Wilson's Creek.	76	208	11
1st Kansas Infantry.....	Wilson's Creek.	77	187	20

Their rolls bear the names of 101 men who are recorded as killed or died of wounds received at Wilson's Creek.

The Pennsylvania nine-months' troops, also, were in service long enough to do good work at Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. The sound of the good-byes had hardly died away in their farm-houses when hundreds of them fell in that terrible crackling of musketry on the Sharpsburg pike.

CONFEDERATE LOSSES.

BUT how fared the Confederate regiments amidst all this fighting?

The official casualty lists of the Confederate forces are not so trustworthy as those of the Union side because they have not had the same careful revision since the war closed, but the tables, now accessible, show that the Northern aim was equally true, and that the Northern nerve was equally steady. The 26th North Carolina—Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division—lost at Gettysburg 86 killed and 502 * wounded; total, 588, not including the missing, of whom there were about 120. In one company, 84 strong, every man and officer was hit; and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. This is by far the largest regimental loss on either side during the war. At Fair Oaks the 6th Alabama, John B. Gordon's regiment, sustained a loss of 91 killed, 277 wounded, and 5 missing; total, 373. One company in this regiment is officially reported as having lost 21 killed and 23 wounded out of 55 who were in action. The 1st South Carolina Rifles encountered the Duryea Zouaves at Gaines's Mill, and retired† with a loss of 81 killed and 225 wounded. The Zouaves, in turn, vacated their position at Manassas in favor of the 5th Texas, but not until they had dropped 261 of the Texans.

The following tabulation of remarkable losses

* Including mortally wounded. The official report states that the regiment "went in (July 1) with over 800 men."

† But not until they received a flank fire from disengaged regiments of the enemy.

is compiled from the Confederate official reports of regimental commandants:

Regiment.	*Battle.*	*Killed.*	*Wounded.**	*Total.*
4th North Carolina	Fair Oaks	77	286	363
44th Georgia	Mechanicsville	71	264	335
14th Alabama	Seven Days†	71	253	324
8th Tennessee	Stone's River	41	265	306
20th North Carolina	Gaines's Mill	70	202	272
Palmetto Sharpshooters	Glendale	39	215	254
4th Texas	Gaines's Mill	44	208	252
42d Mississippi	Gettysburg	60	205	265
29th Mississippi	Stone's River	34	202	236
2d Mississippi	Gettysburg	49	183	232
57th North Carolina	Fredericksburg, 1862	32	192	224
45th North Carolina	Gettysburg	46	173	219
4th Tennessee	Shiloh	36	183	219
13th Georgia	Antietam	48	166	214
2d North Carolina	Chancellorsville	47	167	214
5th Alabama	Fair Oaks	29	181	210
30th Mississippi	Stone's River	63	146	209
11th Georgia	Gettysburg	42	162	204
17th Mississippi	Gettysburg	40	160	200
8th Georgia	First Bull Run	41	159	200
16th Tennessee	Chaplin Hills	41	151	192
2d Florida	Fair Oaks	37	152	189
3d Arkansas	Antietam	27	155	182
2d Louisiana	Malvern Hill	30	152	182

* Includes the mortally wounded. The missing are not included in these figures: there were but few of them, and in most of these instances there were none.

† This loss occurred at Gaines's Mill and Glendale.

There were other losses in the Confederate ranks which were equally severe if considered in connection with the number engaged, and the percentage of loss in their regiments appears to have been as large as that of their adversaries. In many instances the Confederate colonels in their official reports state, together with their loss, the number of men taken into action. In making a compilation from these reports, some heroic records are revealed. For instance:

Regiment.	*Battle.*	*"Present in action."*	*Killed and wounded.*	*Per cent.*
1st Texas	Antietam	226	186	82
21st Georgia	Manassas	242	184	76
8th Tennessee	Stone's River	444	306	69
17th South Carolina	Manassas	284	189	67
23d South Carolina	Manassas	225	149	66
44th Georgia	Mechanicsville	514	335	65
16th Mississippi	Antietam	228	144	63
15th Virginia	Antietam	128	75	58
18th Georgia	Antietam	176	101	57
10th Georgia	Antietam	147	83	56
12th Tennessee	Stone's River	292	164	56
16th Tennessee	Stone's River	377	207	55
3d Alabama	Malvern Hill	354	200	56
7th North Carolina	Seven Days	450	253	56
18th North Carolina	Seven Days	396	224	56
1st S. C. Rifles	Gaines's Mill	537	306	56
4th North Carolina	Fair Oaks	678	369	54
12th South Carolina	Manassas	270	146	54
4th Texas	Antietam	200	107	53
27th Tennessee	Chaplin Hills	210	112	53
1st South Carolina	Manassas	283	151	53
49th Virginia	Fair Oaks	424	224	52
12th Alabama	Fair Oaks	408	215	52
7th South Carolina	Antietam	268	140	52
7th Texas	Raymond	306	158	52
11th Alabama	Glendale	357	181	51

With these should be again mentioned the 26th North Carolina, whose official report shows a loss of over 85 per cent. at Gettysburg.

Many important instances are necessarily omitted from the preceding list, as the Confederates issued an order in May, 1863,* forbidding any further mention, in regimental battle-reports, "of the number of men taken into action," alleging as a reason "the impropriety of thus furnishing the enemy with the means of computing" their strength. The same order required "that in future the reports of the wounded shall only include those whose injuries, in the opinion of the medical officers, render them unfit for duty," and deprecated "the practice of including cases of slight injuries which do not incapacitate the recipient for duty."

The total number of killed in the Confederate armies, including deaths from wounds, will never be definitely known. From a careful examination of their official reports, or, in case of the absence of such reports, a consideration of the accepted facts, it appears that their mortuary loss by battle was not far from 94,000.

In 1866, General Fry, U. S. Provost Marshal General, ordered a compilation made from the Confederate muster-rolls, then in possession of the Government, from which it appears that they lost 2086 officers and 50,868 enlisted men, killed; 1246 officers and 20,324 enlisted men, died of wounds; total, 74,524.† Deaths from disease, 59,297. These rolls were incomplete; the rolls of two States were almost entirely missing; and none of them covered the entire period. Still they develop the fact that the number of killed could not have been less than the figures given above.

It does not follow that, because the Confederate armies were smaller, their losses were smaller. Their generals showed a remarkable ability in always having an equal number of men at the points of contact.

Upon tabulating the casualties of each battle, using official reports only,—and, in absence of such, allowing one loss to offset the other,—the aggregate casualties up to April, 1864, show that the Union loss in killed and wounded is about 11,500 in excess of the Confederate, a very small amount as compared with the totals. But this difference in favor of the Confederates would disappear if their official reports were subjected to a revision of the nominal lists, as has been done lately with the Union reports. For several years past the War Department has had a

* General Orders, No. 63, Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, May 14, 1863.

† Message and Documents, Part 3, 1865–66.

clerical force at work in comparing the official battle-reports of Union generals with the regimental nominal lists of casualties, and in each case the total of casualties, as reported by the general, is largely increased.

Up to 1864 the losses on each side were, in the aggregate, substantially the same, with a slight difference, if any, in favor of the Confederates. Then came a frightful discrepancy.

From May 5 to June 30, in their operations against Richmond, the armies of the Potomac and the James lost 77,452* men,—a greater number than were in Lee's army. Of this number the Army of the Potomac lost 54,925 in its return to the Peninsula by the overland "line."

Whatever excess there may be in killed on the Union side during the war is chargeable to the campaigns of 1864–65.

It would be difficult to name the Confederate regiments which sustained the greatest losses during the war, as their rolls are incomplete. The loss in some, however, has been ascertained,† notably those in Gregg's South Carolina Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division. Their total losses during the war, in killed and mortally wounded, were:

	Officers.	*En. Men.*	*Total.*
1st South Carolina	21	260	281
12th South Carolina	17	213	230
13th South Carolina	17	203	220
14th South Carolina	16	208	224
1st S. C. Rifles	19	305	324

In addition, there were 3735 wounded in this brigade.

The loss in a Confederate regiment during the whole war would be large, as the Confederacy did not organize any new regiments after 1862, but distributed their successive levies among the old regiments. With these accessions came a corresponding increase in the regimental casualty lists.

In the North additional troops were raised for the most part by organizing new regiments, while veteran commands were allowed to become reduced below an effective strength.

The question is often asked, Which corps did the most fighting in the war? So far as the casualty lists are an indication, the Second Corps is the one that can fairly claim that honor. Of the 100 Northern regiments which lost the most men killed in action during the war, 35 belonged to the Second Corps, while 17 is the highest number belonging to any other corps.

It should be understood, however, that the Second was a very large corps, containing over 90 regiments, while, for instance, the Twelfth Corps (Slocum's) had only 28. Yet the Twelfth Corps (the Second Corps, Army of Virginia) rendered brilliant and effective service at Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Lookout Mountain—also, later on, in the Atlanta campaign, where it was commanded by Hooker and was known as the Twentieth Corps, although it still retained its badge and for the most part its organization. This depriving the Twelfth Corps of the name under which it had fought so long and well was a needless act of injustice, similar to the one which wiped out the names of the First and Third corps. In the latter cases it was a blunder, as subsequent events proved, as well as a heartless blow at the corps pride of the officers and men. It is evident that such a thing as *esprit de corps* was but slightly appreciated by the gentlemen who sat in the War Office at Washington in those days. In the Western armies, the Fourth Corps (Gordon Granger's) is deservedly prominent. The regiments whose losses indicate that their fighting was the hardest and most frequent are found in that corps more than in any other, although some hard fighting was done by them before their organization under that name.

The heaviest losses by brigades are credited to the Iron Brigade of the First Corps and the Vermont Brigade of the Sixth Corps, both having a continuous unbroken organization as brigades, which was a rare thing in the war. Their long list of killed was but the natural result of the courage with which they faced the musketry on so many fields.

It may be noticed by some that the regimental losses in killed, as stated here, are greatly in excess of the figures as given in the "Official Records of the Rebellion," now in course of publication by the War Department. But it should be understood that those official figures are the ones which were reported at the close of each action, and show only the nature of the casualties at that particular hour. Such reports were made up under the headings of "Killed," "Wounded," and "Missing." The number of those who died of wounds is not shown, but is covered up in each case under the general return of the wounded, although many of them die the same day. Again, the "missing" is an indefinite quantity, embracing, as it does, all those who were captured, together with a certain class which always turn up again within a few days. Official reports of wounded also were often far from correct, as in some commands men were not allowed to be considered as

*10,242 killed, 52,043 wounded, 15,167 missing; total, 77,452 (Adjutant-General's office, Washington, 1888). Three-fourths of the missing were killed or wounded.

†"History South Carolina Brigade," J. F. Caldwell.

wounded unless the injury was a severe one, while in others orders were received to report every casualty, however slight. On account of this some are asking, How many of the regiment were actually killed, or died of their wounds? How many were buried as the result of the fight? They know that, however doubtful might be the classification of a slightly wounded or a missing man, there can be no question as to the definite allotment of one that is buried. The "Official Records" constitute a wonderful work, highly creditable to the officer in charge, and of a magnitude that will require many years before the last volumes can be printed. Its casualty lists so far as reached possess an intense interest and are tabulated in admirable form. Still, many will be interested in going farther, and noting the actual and largely increased number of killed as developed by the figures gleaned from the muster-out rolls.

The number of officers killed in battle was somewhat greater in proportion than that of the enlisted men, but often failed to bear any definite ratio to the loss of the regiment itself. In the 2d Vermont Infantry 223 were killed, of whom 6 were officers, while in the 12th Massachusetts (Colonel Fletcher Webster) 194 were killed, of whom 18 were officers. Again, the 19th Maine lost 192 killed, of whom 3 only were officers, while in the 22d Indiana, out of 153 killed, 14 were officers.

In the aggregate, the proportion of officers to enlisted men killed was 1 officer to 16 men, but certain regiments and certain States show a wide variation. The Connecticut and Delaware officers had either an excess of bravery or a lack of caution, as their proportionate loss in battle far exceeds the average.

The largest number of officers killed in any infantry regiment belongs to the 61st Pennsylvania of the Sixth Corps, it having lost 19 officers killed in battle. The 1st Maine Heavy Artillery lost 21 officers in action, but it had just twice as many line officers as an infantry command. The 8th New York Heavy Artillery lost 20 officers killed, but is also subject to the same remark when compared with the 61st Pennsylvania. It was seldom that an infantry regiment lost more than 6 officers killed in any one battle. The 7th New Hampshire, however, lost 11 officers killed in the assault on Fort Wagner, it being the greatest regimental loss of officers in any one engagement. The 22d New York lost 9 officers at Manassas; the 59th New York lost 9 at Antietam; and the 145th Pennsylvania lost 9 at Fredericksburg, the latter regiment taking only 8 companies into action there. Eight officers were killed in the 1st Michigan at Manassas; in the 14th New Hampshire at Opequon; in the 87th Indiana at Chickamauga; and in the 43d Illinois at Shiloh. In some regiments the field and staff sustained severe losses during their term of service. The 95th Pennsylvania lost 2 colonels, 2 lieutenant-colonels, a major, and an adjutant killed in action. The 20th Massachusetts, "one of the very best regiments in the service,"* lost also 6 of its field and staff in battle, a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, 2 majors, adjutant, and a surgeon. But the most peculiar instance of loss in officers occurred in the 148th Pennsylvania, where, in one company (Company C) there were killed at different times 7 line officers. It must have required some nerve to accept a commission in that company.

The surgeons and chaplains, although regarded as non-combatants, were not exempt from the bloody casualties of the battle-field. The medical service sustained a loss of 40 surgeons killed in action or mortally wounded. There were 73 more who were wounded in action, and, as in the case of those killed, they were wounded while in the discharge of their duties on the field. Many of the chaplains were also killed or wounded in battle. Some of them were struck down while attending to their duties with the stretcher-bearers, while others, like Chaplain Fuller, fell dead in the front rank with a rifle in their hands.

Of the three principal arms of the service, the infantry loses the most men in action, the cavalry next, and the light artillery the least. The heaviest cavalry loss seems to have fallen on the 1st Maine Cavalry, it having lost 15 officers and 159 enlisted men killed. Next comes the 1st Michigan Cavalry, with 14 officers and 150 enlisted men killed. Of the 260 cavalry regiments in the Northern army, there were 15 others whose loss in killed exceeded 100. The percentages of killed are also less in this part of the service, the highest being found in the 5th Michigan Cavalry with its 8.9 per cent., and in the 6th Michigan Cavalry with 8.3 per cent,— both in Custer's brigade. Cavalrymen go into action oftener than infantrymen, and so their losses, being distributed among a larger number of engagements, do not appear remarkable as reported for any one affair. Still, in some of their fights the "dead cavalryman" could be seen in numbers that answered only too well the famous question of General Hooker.† At Reams's Station the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry lost 27 men killed, and at Todd's Tavern the 1st New York Dragoons lost 24 killed, not including the additional casualty lists of wounded. The number of cavalry officers killed in some

* General Humphreys, Chief of Staff, Army of the Potomac.

† "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?"

regiments was excessive, as in this arm of the service, more than in any other, the officers are expected to lead their men. Although the cavalry did not suffer in killed as badly as the infantry, still they participated in more engagements, were under fire much more frequently, and so were obliged to exhibit an equal display of courage. The 5th New York Cavalry lost 8 officers and 93 enlisted men killed in action, but it was present at over 100 engagements, and lost men, either killed or disabled, in 88 of them. The muster-out rolls of the various mounted commands show that there were 10,596 "dead cavalrymen" who were killed in action during the war, of whom 671 were officers, the proportionate loss of officers being greater than in the infantry.

The casualties in the light artillery were less than in any other arm of the service, the engineers excepted. The light batteries, or horse artillery, which constituted the artillery proper for the field operations, were organized for the most part as independent batteries or commands. In some States twelve of them were connected by a regimental organization, but even then they operated as independent commands. A battery or company of light artillery consisted generally of 150 men, with 6 cannon and the necessary horses. There were some four-gun batteries, and towards the close of the war most of the old batteries were reorganized on that basis. The greatest numerical loss in any one of these organizations occurred in Cooper's battery of the Pennsylvania Reserves, in which 2 officers and 18 enlisted men, out of 332 names enrolled, were killed during its term of service. Weeden's Rhode Island battery also sustained a severe loss in its many engagements, 19 being killed out of 290 enrolled; while the Pennsylvania batteries of Ricketts, Easton, and Kerns were also prominent by reason of their frequent, effective, and courageous actions, with the consequent large loss in killed. The highest percentage of killed is found in Phillips's 5th Massachusetts battery, which lost 19 killed out of 194 members, or 9.7 per cent.; the enrollment taken being the one prior to the transfer of the 3d Battery near the close of the war.

The 11th Ohio Battery sustained the greatest loss in any one action. At the battle of Iuka it lost 16 killed and 39 wounded, the enemy capturing the battery, but the gunners, refusing to surrender, worked their pieces to the last and were shot down at the guns. The battery went into this action with 54 gunners, 46 of whom were killed or wounded, the remainder of the casualties occurring among the drivers or others.

A still more remarkable artillery fight was that of Bigelow's battery, 9th Massachusetts, at Gettysburg; remarkable, not only for the exceptional loss, but also for the efficiency with which the guns were served and the valuable service rendered. When, on the afternoon of the second day, it was found that the Union batteries, on the cross-road near the Peach Orchard, could no longer hold their position, "it became necessary to sacrifice one of them" by leaving it there in action and working it to the last, so as to check the Confederate advance long enough to enable the other batteries to fall back to a better position. Major McGilvery selected Bigelow and his men for this duty, ordering him to fight with fixed prolonge, an arrangement which availed but little, for, although the canister from his light twelves kept his front clear for a long time and successfully detained the enemy, he could not check the swarm which finally came in on each flank and rear, some of whom, springing nimbly on his limber-chests, shot down his horses and then his men. Bigelow was wounded, and two of his lieutenants were killed; 9 of his gunners were killed, 14 were wounded, and 2 were missing. The battery then ceased firing, four of its guns being temporarily in the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant Milton, who brought the battery off the field, states in his official report that 45 horses were killed and 15 wounded in this affair; and that 5 more were killed in the action of the following day. This is the largest number of horses killed in any battery action of the war; at least, there are no official reports to the contrary.* A general once criticised a gallant but unnecessary charge which he happened to witness with the remark: "It is magnificent, but it is not war." † The fight of these Massachusetts cannoneers was not only magnificent, but it was war. There really was no sacrifice. There was a sad loss of life, considering how few there were of the battery men, but each man killed at those guns cost Kershaw and Barksdale a score. Doubleday quotes a statement of McLaws', that "one shell from this artillery killed and wounded thirty men." If the shrapnel was so effective, what must have been the slaughter when Bigelow's smooth-bore Napoleons threw canister so rapidly into Kershaw's masses; for the gunners in this battery were not allowed side-arms, but had been carefully instructed that their safety lay in the rapidity with which they could work their guns. This battery held Barksdale's advance in check for a half-hour, from 6 to 6.30 P. M., after which McGilvery's second line, consisting of Dow's, Phillips's, and

* There may have been a greater number killed in a battery at Stone's River; but, as the battery was captured, the exact loss cannot be satisfactorily ascertained.

† "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

Thompson's guns, confronted him from 6.30 to 7.15 P. M., at which time Willard and Stannard, with their brigades, made the advance which drove him back and regained Bigelow's guns. This is not put forward as history so much as an illustration of the losses suffered and inflicted by the light artillery when at its best.

The light artillery service lost during the war 1817 men killed and mortally wounded, of whom 116 were officers. Their smaller losses only emphasize the fact that it is a valuable arm of the service in its capability of inflicting so much more loss than it receives.

And yet the artillery are largely responsible for the oft-quoted remark that "It takes a man's weight in lead to kill him." This old saw has always been considered as needing more or less latitude, but, on the contrary, it expresses an absolute truth devoid of exaggeration. As regards the battles of modern warfare, it is a very fair way of stating the relative weight of metal thrown and men killed. The figures pertaining to this subject are attainable and make the matter very plain. To be just, we will pass by such actions as Fort Sumter and certain other artillery affairs in which not a man was killed, and turn to the field engagements where the loss of life was greatest; where, according to the rhetorical historians, the fields were swept by the storm of iron sleet and leaden hail; where the ranks of the enemy — always the enemy — were mowed down like grain before the reaper; where the charging masses were "literally" blown from the mouths of the guns; where, according to a statement in a report of the New York Bureau of Military Statistics, "legs, arms, and large pieces of bodies filled the air."

As the truth of the adage referred to is purely a matter of figures, we will turn to them, and, for the present, to those of the battle of Stone's River, a general engagement and one in which some of the best fighting of the war was done on both sides. In this battle the artillery fired 20,307 rounds of ammunition, as officially stated by General Barnett, Chief of Artillery, in his report, which was an exhaustive one in its details, and gives the exact number of rounds fired by each battery. The weight of these 20,307 projectiles was fully 225,000 pounds. The infantry at the same time are officially reported as having fired over 2,000,000 rounds, and which consisted mostly of conical bullets from .55 to .69 of an inch in diameter, and may have included some buck-and-ball. The weight of this lead fired by the infantry exceeded 150,000 pounds. Hence the combined weight of the projectiles fired by the artillery and infantry at Stone's River was 375,000 pounds, and fully equal to that of the 2319 Confederates killed or mortally wounded by the same.

General Rosecrans, in his official report of this battle, goes into this curious matter also but in a somewhat different direction, and states that "of 14,560 rebels struck by our missiles, it is estimated that 20,000 rounds of artillery hit 728 men; 2,000,000 rounds of musketry hit 13,832 men; averaging 27.4 cannon shots to hit one man, 145 musket shots to hit one man." But in this statement the term "hit," as applied, includes the wounded, while the old saying refers only to the killed. Again, General Rosecrans makes the killed and wounded of the enemy too great, putting it at 14,560, while General Bragg reported officially only 9000. Still, Rosecrans need not complain of this, as Bragg, in turn, generously overestimates Rosecrans' loss. Any such error, however, would not affect the proportion of wounds inflicted by the two arms of the service, according to the report quoted. It seems strange that 20,000 artillery missiles should kill or wound only 728 men, and that of the cannon pointed at the Confederate columns it should take 27 shots to hit, kill, wound, or scratch one man. The discussion of this latter point will have to be left to the gallant old general and such of his veterans as wore the red trimming on their jackets. In the mean while it is fair to infer that the proportion of bullet wounds to shell wounds has been carefully noted in the hospital returns, and that the medical staff may have furnished this remarkable statement, with the statistics to back it up. Lack of space prevents the mention here of other field engagements in support of this old maxim, but further and ample proof is found in a mere reference to the noisy clatter on the picket lines; the long-range artillery duels so popular at one time in the war; the favorite practice known as shelling the woods; and the noisy Chinese warfare indulged in at some bombardments, where the combatants, ensconced within their bomb-proofs or casemates, hurled at each other a month's product of several foundries with scarcely a casualty on either side.

Many of the colored regiments sustained severe losses in battle, although there seems to be a popular impression to the contrary, influenced no doubt by the old sneering joke about them so common at one time. The 79th United States Colored Infantry lost 5 officers and 174 enlisted men killed in action during the short time that the colored troops were in service, and the 13th United States Colored Infantry lost 221 men, killed and wounded, in one fight at Nashville. The 54th Massachusetts (colored) lost 5 officers and 124 enlisted men in various actions, all killed,

or missing men who, never returning from that fierce assault on Wagner, were probably thrown into that historic trench where the enemy buried "the colonel with his niggers." The black troops were largely engaged in guard or garrison duty, but still saw enough active service to contribute 2751 men killed in battle. This does not include their officers, who were whites, and of whom 143 were killed.

The number of officers killed in the regular regiments was in excess of their due proportion, and argues plainly better selected material. On the other hand, the number of enlisted men killed in the regular service was less in proportion to enrollment than in the volunteer. This may be due to the larger number of deserters which encumbered their rolls, or it may be that the regulars, being better officered, accomplished their work with a smaller loss, avoiding the useless sacrifice, which occurred too often, as the direct result of incompetency. In alluding to the regulars as being better officered, they are referred to as a whole, it being fully understood that in many State regiments commissions were held by those equally competent. In fact, it is doubtful if the regular army has a regiment which ever had at any time a line of officers which could equal those of the 2d Massachusetts Volunteers. The number killed in action in the regular service was 144 officers and 2139 enlisted men, the heaviest loss occurring in the 18th Infantry.

In connection with the subject of regimental losses there is the important one of loss by disease. In our army there were twice as many deaths from disease as from bullets. In the Confederate army the loss from disease was, for obvious reasons, much less, being smaller than their loss in battle. This loss by disease was, in our Northern regiments, very unevenly distributed, running as low as 30 in some and exceeding 500 in others, while in some of the colored regiments it was still greater. There seems to be an impression that the regiments which suffered most in battle lost also the most from disease. This is an error, the direct opposite being the truth. The Report of the War Department for 1866 says, regarding this subject, that "it is to be noted, that those States which show large mortality on the battle-field likewise show large mortality by disease." This may be true of the State totals, but is wholly incorrect as to the regiments themselves; for, with but few exceptions, the regiments which sustained the heaviest loss in battle show the smallest number of deaths from disease. As an illustration, take the following commands, all of which were crack fighting regiments, and note the mortality from the two causes:

Regiment.	*Corps.*	*Killed or mortally wounded in battle.*	*Died of diseases, accidents, in prisons, etc.*
2d Massachusetts	Twelfth..	191	98
12th Massachusetts	First....	193	83
21st Massachusetts	Ninth....	159	91
37th Massachusetts	Sixth.....	169	92
5th N. Y. (Duryea Zouaves)	Fifth.....	177	31
61st New York	Second...	189	119
63d New York (Irish Brigade)	Second ..	161	88
70th N. Y. (Sickles's Brigade)	Third....	190	64
82d N. Y. (2d N. Y. S. M.)	Second...	176	78
84th N. Y. (14th Brooklyn)	First	162	69
124th N. Y. ("Orange Blossoms")	Third....	151	89
12th New Jersey	Second...	177	99
62d Pennsylvania	Fifth.....	169	89
72d Penn. (Baxter's Zouaves)	Second...	193	71
95th Pennsylvania	Sixth....	182	73
102d Pennsylvania	Sixth	181	82
5th Ohio	Twelfth..	151	50
7th Ohio	Twelfth..	184	89
19th Indiana	Third ...	179	117
32d Indiana (First German)	Fourth...	171	97
26th Wisconsin (German Regiment)	Eleventh.	188	77
37th Wisconsin	Ninth ...	156	89
1st Minnesota	Second ..	187	99

In addition to these, there are the forty-five leading regiments previously mentioned,—leading ones as regards greatest loss in action,—whose aggregate of killed is one-third greater than that of their loss by disease. Then there might be cited the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, an effective and hard fighting division, in which every regiment sustained a greater loss in battle than by disease, with the exception of the 7th Reserves, in whose case the excess from disease was caused by seventy-four deaths in Andersonville. The 1st Jersey Brigade, the 2d Jersey Brigade, and the Iron Brigade were all hard fighters, with the consequent heavy losses, and yet each regiment in those brigades lost less by disease than by battle.

Still, in the whole army the aggregate loss by disease was double the loss in action, and the question arises, Where, then, did it occur?

In reply, a long list could be offered, in which regiments with a comparatively small loss in action would show a startling mortality from sickness; also many commands which performed garrison or post duty, and which show a long death-roll without having been engaged in any battle. The troops in the Departments of the Gulf and the Mississippi were exposed to a fatal climate, but participated in few battles, the fighting there, aside from a few minor engagements, being over by August, 1863. Though but few battle names were inscribed upon their colors, it should be remembered that they went and came in obedience to orders; that the service they rendered was an important one; and that their comrades' lives were also lost while in the line of duty.

Still, the inference is a fair one that the fighting regiments owed their exemption from disease to that same pluck which made them famous, and which enabled them to withstand its encroachments without tamely giving up and lying down under its attack. It was a question of mental as well as bodily stamina, and hence there is found in certain black regiments a mortality from disease exceeding by far that of any white troops, a fact which cannot be accounted for by climatic reasons, because the particular regiments referred to were recruited from blacks who were born and raised along the Mississippi, where these troops were stationed, and where the loss occurred.

Throughout the whole army, the officers were far less apt to succumb to the fatalities of disease than were their men. While the proportionate loss of enlisted men in battle was 16 men to one officer, the loss by disease was 82 men, and in the colored troops 214 men — facts with ethnological features worth noting.

In addition to deaths from battle and disease there were other prolific sources of mortality, over 4000 being killed by accidents, resulting mostly from a careless use of firearms or from fractious horses, while 3000 more were drowned while bathing or boating. By the explosion of the steamer *Sultana*, loaded with exchanged prisoners, homeward bound after the war, 1400 Union soldiers were killed — a loss exceeded in only a few battles of the war.

A regiment's greatest loss did not always occur in its greatest battle. The heaviest blows were often received in some fight which history scarcely mentions — some reconnoissance, ambuscade, or wagon-guard affair, entirely disconnected with any general engagement. With many commands this has been a misfortune and a grievance; something akin to that of the oft-quoted aspirant for glory who was slain in battle, but whose name was misspelled in the newspapers. The 107th New York went through Gettysburg with a trivial loss, only to have 170 men struck down at Pumpkin Vine Creek, Ga. This regiment erected a monument, on the pedestal of which is chiseled a long list of battle names, remarkable for their euphony as well as their historic grandeur. The hand of the stonecutter paused at Pumpkin Vine Creek, and the committee substituted New Hope Church, the name by which the Confederates designate the same fight.

The word Gettysburg is not a musical combination, but many will thank fortune that the battle was fought there instead of at Pipe Creek, the place designated in the general's orders. As it is, the essayist and historian will delight in referring to the grand victory as one which preserved unbroken the map and boundaries of the nation, but they would hardly care to do so if they were obliged to add that all this took place at Pipe Creek.

Soldiers love to point to the battle names inscribed upon their colors, and glory in the luster that surrounds them. It is natural that they should prefer well-known names or pleasant-sounding ones. The old soldier is something of a romancer in his way, and is alive to the value of euphony as an adjunct to his oft-told tale. The Michigan cavalrymen find willing ears for the story of their fight at Falling Waters, while the Jersey troopers find it difficult to interest hearers in their affair at Hawes' Shop. The veterans of the West find it easier to talk of Atlanta and Champion's Hill than of the Yazoo or Buzzard's Roost. Through coming years our rhyming bards will tell of those who fought at the Wilderness, or Malvern Hill, but cadence and euphony will ignore the fallen heroes of Pea Ridge and Bermuda Hundred.

William F. Fox.

THE MASK.

WHY am I still unscarred when agony,
Repeated oft, has burnt both heart and brain,
Till all my being seems a quivering pain
That custom but renews unceasingly?
Abroad, I shrink, dreading lest misery
Have so defaced my face that once again
Men turn, and look, and shuddering be fain
To say with Dante's Florentines, "There, see
One who, though living, hath known death and hell."
So, when thy glance has glorified my face,
And joy, transfigured, all in life seems well,
Methinks my mirror then will show no trace
Of my old self, but one supremely fair.
Insensate flesh! I find no beauty there!

Elyot Weld.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THE COLONIES.

IN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.

SEAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

THE Church of England took root in America with the first colony. Among its earliest ministers were some men of ability and unselfish devotion; such men, for example, as Robert Hunt, Alexander Whitaker, and Thomas White. The church had the advantages of a traditional hold on the English mind, the sympathy and support of the home government, and the social prestige conferred by the adhesion of governors and other crown officers. In Virginia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and Georgia it was established by law; while in New York it had always a legal advantage over its rivals. Yet the history of the Church of England in the American Colonies, though not quite a history of failure, is far from being a story of success. Its ultimate influence upon the character of the colonists was probably less than that of Puritanism or Quakerism, perhaps hardly greater than that of the Presbyterianism chiefly brought in by Irish and Scotch settlers after 1700. This partial default of the English Church in America was largely due to the fact that a main persuasive to emigration in the time of the Stuarts had been English laws for the enforcement of conformity: the stately liturgy lost some of its beauty and dignity when propagated by constables and jailers. But even in the colonies settled chiefly by adherents of the establishment, the church in most places sank into apathy, while unresting, dissenting sects drew life and prosperity from its dissolving elements.

At the time of the planting of the James River settlements, the impulse given by the Reformation to religious devotion in the English Church had not spent itself. There were many men in its priesthood who combined a Puritan strictness in morals with a sentiment of reverence that had a medieval origin. This religious party had from the first laid hold of the scheme of English planting in America as a sort of new crusade for the extension of Christendom and the overthrow of heathenism. Clergymen like Hakluyt and Purchas and Symonds ardently promoted the colony; noble-hearted laymen like the Ferrars and their friends gave time and money with unstinted liberality to the religious interests of the plantation; and there were those, both of the clergy and laity, who, from religious motives, "left their warm nests" in England "and undertook the heroical resolution to go to Virginia," sharing the hardships, and even losing their lives in the perils, of the enterprise.

The line of demarcation between the Puritan and the old-fashioned churchman was not yet sharply drawn, so that the Virginia church long retained some traits which in England had come to be accounted as belonging to the Puritans or Presbyterians. Indeed, some of the parish clergy, in 1647, were so touched with Puritanism as to refuse to "read the common prayer upon the Sabboth dayes." For more than a hundred years after the first settlement of Virginia the surplice appears to have been quite unknown; "both sacraments" were performed "without the habits and proper ornaments and vessels" required; parts of the liturgy were omitted "to avoid giving offense"; marriages, baptisms, and churchings of women were held and funeral sermons preached in private houses; and in some parishes, so late as 1724, the Lord's Supper was received by the communicants in a sitting posture. If we add to these the opposition to visitations and all ecclesiastical courts, the claim of the parishes to choose and dismiss their own ministers, the employment of unordained lay readers or "ministers" in a majority of the parishes, and the general neglect of most of the church festivals, we shall understand how peculiar were the traits of the Virginia church. These had their origin partly in the transitional state in which the Anglican body found itself at the birth of the church of Virginia, and were partly the result of isolation. But while the Church of England in the first half of the seventeenth century drew religious life at the same time from ancient and medieval sources, and from the fresh impulses of the Reformation period, she still suffered from unre-

formed abuses. There were still "dumb parsons" in some of her poorer parishes, who never essayed to preach, and who were incapable of any other functions than those of mumbling the liturgy and receiving the tithes. Many of the clergy were men whose morals were of the most debauched character: a manuscript preserved in the Duke of Manchester's papers gives a horrible description of the state of the clergy in the county of Essex in 1602. One of these Essex parsons carried his diabolism to such an extreme that he was familiarly called "Vicar of Hell," a title which he good-naturedly accepted in lieu of his proper name. During all of the seventeenth and much of the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the learning and virtue of many of the clergy, the altars of the Church of England were in many places beset by men of despicable attainments and depraved morals thrust into the priest's office merely that they might eat of the shew-bread.

From this state of things the colonies adhering to the Church of England were the greatest sufferers. Sometimes a clergyman's abilities and education were so mean, or the ill fame of his bad living was so rank, that even the very tolerant public opinion of the day in England could no longer abide him. In this case his friends would seek for him the chaplaincy of a man-of-war, or pack him off to the colonies. The debauched sons of reputable families, incapable of any other use in the wide world, were deemed good enough to read prayers and christen children in Virginia parishes for sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco a year, with forty shillings for every funeral sermon and the wedding-fees to boot. The cry against the bad lives of some of these emigrant parsons was heard as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. "Many came," says Hammond, in 1656, "such as wore black coats and could babble in a pulpit, swear in a tavern, exact from their parishioners, and rather by their dissoluteness destroy than feed their flocks."

But in the rising against the despotism of Sir John Harvey, the Virginia clergy of 1635 appear to have had virtue enough to take the popular side under the lead of the Rev. Antony Panton, who also, in 1641, appeared in London as "Agent of the Church of England in Virginia." By protests, first to the Commons and then to the Lords, Panton contrived to delay for months the sailing of Sir William Berkeley, who had been appointed governor at the instance of Harvey and his clique. During the Commonwealth time some ministers of a better class sought Virginia as a refuge, and some of the most dissolute of the parish clergy were silenced by the Assembly. There was a general improvement in manners at this time. The pioneer Virginians had been noted from the outset for excess in drinking; but growing prosperous, they now became, "not only civil, but great observers of the Sabbath, and to stand upon their reputations and to be ashamed of that notorious manner of life they had formerly lived and wallowed in." These reformed colonists in 1656 offered a bonus of twenty pounds to every one who should import "a sufficient minister." But with the return of Berkeley to power at the restoration, the governmental influence on the clergy must have been depressing. "The king's old courtier" that he was, Sir William evidently liked best the "dumb parsons," who gave the people no ideas and tyrants no trouble. He expresses his regret that Virginia ministers would not "pray oftener and preach less." When Bacon's rebellion brought Berkeley's career to an infamous close there was no Panton left to take the side of the people; all the parsons in Virginia appear to have been partisans of the governor.

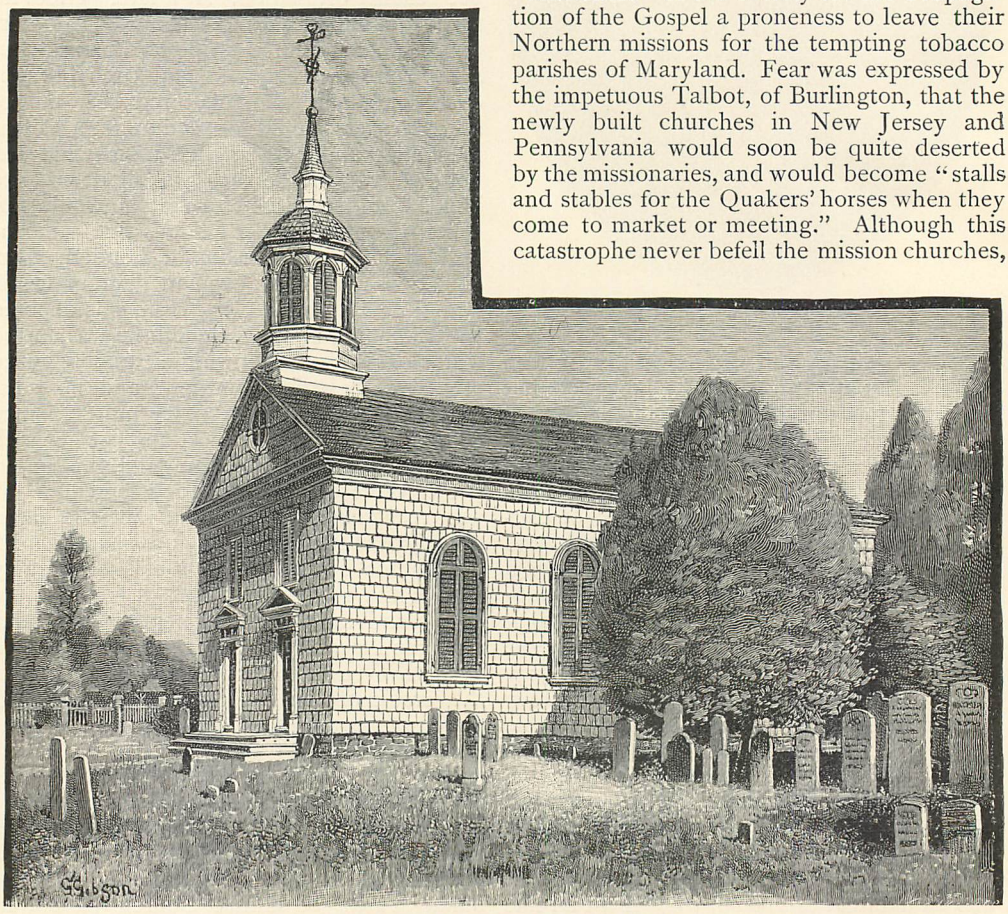
Compton, who came to the see of London in 1675, made the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London over the colonies something more than a name. He appointed Blair commissary of Virginia, and Bray to a like office in Maryland; under his auspices William and Mary College was founded, and the Propagation Society instituted; his influence with his former pupils, Queen Mary and Queen Anne, enabled him to secure at court whatever was desirable for the colonial church, and more than one governor seems to have lost his place through Bishop Compton's displeasure. But in Compton's time, and long after, the lives of many of the colonial clergy were disreputable, even when judged by the standards of that day. The law of the market ruled in these things: what could find no purchaser in England was put off upon the colonies. Morgan Godwyn declares that the meanest curate in England had "far more considerable hopes" than a Virginia clergyman about 1675. Some of the least acceptable of the parish clergy in Virginia were Scotch and Irish adventurers, who thought it better to get an out-of-the-world parish, with or without orders, than to work hard and live precariously as school-masters. The case was rendered worse in Maryland, since, by the constitution of the church in that province, there was for a long time no power on earth that could legally deprive a clergyman when once inducted. "As bad as a Maryland parson," was one of the earliest of indigenous American proverbs. One incumbent of a Maryland parish was described as, "like St. Paul, all things to all men; he swears with

REV. JONATHAN BOUCHER OF MARYLAND.

those who swear, and drinks with those who drink." But swearing and drinking were but the minor faults of these "tithe-pig parsons"; drunkenness was proverbially called the "clergyman's vice." In 1718 Commissary Wilkinson, of the eastern shore of Maryland, forbade weddings in private houses, because of clergymen "being drunk at such times and places." Two Virginia clergymen, in 1723, were given to "fighting and quarreling publicly in their drink" to such an extent that it was said, "The whole country rings with the scandal." It was charged that some of the clergy of this province were "so debauched that they are foremost in all manner of vices." "One Holt, a scandalous and enormous wretch," was deprived by the commissary of Virginia, but he went to Maryland, where he secured one of the best parishes. Another Virginia parson had brought a servant-maid aboard ship, and passed her off as his wife; yet another was an habitual drunkard, who "kept an idle hussy he brought over with him." Clergymen were scarce in a new country, and discipline must needs be lax if any considerable number were to be retained. In the case last mentioned the woman was packed aboard ship and sent home, and the parson was "reformed"; apparently without any interruption of his clerical duties. When, however, we read of two Virginia parishes that, in 1740, had been vacated by the lewdness of the ministers, we have some pain to conceive of the degree of profligacy that had been sufficient to drive these men from the altar. Even in Maryland one man lost his place by adding bigamy to habitual inebriety. Polygamy was, indeed, on more than one occasion the charge brought against a Maryland parson. Commissary Bray found one Maryland incumbent who had forged a certificate of ordination, as a Virginia writing-master had done at an earlier period. This writing-master wore a scarlet hood in the pulpit and called himself a doctor of divinity. The forging of orders seems, indeed, a superfluous villainy when one considers with what facility wretches like these were able in that day to get genuine ordination. At a later period, no man from the colonies was admitted to orders unless he had secured a title to a parish. But shrewd adventurers, who had been brought over sometimes as indentured servants or schoolmasters, would contrive to get a recommendation and a title from a parish that was not even vacant, the vestry taking defeasance bonds from the candidate that he would not claim possession under a bogus title — meant only to deceive the Bishop of London. Discipline was not easy, even in flagrant cases. Brunskill, a Virginia clergyman, was deposed with difficulty, in 1757, though he was, in the words of Governor Dinwiddie, "almost guilty of every sin except murder," and he must have had a stomach even for murder, since he tied his wife to a bedpost and cut her with knives; yet, notwithstanding all, he found two or three of his order to defend him. It was recognized at the time that the rapid growth of dissent and religious skepticism in the Church of England colonies was largely due to the repulsive morals of some of the clergy and the sloth and neglect of others. One good clergyman in Virginia cries out in 1724, that "even miracles could not maintain the credit of the church where such lewd and profane ministers are tolerated or connived at."

But this is only the dark side of the picture. There were always in the Chesapeake colonies clergymen of another stamp, whose character shone the brighter by their proximity to sluggards and drunkards. Bartholomew Yates, of Christ Church parish, in Middlesex county, Virginia, who died in 1734, would have won praise for his virtues anywhere. Anthony Garvin, about the same period, exchanged an easy parish for a destitute one on the frontier, where he preached in widely separated places. He laments that ministers are so much absorbed in farming and buying slaves, "which latter, in my humble opinion, is unlawful for any Christian." Speaking thus, in 1738, in opposition to the doctrine of the pastoral letter of the learned Bishop Gibson, his own diocesan, Garvin showed that in moral judgment he was a century ahead of his time. Thomas Bacon,

the editor of the Maryland laws, and William Stith, the painstaking historian of Virginia, are examples of clergymen of distinction in literature. One should add to this list the names of Clayton the naturalist, of Blair the theologian, of the diarist Fontaine, and of the versatile Boucher. Devereux Jarratt, a native Virginian of humble birth, was ordained in 1762, and was long illustrious for his useful labors. He was a sort of connecting link between what was best in the colonial church of Virginia and the religious life of our own time. His autobiography is a reflection of the simplicity and disinterested goodness of his nature.

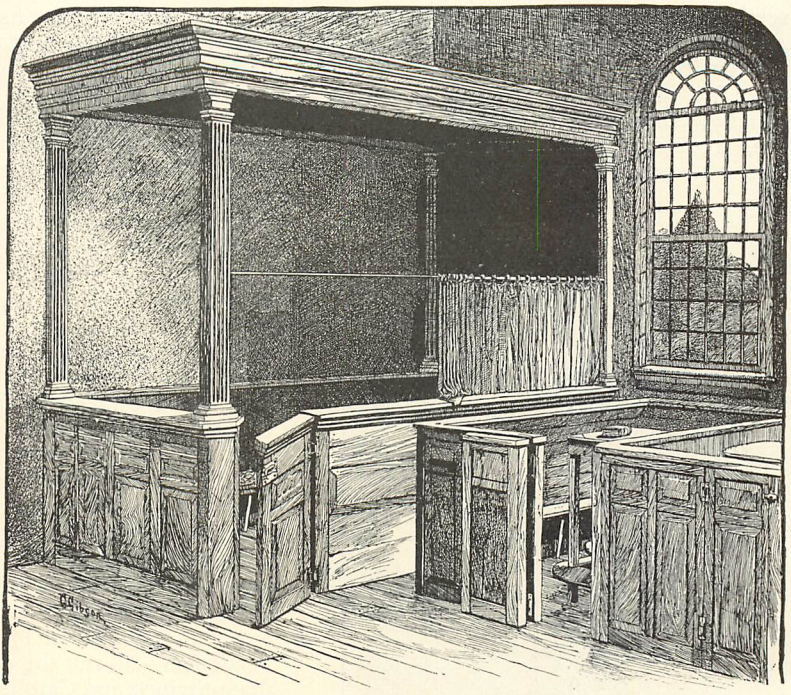


CHRIST CHURCH, SHREWSBURY, NEW JERSEY.

In the later colonial period the character of the Maryland clergy was raised merely by the action of the law of the market. Instead of providing, as in Virginia, a definite salary in tobacco for each incumbent, the law of Maryland gave the clergyman forty pounds of tobacco for every person of tithable age and condition, whether white or black. This tax was felt to be very burdensome, and in 1760 it was reduced to thirty pounds of inspected tobacco. Under this system of payment by a capitation tax, the increase of population rendered some of the parishes valuable; that of All Saints was estimated at one thousand pounds sterling a year. A more desirable class of clergymen sought these good livings, and the proverbial Maryland parson was for the most part driven to the wall by competition. As early as 1718 there was among the "missioners" of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a proneness to leave their Northern missions for the tempting tobacco parishes of Maryland. Fear was expressed by the impetuous Talbot, of Burlington, that the newly built churches in New Jersey and Pennsylvania would soon be quite deserted by the missionaries, and would become "stalls and stables for the Quakers' horses when they come to market or meeting." Although this catastrophe never befell the mission churches, the character of the Maryland clergy was so far advanced that Edmund Burke, in 1757, could speak of them as "the most decent and the best of the clergy of North America."

In Virginia even "the sweet-scented parishes," as they were called,— those where the minister's salary was paid in high-priced, sweet-scented tobacco,— yielded only about a hundred pounds sterling, and the parishioners sometimes refused to settle a clergyman unless he would consent to serve two parishes

for one salary. The salary was rendered precarious by the prevalent custom of "hiring" a clergyman for a year at a time. Blair, the able Scotchman who was for many years the Bishop of London's commissary for this province, complained that the insecurity of the livings rendered it impossible for the clergy to "match so much to their advantage as if they were settled by induction." A wife with a dower seems to have been regarded as one of the natural and legitimate resources of a settled clergyman.



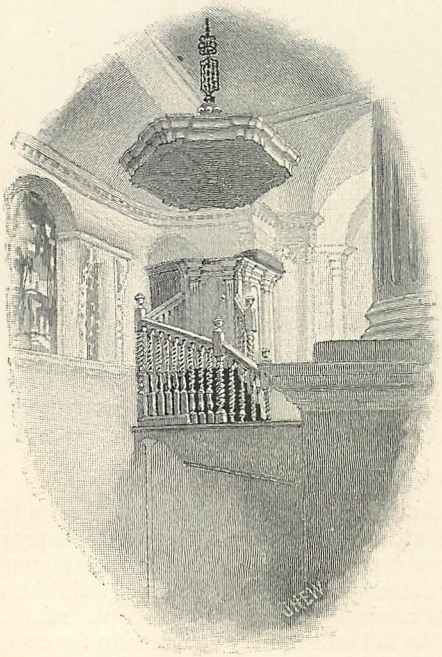
CANOPIED PEW IN THE OLD CHURCH AT SHREWSBURY, NEW JERSEY.

THE CHURCH IN THE CAROLINAS.

THE proprietors of Carolina declared at the outset of their enterprise that they were moved to it by their great zeal to propagate the Christian faith; but once their charter had passed the seals, their zeal enjoyed a peaceful slumber for forty years. They accomplished the settlement of their provinces under the broadest and most solemn promises of religious toleration; but, in 1704, with characteristic bad faith, and by the use of shameless trickery in the elections, their governor procured the passage, by a majority of one, of an act establishing the Church of England and disabling dissenters — who were about two-thirds of the population — from sitting in the assembly. By the same act it was sought to wrest the ecclesiastical power from the Bishop of London and put it into the hands of a subservient lay commission of twenty members, a majority of whom were not even habitual communicants. The Carolinian dissenters promptly petitioned the House of Lords against the bill on account of its proscription of the greater part of the inhabitants, the Bishop of London and the Propagation Society detested and opposed it on account of the lay commission, the House of Lords addressed the Queen against it on both heads, and the law was repealed by the alarmed proprietors and declared null by royal authority, while the Lords of Trade even took steps looking to the vacating of the lords proprietors' charter. But the matter was so managed by the assembly that their church establishment was retained, though the proscriptive features of the bill and the lay commission for ecclesiastical affairs were given up.

It was the good fortune of the Church of England in South Carolina that nearly all its early ministers were sent out under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the missionaries of this society were carefully selected and were the most reputable clergymen that came to the colonies. Besides the aid which this body continued to give until 1766, the South Carolina clergy received salaries from the provincial treasury and from money raised by a tax on exported furs and deerskins. They also had glebes, which were in some instances stocked with cows, and even in a few cases with household slaves. South Carolina clergy were thus tolerably independent, their election by the people gave some security for their character, and they had besides the good fortune, after 1726, to be, for about thirty years, under the supervision of Alexander Garden, an efficient commissary. The province thus escaped, for the most part, the church scandals of Maryland and Virginia; and though the adherents of the establishment never constituted a majority of the people, the church was able to hold its own against "the meetners," as dis-

senters were called. Eliza Lucas testifies, about 1740, that the "generality of people" in Charleston were "of a religious turn of mind," a statement sustained by the large congregations that a little later attended even week-day lectures of favorite preachers. But in a society so rich and gay and lax religion among the upper classes was probably never very intense. Josiah Quincy, who visited Charleston in 1774, was accustomed to the superabounding amplitude of length and breadth and depth of New England ministrations, and he did not estimate highly "the young coxcomb," as he calls him, whom he heard "preach flippantly for seventeen and a half minutes" in a Charleston pulpit. But the South Carolina clergy were not generally flippant, and there were instances of noble disinterestedness and public spirit among them. One of them refused the portion of his salary promised by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and three others left money to public uses. The clergy of South Carolina manifested a genuine interest in the religious welfare of the slaves, whose very multitude made their lot harder than that of the negroes in any other continental colony. Early efforts were made to Christianize them, and an address to the Bishop of London from the South Carolina clergy on the subject was the occasion of Bishop Gibson's pastoral letter and the deliverances of the attorney and solicitor-general, all of which were meant to facilitate the conversion of the negroes.



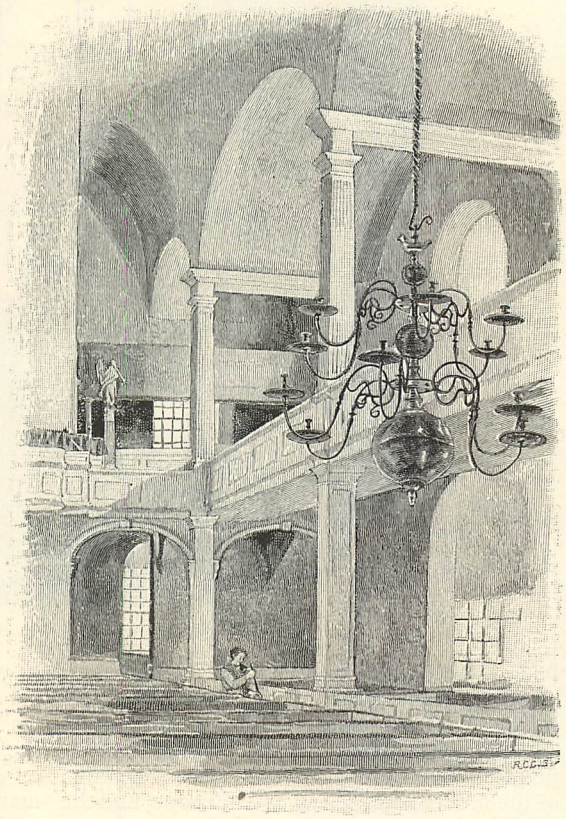
PULPIT OF KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON.

North Carolina was long a barren field for the Church of England. A church establishment found congenial soil among the landed aristocracy of the Chesapeake colonies and South Carolina; but the early North Carolinians were a rather turbulent democracy, fond of their liberty, holding most of the conventions of society in detestation, and regarding with some impatience almost every sort of restraint. The Propagation Society made some early but not very vigorous efforts to secure a lodgment in North Carolina, but the ministers whom they sent suffered much from their uncongenial environment. The vivacious Colonel Byrd sneeringly declared that North Carolina was "a climate where no clergyman can breathe any more than spiders in Ireland." Large numbers of the people grew up without baptism, and this was regarded in that day as a relapse to heathenism. It was specially lamented by Governor Eden that so many hundreds of the children slain by the Tuscaroras were unbaptized. In 1728 the Virginia commissioners who ran the dividing line between that province and Carolina were accompanied by a chaplain, and whole families of North Carolina people intercepted their march, seeking to be "made Christians" by baptism. Stories were current of reckless Virginia clergymen making junketing trips through the neighboring province, and defraying their expenses by baptizing the people at so much a head. Notwithstanding the laws for the establishment of the church that had been on the statute-book for many years, there was not one clergyman of the English Church regularly settled in North Carolina in 1732. The province was not, however, wholly without religious service. Schoolmasters read the liturgy and Tillotson's Sermons in some places, and the law of the market which was adverse to the Anglican Church acted otherwise upon the over-supply of Puritan divines. "Some Presbyterian or rather independent ministers from New England," says Governor Burrington, "have got congregations"; and he explains that others are likely to come, since there are some out of employment in New England, "where a preacher is seldom paid more than the value of twenty pounds sterling." Even earlier than the Puritans the Quakers had gained a hold among the North Carolina settlers, George Fox himself having visited the province as early as 1672. "The Quakers of this government," says Burrington, "are considerable for their numbers and substance, the regularity of their lives, hospitality to strangers, and kind offices to new settlers inducing many to be of their persua-

sion." But 1732 marked the lowest point in the fortunes of the English Church in North Carolina. In that year Boyd, a resident of the province, went to England and took orders. His six years of ministration made a deep impression. In 1743 Clement Hall, who had been a justice of the peace and a lay-reader in the colony, took orders and returned as a missionary to win for himself, by his self-denying toils, his evangelizing journeys, and his popular eloquence, the title of the "Apostle of North Carolina." Notwithstanding the earlier acts on the subject, several new laws were passed in 1745 and later for the better establishment of the church; for though the adherents of the Church of England were always a minority of the people in both the Carolinas, the maintenance of an established form of religious worship seems to have been generally regarded as an essential part of a fixed and orderly government.

THE EPISCOPAL PROPAGANDA.

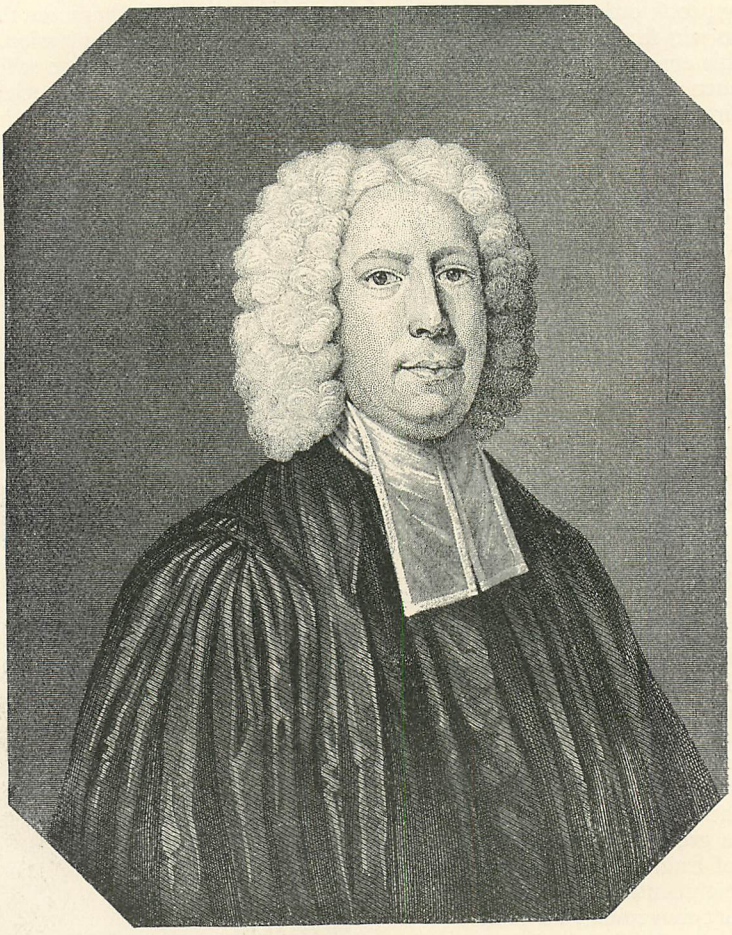
ALTHOUGH the Church of England appeared to have lost her moral courage and her spiritual aspirations in the reaction against Puritanism, and even against morality and decency, at the restoration of the Stuarts, there set in afterward a movement that was at first as small as a mustard-seed, and so well hidden that its ultimate importance has hitherto failed, so far as I know, to excite the attention of any student of the religious history of that age. About 1679 there sprang up in England what were known as the "religious societies," and though a great part of the religious history of England and her colonies in the eighteenth century lay in embryo in that movement, we cannot now tell the name of its originator or the source of his inspirations. It is possible that some stray seed from Spener's pietistic meetings in Germany had been wafted across the Channel, but it is more probable that the English societies were indigenous. The members of these obscure associations stirred up one another to devotion, and resorted to the communion of the parish churches in a body. It was the phenomenon so often seen in the world's religious history,—*Ecclesia in Ecclesiâ*,—a church growing within a church that had lost the power to satisfy the aspirations of the human spirit. About 1691, a dozen years after their beginning, some of these associations came under the influence of the reformatory impulse set a-going by the revolution of 1688; and by this means losing their merely pietistic character, they undertook to coöperate for the suppression of the prevalent vices of the time. Three or four years later the hidden leaven of the societies began to make itself felt as a force to be reckoned with, and Queen Mary and Archbishop Tillotson thought it worth while to lend their approval to this new movement, which had grown while sovereigns and prelates slumbered and slept. By 1701 there were twenty allied societies for the reformation of manners in the British Islands, besides forty "devout societies" of the original kind.* The reformatory societies



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

* The most conspicuous outgrowth of the devout societies was the Methodist movement of the eighteenth century, though I do not know that the connection has ever before been pointed out. The so-called "Holy Club" of Oxford, from which issued the Wesleys and Whitefield, appears to have been merely one of the religious societies which had already flourished for fifty years, and some of which were still in existence thirty years later. From this same familiar model Wesley doubtless borrowed the outlines of the plan that resulted in the more highly organized Methodist societies out of which in time have come the great Methodist bodies.

spread as far as to New York, and put a new weapon into the hands of waning Puritanism in New England, where they obtained a vogue, even in the country towns, in the early part of the eighteenth century. Meantime, in spite of much unwisdom and misdirected effort, they societies found a new development. Bray had a mind of great acuteness, inventive rather than original: he was one of those men whose destiny it is to give an organic body to ideas already in the air. One-sided in matters of opinion, as becomes a propagandist, he was



SAMUEL JOHNSON, D.D., FIRST PRESIDENT OF KING'S COLLEGE.

had acquired such influence in England as to be able to suppress a great number of disorderly houses, and drive many lewd characters from the kingdom. More than a thousand convictions for vice were secured in 1701. The fame of the movement spread over Europe, and the published accounts of the societies were translated into other languages. In England great opposition was awakened, and the promoters of the societies met with the common fate of reformers; they were "balladed in the streets" and "ridiculed in plays and on the theaters."

But in the closing years of the seventeenth century there rose up the Rev. Dr. Thomas Bray, in whose hands the voluntary religious singularly bold and comprehensive in practical affairs. The English Church entirely filled his intellectual horizon; all the rest was in the outer darkness of heresy, schism, apostasy, or damnable infidelity. He combated Romanism and he detested dissent. The regions settled by Quakers were to him hardly better than "so many heathen nations," and he joyfully announced in one of his publications that "many Quakers have returned to the Christian faith." This unsympathetic narrowness gave concentration to his exertions, which for the rest were sincere and disinterested. When he accepted the office of Commissary to Maryland he sold his effects and borrowed money to reach the province, at the same

time refusing eligible benefices at home. But knowing the ignorance of many of the clergy and their destitution of books, he organized, before he set out for Maryland, a society for furnishing the clergy in the colonies and in the provinces with libraries; borrowing his fundamental idea, no doubt, from Tenison, then Archbishop of Canterbury, who, when Vicar of St. Martin's, had founded a library with the view of keeping the thirty or forty young clergymen resident in that court parish as tutors, and in other capacities, from spending their time in taverns. This society, at first merely a new kind of voluntary association, was chartered in 1698 as "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge." But the schemes of such a man as Bray enlarge as he advances; and every project was swiftly transmuted into an organized association. After his return from Maryland he developed another private society, which had been "formed to meet and consult and contribute toward the progress of Christianity," into the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for which a royal charter was secured in 1701. The chief work of this corporation in the eighteenth century was in the American colonies. To these Dr. Bray added another association, for the special work of promoting the conversion of Indians and negroes. He not only influenced the early history of American religious life, but his societies became patterns and forerunners of all those propagandist and philanthropic associations by which Protestant bodies of every sort have supplied the place of the religious orders of the Roman Church.

The Propagation Society selected for its first missionary George Keith, perhaps one of the most disputatious religionists that ever vexed the souls of his fellow-men. Born in Aberdeen, he left the Scotch Kirk to join the Society of Friends, the most aggressive and the most sorely beset by foes of all the sects of the seventeenth century. He threw himself into the fray for years as their apologist, and endured long imprisonments for the sake of his opinions. While teaching the Friends' School in Philadelphia, he won notoriety by out-quakering the Quakers, assailing the leading members of the society for their sins in keeping slaves, in accepting public office, and in making laws, as well as for divers other departures from what he deemed the primitive Quaker way. He managed to make himself pestiferous, and to rend the little newly planted Pennsylvania world into two parties, leading out in 1691 a sect of those who modestly distinguished themselves as the *Christian* Quakers, but who were popularly known as Keithian Quakers. These he deserted in turn to take orders in the Church of England. Returning as an itinerant missionary of the Venerable Society, he had the satisfaction of bedeviling his old enemies to his heart's content. Thoroughly acquainted with the writings and usages of the Quakers, he thrust himself into their assemblies with the thick-skinned indelicacy of a hardened polemic, assailing their most cherished doctrines and denouncing their most revered leaders in their own meeting-houses. This, it is true, was only rendering measure for measure to the contentious Quakers of that day; but it was a mode of warfare to which the later and more dignified Church of England missionaries would not have resorted, and it is to the credit of the Society for Propagating the Gospel that Keith made but a single brief and bitter campaign. On his return to England he published a narrative of his travels, wherein he related his doughty combats with illiterate preachers, ill-fitted to answer an assailant whose expertness had been gained in warfare on so many sides of the question. Then after all these stormy years of restless disputations, Keith settled down in an obscure English vicarage, where, besides petty religious disputes, he employed his leisure in writing a work on longitude. Some of the "Keithians" in Pennsylvania followed him into the Church of England; many others became Baptists.

One of the chief disadvantages of the English Church in the colonies arose from

ANCIENT SILVER COMMUNION SERVICE BELONGING TO CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

the fact that many of its ministers held English notions of the church's position and rights. In their view the dissenters could at best claim only the barest tolerance: the church, where it was not established, was the heir-at-law unjustly kept out of an entailed inheritance by usurpers. From their standpoint there was no reason to scruple over the appropriation to their use of meeting-houses

put into their hands by force, as by Andros in Boston. When, in 1702, Lord Cornbury fled to Jamaica, on Long Island, from an epidemic, he accepted from the Presbyterian minister the loan of the parsonage built by the town; but when Cornbury left Jamaica, he politely returned the house, not to its former occupant, but to the Church of England missionary, alleging that since the house had been built by a public tax it ought to belong to the Established Church. He also by mere force, without process of law, put the Episcopal party into possession of the new stone meeting-house of this Puritan town; this they held for twenty-five years. Bigotry was common to all parties in that age: it was not surprising that churchmen should regard Cornbury's transaction as nothing more than the giving back to the church of its own again; but the complicity of clergymen in such acts of arbitrary injustice begot a prejudice against the church.

The "missioners" of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were generally chosen with care, and there were few scandals among them. The Propagation Society, indeed, was the principal agent in raising the character of the English Church clergy in America. A large proportion of the missionaries of the society were of American birth,

BISHOP BERKELEY'S FLAGON, NOW IN POSSESSION OF DANIEL BERKELEY UPDIKE, ESQ.

and these had a far stronger hold on the colonists than an equal number of men born in England could have gained. There were among them men of distinguished ability and high character. Such divines as Cutler and Johnson and Chandler could not but make the Church of England respected even where it was not loved. To the missionaries of the society is due the great and perennial honor of having been first to undertake, in any systematic way, the education of negro slaves. The very first missionary sent to South Carolina promptly began it, and it was carried forward by those who came after him in most of the parishes in that province. In 1742 Commissary Garden founded a negro school in Charleston, in which slaves were taught by slave teachers; these last, curiously enough, were the property of the Venerable Society, trained for the purpose. That no great result could come among thousands of slaves from the teaching of reading and the catechism to a few house-servants is evident, but the persistent efforts to do what could be done were most commendable. More hopeful was the work of "honest Elias Neau," the society's catechist in New York. Before he engaged in teaching negroes he bore the nickname of "the new reformer," because he was the leader of a little society of eight people "for the reformation of manners," in the rather immoral and very polyglot town at the south end of Manhattan Island. Catechists were afterward employed among the slaves in Philadelphia and elsewhere, but Neau was without doubt the most successful teacher of negroes in the colonies. In order to stir up the planters to instruct their slaves, especially to teach them the rudiments of the Christian religion, the society circulated many thousand copies of a sermon preached by Bishop Fleetwood in 1711, and of Bishop Gibson's letters on the subject, issued in 1727. To this exertion for the slaves must be added, in any summary of the work of this excellent society, the missions to the Indians, which cannot be treated here.*

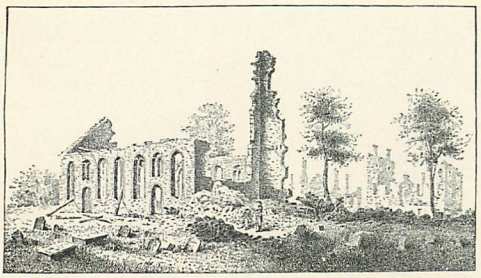
DEAN BERKELEY'S PROJECT.

THE most curious episode in the history of the Church of England in America is the attempt set on foot by the famous Dean Berkeley, afterward Bishop of Cloyne, to convert the Indians and to better the religious condition of the continent. This he proposed to do by founding a college in Bermuda for the education of American savages and clergymen. The proposition, coming from a man of his eminence, attracted much attention; for at the age of twenty-five Berkeley had made a permanent and important contribution to scientific speculation in his "Theory of Vision," and at twenty-six he had printed his "Principles of Human Knowledge," in which

* I am much indebted to the Rev. H. W. Tucker, the present able Secretary of the Propagation Society, for giving me the opportunity to examine the manuscript records of the society and the White-Kennett library.

he pushed idealism to its logical extreme, and placed himself among the founders of philosophic systems. He was not only a philosopher of world-wide fame, but a poet of true inspiration and graceful expression. His renown, his handsome person, and his amiable temper, as well as his wide knowledge and delightful gift for conversation, made him sought after in society and a favorite at court, while the purity and manly disinterestedness of his character gave him a lustrous singularity among the wits of his time. Fortune treated him kindly; he inherited four thousand pounds by the caprice of a lady with whom he had but slight acquaintance, and at forty years of age he was promoted to the best deanery in Ireland. But in the height of his prosperity he published in 1724 his "Proposal for better supplying of Churches in our Foreign Plantations." His plan was to raise up clergymen and educate Indians by means of a training college in the Bermudas, and he offered to resign his deanery and accept a paltry hundred pounds a year as the head of this enterprise. Nothing could have surprised the world of that day more than such an act of self-abnegation on the part of a churchman who saw the highest promotions thrown in his way by the favor of the great. No impulse could well have been nobler than this to plant the seeds of learning and virtue in a new continent, while few schemes were ever so utterly visionary as this one elaborated by Berkeley without any reckoning with the tremendous difficulties and untoward conditions of his task. But it was a "bubble period" in philanthropy as well as in finance; the English world was in a state of hopefulness, and a project was rendered plausible to the imagination of that time merely by its largeness and the ingenuity with which it was constructed. All kinds of social and agricultural projects for America were rife. English felons were to be reformed by filling a Virginia county with them and setting them to raising hemp for a livelihood; proposals had already appeared for planting the extreme south of Carolina with stranded debtors from English jails; Dr. Bray and his associates, and the dissenters as well, were for converting the negroes to Christianity out of hand; Oglethorpe, with his bundle of strange socialistic and agricultural projects, was only just below the horizon; Wesley and

DEAN BERKELEY, AFTERWARD BISHOP OF CLOYNE.
(FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN SMYBERT, IN POSSESSION OF YALE UNIVERSITY.)



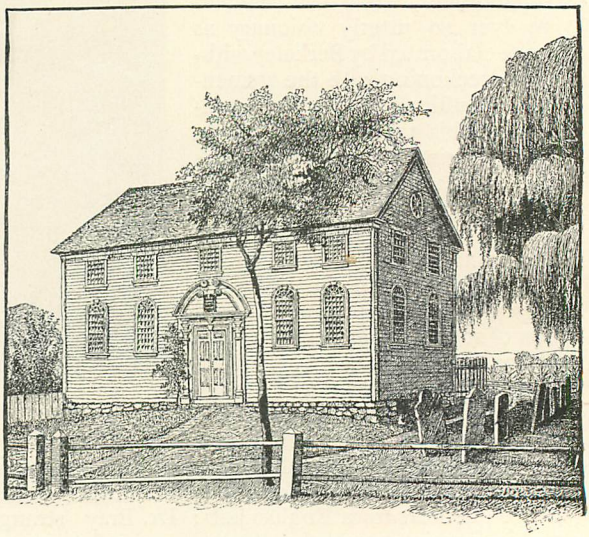
RUINS OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE IN 1776.

his quixotic Indian mission, and Whitefield and his expensive orphanage, were soon to appear. Even in an age less susceptible, the contagion of Berkeley's refined enthusiasm, supported by his eloquence, might have won over cool heads to such a project. The cynical Swift laughed at him but helped him; the wits of the Scriblerus Club, after rallying him, surrendered to the captivating eloquence with which he defended his scheme and confessed to a momentary impulse to go with him. Statesmen listened to him, and George I. granted him a charter, and, with the assent of parliament, set apart twenty thousand pounds of the proceeds of lands in St. Christopher for the benefit of the new college in the Bermudas. Berkeley also received considerable sums in private gifts for his enterprise.

In order to show to all the sincerity of his intentions, he prepared to set out for America without waiting to receive the public funds promised to him. But he regarded his enterprise rather in the spirit of a poet than in that of a missionary. Along with his first proposals, set forth in plain prose, he had sent to Lord Perceval as early as 1725 a draft of his noble prophetic poem on America, and he persuaded Pope to translate Horace's description of the Fortunate Islands, which he considered applicable to the Bermudas. With these islands he had become enamored without so much as ever having a sight of them. To his bride, who sailed with him in 1728, he presented a spinning-wheel as a token that she was to lead the life of a plain farmer's wife, "and wear stuff of her own spinning."

Instead of going direct to Bermuda he set out for Rhode Island, touching at Virginia. It was only on arriving in America that the absurdity of a scheme of propagandism constructed in thin air, by a speculative thinker in his closet, became apparent. In England, Berkeley had been surrounded by people whose ignorance of America was more dense than his own. He might silence the raillery of the wits of the Scriblerus Club by his eloquent talk, but the wits of Virginia knew the Indians too well to be for a moment beguiled. The attempt to educate young savages at William and Mary under the patronage of Governor Spotswood had but recently proved a failure. Most of the Indian students had died from the change of habit; the rest had relapsed to savagery on their return to their tribes, or remained as menials or vicious idlers in the settlement. Byrd, the brightest of the Virginians, laughed at Berkeley for another Quixote, and wrote to Berkeley's friend, Lord Perceval, that the dean would "need the gift of miracles to persuade" the savages "to leave their country and venture themselves on the great ocean on the temptation of being converted." Colonel Byrd declared his belief that it was Waller's poetic description of the islands that had "kidnapt" Berkeley "over to Bermuda." And indeed Berkeley himself, by the time he was fairly settled for a sojourn at Newport, had begun to see the doubtfulness of the Bermuda part of the project, and to consider the question of translating his college to Rhode Island.

During his residence of two or three years at Newport he made many friends, as a matter of course, for more lovable a man could not well be. Such of the Church of England missionaries as were near enough met from time to time in a sort of synod at his house and came strongly under his influence, but the friendships of a soul so catholic were not confined to his own communion. He waited in vain for the twenty thousand pounds from the Government. When at last his patience was exhausted, Gibson, the Bishop of London,

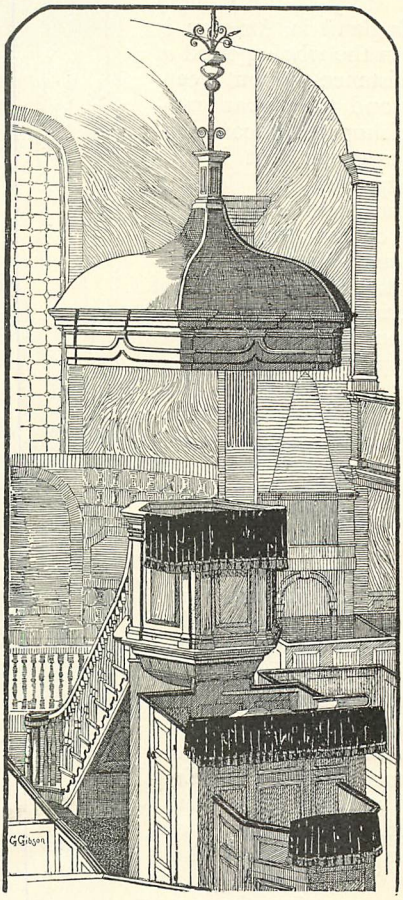


THE OLD NARRAGANSETT CHURCH IN RHODE ISLAND.

demanded on his behalf a categorical reply from Walpole, and the Prime Minister, in diplomatic but unmistakable words, declared that the money would never be paid.

The refusal of Walpole gave Berkeley a pretext to return to England and take up his own proper career once more. It is hard to believe that he regretted it, for his stay in America must have brought him many cruel disenchantments. He found the once comparatively dense Indian population of Rhode Island already in 1730 dwindled to one thousand, and these were "servants and laborers for the English," doomed to extermination by their hopeless proclivity for drink. The rivalry and polemical collisions between the Anglican missionaries and the established Puritan clergy were doubtless repulsive to him; he certainly appears to have done much to soften the religious asperities growing out of the situation. With his prestige, he easily might have secured from private munificence sufficient money to begin his college and to carry it to such success as was possible, had he been made of missionary stuff. Indeed, he afterward wrote to the first head of King's College in New York: "Colleges from small beginnings grow great by subsequent bequests and benefactions." But there had probably come to him in these years of retirement that disillusion which is hardest of all to bear — the discovery that in following an impulse entirely generous, one has misunderstood his vocation, wasted his best years, and spent the never-to-be-recovered forces of his prime. Even while he was at Newport, Berkeley had relapsed into philosophy and passed his time for the most part not as the missionary he wished to be, but as the thinker nature had made him. At Newport he wrote his "Alciphron," and his letters thence show that his chief interest lay in discussing, not the aborigines or the rival ecclesiastical systems of the colonists, but Newton's ideas of space and Locke's notions of matter. It could not have been Walpole's refusal alone that sent him back to Europe, "touched" in "health and spirits." He no doubt felt keenly his mistake, and perhaps recognized some justice in that "raillery of European wits" which he would liked to have despised.

The real value of Berkeley's visit to America he himself probably never fully understood. The simple presence of a man of renown consecrated to intellectual pursuits and inspired by the most genuine philanthropy was of inestimable value in a sordid provincial society where the leaders had been chiefly rich speculators, successful cod-fishermen, Guinea traders in slaves, and rum-distillers,— or at best religious disputants and provincial politicians. To the religious life of the northern colonies the Dean of Derry was a sort of dove from the skies. He impressed upon the church mission-

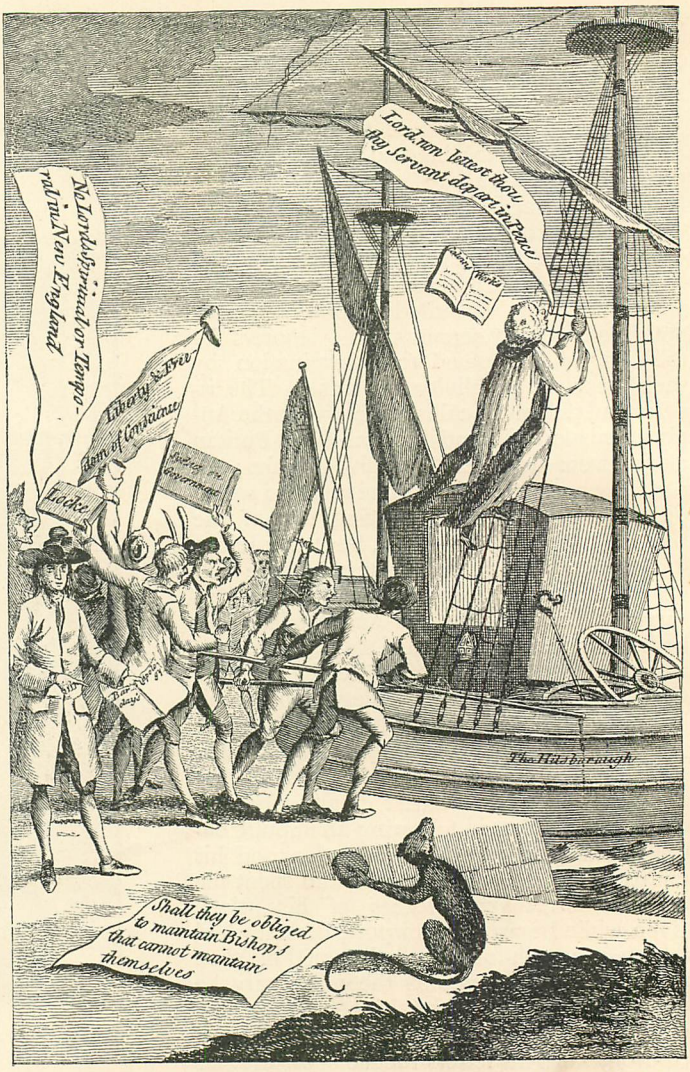


PULPIT OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEWPORT, R. I.

aries the loveliness of charity and forbearance, and he embraced in his affections those for whom he invented the title, "Brethren of the Separation." When he left he gave a noble pledge of his good feeling toward those who differed from him, in making liberal gifts in books and land to Yale and Harvard colleges. This was propagating a sort of Christianity that had never been revealed to America before. In a sermon preached before the Venerable Society after his return, he praises its missionaries particularly in that they were at that time "living on a more friendly foot with their brethren of the separation, who on their part are very much come off from that narrowness of spirit which formerly kept them at such a distance from us." Berkeley, by his mere presence, did better for the colonies than he could have done with a college six hundred miles off the coast.

AN EPISCOPAL CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP.

THE most salient fact in the history of the Church of England in America is that in the whole period of its existence — about a century and three-quarters — no bishop of its communion ever set foot in this hemisphere, no church building was ever episcopally consecrated, no catechumen ever received confirmation, and no resident of America was ever ordained without making the tedious voyage to England, exposed to the dangers of the sea and to the tolerable certainty of taking the small-pox upon his arrival in Europe. In 1638 Archbishop Laud, with characteristic directness, proposed to send a bishop to America, and to support him "with some forces to compel if he could not otherwise persuade obedience." But all the means of persuasion at Laud's disposal were soon after in requirement to compel obedience in England and Scotland. Laud's scheme, in its spirit and perhaps in some of its details, was revived in the first years after the restoration, when, in 1662, Sir Robert Carr was thought of for a general governor of all the colonies. He was to be accompanied by a major-general and a bishop with a suffragan; * but this dangerous procession of formidable authorities, by whomsoever proposed, was prudently laid aside after the arrival of delegates who brought the humble, not to say cringing, submission of Massachusetts to the king. In 1672 an attempt was made to establish the episcopate in Virginia with Dr. Alexander Murray for bishop.



CARICATURE ON THE PROPOSITION TO ESTABLISH AN AMERICAN EPISCOPATE. (FROM A COPY IN POSSESSION OF BISHOP POTTER.)

In the numerous later efforts to secure a bishop many devices were suggested for overcoming the difficulty about his support. Long before Dean Berkeley applied for part of the proceeds of lands in St. Christopher others had thought of the availability of this source of supply, and it was Queen Mary's design that these should be devoted to the support of four American bishops. Quit rents in that rogue's refuge, the debatable land between Virginia and North Carolina, the rents and revenues from the sale of lands in the Dela-

* This statement is made on the authority of Hutchinson, who cites a letter of Norton's. Dr. Hawks ventured the curious suggestion that 1662 was a mistake for 1672; and Bishop Perry, in his "History of the American Episcopal Church," copies Hawks's suggestion without investigation. It seems strange that a writer so well informed as Hawks should not have known that the famous John Norton's mission to England was in 1662, and equally strange that he should suppose a letter to have been written in 1672 by Norton, who died in 1663.

ware counties, and those derivable from the disputed gore between New York and Connecticut were all suggested. A very considerable fund was raised by private contributions and bequests made at various times for the endowment of bishoprics in America.

From the time of the organization of the Propagation Society, in 1701, the contention for American bishops was almost without intermission. At one time Dean Swift had hopes of receiving such an appointment; if his expectations had been met, the biting pen that wrote the "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures" and the Drapier letters might have found in the abuses of the colonial administration occasions for tormenting more than one government at London. At another time the Bishop of London proposed to take the matter into his own hands and ordain as a suffragan Colebatch, who had been selected by the clergy of Maryland; but the provincial authorities sued out a writ of *ne exeat regno*, and prevented the bishop-elect from going to London for consecration.

The fatal obstacle to the development of the English Church in America was the lien of Siamese twinship that bound it to the prevalent system of colonial government. Religious or moral considerations had small weight with cabinet ministers. "Damn their *souls*, let them make tobacco," said one of these, when appealed to in behalf of the Virginians. "A very great lord," when addressed in favor of Berkeley's project, frankly expressed his belief that it would be impolitic for the English government to do anything to remove the ignorance which made the red men inferior, or the sectarian divisions which weakened the colonists. There were certain political forces always opposed to the setting up of bishops in America. Colonial governors and their friends dreaded it, partly from that jealousy of any rival authority which involved so many governors in quarrels with the Bishop of London's commissaries, and partly because English precedents gave to bishops the fees of marriage license and probate, which were considerable perquisites of the governors. There was also an objection of state-craft: it was believed by English ministers of that time that to give the jurisdiction of the American churches into the hands of resident bishops would tend to unite the colonies and lessen their dependence on the mother-country. But perhaps the most formidable obstacle of all was offered by the untiring opposition of non-conformists in America and their friends in England.

It is impossible not to sympathize with devout and zealous adherents of the English Church who desired to complete its organization in the colonies according to its proper and essential principles. While it had no bishops, there was, as Bishop Sherlock intimated, only "the appearance of an Episcopal Church in the plantations." Fair-minded dissenters, such as President Davies in America and Dr. Doddridge in England, conceded the justice of the demand for American bishops. On the other hand there is much to be said for those who so zealously opposed an American episcopate. The Episcopal Church never renounced its claim to be established by law and supported by taxation in all the English dominions; and there were not wanting clergymen in America imprudent enough to suggest that the English parliament should fix the stipend of incumbents even in dissenting colonies like Pennsylvania. So long as parliament insisted on its paramount right to legislate for the American provinces, no safeguard or proviso could be devised by human ingenuity strong enough to allay the apprehensions of non-conformists that the ordination of American bishops would add another to the authorities in America responsible only to England, and thus add another to the powers adverse to the liberties of the colonists. Bishops Sherlock, Secker, and Butler gave the most solemn, and doubtless sincere, assurances of the harmlessness of their intentions; but there was no way by which they could go bail for those who should come after them. It was urged that the common law of England vested a great deal of power in the bishops, and that if bishops should be set up in America without limitations of their powers by statutory enactment of parliament they would be a perpetual menace to liberty.

It must be confessed that the heavy and aggressive hand of the church, where it had power, did not tend to quiet the fears of the colonists. The non-churchmen in the province of New York greatly outnumbered the churchmen: they claimed to be fourteen-fifteenths of the population; but the assembly strove in vain to release the dissenters of New York City and its neighborhood from paying taxes for the support of the English churches. The Episcopalians in Connecticut complained, with reason, that they paid tithes to support the Puritan clergy, and in later times they were able to evade it; but the Episcopal clergy in New York resisted every effort of the members of other religious bodies to relieve themselves from a like injustice, and the dominance of churchmen in the governor's council enabled them to defeat the will of the representative assembly. Propositions to allow Presbyterians to make oath without kissing the Bible, and laws to enable one and another of the non-Episcopal bodies to hold property, were at different times defeated in the same

way. The dissenting churches could not even gain the power to hold their burying-grounds. Against a law to enable the Presbyterian churches to hold real estate, the rector and wardens of Trinity Church appeared by counsel in 1720; and when another act of the same kind was sent to England for confirmation, in 1766, the Bishop of London appeared twice before the Board of Trade to compass its rejection. Even the charter of a Boston missionary society intended to propagate Christianity among the Indians was defeated in 1762, as was alleged, by the influence of the primate; and the Archbishop of Canterbury's objection to the liberality of the scheme overthrew Whitefield's project for getting a charter in England for a college at Bethesda. All the assurances, solemnly and repeatedly given, that bishops in America would meddle with nobody but their own clergy went for nothing, so long as prelates in England and churchmen in America used the authority of the crown to prevent dissenters, even where they were in an overwhelming majority, as in New York, from attaining an equality of legal standing with the English Church. When the Episcopal clergy in the Northern and Middle colonies combined to secure a bishop, they were confronted with a union between the Presbyterians of Pennsylvania and the Puritans of Connecticut, who opposed their request unless the appointment should be accompanied by a statute strictly limiting the power of American bishops. Some were unwilling that bishops should come even under restrictions. There was much bigotry, no doubt, but there was also, under the circumstances, an appearance of reason in the resolutions of the more violent dissenters to keep bishops "from getting their feet into the stirrup at all."

The protracted struggle over this question at length became part of that great conflict which was formed by the confluence of many tributary rills of minor exasperation, and which resulted in precipitating the independence of the British settlements in America. When once party passions were inflamed to a white heat by the aggressions of the British parliament, every proposition for the establishment of bishops in the colonies added to the violence of the convulsion that was soon to overthrow not only the English Church, but the English power in America.

There were prudent churchmen who saw that the times were inauspicious. Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, sent a paper to the Board of Trade, in which he intimated a doubt that it might not be "consistent with the principles of true policy" to appoint a bishop for America under the existing circumstances; and he suppressed the addresses to the throne sent to him by the English Church clergy of Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey. In these exigent times political considerations came to outweigh religious preferences, and Whig churchmen looked on the American episcopate as a Tory measure. Many even of the Episcopal clergy in the Southern colonies, sympathizing with the struggle for liberty, were opposed to the establishment of an American episcopate. In 1771 few of the Virginia clergy could be persuaded to advocate the appointment of bishops for America; four of them signed a declaration that the establishment of an episcopate so unseasonably "would tend greatly to weaken the connection between the mother-country and her colonies, . . . and to give ill-disposed persons occasion to raise such disturbances as may endanger the very existence of the British Empire in America." For this the patriotic clergymen received the thanks of the Virginia assembly, which was largely composed of churchmen.

One of the most grievous of the evils resulting from the lack of bishops was that every American who would have orders must go to London for them, and it was estimated that about a fifth of all who crossed the sea for this purpose lost their lives by disease or shipwreck. The preponderance of Englishmen, or rather of Scotchmen and Irishmen, among the clergy; the dependence of a part of them on English contributions for support; as well as the derivation of ecclesiastical authority from a "bishop at one end of the world and his church at the other," as Bishop Sherlock forcibly put it, prevented the church from becoming rooted in America. In the Southern colonies one of the results of the Revolution was the disestablishment of the church. In the Middle and Northern colonies, where the clergymen were missionaries sustained from England, and always on the defensive against the dominant religion, churchmen in disproportionate numbers were driven to side with England in the Revolution, and clergymen were expelled from their cures by violence, or forced to close their churches because they could not in conscience omit the prayers for the king. So that what befell the Anglican Church in America at the outbreak of the Revolution was little less than sheer ruin.

Edward Eggleston.

THE LIAR.

BY HENRY JAMES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

THE train was half an hour late and the drive from the station longer than he had supposed, so that when he reached the house its inmates had dispersed to dress for dinner, and he was conducted straight to his room. The curtains were drawn in this asylum, the candles were lighted, the fire was bright, and when the servant had quickly put out his clothes, the comfortable little place became suggestive — seemed to promise a pleasant house, a various party, talks, acquaintances, affinities, to say nothing of very good cheer. He was too occupied with his profession to pay many country visits, but he had heard people who had more time for them speak of establishments where "they do you very well." He foresaw that the proprietors of Stayes would do him very well. In his bedroom, at a country house, he always looked first at the books on the shelf and the prints on the walls; he considered that these things gave a sort of measure of the culture, and even the character, of his hosts. Though he had but little time to devote to them on this occasion, a cursory inspection assured him that if the literature, as usual, was mainly American and humorous, the art did n't consist either of the water-color studies of the children, or of "goody" engravings. The walls were adorned with old-fashioned lithographs, principally portraits of country gentlemen with high collars and riding-gloves; this suggested — and it was encouraging — that the tradition of portraiture was held in esteem. There was the customary novel of Mr. Le Fanu, for the bedside (the ideal reading, in a country house, for the hours after midnight). Oliver Lyon could scarcely forbear beginning it while he buttoned his collar.

Perhaps that is why he not only found every one assembled in the hall when he went down, but perceived, from the way the move to dinner was instantly made, that they had been waiting for him. There was no delay, to introduce him to a lady, for he went out, in a group of unmatched men, without this appendage. The men straggling behind sidled and edged, as usual, at the door of the dining-room, and the dénouement of this little comedy was that he came to his place last of all. This made him think that he was in a sufficiently distinguished company, for if he had been humiliated (which he was not), he could not have consoled himself with the reflection that such a fate was natural to an obscure, struggling young artist. He could no longer think of himself as very young, alas, and if his position were not as brilliant as it ought to be, he could no longer justify it by calling it a struggle. He was something of a celebrity, and he was apparently in a society of celebrities. This idea added to the curiosity with which he looked up and down the long table as he settled himself in his place.

It was a numerous party — five and twenty people; rather an odd occasion to have proposed to him, as he thought. He would not be surrounded by the quiet that ministers to good work; however, it had never interfered with his work to see the spectacle of human life before him in the intervals. And though he did n't know it, it was never quiet at Stayes. When he was working well he found himself in that happy state — the happiest of all for an artist — in which things in general contribute to the particular idea and fall in with it — help it on and justify it, so that he feels, for the hour, as if nothing in the world can happen to him, even if it come in the guise of disaster or suffering, that will not be a sort of addition to his subject. Moreover, there was an exhilaration (he had felt it before) in the rapid change of scene — the jump, in the dusk of the afternoon, from foggy London and his familiar studio to a center of festivity in the middle of Hertfordshire and a drama half acted, a drama of pretty women, and noted men, and wonderful orchids in silver jars. He observed, as a not unimportant fact, that one of the pretty women was beside him; a gentleman sat on his other hand. But he did n't go into his neighbors much as yet; he was busy looking out for Sir David, whom he had never seen and about whom he naturally was curious.

Evidently, however, Sir David was not at dinner, a circumstance sufficiently explained

by the other circumstance which constituted our friend's principal knowledge of him — his being ninety years of age. Oliver Lyon had looked forward with great pleasure to the chance of painting a nonagenarian, and though the old man's absence from table was something of a disappointment (it was an opportunity the less to observe him before going to work), it seemed a sign that he was rather a sacred, and perhaps therefore an impressive, relic. Lyon looked at his son with the greater interest — wondered whether the glazed bloom of his cheek had been transmitted from Sir David. That would be jolly to paint, in the old man — the withered ruddiness of a winter apple, especially if the eye were still alive and the white hair carried out the frosty look. Arthur Ashmore's hair had a midsummer glow, but Lyon was glad his commission had been to delineate the father rather than the son, in spite of his never having seen the one, and the other being seated there before him now in the happy expansion of successful hospitality. Arthur Ashmore was a good, fresh-colored, thick-necked English gentleman, but he was just not a subject; he might have been a farmer, and he might have been a banker — he failed of homogeneity. Mrs. Ashmore did n't make up the deficiency; she was a large, bright, negative woman, who had the same air as her husband of being somehow tremendously new; a sort of appearance of fresh varnish (Lyon could n't tell whether it came from her complexion or from her clothes), so that one felt she ought to sit in a gilt frame, suggesting reference to a catalogue or a price-list. It was as if she were already rather a bad, though expensive, portrait, knocked off by an eminent hand, and Lyon had no wish to copy that work. The pretty woman on his right was engaged with her neighbor, and the gentleman on his other side looked shrinking and scared, so that he had time to lose himself in his favorite diversion of watching face after face. This amusement gave him the greatest pleasure he knew, and he often thought it a mercy that the human mask did interest him, or that it was not less successful than it was (sometimes it ran its success very close), since he was to make his living by reproducing it. Even if Arthur Ashmore would not be inspiring to paint (a certain anxiety rose in him lest if he should make a hit with her father-in-law, Mrs. Arthur should take it into her head that he had now proved himself worthy to *aborder* her husband); even if he had looked a little less like a page (fine as to print and margin) without punctuation, he would still be a refreshing, iridescent surface. But the gentleman four persons off — what was he? Would he be a subject, or was his face only the legible door-plate of his identity, burnished with punctual washing and shaving — the least thing that was decent that you would know him by? This face arrested Oliver Lyon; it struck him at first as very handsome. The gentleman might still be called young, and his features were regular: he had a plentiful, fair mustache that curled up at the ends; a brilliant, gallant, almost adventurous air; and a big shining breastpin in the middle of his shirt. He appeared a fine, satisfied soul, and Lyon perceived that wherever he rested his friendly eye there fell an influence as pleasant as the September sun — as if he could make grapes and pears, or even human affections, ripen by looking at them. What was odd in him was a certain mixture of the correct and the extravagant; as if he were an adventurer imitating a gentleman with rare perfection, or a gentleman who had taken a fancy to go about with hidden arms. He might have been a dethroned prince or the war correspondent of a newspaper; he represented both enterprise and tradition, good manners and bad taste. Lyon at length fell into conversation with the lady beside him — they dispensed, as he had had to dispense at dinner parties before, with an introduction — by asking who this personage might be.

"Oh, he 's Colonel Capadose, don't you know?" Lyon did n't know, and he asked for further information. His neighbor had a sociable manner, and evidently was accustomed to quick transitions; she turned from her other interlocutor with a methodical air, as a good cook looks into the next saucepan. "He has been a great deal in India — is n't he rather celebrated?" she inquired. Lyon confessed he had never heard of him, and she went on, "Well, perhaps he is n't; but he says he is, and if you think it, that 's just the same, is n't it?"

"If *you* think it?"

"I mean if he thinks it — that 's just as good, I suppose?"

"Do you mean that he says that which is not?"

"Oh dear, no — because I never know. He is exceedingly clever and amusing — quite the cleverest person in the house, unless, indeed, you are more so. But that I can't tell yet, can I? I only know about the people I know; I think that 's celebrity enough!"

"Enough for them?"

"Oh, I see you 're clever. Enough for me! But I have heard of you," the lady went on. "I know your pictures; I admire them. But I don't think you look like them."

"They are mostly portraits," Lyon said; "and what I usually try for is not my own resemblance."

"I see what you mean. But they have more color. And now you are going to do some one here?"

"I have been invited to do Sir David. I 'm rather disappointed at not seeing him this evening."

"Oh, he goes to bed at some unnatural hour — 8 o'clock, or something of that sort. You know he 's rather an old mummy."

"An old mummy?" Oliver Lyon repeated.

"I mean he wears half a dozen waistcoats, and that sort of thing. He 's always cold."

"I have never seen him, and never seen any portrait or photograph of him," Lyon said. "I 'm surprised at his never having had anything done — at their waiting all these years."

"Ah, that 's because he was afraid, you know; it was a kind of superstition. He was sure that if anything were done he would die directly afterward. He has only consented to-day."

"He 's ready to die, then?"

"Oh, now he 's so old, he does n't care."

"Well, I hope I sha'n't kill him," said Lyon. "It was rather unnatural in his son to send for me."

"Oh, they have nothing to gain — everything is theirs already!" his companion rejoined, as if she took this speech quite literally. Her talkativeness was systematic — she fraternized as seriously as she might have played whist. "They do as they like — they fill the house with people — they have *carte blanche*."

"I see — but there 's still the title."

"Yes, but what is it?"

Our artist broke into laughter at this, whereat his companion stared. Before he had recovered himself she was scouring the plain with her other neighbor. The gentleman on his left at last risked an observation, and they had some fragmentary talk. This personage played his part with difficulty; he uttered a remark as a lady fires a pistol, looking the other way. To catch the ball Lyon had to bend his ear, and this movement, after some minutes, led to his observing a lady who was seated on the same side, beyond his interlocutor. Her profile was presented to him, and at first he was only struck with its beauty; then it produced an impression still more agreeable — a sense of undimmed remembrance and intimate association. He had not recognized her on the instant, only because he had so little expected to see her there; he had not seen her anywhere for so long, and no news of her ever came to him. She was often in his thoughts, but she had passed out of his life. He thought of her twice a week; that may be called often in relation to a person one has not seen for twelve years. The moment after he recognized her he felt how true it was that it was only she who could look like that; of the most charming head in the world (and this lady had it) there could never be a replica. She was leaning forward a little; she remained in profile, apparently listening to some one on the other side of her. She was listening, but she was also looking, and after a moment Lyon followed the direction of her eyes. They rested upon the gentleman who had been described to him as Colonel Capadose — rested, as it appeared to him, with a certain serene complacency. This was not strange, for the colonel was unmistakably formed to attract the sympathetic gaze of woman; but Lyon was slightly disappointed that she could let *him* look at her so long without giving him a glance. There was nothing between them to-day, and he had no rights, but she must have known he was coming (it was of course not such a tremendous event, but she could n't have been staying in the house without hearing of it), and it was n't natural that that should absolutely not affect her.

She was looking at Colonel Capadose as if she were in love with him — a queer accident for the proudest, most reserved of women. But doubtless it was all right, if her husband liked it, or did n't notice it; he had heard, indefinitely, years before, that she was married, and he took for granted (as he had not heard that she had become a widow) the presence of the happy man on whom she had conferred what she had refused to *him*, the poor art-student at Munich. Colonel Capadose appeared to be aware of nothing, and this circumstance, incongruously enough, rather irritated Lyon than gratified him. Suddenly the lady turned her head, showing her full face to our hero. He was so prepared with a greeting that he instantly smiled, as a shaken jug overflows; but she gave him no response, turned away again, and sank back in her chair. All that her face said in that instant was, "You see I 'm as handsome as ever." To which he mentally subjoined, "Yes, and as much good it does me!" He asked the young man beside him if he knew who that beautiful woman was — the fifth person beyond him. The young man leaned forward, considered, and then said, "I think she 's Mrs. Capadose."

"Do you mean his wife — that fellow's?" And Lyon indicated the subject of the information given him by his other neighbor.

"Oh, is *he* Mr. Capadose?" said the young man, who appeared very vague. He admitted his vagueness, and explained it by saying that there were so many people, and he had only come the day before. What was definite to Lyon was that Mrs. Capadose was in love

with her husband, and he wished more than ever that he had married her.

"She 's very faithful," he found himself saying, three minutes later, to the lady on his right. He added that he meant Mrs. Capadose.

"Ah, you know her then?"

"I knew her once upon a time — when I was living abroad."

"Why, then, were you asking me about her husband?"

"Precisely for that reason. She married after that — I did n't even know her present name."

"How, then, do you know it now?"

"This gentleman has just told me — he appears to know."

"I did n't know he knew anything," said the lady, glancing forward.

"I don't think he knows anything but that."

"Then you have found out for yourself that she is faithful. What do you mean by that?"

"Ah, you must n't question me — I want to question you," Lyon said. "How do you all like her here?"

"You ask too much! I can only speak for myself. I think she 's hard."

"That 's only because she 's honest and straightforward."

"Do you mean I like people in proportion as they deceive?"

"I think we all do, so long as we don't find them out," Lyon said. "And then there 's something in her face — a sort of Roman type, in spite of her having such an English eye. In fact, she 's English down to the ground; but her complexion, her low forehead, and that beautiful close little wave in her dark hair make her look like a kind of glorified *contadina*."

"Yes, and she always sticks pins and daggers into her head, to increase that effect. I must say I like her husband better; he is so clever."

"Well, when I knew her there was no comparison that could injure her. She was altogether the most delightful thing in Munich."

"In Munich?"

"Her people lived there; they were not rich — in pursuit of economy, in fact, and Munich was very cheap. Her father was the younger son of some noble house; he had married a second time, and had a lot of little mouths to feed. She was the child of the first wife, and she did n't like her stepmother, but she was charming to her little brothers and sisters. I once made a sketch of her as Werther's Charlotte, cutting bread and butter while they clustered all round her. All the artists in the place were in love with her, but she would n't look at 'the likes' of us. She was too proud — I grant you that; but she was n't stuck up, or young ladyish; she was simple, and frank, and kind about it. She used to remind me of Thackeray's Ethel Newcome. She told me she must marry well; it was the one thing she could do for her family. I suppose you would say that she *has* married well?"

"She told *you?*" smiled Lyon's neighbor.

"Oh, of course I proposed to her too. But she evidently thinks so herself!" he added.

When the ladies left the table, the host, as usual, bade the gentlemen draw together, so that Lyon found himself opposite to Colonel Capadose. The conversation was mainly about the "run," for it had apparently been a great day in the hunting-field. Most of the gentlemen communicated their adventures and opinions, but Colonel Capadose's pleasant voice was the most audible in the chorus. It was a bright and fresh but masculine organ, just such a voice as, to Lyon's sense, such a "fine man" ought to have had. It appeared from his remarks that he was a very straight rider, which was also very much what Lyon would have expected. Not that he swaggered, for his allusions were very quietly and casually made; but they were all to dangerous experiments and close shaves. Lyon perceived after a little that the attention paid by the company to the colonel's remarks was not in direct relation to the interest they seemed to offer; the result of which was that the speaker, who noticed that *he* at least was listening, began to treat him as his particular auditor, and to fix his eyes on him as he talked. Lyon had nothing to do but to look sympathetic and assent — Colonel Capadose appeared to take so much sympathy and assent for granted. A neighboring squire had had an accident; he had come a cropper in an awkward place — just at the finish — with consequences that looked grave. He had struck his head; he remained insensible, up to the last accounts; there had evidently been concussion of the brain. There was some exchange of views as to his recovery — how soon it would take place, or whether it would take place at all; which led the colonel to confide to our artist, across the table, that *he* should n't despair of a fellow even if he did n't come round for weeks — for weeks and weeks and weeks — for months. He leaned forward; Lyon leaned forward to listen, and Colonel Capadose mentioned that he knew from personal experience that there was really no limit to the time one might lie unconscious without being any the worse for it. It had happened to him in Ireland, years before; he had been pitched out of a dog-cart, had turned a sheer somersault and landed on his head.

They thought he was dead, but he was n't; they carried him first to the nearest cabin, where he lay for some days with the pigs, and then to an inn in a neighboring town — it was a near thing they did n't put him under ground. He had been completely insensible — without a ray of recognition of any human thing — for three whole months; had not a glimmer of consciousness of any blessed thing. It was touch and go to that degree that they could n't come near him, they could n't feed him, they could scarcely look at him. Then one day he had opened his eyes — as fit as a flea!

"I give you my honor it had done me good — it rested my brain." He appeared to intimate that, with an intelligence so active as his, these periods of repose were providential. Lyon thought his story very striking; such a prodigy of suspended animation reminded him of the sleeping beauty in the wood. He hesitated, however, to make this comparison — it seemed to savor of irreverence, especially when Colonel Capadose said that it was the turn of a hair that they had n't buried him alive. That had happened to a friend of his in India — a fellow that was supposed to have died of jungle fever — they clapped him into a coffin. He was going on to recite the further fate of this unfortunate gentleman, when Mr. Ashmore made a move and every one got up to adjourn to the drawing-room. Lyon noticed by this time no one was heeding what he said to him. They came round on either side of the table and met, while the gentlemen dawdled, before going out.

"And do you mean that your friend was literally buried alive?" asked Lyon, in some suspense.

Colonel Capadose looked at him a moment, as if he had already lost the thread of the conversation. Then his face brightened — and when it brightened it was doubly handsome. "Upon my soul, he was chucked into the ground!"

"And was he left there?"

"He was left there till I came and hauled him out."

"*You* came?"

"I dreamed about him — it 's the most extraordinary story; I heard him calling to me in the night. I took upon myself to dig him up. You know there are people in India — a kind of beastly race, the ghouls — who violate graves. I had a kind of presentiment that they would get at him first. I rode straight, I can tell you; and, by Jove, a couple of them had just broken ground! Crack — crack, from a couple of barrels, and they showed me their heels, as you may believe. Would you credit that I took him out myself? The air brought him to, and he was none the worse. He has got his pension — he came home the other day; he 'd do anything for me."

"He called to you in the night?" said Lyon, much impressed.

"That 's the interesting point. Now, *what was it?* It was n't his ghost, because he was n't dead. It was n't himself, because he could n't. It was something or other! You see India 's a strange country — there 's an element of the mysterious; the air is full of things you can't explain."

They passed out of the dining-room, and Colonel Capadose, who went among the first, was separated from Lyon; but a minute later, before they reached the drawing-room, he joined him again. "Ashmore tells me who you are. Of course I have often heard of you — I 'm very glad to make your acquaintance; my wife used to know you."

"I 'm glad she remembers me. I recognized her at dinner, and I was afraid she did n't."

"Ah, I dare say she was ashamed," said the colonel, with indulgent humor.

"Ashamed of me?" Lyon replied, in the same key.

"Was n't there something about a picture? Yes; you painted her portrait."

"Many times," said the artist; "and she may very well have been ashamed of what I made of her."

"Well, I was n't, my dear sir; it was the sight of that picture, which you were so good as to present to her, that made me first fall in love with her."

"Do you mean that one with the children — cutting bread and butter?"

"Bread and butter? Bless me, no — vine-leaves and a leopard skin — a kind of Bacchante."

"Ah, yes," said Lyon; "I remember. It was the first decent portrait I painted. I should be curious to see it to-day."

"Don't ask her to show it to you — she 'll be mortified!" the colonel exclaimed.

"Mortified?"

"We parted with it — in the most disinterested manner," he laughed. "An old friend of my wife's — her family had known him intimately when they lived in Germany — took the most extraordinary fancy to it: the Grand Duke of Silberstadt-Schreckenstein, don't you know? He came out to Bombay while we were there, and he spotted your picture (you know he 's one of the greatest collectors in Europe), and he made such eyes at it that, upon my word — it happened to be his birthday — she told him he might have it, to get rid of him. He was perfectly enchanted, but we miss the picture."

"It is very good of you," Lyon said. "If

it 's in a great collection — a work of my incompetent youth — I am infinitely honored."

"Oh, he has got it in one of his castles; I don't know which — you know he has so many. He sent us, before he left India,— to return the compliment,— a magnificent old vase."

"That was more than the thing was worth," Lyon remarked.

Colonel Capadose gave no heed to this observation; he seemed to be thinking of something. After a moment he said, "If you 'll come and see us in town, she 'll show you the vase." And as they passed into the drawing-room, he gave the artist a friendly push. "Go and speak to her; there she is — she 'll be delighted."

Oliver Lyon took but a few steps into the wide saloon; he stood there a moment, looking at the bright composition of the lamplit group of fair women, the single figures, the great setting of white and gold, the panels of old damask, in the center of each of which was a single celebrated picture. There was a subdued luster in the scene and an air as of the shining trains of dresses tumbled over the carpet. At the furthest end of the room sat Mrs. Capadose, rather isolated; she was on a small sofa, with an empty place beside her. Lyon could n't flatter himself she had been keeping it for him; her failure to respond to his recognition at table contradicted that, but he felt an extreme desire to go and occupy it. Moreover, he had her husband's sanction; so he crossed the room, stepping over the tails of gowns, and stood before his old friend.

"I hope you don't mean to repudiate me," he said.

She looked up at him with an expression of indubitable pleasure. "I am so glad to see you. I was delighted when I heard you were coming."

"I tried to get a smile from you at dinner — but I could n't."

"I did n't see — I did n't understand. Besides, I hate smirking and telegraphing. Also I 'm very shy — you won't have forgotten that. Now we can communicate comfortably." And she made a better place for him on the little sofa. He sat down and they had a talk that he enjoyed, while the reason for which he used to like her so came back to him, as well as a good deal of the very same old liking. She was still the least spoiled beauty he had ever seen, with an absence of coquetry, or any insinuating art, that seemed almost like an omitted faculty; there were moments when she struck her interlocutor as some fine creature from an asylum — a surprising deaf-mute, or one of the operative blind. Her noble pagan head gave her privileges that she neglected, and when people were admiring her brow she was wondering whether there were a good fire in her bedroom. She was simple, kind, and good; inexpressive, but not inhuman or stupid. Now and again she said something that had a sort of sifted, selected air — the sound of an impression at first hand. She had no imagination, but she had added up her feelings. Lyon talked of the old days in Munich, reminded her of incidents, pleasures, and pains, asked her about her father and the others; and she told him, in return, that she was so impressed with his own fame, his brilliant position in the world, that she had n't felt very sure he would speak to her, or that his little sign at table was meant for her. This was plainly a perfectly truthful speech — she was incapable of any other — and he was affected by such humility on the part of a woman, whose grand line was unique. Her father was dead; one of her brothers was in the navy, and the other on a ranch in America; two of her sisters were married, and the youngest was just coming out, and very pretty. She did n't mention her stepmother. She asked him about his own personal history, and he said that the principal thing that had happened to him was that he had never married.

"Oh, you ought to," she answered. "It 's the best thing."

"I like that — from you!" he returned.

"Why not from me? I am very happy."

"That 's just why I can't be. It 's cruel of you to praise your state. But I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of your husband. We had a good bit of talk in the other room."

"You must know him better — you must know him really well," said Mrs. Capadose.

"I am sure that the further you go the more you find. But he makes a fine show, too."

She rested her good gray eyes on Lyon. "Don't you think he 's handsome?"

"Handsome, and clever, and entertaining. You see I 'm generous."

"Yes; you must know him well," Mrs. Capadose repeated.

"He has seen a great deal of life," said her companion.

"Yes, we have been in so many places. You must see my little girl. She is nine years old — she 's too beautiful."

"You must bring her to my studio some day — I should like to paint her."

"Ah, don't speak of that," said Mrs. Capadose. "It reminds me of something so disagreeable."

"I hope you don't mean when *you* used to sit to me — though that may well have bored you."

"It 's not what you did — it 's what we have done. It 's a confession I must make — it 's a weight on my mind! I mean about that beautiful one you gave me — it used to be so much admired. When you come to see me in London (I count on your doing that very soon), I shall see you looking all round. I can't tell you I keep it in my own room because I love it so, for the simple reason"— And she paused a moment.

"Because you can't tell wicked lies," said Lyon.

"No, I can't. So before you ask for it"—

"Oh, I know you parted with it — the blow has already fallen," Lyon interrupted.

"Ah, then you have heard? I was sure you would! But do you know what we got for it? Two hundred pounds."

"You might have got much more," said Lyon, smiling.

"That seemed a great deal at the time. We were in want of the money — it was a good while ago, when we first married. Our means were very small then, but fortunately that has changed rather for the better. We had the chance, it really seemed a big sum, and I am afraid we jumped at it. My husband had expectations which have partly come into effect, so that now we do well enough. But meanwhile the picture went."

"Fortunately the original remained. But do you mean that two hundred was the value of the vase?" Lyon asked.

"Of the vase?"

"The beautiful old Indian vase — the grand duke's offering."

"The grand duke?"

"What 's his name? — Silberstadt-Schreckenstein. Your husband mentioned the transaction."

"Oh, my husband," said Mrs. Capadose; and Lyon saw that she colored a little.

Not to add to her embarrassment, but to clear up the ambiguity, which he perceived the next moment he had better have left alone, he went on: "He tells me it 's now in his collection."

"In the grand duke's? Ah, you know its reputation? I believe it contains treasures." She was bewildered, but she recovered herself, and Lyon made the mental reflection that for some reason, which would seem good when he knew it, the husband and the wife had prepared different versions of the same incident. It was true that he did n't exactly see Everina Brant preparing a version; that was not her line of old, and indeed it was not in her eyes to-day. At any rate they both had the matter too much on their conscience. He changed the subject, said Mrs. Capadose must really bring the little girl. He sat with her some time longer, and thought — perhaps it was only a fancy — that she was rather absent, as if she were annoyed at their having been even for a moment at cross-purposes. This did n't prevent him from saying to her at the last, just as the ladies began to gather themselves together to go to bed, "You seem much impressed, from what you say, with my renown and my prosperity, and you are so good as greatly to exaggerate them. Would you have married me if you had known that I was destined to success?"

"I did know it!"

"Well, I did n't!"

"You were too modest."

"You did n't think so when I proposed to you."

"Well, if I had married you I could n't have married *him* — and he 's so nice," Mrs. Capadose said. Lyon knew she thought it, — he had learned that at dinner, — but it vexed him a little to hear her say it. The gentleman designated by the pronoun came up, amid the prolonged handshaking for good-night, and Mrs. Capadose remarked to her husband, as she turned away, "He wants to paint Amy."

"Ah, she 's a charming child, a most interesting little creature," the colonel said to Lyon. "She does the most remarkable things."

Mrs. Capadose stopped, in the rustling procession that followed the hostess out of the room. "Don't tell him, please don't," she said.

"Don't tell him what?"

"Why, what she does. Let him find out for himself." And she passed on.

"She thinks I brag about the child — that I bore people," said the colonel. "I hope you smoke." He appeared ten minutes later in the smoking-room, in a brilliant equipment, a suit of crimson foulard, covered with little white spots. He gratified Lyon's eye, made him feel that the modern age has its splendor too, and its opportunities for costume. If his wife was an antique, he was a fine specimen of the period of color; he might have passed for a Venetian of the sixteenth century. They were a remarkable couple, Lyon thought, and as he looked at the colonel standing in bright erectness before the chimney-piece, while he emitted great smoke-puffs, he did n't wonder that Everina could n't regret she had n't married *him*. All the gentlemen collected at Stayes were not smokers, and some of them had gone to bed. Colonel Capadose remarked that there probably would be a smallish muster, they had had such a hard day's work. That was the worst of a hunting-house — the men were so sleepy after dinner; it was devilish stupid for the ladies, even for those who hunted themselves — for women were so extraordinary, they never showed it. But most

fellows revived under the stimulating influences of the smoking-room, and some of them, in this confidence, would turn up yet. Some of the grounds of their confidence — not all of them — might have been seen in a cluster of glasses and bottles on a table near the fire, which made the great salver and its contents twinkle most sociably. The others lurked, as yet, in various improper corners of the minds of the most loquacious. Lyon was alone with Colonel Capadose for some moments before their companions, in varied eccentricities of uniform, straggled in, and he perceived that this wonderful man had but little loss of vital tissue to repair.

They talked about the house, Lyon having noticed an oddity of construction in the smoking-room; and the colonel explained that it consisted of two distinct parts, one of which was of very great antiquity. They were two complete houses, in short, the old one and the new, each of great extent, and each very fine in its way. The two formed together an enormous structure — Lyon must make a point of going all over it. The modern portion had been erected by the old man, when he bought the property; oh, yes, he had bought it, forty years before — it had n't been in the family; there had n't been any particular family for it to be in. He had had the good taste not to spoil the original house — he had n't touched it beyond what was just necessary for joining it on. It was very curious indeed — a most irregular, rambling, mysterious pile, where they every now and then discovered a walled-up room or a secret staircase. To his mind it was essentially gloomy, however; even the modern additions, splendid as they were, did n't make it cheerful. There was some story about a skeleton having been found, years before, during some repairs, under a stone slab of the floor of one of the passages; but the family were rather shy of its being talked about. The place they were in was, of course, in the old part, which contained, after all, some of the best rooms; he had an idea it had been the primitive kitchen, half modernized at some intermediate period.

" My room is in the old part too, then — I 'm very glad," Lyon said. " It 's very comfortable, and contains all the latest conveniences, but I observed the depth of the recess of the door, and the evident antiquity of the corridor and staircase — the first short one — after I came out. That paneled corridor is admirable; it looks as if it stretched away, in its brown dimness (the lamps did n't seem to me to make much impression on it), for half a mile."

" Oh, don't go to the end of it ! " exclaimed the colonel, smiling.

" Does it lead to the haunted room ? " Lyon asked.

His companion looked at him a moment. " Ah, you know about that ? "

" No, I don't speak from knowledge, only from hope. I have never had any luck — I have never staid in a dangerous house. The places I go to are always as safe as Charing Cross. I want to see — whatever there is, the regular thing. *Is* there a ghost here ? "

" Of course there is — a rattling good one."

" And have you seen him ? "

" Oh, don't ask me what *I 've* seen — I should tax your credulity. I don't like to talk of these things. But there are two or three as bad — that is, as good ! — rooms as you 'll find anywhere."

" Do you mean in my corridor ? " Lyon asked.

" I believe the worst is at the far end. But you would be ill-advised to sleep there."

" Ill-advised ? "

" Until you 've finished your job. You 'll get letters of importance the next morning, and you 'll take the 10:20."

" Do you mean I will invent a pretense for running away ? "

" Unless you are braver than almost any one has ever been. They don't often put people to sleep there, but sometimes the house is so crowded that they have to. The same thing always happens — ill-concealed agitation at the breakfast-table, and letters of the greatest importance. Of course it 's a bachelor's room, and my wife and I are at the other end of the house. But we saw the comedy three days ago — the day after we got here. A young fellow had been put there — I forget his name — the house was so full; and the usual consequence followed. Letters at breakfast — an awfully queer face — an urgent call to town — so very sorry his visit was cut short. Ashmore and his wife looked at each other, and off the poor devil went."

" Ah, that would n't suit me; I must paint my picture," said Lyon. " But do they mind your speaking of it ? Some people who have a good ghost are very proud of it, you know."

What answer Colonel Capadose was on the point of making to this inquiry our hero was not to learn, for at that moment their host had walked into the room, accompanied by three or four gentlemen. Lyon was conscious that he was partly answered by the colonel's not going on with the subject. This, however, on the other hand, was rendered natural by the fact that one of the gentlemen appealed to him for an opinion on a point under discussion, something to do with the everlasting history of the day's run. To Lyon himself Mr. Ashmore began to talk, expressing his regret at

having had so little direct conversation with him as yet. The topic that suggested itself was naturally that most closely connected with the motive of the artist's visit. Lyon remarked that it was a great disadvantage to him not to have had some preliminary acquaintance with Sir David — in most cases he found that so important. But the present sitter was so far advanced in life that there was doubtless no time to lose. "Oh, I can tell you all about him," said Mr. Ashmore; and for half an hour he told him a good deal. It was very interesting, as well as very eulogistic, and Lyon could see that he was a very nice old man to have endeared himself to a son who was evidently not a sentimentalist. At last he got up; he said he must go to bed, if he wished to be fresh for his work in the morning. To which his host replied, "Then you must take your candle; the lights are out; I don't keep my servants up."

In a moment Lyon had his glimmering taper in hand, and as he was leaving the room (he did n't disturb the others with a good-night; they were absorbed in the lemon-squeezer and the soda-water cork) he remembered other occasions on which he had made his way to bed, alone, through a darkened country house; such occasions had not been rare, for he was almost always the first to leave the smoking-room. If he had not staid in houses conspicuously haunted, he had, none the less (having the artistic temperament), sometimes found the great black halls and staircases rather "creepy"; there had been often a sinister effect, to his imagination, in the sound of his tread in the long passages, or the way the winter moon peeped into tall windows on landings. It occurred to him that if houses without supernatural pretensions could look so wicked at night, the old corridors of Stayes would certainly give him a sensation. He did n't know whether the proprietors were sensitive; very often, as he had said to Colonel Capadose, people enjoyed the impeachment. What determined him to speak, with a certain sense of the risk, was the impression that the colonel told queer stories. As he had his hand on the door he said to Arthur Ashmore, "I hope I sha'n't meet any ghosts."

"Any ghosts?"

"You ought to have some — in this fine old part."

"We do our best, but *que voulez-vous?*" said Mr. Ashmore. "I don't think they like the hot-water pipes."

"They remind them too much of their own climate? But have n't you a haunted room — at the end of my passage?"

"Oh, there are stories — we try to keep them up."

"I should like very much to sleep there," Lyon said.

"Well, you can move there to-morrow if you like."

"Perhaps I had better wait till I have done my work."

"Very good; but you won't work there, you know. My father will sit to you in his own apartments."

"Oh, it is n't that; it 's the fear of running away, like that gentleman three days ago."

"Three days ago? What gentleman?" Mr. Ashmore asked.

"The one who got urgent letters at breakfast, and fled by the 10:20. Did he stand more than one night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about. There was no such gentleman — three days ago."

"Ah, so much the better," said Lyon, nodding good-night and departing. He took his course, as he remembered it, with his wavering candle, and, though he encountered a great many gruesome objects, safely reached the passage out of which his room opened. In the complete darkness it seemed to stretch away still further, but he followed it, for the curiosity of the thing, to the end. He passed several doors, with the name of the room painted upon them, but he found nothing else. He was tempted to try the last door — to look into the room of evil fame; but he reflected that this would be indiscreet, since Colonel Capadose handled the brush — as a *raconteur* — with such freedom. There might be a ghost, and there might not; but the colonel himself, he inclined to think, was the most incalculable figure in the house.

II.

Lyon found Sir David Ashmore a capital subject, and a very comfortable sitter into the bargain. Moreover, he was a very agreeable old man, tremendously puckered but not in the least dim; and he wore exactly the furred dressing-gown that Lyon would have chosen. He was proud of his age, but ashamed of his infirmities, which, however, he greatly exaggerated and which did n't prevent him from sitting there as submissive as if portraiture had been a branch of surgery. He demolished the legend of his having feared the operation would be fatal, and gave an explanation which pleased our friend much better. He held that a gentleman should be painted but once in his life — that it was eager and fatuous to be hung up all over the place. That was good for women, who made a pretty wall-pattern; but the male face did n't lend itself to decorative repetition. The proper time for the like-

ness was at the last, when the whole man was there — you got the totality of his experience. Lyon could n't reply that that period was not a real compendium — you had to allow so for leakage; for there had been no crack in Sir David's crystallization. He spoke of his portrait as a plain map of the country, to be consulted by his children in a case of uncertainty. A proper map could be drawn up only when the country had been traveled. He gave Lyon his mornings, till luncheon, and they talked of many things, not neglecting, as a stimulus to gossip, the people in the house. Now that he did n't "go out," as he said, he saw much less of the visitors at Stayes; people came and went whom he knew nothing about, and he liked to hear Lyon describe them. The artist sketched with a fine point, and did n't caricature, and it usually befell that when Sir David did n't know the sons and daughters he had known the fathers and mothers. He was one of those terrible old gentlemen who are a repository of antecedents. But in the case of the Capadose family, at whom they arrived by an easy stage, his knowledge embraced two, or even three, generations. General Capadose was an old crony, and he remembered his father before him. He was rather a smart soldier, but in private life of too speculative a turn — always sneaking into the city to throw his money away. He married a girl who brought him something, and they had half a dozen children. He scarcely knew what had become of the rest of them, except that one was in the Church and had found preferment — was n't he Dean of Rockingham? Clement, the fellow who was at Stayes, had some military talent; he had served in the East, he had married a pretty girl. He had been at Eton with his son, and he used to come to Stayes in his holidays. Lately, coming back to England, he had turned up with his wife again; that was before he — the old man — had been put to grass. He was a taking dog, but he had a monstrous foible.

"A monstrous foible?" said Lyon.

"He 's a thumping liar."

Lyon's brush stopped short, while he repeated, for somehow the formula startled him, "A thumping liar?"

"You 're very lucky not to have found it out."

"Well, I confess I have noticed a romantic tinge —"

"Oh, it is n't always romantic! He 'll lie about the time of day, about the name of his hatter. It appears there are people like that."

"Well, they are precious scoundrels," Lyon declared, his voice trembling a little with the thought of what Everina Brant had done with herself.

"Oh, not always," said the old man. "This fellow is n't in the least a scoundrel. There is no harm in him, and no bad intention; he does n't steal, or cheat, or gamble, or drink; he 's very kind — he sticks to his wife, is fond of his children. He simply can't give you a straight answer."

"Then everything he told me last night, I suppose, was mendacious; he delivered himself of a series of crams! They stuck in my gizzard at the time, but I never thought of so simple an explanation."

"No doubt he was in the vein," Sir David went on. "It 's a natural peculiarity — as you might limp, or stutter, or be left-handed. I believe it comes and goes, like intermittent fever. My son tells me that his friends usually understand it, and don't haul him up, for the sake of his wife."

"Oh, his wife — his wife!" Lyon murmured, painting fast.

"I dare say she 's used to it."

"Never in the world, Sir David. How can she be used to it?"

"Why, my dear sir, when a woman's fond! — And don't they mostly handle the long bow themselves? They are connoisseurs, and have a sympathy for a fellow-performer."

Lyon was silent a moment; he had no ground for denying that Mrs. Capadose was attached to her husband. But after a little he rejoined: "Oh, not this one! I knew her years ago — before her marriage; knew her well and admired her. She was as clear as a bell."

"I like her very much," Sir David said, "but I have seen her back him up."

Lyon considered Sir David for a moment, not in the light of a model. "Are you very sure?"

"The old man hesitated; then he answered, smiling, "You 're in love with her."

"Very likely. God knows I used to be!"

"She must help him out — she can't expose him."

"She can hold her tongue!" Lyon remarked.

"Well, before you probably she will."

"That 's what I 'm curious to see." And Lyon added, privately, "Good Heaven, what he must have made of her!" He kept this reflection to himself, for he considered that he had sufficiently betrayed his state of mind with regard to Mrs. Capadose. None the less it occupied him now immensely, the question of how such a woman would arrange herself in such a predicament. He watched her with a deeply quickened interest when he mingled with the company; he had had his own trouble

in life, but he had rarely been so anxious about anything as he was now to see what the loyalty of a wife and the infection of an example would have made of an absolutely truthful mind. Oh, he held it as immutably established that whatever other women might be prone to do, she, of old, had been perfectly incapable of a deviation. Even if she had not been too simple to deceive, she would have been too proud; and if she had not had too much conscience, she would have had too little eagerness. It was the last thing she would have endured or condoned — the particular thing she would n't have forgiven. Did she sit in torment while her husband turned his somersaults, or was she now, too, so perverse that she thought it a fine thing to be striking at the expense of one's honor? It would have taken a wondrous alchemy — working backwards, as it were — to produce this latter result. Besides these two alternatives (that she suffered tortures in silence and that she was so much in love that her husband's humiliating idiosyncrasy seemed to her only an added richness — a proof of life and talent), there was still the possibility that she had n't found him out, that she took his fiction at his own valuation. A little reflection, however, rendered this hypothesis untenable; it was too evident that the account he gave of things must repeatedly have contradicted her own knowledge. Within an hour or two of his meeting them Lyon had seen her confronted with that perfectly gratuitous invention about the disposal they had made of his early picture. Even then, indeed, she had not, so far as he could see, smarted, and — but for the present he could only contemplate the case.

Even if it had not been interfused, through his uneradicated tenderness for Mrs. Capadose, with an element of suspense, the question would still have presented itself to him as a very curious problem, for he had not painted portraits during so many years without becoming something of a psychologist. His inquiry was limited, for the moment, to the opportunity that the following three days might yield, as the colonel and his wife were going on to another house. It fixed itself largely, of course, upon the colonel too — this gentleman was such a rare anomaly. Moreover, it had to go on very quickly. Lyon was too scrupulous to ask other people what they thought of the business — he was too afraid of exposing the woman he once had loved. It was probable, too, that light would come to him from the talk of the rest of the company; the colonel's queer habit, both as it affected his own situation and as it affected his wife, would be a familiar theme in any house in which he was in the habit of staying. Lyon had not observed, in the circles in which he visited, any marked abstention from comment on the singularities of their members. It interfered with his progress that the colonel hunted all day, while he plied his brushes and chatted with Sir David; but a Sunday intervened, and that partly made it up. Mrs. Capadose fortunately did n't hunt, and when his work was over she was not inaccessible. He took a couple of longish walks with her (she was fond of that), and beguiled her, at tea, into a friendly nook in the hall. Regard her as he might, he could n't make out to himself that she was consumed by a hidden shame; the sense of being married to a man whose word had no worth was not, in her spirit, so far as he could guess, the canker within the rose. Her mind appeared to have nothing on it but its own placid frankness, and when he looked into her eyes (deeply, as he occasionally permitted himself to do), they had no uncomfortable consciousness. He talked to her again, and still again, of the dear old days — reminded her of things that he had not (before this reunion) the least idea that he remembered. Then he spoke to her of her husband, praised his appearance, his talent for conversation, professed to have felt a quick friendship for him, and asked (with an inward audacity at which he trembled a little) what manner of man he was. "What manner?" said Mrs. Capadose. "Dear me, how can one describe one's husband? I like him very much."

"Ah, you have told me that already!" Lyon exclaimed, with exaggerated ruefulness.

"Then why do you ask me again?" She added in a moment, as if she were so happy that she could afford to take pity on him, "He is everything that 's good and kind. He 's a soldier — and a gentleman — and a dear! He has n't a fault. And he has great ability."

"Yes; he strikes one as having great ability. But of course I can't think him a dear."

"I don't care what you think him," said Mrs. Capadose, looking, it seemed to him, as she smiled, handsomer than he had ever seen her. She was either deeply cynical or still more deeply inscrutable, and he had little prospect of winning from her the intimation that he longed for — some hint that it had come over her that, after all, she had better have married a man who was not a by-word for the most contemptible, the least heroic, of vices. Good God! had n't she seen — had n't she felt — the smile go round when her husband threw off some especially characteristic improvisation? How could a woman of her quality endure that, day after day, year after year, except by her quality's altering?

But he would believe in the alteration only when he should have heard *her* lie. He was fascinated by his problem, and yet half exasperated, and he asked himself all kinds of questions. Did n't she lie, after all, when she let his falsehoods pass without a protest? Was n't her life a perpetual complicity, and did n't she aid and abet him by the simple fact that she was not disgusted with him? Then again, perhaps she *was* disgusted, and it was the mere desperation of her pride that had given her an impenetrable mask. Perhaps she protested in private, passionately; perhaps every night, in their own apartments, after the day's hideous performance, she made him the most scorching scene. But if such scenes were of no avail and he took no more trouble to cure himself, how could she regard him, and after so many years of marriage too, with that perfectly artless complacency that Lyon had surprised in her in the course of the first day's dinner? If our friend had not been in love with her he could have taken the diverting view of the colonel's delinquencies; but as it was they turned to the tragical in his mind, even while he had a sense that his solicitude might also have been laughed at.

The observation of these three days showed him that if Capadose was an abundant he was not a malignant liar, and that his fine faculty exercised itself mainly on subjects of small direct importance. "He is the liar Platonic," he said to himself; "he is disinterested, he does n't operate with a hope of gain, or with a desire to injure. It is art for art, and he is prompted by the love of beauty. He has an inner vision of what might have been, of what ought to be, and he helps on the good cause by the simple substitution of a *nuance*. He paints, as it were, and so do I!" His manifestations had a considerable variety, but a family likeness ran through them, which consisted mainly of their singular uselessness. It was this that made them offensive; they encumbered the field of conversation, took up valuable space, converted it into a sort of brilliant sun-shot fog. For a fib told under pressure a convenient place can usually be found, as for a person who presents himself with an author's order at the first night of a play. But the uninvoked lie is the gentleman without a voucher or a ticket who accommodates himself with a stool in the passage.

In one particular Lyon acquitted his successful rival; it had puzzled him that, irrepressible as he was, he had not got into a mess in the service. But he perceived that he respected the service — that august institution was sacred from his depredations. Moreover, though there was a great deal of swagger in his talk, it was, oddly enough, rarely swagger about his military exploits. He had a passion for the chase, he had followed it in far countries, and some of his finest flowers were reminiscences of lonely danger and escape. The more solitary the scene, the bigger of course the flower. A new acquaintance, with the colonel, always received the tribute of a bouquet; that generalization Lyon very promptly made. And this extraordinary man had inconsistencies and unexpected lapses — lapses into dull veracity. Lyon recognized what Sir David had told him, that his aberrations came in fits or periods — that he would sometimes keep the beaten path for a month at a time. The muse breathed upon him at her pleasure; she often left him alone. He would neglect the finest openings and then set sail in the teeth of the breeze. As a general thing he affirmed the false rather than denied the true; yet this proportion was sometimes strikingly reversed. Very often he joined in the laugh against himself — he admitted that he was trying it on and that a good many of his anecdotes had an experimental character. Still he never completely retracted or retreated — he dived and came up in another place. Lyon divined that he was capable, at intervals, of defending his position with violence, but only when it was a very bad one. Then he might easily be dangerous — then he would hit out and become calumnious. Such occasions would test his wife's equanimity — Lyon would have liked to see her there. In the smoking-room, and elsewhere, the company, so far as it was composed of his familiars, had an hilarious protest always at hand; but among the men who had known him long his rich tone was an old story, so old that they had ceased to talk about it, and Lyon did n't care, as I have said, to elicit the judgment of those who might have shared his own surprise.

The oddest thing of all was that neither surprise nor familiarity prevented the colonel's being liked; his largest drafts on a skeptical attention passed for an overflow of life and gayety — almost of good looks. He was fond of portraying his bravery, and used a very big brush, and yet he was unmistakably brave. He was a capital rider and shot, in spite of his fund of anecdote illustrating these accomplishments; in short, he was very nearly as clever, and his career had been very nearly as wonderful, as he pretended. His best quality, however, remained that indiscriminate sociability, which took interest and credulity for granted, and about which he bragged least. It made him cheap, it made him even in a manner vulgar; but it was so contagious that his listener was more or less on his side, as against the probabilities. It was a private reflection of Oliver Lyon's that he not only lied but made one

feel also like a liar, even (or especially) if one contradicted him. In the evening, at dinner, and afterward, our friend watched his wife's face, to see if a faint shade or spasm did n't pass over it. But she showed nothing, and the wonder was that when he spoke she almost always listened. That was her pride; she wished not to be even suspected of not facing the music. Lyon had none the less an importunate vision of a veiled figure coming the next day, in the dusk, to certain places, to repair the colonel's ravages, as the relatives of kleptomaniacs punctually call at the shops that have suffered from their pilferings.

"I must apologize, of course it was n't true, I hope no harm is done, it is only his incorrigible —" Oh, to hear that woman's voice in that deep abasement! Lyon had no nefarious plan — he did n't consciously wish to practice upon her sensibility; but he did say to himself that he should like to bring her round to feel that there would have been more dignity in a union with a certain other person. He even dreamed of the hour, when, with a burning face, she should ask *him* not to take it up. Then he should be almost consoled, he would be magnanimous.

Henry James.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

FOODS AND BEVERAGES.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FOODS AND NUTRITION. VI.

IN addition to what has been said in former articles, I ought perhaps to explain a little more fully about some of the ingredients of foods and add a few statements concerning some of the more common beverages, as tea, coffee, and alcohol.

GELATINE AS FOOD.

WHEN we boil bones, or scraps of meat, or fish to make a soup we extract considerable of gelatinoids, fats, and other substances of them. The gelatine in the soup thus made, like the dried gelatine we buy in packages and use for jellies, is of course very valuable. It will not take the place of meat, because it cannot do all that is done by the albuminoids which the meat contains. But it does part of their work; and if it cannot make flesh it does what is next best in that it saves flesh-forming material from being used up. One moral of this is that bones are worth saving for food. In experimenting to find how much nutritive material is extracted from bones in making soup, as it is ordinarily prepared in the household, Dr. König found that beef bones, from which the flesh had been removed, yielded from 6 to 7¼ per cent. of their weight of material, of which about 4⅓ per cent. was fat and the rest nitrogenous matter. That is to say, from a pound of bone about an ounce of nutritive material was obtained, of which three-fourths was fat and the rest gelatinoids and the like. But it must be remembered that the bones which the butcher trims out of meat, or which are left on our tables or in our kitchens, usually have a good deal of adhering flesh. This is apt to amount to several times as much as the material extracted from the bone itself.

MEAT EXTRACT.

ANOTHER class of food ingredients which contain nitrogen, and are hence commonly included with the protein compounds, are the so-called "extractives," known to chemists by the names "creatin," "creatinin," etc. These are very remarkable substances. I spoke of them at some length in a former article, explaining that they make up the active principles of beef-tea and of meat extract. Meats and fish always contain a small amount of these extractives along with their albuminoids and gelatinoids. They impart flavor to meats. The savory odor of steak and roast beef is due to them. When lean meat or fish is chopped fine and soaked in water they dissolve out. They take their name of extractives from being thus extracted from meat. It is in this way that they are dissolved from meat in making beef-tea. The meat extract of commerce, which is made in enormous quantities where meat is cheap, as in South America, and is used all over the world, is prepared by boiling down such a solution until the extractive matters are left in a nearly solid form.

Just what the extractives do in helping to nourish the body has long been a physiological puzzle. At times they appear to aid digestion. It is certain that they have some effect upon the nervous system. When one is

weakened by illness or exhausted by hard work they are wonderfully invigorating. They were formerly supposed to furnish actual nutriment, but the tendency of opinion in later years has been to make them simply stimulants, and the experiments within a short time past have indicated very clearly that they neither form tissue nor yield energy; that, indeed, they practically pass through the body unchanged, and are not food at all in the sense in which we use the word.* In other words, when a convalescent invalid drinks his beef-tea, or a tired brain-worker takes meat extract with his food, though he is greatly refreshed thereby and really benefited, the extractives neither repair his tissues nor furnish him warmth or strength. But in some unexplained way they help him to utilize the other materials of his body and of his food to an extent which without them he could not do. Beef-tea and meat extract are strengthening, not by what they themselves supply, but by helping the body to get and to use strength from other materials which it has. Such is the interpretation of the latest experimental research.

If we leave the extractives in the meat and fish instead of making beef-tea or meat extract of them; in other words, if we eat our meat in the ordinary way, they still appear to have similar effect. Dogs that with vegetable food are quiet and listless become lively and sometimes fierce when fed on meat. Some people find meat very stimulating. But the doctrine which we frequently see in print, and which is even taught at times from the pulpit, that this stimulating property of meat is responsible for a large part of the physical evil and injury to character we see about us, seems to me gross exaggeration.

TEA, COFFEE, COCOA, CHOCOLATE.

Tea and coffee are not foods in the sense in which we use the word. They contain, it is true, very small quantities of materials similar to the nutrients of ordinary foods, but so few of these get into the decoctions which we drink that they are not worth taking into account.

The aroma of tea and coffee is mainly, and the taste largely, due to minute quantities of oily substances — essential oils, as they are called. The effect of tea and coffee upon the nerves and the brain seems to be chiefly due to a substance called caffeïn when it comes from coffee, and theïn when it comes from tea. It is the same chemical compound in both, and belongs to the class called alkaloids. Like the extractives of meat, it has, in moderate quantities, an invigorating effect, and may at times aid digestion. The expression, which long usage has applied to tea and coffee, "The cups that cheer but not inebriate," is a true statement of fact.

Tea contains tannic acid, or tannin, the substance which, in the bark of trees, like oak and hemlock, is used to tan leather. The skins of animals contain gelatinoid substances with which the tannin unites, giving it the properties of leather. Tannin may likewise unite with albuminoid substances, such as occur in meats, fish, milk, eggs, and so on. The natural inference is that if we take tea with albuminous foods, the tannin will unite with them and form indigestible compounds. The newspaper statements we sometimes see about tea making leather in the stomach are grossly exaggerated. But experiments imply that it may sometimes interfere with the digestion of some albuminous foods; and I have heard of people, though I have never met a case, with whom tea taken along with fresh meat hinders digestion. It is said, however, not to interfere at all with the digestion of dry meats, such as ham and tongue.

One objection to steeping tea for a long time is that the longer it is infused the more tannic acid is extracted. Coffee contains tannic acid, but less than tea.

It seems a bit odd that so many people, either from lack of understanding of what gives the odor and flavor to coffee and tea, or from carelessness, prepare them in just the way that is calculated to get rid of the volatile matters whose aroma and taste are so highly prized. The chief part of the art of making good coffee or tea is to dissolve the soluble matters, and at the same time not lose those that are volatile. The long steeping at high temperature, commonly practiced in making tea and coffee, is an effective way for expelling the volatile oils. To keep them in hot water just long enough to dissolve out the alkaloids and other soluble compounds, and in a tightly closed vessel, so as to prevent the escape of the volatile substances, are very important factors in the making of a good cup of tea or coffee.

I well remember my first realization of the true flavor of well-prepared tea. It was at a hotel in Heidelberg. The waiter, who told me he had learned the art in Russia, steeped the tea at the table by pouring hot water upon it in a pot made for the purpose. It was not over-steeped; there was neither boiling to drive the volatile matters off nor long lapse of time for them to escape. They were dissolved out and served at once, and made the decoction delicious. The guests at the table of an acquaintance of mine, not long since, were unusually pleased with the tea, and surprised to

* Rubner, "Zeitschrift für Biologie," XX., 265.

learn that it was bought at the same store, and was, in fact, the same that some of them were using at home. It transpired that the tea had been kept in a tight box until used, and had been prepared by a process which one of the family had learned in Germany. This consisted simply in pouring boiling water upon the tea, covering the pot tightly with a cloth, setting it upon a part of the stove where it would not boil, and serving after a very short time. The towel helped to keep the water warm and the aroma from escaping, and the tea, when brought to the table, was most excellent. Of course things of this sort are of no great consequence. Perhaps most of us would be better off if we did not drink either tea or coffee; but if we are going to use them we might as well have the flavor, which, I suppose, is the least injurious part.

Cocoa and chocolate contain theobromin and, as it appears, another alkaloid, similar to the alkaloid of tea and coffee. With these are fatty matters, a kind of starch, and other substances which occur in the cacao bean from which cocoa and chocolate are made. In preparing them for the market, part of the fat is extracted and other substances are added. For chocolate considerable sugar is used. Thus made it has a little less nitrogen, more fat, and a trifle more nutritive matter than flour. Accordingly, the beverage prepared from cocoa or chocolate supplies considerable nutriment in addition to the alkaloids, which serve as stimulants, and the flavoring substances, which are highly prized.

IS ALCOHOL FOOD?

To this question the answer of the latest and most reliable experimental research is, I think, clearly, yes. But its action as food is so limited, and so outbalanced by its effects upon the nerves and the brain, that, except in certain abnormal conditions of the body, the food value of alcohol is of scarcely enough consequence to be taken into account.

In the light of our present knowledge, we regard food as that which either builds tissue, or protects tissue or other food from consumption, or supplies energy to the body. Our ordinary food-materials do all these. Alcohol does not form tissue, either flesh (protein) or fat; but it does serve as fuel to yield energy, and in so doing probably protects protein and fat from being consumed. Such, at any rate, are the inferences from the best evidence at hand, and that evidence is such as to leave little doubt. But the quantity of alcohol that the system will ordinarily endure is small; not all that is taken is always consumed; its potential energy is relatively little and its nutritive effect slight — the equivalent of a small fragment of bread, for instance. Furthermore, as a consequence of its action upon the nerves, alcohol tends to promote the radiation of heat from the body and thus to counteract the nutritive effect it does have. In a very cold day a glass of brandy may make a man feel warmer for a time, but his sensations deceive him; the real effect of the alcohol is to make his body colder. In like manner alcohol may temporarily stimulate the tired muscles and brain for work, but it cannot take the place of rest. It is a stimulus, and as such it is like the spur to the wearied horse; instead of giving new strength, it makes new drafts upon the already reduced supply.

The alcohol which is taken into the body appears to be burned, like sugar and other nutritive materials; but a portion, instead of being consumed, is given off again by the lungs, skin, and kidneys. The quantity thus eliminated has been the subject of no little discussion and experiment. The theory has been held that the larger part escapes and but little is consumed for fuel. The latest and most accurate experiments, however, decidedly oppose this view, and lead to the conclusion that, although when alcohol is taken in large doses a considerable portion may be eliminated, as is likewise the case with sugar, yet in the amounts which people ordinarily drink very nearly the whole is oxidized.*

* Nearly thirty years ago a series of experiments were conducted by Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy in France, which have been claimed by them, and by numerous writers since, to show that alcohol taken into the body is not consumed like ordinary food, but is eliminated by the lungs, kidneys, and skin. Other experiments have seemed to favor this view. For many years the theory that alcohol is not consumed has served as a stable argument against its use, not only by the less thoughtful physiologists and temperance agitators, but also in text-books and even in the later official publications of temperance organizations.

Not only were the experiments of Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy made by very imperfect methods, but the quantities of alcohol used were very large. Dr. J. W. Warren of the Medical School of Harvard University, who has given an admirable résumé of the whole subject in the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal," July 7 and July 14, 1887, has taken the pains to calculate the amounts of alcohol given to the dogs in the experiments just named, and what would be corresponding quantities for an average man, taking into account the difference in size. He finds that "the amount of alcohol equivalent to a whole bottle of brandy for the average man was a common dose for the dogs. In one experiment the equivalent was as much as two and one-half bottles, and in another case three bottles of brandy." The experiments of Subbotin in Munich, which were made by more accurate methods, are sometimes quoted as showing considerable secretion of alcohol. They were made with rabbits, which likewise received enormous doses. Even sugar and albumen,

As food, the only use of alcohol is to serve as fuel. The exact fuel value of alcohol, its capacity to supply the body with heat and muscular energy, cannot be stated with entire confidence. In the case of the principal nutritive ingredients of food, the protein, fats, and carbohydrates, the potential energy, which is taken as the measure of their fuel value, is proportioned to the heat produced when they are burned with oxygen, and is learned by use of an apparatus for the purpose called the calorimeter. It is found by experiments with animals that these nutritive materials yield energy to the body, in the forms of heat and muscular energy, in the proportion to the heats produced by their combustion in the calorimeter. The natural inference is that the same will be the case with the alcohol burned in the body. Bodländer's and other accurate experiments confirm this view.

The potential energy of the fats is about double that of the protein or carbohydrates, which latter are about equal to one another in this respect. That is to say, a given weight — for instance, an ounce of myosin of lean meat or albumen of egg — would, if burned in the calorimeter, yield just about the same amount of heat as an ounce of sugar or starch; while an ounce of the fat of meat or butter would yield twice as much. The best evidence implies that when these substances are burned in the body they yield heat and muscular energy in the same proportions. The heat of combustion of alcohol is about midway between that of the fats and that of the carbohydrates or protein, and it is natural to suppose that the energy it would yield in the body would be of corresponding amount. In other words, if the fuel value of an ounce of protein or an ounce of sugar or starch is one, and that of an ounce of fats, two, the fuel value of an ounce of alcohol would be one and a half. But, as already explained, a small part of the alcohol which is taken into the body leaves it unconsumed, and the action of the alcohol upon the nerves may counteract part of its nutritive effect. Since, furthermore, we are not absolutely certain as to the ways in which the body uses it, we should be hardly justified in saying positively that the energy yielded by alcohol in the body is in exact proportion to the heat of combustion. But it seems extremely probable that alcohol stands somewhere between carbohydrates and fats in fuel value.

Perhaps these facts may at least help towards explaining the nutritive effect of alcohol in some cases of disease and exhaustion. When the body is quiet and in warm surroundings, the demand for protein to replace muscle used up and for material to serve as fuel is small. Alcohol does not require the action of digestive juices; it is ready to be assimilated without digestion, and its fuel value appears to be considerable. It would seem that it might thus, at times, serve a useful purpose in sustaining life, when the bodily functions are at a low ebb. I make this suggestion with some hesitancy, realizing very fully the unwisdom of a chemist's attempting to urge theories which it is outside his province to verify. But I have often heard physicians say that wine, for instance, is very helpful in some cases of sickness, when but little other food can be taken; and when asked the chemical explanation they could think of no better one than this.

Distilled spirits, such as whisky, brandy, gin, and rum, have from forty to sixty per cent. of alcohol, but no carbohydrates or other nutrients.

As whisky is ordinarily sold in this country by the drink, a gallon is said to make about sixty glasses,* which would make, roughly speaking, about an ounce of alcohol to the

when taken into the body in large doses, may in part escape unconsumed. When we consider how soluble alcohol is, and how easily it might be expected to make its way through the body, it is not strange that when so much is taken a portion should escape.

Soon after the experiments of Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy were published, Dr. Anstie, in England, began a series of careful experiments upon this question. They were continued through a number of years, and showed very clearly that when alcohol was taken in moderate amounts the quantity secreted was very small. His results have been confirmed by other investigators. Within a short time past extended researches have been carried out by Professor Binz, Bodländer, and others at the University of Bonn, Germany. Appropriate apparatus and the refinements of modern research were used to insure accuracy. The conclusion is that when alcohol is not taken in excessive doses it is almost wholly consumed, and extremely little is secreted. In experiments with himself, Bodländer took enough absolute alcohol, diluted with water, to be equal to from two-thirds to four-thirds of a bottle of claret; in experiments with dogs, the equivalent of from one and a half to four bottles of claret was used for a dose. The average quantity given off through kidneys, skin, and lungs, as indicated by experiments, was three and a half per cent. of the whole by the dogs, and two and nine-tenths per cent. by himself. Making a very liberal allowance for errors of experimenting, the total quantity of alcohol eliminated could not exceed five per cent. of the amount taken. It is interesting to note that the proportions of alcohol which were thus given off unconsumed were about the same as the proportions of meats, milk, bread, and vegetables which ordinarily escape digestion. (See article on "The Digestibility of Food" in THE CENTURY for September, 1887.)

Alcohol, in the quantities which people ordinarily take who use it, appears to be consumed just about as completely as our ordinary foods.

* See article on "The Nation's Liquor Bill," by Mr. F. N. Barrett, in Quarterly Report, No. 2, of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Treasury Department.

glass. If we were at liberty to estimate the fuel value from the potential energy, this ounce of alcohol would be equal in this respect to a little more than an ounce of sugar, or starch, or protein, or to less than an ounce of fat. But we are uncertain as to the actual amount of energy which alcohol yields when burned in a body, and its influence upon the body through the nervous system is generally such as to counteract more or less of its nutritive effect. In the present state of our knowledge, therefore, it is impossible to say that the food value of a glass of whisky would be at all considerable. The same would be true of brandy, gin, rum, and other distilled liquors.

Malt liquors — porter, ale, and lager beer — contain usually from four to five or six per cent. of alcohol. Ordinary white wines and claret commonly contain eight or nine per cent., and champagne nearly ten per cent.; while the stronger wines, such as sherry, will average as much as seventeen per cent. A pint (pound) of ale or beer would, therefore, contain about three-quarters of an ounce, and the same quantity of wine from one to two and a half ounces of alcohol.

Ale, beer, and wine contain small quantities of nutritive material in addition to their alcohol and other constituents. That of wines consists mainly of compounds akin to carbohydrates, and averages a trifle over three per cent. of the whole weight. That of ale and beer includes, on the average, a little over a half of one per cent. of protein and other nitrogeneous compounds, and six or seven per cent. of carbohydrates and allied substances. A pint (pound) of ale or beer would contain, roughly speaking, about as much of these nutritive substances as one and one-fifth ounces of bread; and a pint of wine about as much as three-quarters of an ounce of bread.

In all this discussion we should remember that the alcohol of ordinary liquors, distilled spirits, wine, etc., is not all the common ethyl alcohol. In speaking of the effects of alcohol I have referred to ordinary alcohol; or, as it is called in the chemical laboratory, ethyl alcohol. But there are other kinds of alcohol, some of which, like those contained in the fusel oil of commercial alcohol and whisky, appear to be even more deleterious to health than ethyl alcohol. These alcohols are formed in the process of fermentation, and are often very imperfectly separated from brandy, whisky, and other spirits in the process of distillation by which the latter are prepared. It is said that the materials used for adulterating wine often contain considerable quantities of these especially deleterious alcohols. The injury to health from the use of spirituous liquors containing these is believed to be much greater than would come from liquors containing only ethyl alcohol.

From the evidence at hand regarding the use of alcohol, the following, by Dr. E. A. Parkes, the eminent English hygienist, seems to me a fair and judicious statement of the facts, although I should be inclined to lay a little more stress upon the principle that, in health at any rate, it is superfluous or worse, and to insist more strongly upon the importance, in this country especially, of general abstinence from its use.

> The facts now stated make it difficult to avoid the conclusion that the dietetic value of alcohol has been much overrated. It does not appear to me possible at present to condemn alcohol altogether as an article of diet in health; or to prove that it is invariably hurtful, as some have attempted to do. It produces effects which are often useful in disease, and sometimes desirable in health; but in health it is certainly not a necessity, and many persons are much better without it. As now used by mankind, it is infinitely more powerful for evil than for good; and though it can hardly be imagined that its dietetic use will cease in our time, yet a clearer view of its effects must surely lead to a lessening of the excessive use which now prevails.

Among the curious side issues of the current temperance discussion is the question whether alcohol is a natural product. This is, I believe, vigorously denied in some quarters. Alcohol, like bread, is manufactured artificially from a natural product. In each case fermentation, a natural process, is made use of. But while bread is known only as a product of manufacture, alcohol appears to be very widely distributed in nature, though in extremely minute quantities. Nor is this at all surprising. If grapes or apples, or their juice, be exposed to the air, fermentation sets in and the sugar and other carbohydrates are changed to alcohol. The ferments which cause the change are afloat in the air all about, and might not unnaturally attack similar compounds in other vegetable substances. Professor Müntz of the National Agronomic Institute in Paris has, by refined chemical tests, discovered evidences of alcohol in cultivated soils, in rain water, in sea and river water, and in the atmosphere. He finds that vegetable molds may contain considerable quantities, and it appears probable that the alcohol "originates in the soil, from the fermentation of the organic matters in it, and is thence diffused as vapor in the atmosphere."

Another side issue of our temperance discussion is the so-called "Bible wine" theory, which maintains that the wine used in Palestine in the time of Christ was not alcoholic. I have been unable to find evidence that the composition of the juice of the grape, the laws of fermentation, or the practice in the making and using of wine, were different in that coun-

try at that time from those in other countries, or in that country at other times; and believe it safe to say that the theory that Bible wine was different from other wine, that it had not the alcohol which other wines contain, is without any basis to support it, in the opinion of the student of science.

Of the inexpressibly baneful effects of alcohol, that have made its excessive use one of the worst of the evils of our modern civilization, this is not the place to speak. But there is one matter in this connection about which, I trust, a word may not be out of place. It is that, great as is the physical evil of alcohol, the moral evil is incomparably greater; that true temperance reform is moral reform; and that, like every other moral reform, it will be best furthered by the closest alliance with the truth.

The moral argument against alcohol seems to me invincible. Is it not certainly strong enough when the facts are adhered to, without the exaggerations into which earnest reformers, in the intensity of their convictions, are sometimes led? Is it not best to accept the doctrine, with which the tests of science as interpreted by the consensus of specialists and the experience of mankind, beginning centuries before the miracle at Cana and reaching until now, alike agree that beverages containing alcohol may have a decided value for nourishment, and that, in moderate quantities, they are not always of necessity harmful, but may at times be positively useful?

We wish to help the drunkard to reform; but is it necessary to tell him that no man can touch alcohol without danger? To build up the public sentiment upon which the reform of the future must rest we wish our children to understand about alcohol and its terrible effects; but when we teach them, in the name of science, shall we not teach them the simple facts which science attests and which they can hereafter believe, rather than exaggerated theories, whose errors, when they learn them, will tend to undo the good we strive to do? In short, is not temperance advisable even in the teaching of the temperance doctrine?

These questions are asked in a spirit not of unkind criticism, but of deep interest in the cause. Are they not worthy of thoughtful consideration?

In the great effort to make men better, there is one thing that we must always seek, one thing that we need never fear — the truth.

W. O. Atwater.

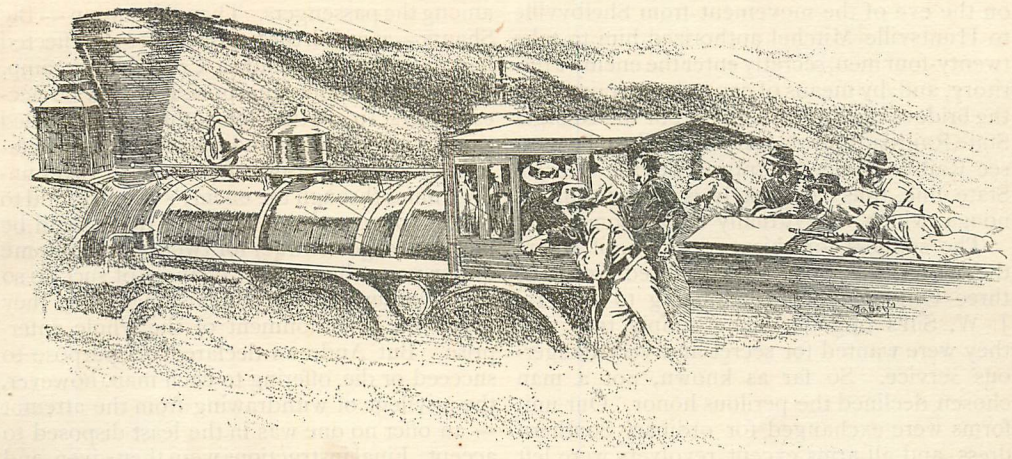
THE CITY.

THEY do neither plight nor wed
In the City of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter-blight and summer-change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh,
In that burgh of by and by
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the Sun,
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

Richard E. Burton.



THE LOCOMOTIVE CHASE IN GEORGIA.*

THE railroad raid to Georgia, in the spring of 1862, has always been considered to rank high among the striking and novel incidents of the civil war. At that time General O. M. Mitchel, under whose authority it was organized, commanded Union forces in middle Tennessee, consisting of a division of Buell's army. The Confederates were concentrating at Corinth, Mississippi, and Grant and Buell were advancing by different routes towards that point. Mitchel's orders required him to protect Nashville and the country around, but allowed him great latitude in the disposition of his division, which, with detachments and garrisons, numbered nearly seventeen thousand men. His attention had long been strongly turned towards the liberation of east Tennessee, which he knew that President Lincoln also earnestly desired, and which would, if achieved, strike a most damaging blow at the resources of the rebellion. A Union army once in possession of east Tennessee would have the inestimable advantage, found nowhere else in the South, of operating in the midst of a friendly population, and having at hand abundant supplies of all kinds. Mitchel had no reason to believe that Corinth would detain the Union armies much longer than Fort Donelson had done, and was satisfied that as soon as that position had been captured the next movement would be eastward towards Chattanooga, thus throwing his own division in advance. He determined, therefore, to press into the heart of the enemy's country as far as possible, occupying strategical points before they were adequately defended and assured of speedy and powerful reënforcement. To this end his measures were vigorous and well chosen.

On the 8th of April, 1862,—the day after the battle of Pittsburg Landing, of which, however, Mitchel had received no intelligence,—he marched swiftly southward from Shelbyville and seized Huntsville, in Alabama, on the 11th of April, and then sent a detachment westward over the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to open railway communication with the Union army at Pittsburg Landing. Another detachment, commanded by Mitchel in person, advanced on the same day seventy miles by rail directly into the enemy's territory, arriving unchecked with two thousand men within thirty miles of Chattanooga,—in two hours' time he could now reach that point,—the most important position in the West. Why did he not go on? The story of the railroad raid is the answer. The night before breaking camp at Shelbyville, Mitchel sent an expedition secretly into the heart of Georgia to cut the railroad communications of Chattanooga to the south and east. The fortune of this attempt had a most important bearing upon his movements, and will now be narrated.

In the employ of General Buell was a spy named James J. Andrews, who had rendered valuable services in the first year of the war, and had secured the full confidence of the Union commanders. In March, 1862, Buell had sent him secretly with eight men to burn the bridges west of Chattanooga; but the failure of expected coöperation defeated the plan, and Andrews, after visiting Atlanta and inspecting the whole of the enemy's lines in that vicinity and northward, had returned, ambitious to make another attempt. His plans for the

* By the author of "Daring and Suffering."

second raid were submitted to Mitchel, and on the eve of the movement from Shelbyville to Huntsville Mitchel authorized him to take twenty-four men, secretly enter the enemy's territory, and, by means of capturing a train, burn the bridges on the northern part of the Georgia State Railroad and also one on the East Tennessee Railroad where it approaches the Georgia State line, thus completely isolating Chattanooga, which was virtually ungarrisoned.

The soldiers for this expedition, of whom the writer was one, were selected from the three Ohio regiments belonging to General J. W. Sill's brigade, being simply told that they were wanted for secret and very dangerous service. So far as known, not a man chosen declined the perilous honor. Our uniforms were exchanged for ordinary Southern dress, and all arms except revolvers were left in camp. On the 7th of April, by the roadside about a mile east of Shelbyville, in the late evening twilight, we met our leader. Taking us a little way from the road, he quietly placed before us the outlines of the romantic and adventurous plan, which was: to break into small detachments of three or four, journey eastward into the Cumberland Mountains, then work southward, traveling by rail after we were well within the Confederate lines, and finally, the evening of the third day after the start, meet Andrews at Marietta, Georgia, more than two hundred miles away. When questioned, we were to profess ourselves Kentuckians going to join the Southern army.

On the journey we were a good deal annoyed by the swollen streams and the muddy roads consequent on three days of almost ceaseless rain. Andrews was led to believe that Mitchel's column would be inevitably delayed; and as we were expected to destroy the bridges the very day that Huntsville was entered, he took the responsibility of sending word to our different groups that our attempt would be postponed one day — from Friday to Saturday, April 12. This was a natural but a most lamentable error of judgment.

One of the men detailed was belated and did not join us at all. Two others were very soon captured by the enemy; and though their true character was not detected, they were forced into the Southern army, and two reached Marietta, but failed to report at the rendezvous. Thus, when we assembled very early in the morning in Andrews's room at the Marietta Hotel for final consultation before the blow was struck we were but twenty, including our leader. All preliminary difficulties had been easily overcome and we were in good spirits. But some serious obstacles had been revealed on our ride from Chattanooga to Marietta the previous evening.* The railroad was found to be crowded with trains, and many soldiers were among the passengers. Then the station — Big Shanty — at which the capture was to be effected had recently been made a Confederate camp. To succeed in our enterprise it would be necessary first to capture the engine in a guarded camp with soldiers standing around as spectators, and then to run it from one to two hundred miles through the enemy's country, and to deceive or overpower all trains that should be met — a large contract for twenty men. Some of our party thought the chances of success so slight, under existing circumstances, that they urged the abandonment of the whole enterprise. But Andrews declared his purpose to succeed or die, offering to each man, however, the privilege of withdrawing from the attempt — an offer no one was in the least disposed to accept. Final instructions were then given, and we hurried to the ticket office in time for the northward bound mail-train, and purchased tickets for different stations along the line in the direction of Chattanooga.

Our ride, as passengers, was but eight miles. We swept swiftly around the base of Kenesaw Mountain, and soon saw the tents of the Confederate forces camped at Big Shanty gleam white in the morning mist. Here we were to stop for breakfast and attempt the seizure of the train. The morning was raw and gloomy, and a rain, which fell all day, had already begun. It was a painfully thrilling moment. We were but twenty, with an army about us, and a long and difficult road before us, crowded with enemies. In an instant we were to throw off the disguise which had been our only protection, and trust our leader's genius and our own efforts for safety and success. Fortunately we had no time for giving way to reflections and conjectures which could only unfit us for the stern task ahead.

When we stopped, the conductor, the engineer, and many of the passengers hurried to breakfast, leaving the train unguarded. Now was the moment of action. Ascertaining that there was nothing to prevent a rapid start, Andrews, our two engineers, Brown and Knight, and the fireman hurried forward, uncoupling a section of the train consisting of three empty baggage or box cars, the locomotive, and the tender. The engineers and the fireman sprang into the cab of the engine, while Andrews, with hand on the rail and foot on the step, waited to see that the remainder of the party had gained entrance into the rear box-car. This seemed difficult and slow, though it really consumed but a few seconds, for the car stood on a considerable

* The different detachments reached the Georgia State Railroad at Chattanooga, and traveled as ordinary passengers on trains running southward.— EDITOR.

bank, and the first who came were pitched in by their comrades, while these in turn dragged in the others, and the door was instantly closed. A sentinel, with musket in hand, stood not a dozen feet from the engine, watching the whole proceeding; but before he or any of the soldiers or guards around could make up their minds to interfere all was done, and Andrews, with a nod to his engineer, stepped on board. The valve was pulled wide open, and for a moment the wheels slipped round in rapid, ineffective revolutions; then, with a bound that jerked the soldiers in the box-car from their feet, the little train darted away, leaving the camp and the station in the wildest uproar and confusion. The first step of the enterprise was triumphantly accomplished.

According to the time-table, of which Andrews had secured a copy, there were two trains to be met. These presented no serious hindrance to our attaining high speed, for we could tell just where to expect them. There was also a local freight not down on the time-table, but which could not be far distant. Any danger of collision with it could be avoided by running according to the schedule of the captured train until it was passed; then at the highest possible speed we could run to the Oostenaula and Chickamauga bridges, lay them in ashes, and pass on through Chattanooga to Mitchel, at Huntsville, or wherever eastward of that point he might be found, arriving long before the close of the day. It was a brilliant prospect, and so far as human estimates can determine it would have been realized had the day been Friday instead of Saturday. On Friday every train had been on time, the day dry, and the road in perfect order. Now the road was in disorder, every train far behind time, and two "extras" were approaching us. But of these unfavorable conditions we knew nothing, and pressed confidently forward.

We stopped frequently, and at one point tore up the track, cut telegraph wires, and loaded on cross-ties to be used in bridge burning. Wood and water were taken without difficulty, Andrews very coolly telling the story to which he adhered throughout the run, namely, that he was one of General Beauregard's officers, running an impressed powder train through to that commander at Corinth. We had no good instruments for track-raising, as we had intended rather to depend upon fire; but the amount of time spent in taking up a rail was not material at this stage of our journey, as we easily kept on the time of our captured train. There was a wonderful exhilaration in passing swiftly by towns and stations through the heart of an enemy's country in this manner. It possessed just enough of the spice of danger, in this part of the run, to render it thoroughly enjoyable. The slightest accident to our engine, however, or a miscarriage in any part of our programme, would have completely changed the conditions.

At Etowah we found the "Yonah," an old locomotive owned by an iron company, standing with steam up; but not wishing to alarm the enemy till the local freight had been safely met, we left it unharmed. Kingston, thirty miles from the starting-point, was safely reached. A train from Rome, Georgia, on a branch road, had just arrived and was waiting for the morning mail — our train. We learned that the local freight would soon come also, and, taking the side-track, waited for it. When it arrived, however, Andrews saw, to his surprise and chagrin, that it bore a red flag, indicating another train not far behind. Stepping over to the conductor, he boldly asked: "What does it mean that the road is blocked in this manner when I have orders to take this powder to Beauregard without a minute's delay?" The answer was interesting but not reassuring: "Mitchel has captured Huntsville and is said to be coming to Chattanooga, and we are getting everything out of there." He was asked by Andrews to pull his train a long way down the track out of the way, and promptly obeyed.

It seemed an exceedingly long time before the expected "extra" arrived, and when it did come it bore another red flag. The reason given was that the "local," being too great for one engine, had been made up in two sections, and the second section would doubtless be along in a short time. This was terribly vexatious; yet there seemed nothing to do but to wait. To start out between the sections of an extra train would be to court destruction. There were already three trains around us, and their many passengers and others were all growing very curious about the mysterious train, manned by strangers, which had arrived on the time of the morning mail. For an hour and five minutes from the time of arrival at Kingston we remained in this most critical position. The sixteen of us who were shut up tightly in a box-car,— personating Beauregard's ammunition,— hearing sounds outside, but unable to distinguish words, had perhaps the most trying position. Andrews sent us, by one of the engineers, a cautious warning to be ready to fight in case the uneasiness of the crowd around led them to make any investigation, while he himself kept near the station to prevent the sending off of any alarming telegram. So intolerable was our suspense, that the order for a deadly conflict would have been felt as a relief. But the assurance of Andrews quieted the crowd until

the whistle of the expected train from the north was heard; then, as it glided up to the depot, past the end of our side-track, we were off without more words.

But unexpected danger had arisen behind us. Out of the panic at Big Shanty two men emerged, determined, if possible, to foil the unknown captors of their train. There was no telegraph station, and no locomotive at hand with which to follow; but the conductor of the train, W. A. Fuller, and Anthony Murphy, foreman of the Atlanta railway machine shops, who happened to be on board of Fuller's train, started on foot after us as hard as they could run. Finding a hand-car they mounted it and pushed forward till they neared Etowah, where they ran on the break we had made in the road and were precipitated down the embankment into the ditch. Continuing with more caution, they reached Etowah and found the "Yonah," which was at once pressed into service, loaded with soldiers who were at hand, and hurried with flying wheels towards Kingston. Fuller prepared to fight at that point, for he knew of the tangle of extra trains, and of the lateness of the regular trains, and did not think we should be able to pass. We had been gone only four minutes when he arrived and found himself stopped by three long, heavy trains of cars, headed in the wrong direction. To move them out of the way so as to pass would cause a delay he was little inclined to afford — would, indeed, have almost certainly given us the victory. So, abandoning his engine, he with Murphy ran across to the Rome train, and, uncoupling the engine and one car, pushed forward with about forty armed men. As the Rome branch connected with the main road above the depot, he encountered no hindrance, and it was now a fair race. We were not many minutes ahead.

Four miles from Kingston we again stopped and cut the telegraph. While trying to take up a rail at this point we were greatly startled. One end of the rail was loosened, and eight of us were pulling at it, when in the distance we distinctly heard the whistle of a pursuing engine. With a frantic effort we broke the rail, and all tumbled over the embankment with the effort. We moved on, and at Adairsville we found a mixed train (freight and passenger) waiting, but there was an express on the road that had not yet arrived. We could afford no more delay, and set out for the next station, Calhoun, at terrible speed, hoping to reach that point before the express, which was behind time, should arrive. The nine miles which we had to travel were left behind in less than the same number of minutes. The express was just pulling out, but, hearing our whistle, backed before us until we were able to take the side-track. It stopped, however, in such a manner as completely to close up the other end of the switch. The two trains, side by side, almost touched each other, and our precipitate arrival caused natural suspicion. Many searching questions were asked, which had to be answered before we could get the opportunity of proceeding. We in the box-car could hear the altercation, and were almost sure that a fight would be necessary before the conductor would consent to "pull up" in order to let us out. Here again our position was most critical, for the pursuers were rapidly approaching.

Fuller and Murphy saw the obstruction of the broken rail in time, by reversing their engine, to prevent wreck; but the hindrance was for the present insuperable. Leaving all their men behind, they started for a second foot-race. Before they had gone far they met the train we had passed at Adairsville, and turned it back after us. At Adairsville they dropped the cars, and with locomotive and tender loaded with armed men, they drove forward at the highest speed possible. They knew that we were not many minutes ahead, and trusted to overhaul us before the express train could be safely passed.

But Andrews had told the powder story again with all his skill, and added a direct request in peremptory form to have the way opened before him, which the Confederate conductor did not see fit to resist; and just before the pursuers arrived at Calhoun we were again under way. Stopping once more to cut wires and tear up the track, we felt a thrill of exhilaration to which we had long been strangers. The track was now clear before us to Chattanooga; and even west of that city we had good reason to believe that we should find no other train in the way till we had reached Mitchel's lines. If one rail could now be lifted we would be in a few minutes at the Oostenaula bridge; and that burned, the rest of the task would be little more than simple manual labor, with the enemy absolutely powerless. We worked with a will.

But in a moment the tables were turned. Not far behind we heard the scream of a locomotive bearing down upon us at lightning speed. The men on board were in plain sight and well armed. Two minutes — perhaps one — would have removed the rail at which we were toiling; then the game would have been in our own hands, for there was no other locomotive beyond that could be turned back after us. But the most desperate efforts were in vain. The rail was simply bent, and we hurried to our engine and darted away, while remorselessly after us thundered the enemy.

Now the contestants were in clear view, and a race followed unparalleled in the annals of

war. Wishing to gain a little time for the burning of the Oostenaula bridge, we dropped one car, and, shortly after, another; but they were "picked up" and pushed ahead to Resaca. We were obliged to run over the high trestles and covered bridge at that point without a pause. This was the first failure in the work assigned us.

The Confederates could not overtake and stop us on the road; but their aim was to keep close behind, so that we might not be able to damage the road or take in wood or water. In the former they succeeded, but not in the latter. Both engines were put at the highest rate of speed. We were obliged to cut the wire after every station passed, in order that an alarm might not be sent ahead; and we constantly strove to throw our pursuers off the track, or to obstruct the road permanently in some way, so that we might be able to burn the Chickamauga bridges, still ahead. The chances seemed good that Fuller and Murphy would be wrecked. We broke out the end of our last box-car and dropped cross-ties on the track as we ran, thus checking their progress and getting far enough ahead to take in wood and water at two separate stations. Several times we almost lifted a rail, but each time the coming of the Confederates within rifle range compelled us to desist and speed on. Our worst hindrance was the rain. The previous day (Friday) had been clear, with a high wind, and on such a day fire would have been easily and tremendously effective. But to-day a bridge could be burned only with abundance of fuel and careful nursing.

Thus we sped on, mile after mile, in this fearful chase, round curves and past stations in seemingly endless perspective. Whenever we lost sight of the enemy beyond a curve, we hoped that some of our obstructions had been effective in throwing him from the track, and that we should see him no more; but at each long reach backward the smoke was again seen, and the shrill whistle was like the scream of a bird of prey. The time could not have been so very long, for the terrible speed was rapidly devouring the distance; but with our nerves strained to the highest tension each minute seemed an hour. On several occasions the escape of the enemy from wreck was little less than miraculous. At one point a rail was placed across the track on a curve so skillfully that it was not seen till the train ran upon it at full speed. Fuller says that they were terribly jolted, and seemed to bounce altogether from the track, but lighted on the rails in safety. Some of the Confederates wished to leave a train which was driven at such a reckless rate, but their wishes were not gratified.

Before reaching Dalton we urged Andrews to turn and attack the enemy, laying an ambush so as to get into close quarters, that our revolvers might be on equal terms with their guns. I have little doubt that if this had been carried out it would have succeeded. But either because he thought the chance of wrecking or obstructing the enemy still good, or feared that the country ahead had been alarmed by a telegram around the Confederacy by the way of Richmond — Andrews merely gave the plan his sanction without making any attempt to carry it into execution.

Dalton was passed without difficulty, and beyond we stopped again to cut wires and to obstruct the track. It happened that a regiment was encamped not a hundred yards away, but they did not molest us. Fuller had written a dispatch to Chattanooga, and dropped a man with orders to have it forwarded instantly, while he pushed on to save the bridges. Part of the message got through and created a wild panic in Chattanooga, although it did not materially influence our fortunes. Our supply of fuel was now very short, and without getting rid of our pursuers long enough to take in more, it was evident that we could not run as far as Chattanooga.

While cutting the wire we made an attempt to get up another rail; but the enemy, as usual, were too quick for us. We had no tool for this purpose except a wedge-pointed iron bar. Two or three bent iron claws for pulling out spikes would have given us such incontestable superiority that, down to almost the last of our run, we should have been able to escape and even to burn all the Chickamauga bridges. But it had not been our intention to rely on this mode of obstruction — an emergency only rendered necessary by our unexpected delay and the pouring rain.

We made no attempt to damage the long tunnel north of Dalton, as our enemies had greatly dreaded. The last hope of the raid was now staked upon an effort of a different kind from any that we had yet made, but which, if successful, would still enable us to destroy the bridges nearest Chattanooga. But, on the other hand, its failure would terminate the chase. Life and success were put upon one throw.

A few more obstructions were dropped on the track, and our own speed increased so that we soon forged a considerable distance ahead. The side and end boards of the last car were torn into shreds, all available fuel was piled upon it, and blazing brands were brought back from the engine. By the time we approached a long, covered bridge a fire in the car was fairly started. We uncoupled it in the middle of the bridge, and with painful suspense waited the issue. Oh for a few minutes till the work of confla-

gration was fairly begun! There was still steam pressure enough in our boiler to carry us to the next wood-yard, where we could have replenished our fuel by force, if necessary, so as to run as near to Chattanooga as was deemed prudent. We did not know of the telegraph message which the pursuers had sent ahead. But, alas! the minutes were not given. Before the bridge was extensively fired the enemy was upon us, and we moved slowly onward, looking back to see what they would do next. We had not long to conjecture. The Confederates pushed right into the smoke, and drove the burning car before them to the next side-track.

With no car left, and no fuel, the last scrap having been thrown into the engine or upon the burning car, and with no obstruction to drop on the track, our situation was indeed desperate. A few minutes only remained until our steed of iron which had so well served us would be powerless.

But it might still be possible to save ourselves. If we left the train in a body, and, taking a direct course towards the Union lines, hurried over the mountains at right angles with their course, we could not, from the nature of the country, be followed by cavalry, and could easily travel — athletic young men as we were, and fleeing for life — as rapidly as any pursuers. There was no telegraph in the mountainous districts west and north-west of us, and the prospect of reaching the Union lines seemed to me then, and has always since seemed, very fair. Confederate pursuers with whom I have since conversed freely have agreed on two points — that we could have escaped in the manner here pointed out, and that an attack on the pursuing train would likely have been successful. But Andrews thought otherwise, at least in relation to the former plan, and ordered us to jump from the locomotive one by one, and, dispersing in the woods, each endeavor to save himself. Thus ended the Andrews railroad raid.

It is easy now to understand why Mitchel paused thirty miles west of Chattanooga. The Andrews raiders had been forced to stop eighteen miles south of the same town, and no flying train met him with the expected tidings that all railroad communications of Chattanooga were destroyed, and that the town was in a panic and undefended. He dared advance no farther without heavy reënforcements from Pittsburg Landing or the north; and he probably believed to the day of his death, six months later, that the whole Andrews party had perished without accomplishing anything.

A few words will give the sequel to this remarkable enterprise. There was great excitement in Chattanooga and in the whole of the surrounding Confederate territory for scores of miles. The hunt for the fugitive raiders was prompt, energetic, and completely successful. Ignorant of the country, disorganized, and far from the Union lines, they strove in vain to escape. Several were captured the same day on which they left the cars, and all but two within a week. Even these two were overtaken and brought back when they supposed that they were virtually out of danger. Two of those who had failed to be on the train were identified and added to the band of prisoners.

Now follows the saddest part of the story. Being in citizens' dress within an enemy's lines, the whole party were held as spies and closely and vigorously guarded. A court-martial was convened, and the leader and seven others out of the twenty-two were condemned and executed.‖ The remainder were never brought to trial, probably because of the advance of Union forces and the consequent confusion into which the affairs of the Departments of East Tennessee and Georgia were thrown. Of the remaining fourteen, eight succeeded by a bold effort — attacking their guard in broad daylight — in making their escape from Atlanta, Georgia, and ultimately in reaching the North. The other six who shared in this effort, but were recaptured, remained prisoners until the latter part of March, 1863, when they were exchanged through a special arrangement made with Secretary Stanton. All the survivors of this expedition received medals and promotion. The pursuers also received expressions of gratitude from their fellow-Confederates, notably from the governor and the legislature of Georgia.

William Pittenger.

‖ Below is a list of the participants in the raid:

James J. Andrews,* leader; William Campbell,* a civilian who volunteered to accompany the raiders; George D. Wilson,* Company B, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Marion A. Ross,* Company A, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Perry G. Shadrack,* Company K, 2d Ohio Volunteers; Samuel Slavens,* 33d Ohio Volunteers; Samuel Robinson,* Company G, 33d Ohio Volunteers; John Scott,* Company K, 21st Ohio Volunteers; Wilson W. Brown,† Company F, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Knight,† Company E, 21st Ohio Volunteers; Mark Wood,† Company C, 21st Ohio Volunteers; James A. Wilson,† Company C, 21st Ohio Volunteers; John Wollam,† Company C, 33d Ohio Volunteers; D. A. Dorsey,† Company H, 33d Ohio Volunteers; Jacob Parrott,‡ Company K, 33d Ohio Volunteers; Robert Buffum,‡ Company H, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Bensinger,‡ Company G, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Reddick,‡ Company B, 33d Ohio Volunteers; E. H. Mason,‡ Company K, 21st Ohio Volunteers; William Pittenger,‡ Company G, 2d Ohio Volunteers.

J. R. Porter, Company C, 21st Ohio, and Martin J. Hawkins, Company A, 33d Ohio, reached Marietta, but did not get on board of the train. They were captured and imprisoned with their comrades. — EDITOR.

* Executed. † Escaped. ‡ Exchanged.

BIRD MUSIC: PARTRIDGES AND OWLS.

PARTRIDGES.

THE peculiar interest in the partridge is owing to its close kinship with our domestic fowls.

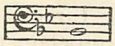
The wild and the tame hens look alike and act alike: their habits are similar, their eggs differ only in size, and both prefer nests on the ground; both gather their chickens under their wings, and both call them with like clucks.

The partridge seems to have an appreciation of all this, and delights in coming near our buildings; even lighting upon them and on the well-curb, and flying down into the door-yard. Not long since, a young miss of the village where I dwell drove one into a shed, and caught it in her hands.

Living for more than thirty years in a grove, I have had interesting experiences with these birds. One evening last summer, on going, just at dark, to see what disturbed a hen grouping her chickens out-of-doors, I found a partridge sitting in her nest, refusing to be driven out by the proprietor, who was both picking it and striking it with her wings. I took it up, carried it into the house, examined it, and placed it on the floor. It was full grown and plump, but appeared to be unable to stand, lying quite motionless, as is the habit of the young in time of danger. The next morning, when I opened the door of the wood-house, where it had spent the night, instantly it hummed by my head and disappeared. The partridge has a rapid flight, and no bird surpasses it in swift sailing. What caused this particular one to seek the nest of the brooding hen at that hour is something of a mystery; it may have been hotly pursued by an owl.

But it is of the musical powers of the partridge that I wish to speak. One spring the neighboring children came in companies to see a partridge on her nest close by my barn. The novel sight was highly entertaining, but their eyes opened wider still when they saw and heard the performances of her mate on his favorite log. During the time the hen was laying her eggs and sitting, he often gave us the "stormy music of his drum." It was small trouble to arrange bushes on a fence near by so that one could creep up unseen, and get a full view of the gallant thunderer perched on a knotty old hemlock log, mossy, and half buried in the ground; and "children of a larger growth," as well as the boys and girls, availed themselves of the opportunity. Of the many who saw him in the act of drumming, I do not recall one who had a correct idea beforehand of the way in which the "partridge thunder" is produced. It was supposed to be made by the striking of the bird's wings either against the log or against his body; whereas it was now plainly to be seen that the performer stood straight up, like a junk bottle, and brought his wings in front of him with quick, strong strokes, smiting nothing but the air—not even his "own proud breast," as one distinguished observer has suggested.

Wilson thinks the drumming may be heard nearly half a mile. He might safely have doubled the distance; though, when we consider the low pitch, B flat, second line in bass staff, the fact is surprising. The tones somewhat



resemble those of any deep drum, being very deceptive as to distance, often sounding near when far off, and far off when near. I would describe the drumming as a succession of thumps, the first dozen of which may be counted.

The first two or three are soft and comparatively slow; then they increase rapidly in force and frequency, rushing onward into a furious whir, the whir subsiding into a sudden but graduated diminish. The entire power of the partridge must be thrown into this exercise. His appearance immediately afterwards attests this, as well as the volume of sound; for he drops into the forlornest of attitudes, looking as if he would never move again. In a few minutes, however, perhaps five, he begins to have nervous motions of the head; up, up it goes, and his body with it, till he is perfectly erect—legs, body, neck, and all. And then for the thunder once more:

The partridge, as the bass drummer, is an important member of the feathered orchestra.

OWLS.

"WHO ever heard an owl sing? is asked in derision," says a delightful writer on natural subjects; and he himself seems almost willing to acknowledge that the owl does not sing, and even to doubt his hoot. However it may be elsewhere, up here among the Green Mountains owls hoot, and hoot well, with deep, strong voices that may be heard distinctly, of a calm evening, for a mile or more.

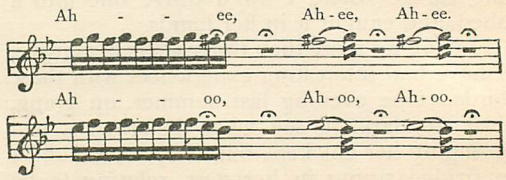
One winter, after six weeks of cold, perhaps the severest in fifteen years, the weather moderated, and the 3d of March was, comparatively, a mild day. An owl felt the change, and in his gladness sent down ponderous vesper notes from the mountain, which, as they came booming across the valley, bore joy to all that heard them.

The owl did not change the weather, but the weather changed the owl. After all that has been said for and against the ability of inferior creatures to foretell changes of weather, the sum of our knowledge amounts to about this: the senses of these beings are keener than our own, enabling them to feel the changes sooner than we can, and consequently to get a little before us with their predictions. On the present occasion, though it was almost dark, the guinea hens chimed in with their rasping voices, and the turkeys added their best gobbles in happy proclamation of the warm time coming. The owl gave three distinct hoots in succession, repeating them at intervals of about two minutes at first, afterwards with longer pauses. The first of these tones was preceded by a grace note; the second was followed by a thread-like slide down a fourth; and at the close of the third was a similar descent of an octave:

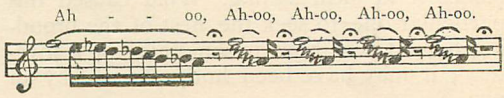
Neither slide, however, ended in a firm tone.

White of Selborne says that one of his musical friends decided that "all owls hoot in B flat"; another, that "they vary some, almost a half-note below A"; another still, that "the owls about the village hoot in three different keys — in G flat, in F sharp, in B flat, and in A flat." This Yankee owl, true to the instincts of the soil, hooted in a key of his own, E flat. Though all owls undoubtedly indulge in vocal expression, the little screech-owl is probably their best musical representative. Indeed, in point of individuality of style, this artist stands alone, and must be ranked as a singer. To be sure, he has nothing of the spontaneous joy of the robin, of the frolic flow of the bobolink, nothing of the clear, clean vigor of the oriole; but he surpasses them all in tender, dulcet sentiment. Never attempting a boisterous strain, his utterances are pensive and subdued, often like a faint cry of despair. Chary of his powers, the screech-owl cuts his programme tormentingly short: and it is only after many trials that one is able to collect the disjointed strains that make his medley entire. Just at dark, some pleasant evening, you will hear his low, faint tremors. At first they may be heard perhaps every other minute, then the interim gradually lengthens, until by 9 o'clock his pauses become intolerably long. The tremors or trills are given with a swell, the *crescendo* being longer than the *diminuendo:*

This is repeated and repeated each evening without variation; but after long waiting and many disappointments comes a change that is at once a surprise and a delight:



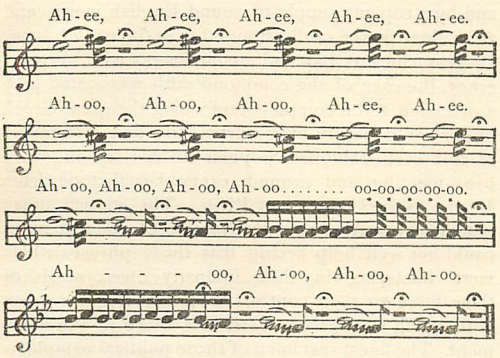
This owl ascends the scale generally not more than one or two degrees; the charm lies in his manner of descent, sometimes by a third, again by a fourth, and still again by a sixth. At the outset one is inclined to decide that the descent is according to the chromatic scale; then the steps will seem too short, sounding not more than half so long as those of this scale. I can best describe it as a sliding *tremolo* — a trickling down, like water over pebbles:



So rapidly and neatly is it done that an expert violinist could not easily reproduce it. Perhaps the descent of the whinny of a horse comes the nearest to it of any succession of natural sounds; and this, Gardner says, conforms to the chromatic scale.

One September morning something woke me at 2 o'clock. My head was soon out of the window, and just in time to hear what I had waited for for more than a year. My little screech-owl had come to make amends for his tantalizing delays. I had heard the strains

before, but had not secured them. They were as follows:



It is hard to believe that so gentle pleadings can accompany thoughts intent on plunder and blood. I do not know where to look again for so painful a contradiction as exists between the tones of this bird and his wicked work. Wilson, noticing the inconsistency between his utterances and his actions, says of one he had in confinement, that at twilight he "flew about the room with the silence of thought, and, perching, moaned out his melancholy notes with many lively gesticulations not at all in accordance with the pitiful tone of his ditty, which reminded one of a half-frozen puppy."

The naturalist is glad to be a "companion of owls" for a season, willingly taking the risk of their making night hideous and keeping him awake with their "snoring."

Owls have always been hooted at as well as hooting. "As stupid as an owl," "tough as a b'iled owl"— these expressions of reproach are still in vogue. But let us give the owl his due. An intelligent and apparently honest man tells me that he once ate of an owl—fattened on chickens, by the way, filched from him with surpassing cunning—and found it as sweet and tender fowl as he had ever tasted. So, it seems, the owl is not always stupid, nor always tough. Few birds are clad in finer raiment, and no other inhabitants of the air fly with so velvet-like, so silent wings.

Simeon Pease Cheney.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

An Issue that cannot be Ignored.

NOTHING is more encouraging to the advocates of civil service reform than the constantly increasing sensitiveness of the public mind upon this question. This is shown with striking force whenever a violation of the law is reported in any quarter, and especially in Washington. Only a few weeks ago, for example, a report was published that a circular had been sent from Washington, with the knowledge and approval of the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and of the Public Printer, calling upon the postmasters of New York State to furnish lists of voters to whom political documents could be sent. Instantly there was an outcry from all parts of the country against this proposal as a violation of the civil service law. The two officials who were charged with giving their approval hastened to say that they had done so only in the most informal way, that they had not signed the circular, and that they had no intention of sanctioning any violation either of the letter or the spirit of the law. The circular itself was summarily suppressed.

To realize the progress which has been made, we have only to contrast the spirit in which the public received this news of an attempt to use the post office for political purposes with that which it would have shown towards a similar effort a few years ago. There would have been no protest heard then, save from a few persons and newspapers with whom civil service reform was a "hobby" or "fad," advocated with such persistency as to be in danger of becoming a public bore. Now the mere suspicion of a violation of the law, either in the appointment of a person to office or in the administration of a department, is sufficient to set the whole country a-talking.

The political managers who are mapping out the next campaign will do well to give more than perfunctory notice to this new attitude of public sentiment. A mere plank of approval and sympathy in the party platforms will not be sufficient. There must be a specific and hearty pledge to carry forward and extend the scope of the reform, and there must be put on the platforms candidates whose characters and public records will be such as to give promise that their efforts will be earnestly devoted to the fulfillment of the pledge in case of election. For great and encouraging as is the progress which has been made, the reform is really only in its first stage. Only a very small proportion of the public service is yet within the limits of our civil service rules. The country will not be freed from the evils of the spoils system till the whole public service is so completely removed from the reach of the politicians that we can hold a presidential election with the certainty that, whatever may be the result, not a single subordinate in the employ of our Government need to fear that he will lose his place so long as he does his duty faithfully and efficiently.

It will be a great mistake for the political managers to think that the tariff issue, important and absorbing as it is in public interest, can be depended upon to overshadow that of civil service reform. The sensitiveness of the public mind, to which we have alluded, is due in great measure to the knowledge that at heart the mere politicians of both parties have never had any

sympathy with the reform, and are ready now, as they always have been, to desert it if they think they can do so safely. Some of them may think that the looked-for opportunity has arrived this year, but they will make a serious mistake if they act upon that supposition. The American people, with their quick intelligence, have caught a glimpse, from what has been accomplished by the partial application of the reform principles, of the immeasurable gain to the political health of the country which would follow from their full application. They detest the spoils system as they have never detested it before, and the political party which ventures at this late day to attempt to stay the work of that system's destruction will simply be trifling with its own fortunes.

We say this deliberately and confidently. The golden time of the mere politician — that is, of the man who is in politics simply for the money that is in it — has passed in this country. We are entering upon an era in which he must necessarily play a minor part. We have saved our Union, and are now turning our attention to the problem of how best to govern it. There can be no doubt about the fact of this transition. The questions to which the public mind turn most readily are conclusive evidence upon this point. Proposals for reform in our election methods, for the regulation, restriction, or suppression of the liquor-traffic and its portentous train of evils, and for intelligent and thoughtful consideration of the tariff problem command universal attention. In every State in the Union these, with that of the elimination of the public service from politics, are the absorbing topics. They show that the Parliament of Ghosts in which we have been wrangling so long has at last been dissolved, and the Parliament of Living Issues has been opened in its stead. In this new field of discussion the intelligence of the country must take the lead and hold it; that intelligence will force forward the work of civil service reform at the same time that it discusses other vital questions, and the politicians cannot hinder its progress.

The Newspaper Side of Literature.

THE student of our first half-century of national history can hardly fail to be impressed by the nervous directness, exactness, and consequent force of the American state papers of that time. While diplomatic documents in every other part of the world were marked by circuitousness, tergiversation, and a style too vicious to be classed even as slovenly, the American proclamation, petition, or diplomatic or political argument was quite certain to be marked by clear-cut purpose, masculine vigor of expression, and close adaptation of words to ideas. All this was undoubtedly due to long and intense thinking on subjects of the highest importance to the thinkers, and to a somewhat narrow field of reading: restricted to the study of the greater masters of English style, the great American writers were able to wing every word with an exact understanding of its purport, and of its strongest use.

It can hardly be possible to overestimate the educational influence which must have been exerted on the American people by the constant reading of their own political literature at a time when there was little or no native drama, poetry, or history, and when the attention of the newspaper reader was concentrated on politics and state papers. If the American's reading matter was limited, it was marked by dignity, by a freedom from meanness of conception or treatment, and by a copious supply of sound English words and an evident power of discrimination in the use of them. If Massachusetts Bay had a controversy with her governor, the case of the commonwealth was stated with a precision and a completeness which the great Greek orator could hardly have surpassed; and documents of this sort fashioned popular discussion in every town-meeting and around every hearthstone from Boston to the Connecticut River. The contemporary reader of the American Declaration of Independence could not well help seeing that those phrases which were blistering in their intensity owed much of their force to their contrast with the cold exactness with which words were used elsewhere in the document. The finest specimen of those political pamphlets which depend on their simplicity for their effectiveness with the people is Tom Paine's "Common Sense," but it is a masterpiece of rhetoric: there is not a flaw in the design, nor an imperfection in the workmanship, to make it a bad literary influence upon the people to whom it was addressed. And, on the other hand, the immediate practical effect of that far more ambitious effort, the "Federalist," shows that long previous training had produced a type of reader of very high mental caliber: the work is now a profound treatise on our constitutional law, a fair appreciation of which must be confined to a comparatively small and specially educated class; but in 1787–88 it was no more than a series of newspaper appeals to the legal voters of the State of New York. Common schools may have been few, colleges poor, and universities non-existent; but the documents which the scanty newspaper literature of the time gave to the people were in themselves an education. Even those writings in which a lack of thorough early training is occasionally betrayed by an over-fondness for long words or labored efforts, though they may thereby become ponderous, do not become turgid or inexact. The rule was that the American diplomatic or political writer said what he meant to say, and said it in the fittest words.

Such a process of popular education ought to go far to explain the completeness with which all departments of American literature finally blossomed forth. The people had been versed for years in that which, if it was only one branch of literature, had been handled in a manner little short of perfection. If the popular literary standards were few, they were of a very high order and of a kind particularly serviceable in the detection of mere show and pretense; and the men who, in other departments of literary work, were at last able to come fully up to these standards, were necessarily men of such power that their work at once took a permanent place in the literature of the race.

But not all the credit should be given to the ability of the writers; a large part of it is due to the existence of a class of readers, trained to high demands by the quality of their current reading, furnished mainly by the newspapers. If the strength of the new American literature was drawn from Shakspere, from the prose of Milton, from the English translators of the Bible, it had come through the declarations of colonial rights and the petitions of the Continental Congress to the king, through the Declaration of Independence, the

speeches of Patrick Henry and Fisher Ames, the pamphlet wars of "Helvidius" and "Pacificus," the protests against search and impressment: narrow as the newspaper channels had been, they had carried into the new American literature its full share of Shakspere's exactness and of Milton's power.

How much of an improvement have we in Hoe's wonderful presses, in the steam which drives them, and in the electricity which makes the modern newspaper "the history of the world for a day"? Its reader has his ten pages a day and perhaps thirty-two pages on Sundays; he has hundreds of thousands of advertisements a year, and is himself numbered among hundreds of thousands of readers; he has daily news of the passing illnesses of crowned heads, the daily happenings of every corner of his own and other countries, everything that may be called "new," no matter how inane or evil. He lays his newspaper down and rises bewildered by a phantasmagoria of unconnected facts relating to every part of the universe, with his taste vitiated by slang, bad English, loose information, everything which can dissipate his mental energies, and with his heart, it may be, corrupted by grosser evils. Is he a clearer-headed, a wiser, or a better man than the New Yorker of just a hundred years ago, who, folding up his "Independent Gazetteer" and not caring a jot that he had not heard from Boston in two days or from North Carolina in two weeks, went quietly home to meditate on or discuss an essay of Hamilton, Madison, or Jay? Does the "successful" modern newspaper make its readers better critics than were made by its predecessors of years ago? The newspaper of the past gave us, in the fullness of time, a literature whose names, from Bryant to Prescott and Motley, are classic. What sort of literature is our popular modern newspaper likely to give us?

It would be unfair to ignore the fact that some of our newspapers do exert the best literary influence on their readers, and conscientiously subordinate other features of their work to their duties as educators. But the typical modern newspaper, to meet the taste which it has created, must surrender whole columns to writers who aim only at being amusing, and often succeed only in being pert, slangy, or scandalous; and it must find or invent "news" items which have about as lofty an influence on the minds of readers as the wonders of the fair had on the mind of Moses Primrose. A continual flood of such matter is not to be offset or corrected by an occasional brilliant editorial, or a half-column speech by a public man, or a "syndicate" story by a good writer. And the effects are cumulative: such newspapers are steadily training a large number of readers to false standards in the only literature of which they have close and daily experience; and the newspapers themselves are as steadily being forced to an adoption of these false standards. In brief, the newspaper of the past, by reason of its lack of opportunity, was compelled to restrict its readers to matter of permanent educational value; the newspaper of the present, through its superabundance of opportunity, is too often training its readers out of all knowledge of or care for educational standards.

The only remedy which can be suggested is in that which will naturally work itself out of a general recognition of the evils to be corrected. As the sense of public duty grows keener, as it comes to be seen that public office is not the only public trust, the journalist will cease to think or act as if his profession had no mission; as if circulation were its highest good, and advertisements the noblest result of it. It cannot but be that the American newspaper shall become again an educating force, higher and nobler than its prototype, whose virtue was based in impotence. Notwithstanding all the evil tendencies of current journalism,—the disregard of accuracy, the irreverence, the cruel and impertinent gossip,—there are indications which are highly encouraging.

The fact must be recognized that not all the successful methods of the immense dailies are bad methods. There is a certain thoroughness and enterprise about them that impresses, and which will be a feature of the management of the ideal "newspaper of the future." We notice, also, a tendency in some of the most sensational of these papers towards better things—towards a certain legitimate "sensationalism." Manners and methods have been modified under an increasing sense of responsibility and in the endeavor to reach a solid as well as numerous circulation. We have spoken recently of the growing independence of the political press, of which independence examples accumulate. The sensational newspaper's editorial page already often shows a gravity and pith of style evidencing ability and conscience. There is a growing tendency towards the fearless, generous, and public-spirited discussion of living questions. Let us hope that these signs indicate a reaction against a state of things that is deprecated by the best men engaged in the profession of daily journalism.

With all its faults the newspaper of to-day is a tremendous power for good; for the perpetuation of freedom; for the criticism and reform of government; for the betterment of social conditions. The daily press has reformed many things, and ought to be, and is, fully able to reform itself.

New England Defending States Rights.

ONE of the most interesting features of our national development since the restoration of the Union is the manner in which the two sections are contributing to the preservation of our common inheritance. It is a very striking and suggestive fact that a conspicuous Union soldier from New England should now come to the rescue of the South in defense of a sound constitutional principle, which, although always associated in the popular mind with the South, has seemed of late years to be losing its proper hold upon Southern men. The debate on the Blair bill in the Senate a few weeks ago was rendered notable by a most vigorous States rights speech from General Joseph R. Hawley, one of Connecticut's representatives in the upper branch of Congress. It is true that General Hawley opposed the scheme of Federal aid to schools in the South upon other grounds, especially on the theory that such aid from Washington would prove demoralizing to the spirit of self-help; but the burden of his speech was the contention that the proposed system would involve an encroachment by the General Government upon the rights of the States, and would thus pave the way for an ultimate revolution in the relations between them.

The necessities of the war and the exigencies of the reconstruction period vastly strengthened the authority

and power of the Federal Government, and correspondingly weakened the influence of the States. After that anomalous period ended, two other motives conspired to assist these tendencies. On the one hand, the proper and reasonable prerogatives of the State suffered from having a bad name in the victorious section. Northern people remembered that "States rights" had been the plea upon which secession was based, and consequently they felt a not unnatural impatience whenever they heard the term again used. On the other hand, Southern people found that a firm adherence to a strict theory of the rights of the States, so far from being "money in their pockets," might mean the loss of appropriations from the Federal treasury which they could get by waiving it. The province of the State was thus assailed by Northerners enamored of Federal power, while its traditional defenders in the South were tempted to forego resistance by the advantages in the shape of dollars and cents which would follow their surrender.

The layman may hesitate to express an opinion as to whether or not the Blair bill is constitutional when he finds distinguished constitutional lawyers at variance regarding it; but the layman cannot fail to recognize the fact that the arguments urged in defense of the measure, if pushed to their logical conclusion, threaten accessions to Federal power, and inroads upon the just bounds of State authority, which eventually must disturb the harmony of our dual system of government. The difficulty in resisting this tendency was twofold. In the first place, too many people in the North resented such resistance when offered by Southerners as only another manifestation of the "States rights" idea, towards which, in its ante-bellum form, they had conceived a violent aversion; in the second place, too many people in the South were inclined to give over a resistance based on theory in order to grasp a practical advantage.

In such a situation there was needed a bold, vigorous, and convincing assertion and defense of just States rights by a Northern man, who, as a Union soldier, had fought against an unjust theory of States rights, and whose political relations relieved him from the imputation of seeking personal or partisan ends in making such a deliverance. General Hawley was exactly the man needed. He had been a prominent officer on the Northern side in the civil war; he has been a prominent leader in the Republican party since the war; he has been often enough suggested as a candidate for President to be free from the charge of trying to make capital by a speech which was altogether too pronounced to fit the modern standards of non-committal "availability."

The speech was worthy of the occasion, and there are abundant signs that it has produced a marked effect. It is especially noteworthy and encouraging to find evidence that this defense of States rights by a Union soldier from the North is strengthening in the faith of self-government those Southern men who, having once carried the theory of State authority too far, had seemed of late in danger of not carrying it far enough. All the circumstances which attended the delivery of the speech combined to secure for it the attention of thoughtful men throughout the country, and especially in the South, and a candid consideration of its arguments could not fail to secure a wide acceptance of its conclusions.

A quarter of a century ago nothing could have seemed more absurd than the idea that the South would ever waver in its devotion to "States rights," unless it were the idea that it would need the appeal of a Northern man to recall it to its senses. Yet we have seen both of these things come to pass. We have heard men who tried to secede from the Union, because they thought their States could not get their alleged rights in the Union, return to the Union and avow their readiness to surrender the actual rights of their States; and then we have heard one of the men who fought to overthrow secession protesting against such surrender of State rights by the men who had tried to establish secession.

OPEN LETTERS.

Make your Daughters Independent.

IT is the refinement of cruelty to educate girls in the aimless fashion of to-day. Boys are trained to look forward to a career of usefulness while girls grow up without any fixed purpose in life, unless indeed their hopes and ambitions center upon marriage, as is most often the case.

While it is natural and right for girls to look forward to marriage, it will be well for them all when they fully appreciate the undeniable fact that marriage is a remoter possibility now than it was in the days of their grandmothers, and that even those whose fondest dreams may one day be realized have much to do and to learn before they are ready for the life upon which they will enter with such high and happy hopes. No woman is qualified for marriage until she understands domestic economy in all its branches; the management of servants and the care of the sick and children; is proficient in needle-work; and besides all this possesses a thorough knowledge of some business, profession, trade, or calling which will insure her independence on occasion. Now, as a rule, none of these things are taught in school. It is obvious, therefore, that if they are to be learned it must be done after school life is over.

How often one hears a married woman, the mother of a young family who would look to her for support if suddenly deprived of their natural protector, deplore her ignorance of any one accomplishment that would afford her a competence. It is not too much to say that such a one had no right to marry. It was assuming too great a risk; for no more cruel fate can befall a woman than to be cast upon a cold and heartless world without the means of earning a livelihood for herself and those who may be dependent upon her.

A time is liable to come in every life when the all-important question will arise, What can I do to make money? The possession of wealth is one of the most

uncertain things in life, especially in this country. On the other side of the water, where estates remain in the same family from one generation to another, there is more stability in riches. But here a man may be rich to-day, poor to-morrow, and in a few short months or years his children may see want: witness the series of financial crashes that have lately visited this country. There is many a one suffering to-day for the common necessaries of life whose future seemed radiant with the light of assured prosperity when the New Year dawned.

Upon none does the weight of such sore trials fall more heavily than upon the women who, having been reared in the lap of luxury, are thus suddenly forced by cruel necessity to turn their attention to something that will keep the wolf from the door. But why did they not anticipate misfortune and make provision for it in more prosperous days? Simply because they had not the courage to defy public opinion.

There is a class of women who need more sympathy and get less than their share. They are those who in girlhood, through no fault of their own, led the listless, aimless life already described, but who in late years, by some untoward circumstance, are brought face to face with the sad realities of life. Cultured, refined women, who have seen better days, find the struggle for life far more bitter than their more fortunate sisters whose position in life has always been such as to necessitate their earning their own livings. It is for such this plea is made.

Domestic servants are well off in America; they are the most independent class of women-workers. The great army of shop girls, factory girls, sewing girls, those engaged in trades of all kinds, may congratulate themselves upon their comparatively happy lot. They often look with envy upon those who, they fancy, are better off than themselves. Let them cultivate a spirit of contentment. There are trials — bitter, bitter trials — in the lives of some of those they are foolish enough to envy, of which they know nothing. There are miseries of which they never dream.

An accomplished lady, daughter of an army officer who some score or more of years ago served his country nobly in her hour of peril, is to-day learning the art of telegraphy in one of our Western cities, in the hope that she may be enabled thereby to support her little children. In the happy home of her youth no expense was spared upon this lady's education. She was exceptionally talented and won an enviable reputation as a skillful pianist. It was not surprising that this petted favorite of fortune contracted a brilliant marriage. Her pathway seemed strewn with roses, and for years not a cloud of care or sorrow shadowed her young life. But trouble came at last. Death robbed her, at one stroke, of her noble husband and a much loved child. Then financial troubles followed, and in a few short months this delicately nurtured gentlewoman found herself bereft of fortune also.

Grief-stricken as she was, she felt that there was something still left to live for; and, for the sake of her two little ones, she took up the burden of life and faced the future bravely. Naturally she thought her knowledge of music would afford her the needed means of support. But, alas! she soon found that accomplishments are of small avail in the struggle for a living, and that teaching music was too precarious a means of earning money to be depended upon with any degree of certainty for the support of a family. Although so costly a thing to acquire, an education cannot always be made to yield proper returns for the time and money expended upon it. The bitter truth soon forced itself upon this unfortunate woman's mind that a servant in anybody's kitchen was better off, financially, than she. She must therefore learn something at once that will be of more marketable value than the accomplishments of which, until now, she has all her life been justly proud. Hence we find her laboring to master a new and difficult art at an age when study is not an easy matter. Her children, meanwhile, are being cared for by kind friends.

Would it not be wiser far to induce young girls in thousands of happy, prosperous homes to make ample provision for any and all emergencies that the future may have in store for them? Could a better use be found for some of the years that intervene between the time a girl leaves school and the time she may reasonably hope to marry? The field for woman's work has been opened up of late years in so many different directions that a vocation can easily be found, outside the profession of teaching, that will be quite as congenial to refined tastes, and considerably more lucrative. Book-keeping, type-writing, telegraphy, stenography, engraving, dentistry, medicine, nursing, and a dozen other occupations might be mentioned. Then, too, industrial schools might be established, where the daughters of wealthy parents could be trained in the practical details of any particular industry for which they displayed a special aptitude. If it is not beneath the sons and daughters of a monarch to learn a trade, it ought not to be beneath the sons and daughters of republican America to emulate their good example, provided they possess the requisite ability to do so.

Two years will suffice to make any bright, quick girl conversant with all the mysteries of the art of housekeeping, especially if she be wise enough to study the art practically as well as theoretically. The management of servants and the care of the sick and children will be incidentally learned in most homes, and can be supplemented by a more extended study of physiology, hygiene, etc. than was possible at school. Sewing need not be neglected either, while leisure will readily be found for reading or any other recreation that may suit individual tastes. Another year, or longer, may be added to the time devoted to these pursuits, if desired. But, above all, let two or three years be conscientiously set apart for the express purpose of acquiring a thorough experimental knowledge of some art or vocation which would render its possessor self-supporting and, consequently, independent.

If the tide of public opinion favoring such a course would but set in, many a one would be spared untold suffering and misery in after life. Let the rich set the example in this matter. They can afford to do whatever pleases them, and, therefore, have it in their power to mold public opinion. Be not afraid, girls, that you will find your self-imposed task irksome. Remember that occupation is necessary to happiness, and that there is no reason why you should not dream while you work.

The cry will be raised that there is danger that such a plan as the one advocated here will tend to

give girls a distaste for the quiet retirement of home, but there is little cause for fear. Not one girl in twenty will voluntarily choose a business life in preference to domestic happiness. Indeed, it is absolutely certain that happy marriages would be promoted by this very independence among women. Not being at leisure to nurse every passing fancy, girls would elect to wait patiently until the light of true love came into their lives.

G. Andrews.

Manual Training in the Toledo Schools.

THE manual-training branch of the Toledo city schools, organized over five years ago, has steadily grown in popularity and usefulness. It was looked upon at its beginning with suspicion and distrust, but its projectors determined to give it a fair trial. The manual-training work began in a humble way in a small room with sixty boys and girls in the classes. These were pupils of the public schools, and did their regular school work in connection with free-hand and mechanical drawing, and carpentry in the manual department. The school began to make friends of its enemies. Those who had indulged in hostile criticism of the enterprise gradually grew silent. The second year a large four-story brick building was erected, and equipped with steam power, benches, tools, lathes, and forges. Ample room was provided for free-hand and mechanical drawing, special prominence being given to architectural and perspective work. A domestic economy department was added, in which girls study the chemistry of foods and their preparation for the table. A sewing class has been organized, in which the cutting and fitting of garments is taught. A class in clay modeling mold the forms and designs used in the arts. The students have increased to about three hundred in all departments, and from the beginning have manifested the greatest interest and enthusiasm for the work. This intense interest in the new work had at first to be so modified as not to interfere with the regular prosecution of the intellectual or class-room work proper. After some experimenting, the two lines of work were harmoniously adjusted to each other. Boys and girls pass from their algebra and history to their drawing, wood-carving, or clay modeling, and from these again to geometry and English literature, with a hearty zest for all. The girls in the domestic economy department con their Vergils or don their cooking suits, and prepare with ease and grace such savory and palatable food as would mollify the most radical opponent of industrial training. In short, there is such a harmonious blending of the useful and the practical with the higher intellectual culture, that the unprejudiced observer needs but to inspect the work to be convinced of the reasonableness and great utility of such training. The advantages of the manual department are open to none except pupils of the public schools. Those who take the manual work do the same amount of mental work in the regular class-room studies as those who have no work in the industrial department.

The objection was raised by many in the beginning that the manual work would impede the pupils' mental progress. I cannot see that it does, and no one here now believes that it does. On the contrary, I am convinced by a comparison of pupils' records in the different departments that if the two lines of work are properly adjusted to each other the manual work stimulates and quickens the intellectual development, and promotes the mental progress of the students. The opposition to manual training manifested in various quarters arises largely from the lamentable ignorance which prevails as to its aims and results. Many seem to think that the sole object of industrial training is to make mechanics and train them to mere manual dexterity. This is an utterly erroneous idea. The manual work is to train the senses, to quicken the perceptive power, and to form the judgment by furnishing the pupil an opportunity to study at the bench, forge, lathe, and engine the nature of matter and the manifestations of force. It is purely educational in its object. It first teaches the pupils to portray in the drawing a variety of beautiful and useful forms, and then to embody these forms in wood, clay, and metals. It teaches how to express thought, not in words alone, but in things. It produces nothing for the market except well-trained minds, seeing eyes, and skillful hands. In the ordinary factory, which produces for the market, the individual is nothing, the article is everything. In the manual-training school the articles made are of no moment, the boys and girls are all-important. As soon as a pupil makes one thing well, he is led on to something higher and better. The pupils make many useful and beautiful things, but these are of no value compared with the knowledge gained, the symmetrical mental development acquired. Some of the advantages, other than those named, apparent from the manual work combined in this way with the public school studies, are: the industrial work holds a far greater proportion of pupils throughout the entire course of study, and thus gives them the benefits of a more complete education; it conduces to their moral welfare, not that it gives them "a passport to heaven," but employs all their time in a pleasant and healthful way, thus preventing idleness and crowding out impure conceptions that might find a harbor in the young mind; it dignifies and exalts labor, and teaches respect for the laboring man; it teaches no special trade and yet lays the foundation for any trade, and gives the youth such knowledge and skill that he becomes a sounder and better judge of men and things in whatever business or profession he may engage. Manual training is a successful and satisfactory branch of study in the Toledo schools, not because it is theoretically a good thing, nor because it is given undue prominence and special advantages, but because it is in harmony with the nature of things, has a noble purpose in view, has been well managed, has good instructors, and has proved itself of great value to the pupils.

H. W. Compton,
Superintendent of Schools, Toledo, Ohio.

Emerson's Message.

MR. BURROUGHS remarks that the main ground of kinship between Emerson and Carlyle is "the heroic sentiment" which both convey to their readers. The comparison suggests a contrast. Every reader of the two feels this essential difference: Carlyle rouses courage, but Emerson inspires the sense of triumph. In Carlyle's pages man seems battling against the universe; in Emerson's company we feel that man is

victorious because the universe is his friend. This difference is very deep,— it is almost the difference between a gospel and no gospel. It is indeed a grand thing to say, "Gospel or no gospel, God or no God, immortals or ephemerals, let us still be true and brave." The whole force of that message Carlyle gives us. But Emerson gives something more. He brings *glad tidings*,— the sense of victory; the sense that life and death are man's friends and servants; the sense of serene and radiant joy. The essential difference between the two may be summed up by saying that Emerson has a God, and Carlyle has none.

I have not the least disposition to hold a brief as "devil's advocate" against Carlyle in this matter, but he seems never to have been reconciled with life; never to have clearly recognized a beneficent order through its seeming chaos, or felt himself at home and at rest. He seems always shut up in his own hungerings, ambitions, achievements, megrims, and dyspepsia. His own personality shut him in like a prison-house; and looking out from its windows, he saw the universe as only a vast phantasmagoria. Perhaps I misunderstand or underrate him. But as regards Emerson, it seems to be this consideration alone which brings out his true greatness — that he discerned the universe as divine to its inmost core. We rightly call him a seer. And what did he see? God, everywhere. It is the sight of God that he helps us to,— the sense of God that he wakes in us. The truest lover of Emerson loves him best for making an access into heaven,— a heaven both present and eternal; and it is not Emerson's personality, dear though that be, on which his thought most rests, but that vision of the heavenly reality to which the poet has helped him.

A legend relates that when the followers of Mahomet stood mourning beside his bier one of them roused the other by the question, "Is it then Mahomet that you have believed in, or the God of Mahomet?" It is not himself merely that Emerson makes us believe in; nor is it ourself,— but something infinitely greater.

Emerson did not speak the speech or think the thoughts of what we commonly call Christianity. Yet Christianity instinctively recognizes him as its friend. Its message and his message are at heart the same. Both are favorable answers to the one supreme question always confronting man: "Is the universe my friend, or my foe, or indifferent to me?" While so many are answering the question mournfully or carelessly by "Not proven," the strong uplifting answer of faith is spoken by the older language of Christianity, and in new tongues of to-day.

It is the newness of the tongue that gives occasion to point out and enforce the substance of Emerson's message. How far his opinions were from the theology of Christianity is clear enough. Of his attitude towards its dogmas Dr. Holmes has said, "He was an iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship." But the positiveness and greatness of his faith may at first elude full recognition, because of the unfamiliarity of its forms of expression. The divine reality came home to him with such freshness and power that it coined new names and phrases for itself.

It is always through some mediator, something directly appreciable to its human faculties, that the soul learns to discern the infinite. The mediator whom Christianity offers is a single man, so human that every man may feel his kinship, so lovely that all must love him, so visibly manifesting a divine power that through him we see God. The power, the genuineness of this revelation through Christ, as an experience of human souls, must affect with inexpressible reverence and tenderness even those to whom it is not a personal experience. But to another class of minds, whom Emerson represents, the revelation comes in a different channel. The mediums through which Emerson sees God are nature and humanity. Through nature, beauty; through humanity, love. It is a wonderful, newly awakened sense in the human mind, by which the majesty of the external world is felt as the manifestation of a spiritual presence. As a friend's face expresses to us the friend, so earth and sea and sky express the divine soul within,— the "over-soul," as Emerson called it. This revealing, sacramental significance of nature seems in its fullness a new birth of recent times. Wordsworth voices it, Emerson voices it, but they and such as they are only the highest peaks that catch the sunrise first. The response which their words waken comes because in other minds the same mystic power is working.

It is by another kind of insight that in the world of mankind — so strange, so troubled, so chaotic, as it often seems to us — Emerson sees as in a mirror perpetual glimpses and reflections of the divine. It is because of the sympathy with which he regards men — a sympathy born of largeness of perception and sweetness of feeling — that he discerns in them such sacred worth, such hint of divinity. It is at this point that he seems especially near to Christianity's founder. The sentiment we see in Christ towards erring men is not abhorrence of their guilt, but pity, and infinite faith in their possibilities, and closest identification with them. Just as he says, "My Father," he teaches the people about him to say "Our Father"; of those who seek to do the will of God he says, "Behold my mother and my sisters and my brethren"; of service done to the wretched he declares, "Ye have done it unto me"; looking upon young children he exclaims, "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father." Who of us has not sometimes seen heaven reflected in the face of a little child? To catch the divine likeness in the older faces — care-worn, haggard, perhaps sin-stained — demands a finer insight than most of us possess.

In one of the finest passages of Faust, Goethe gives grand expression to a poetic conception of God, in the lines beginning, "Who dare express Him?" But in what follows there is a fatal omission; the ethical element is wholly absent. There is in the vision of that high-wrought moment not one trait which shall rise in awful forbidding between Faust and the victim of his selfish desire. There is no such defect in Emerson. The crystalline atmosphere of his soul is purified by ever-present sense of right. The highest place among his deities belongs to justice, purity, love. The sense of arduous moral combat, indeed, he rarely stirs within us; with him we are in the atmosphere not of battle fought, but of victory serenely enjoyed. If Carlyle gives us any gospel it is, as has been well said, the gospel of combat. But Emerson seems to have been one of the rarely happy souls to whom ancestral inheritance, temperament, health, and circumstances make greatness easy and natural.

There is a wonderful combination in him of homely reality and the highest ideality. He has a keen eye for all details. He looks over an engine like a mechanic, and on crops like a farmer. In every nook and cranny of the world he is familiarly at home. And it is all a divine world to him. In his devotion there is none of that feverish and hectic exaltation to which one is liable whose visits to the upper ether are rare and transient. There is no passion in his affirmations, —he is too certain to be passionate. Each aspect of affairs in turn — nature, science, art, literature, labor — confides to him its inner, spiritual secret. Science is to him the investigation of the divine order. Art is the creation of beauty by man working under a divine impulse and towards a divine model. So of all things.

The most distinctive attribute of Emerson among other religious teachers is his cheer. He is as cheerful as nature. To induce sober submission to the inevitable, to breed stoic fortitude, to assuage sorrow with the gleam of a distant hope,— these are not his functions; rather, to vivify the soul with the thrilling sense of infinite triumph. Through him again the voice breaks upon the world, heard now and again through the ages, each time with a larger hope, a nearer promise: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Deepest, subtlest, hardest to express is the soul's sense of Divinity within itself,— a Power one with the soul's own highest self; drawing gradually with intensest energy the whole of self into harmony with that higher self and with its source; acting outwardly upon other lives; promising something of future attainment, of which all our phrases about immortality seem but meager hints. Says Emerson (I quote imperfectly from memory), "Alone, original, and pure, the soul opens itself to the Lonely, the Original, the Pure, who on that condition gladly enters it, abides in it, acts through it." Said Jesus, "My Father and I are one."

Great authors beggar their commentators. In trying to re-state the central thoughts of Emerson one feels how the master is his own best interpreter; to what poor shifts of expression, what reëmployment of outgrown language, one is driven to body forth the truth which glows new-born and majestic in his pages. To illustrate by quotation seems almost superfluous; one has only to open him at random to find copious illustration. Yet I may transcribe here a few lines from his poetry, in instance of some of these remarks. The revelation through nature is expressed in almost every poem. Read "Monadnoc," and "May-Day," and "Woodnotes." This is the close of the apostrophe to spring, at the end of "May-Day":

> For thou, O Spring! canst renovate
> All that high God did first create .
> Purge alpine air by towns defiled,
> Bring to fair mother fairer child;
> Not less renew the heart and brain,
> Scatter the sloth, wash out the stain,
> Make the aged eye sun-clear,
> To parting soul bring grandeur near.
> Under gentle types, my Spring
> Masks the might of Nature's king,
> An energy that searches thorough
> From Chaos to the dawning morrow;
> Into all our human plight,
> The soul's pilgrimage and flight;
> In city or in solitude,
> Step by step, lifts bad to good,
> Without halting, without rest,
> Lifting better up to best;
> Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
> Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure.

For Divinity revealed in man, and for a great deal besides, read "Saadi."

> Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
> A poet or a friend to find:
> Behold, he watches at the door!
> Behold his shadow on the floor!
> Open innumerable doors
> The heaven where unveiled Allah pours
> The flood of truth, the flood of good,
> The seraph's and the cherub's food.
> Those doors are men: the Pariah hind
> Admits thee to the perfect Mind.

For the sovereignty of the ethical sense, it may be enough to cite two familiar stanzas:

> So near to grandeur is our dust,
> So nigh is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*.
>
> Though Love repine, and Reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply,—
> 'T is man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die!

For simple and pure delight in Nature's familiar companionship, take "Waldeinsamkeit." An exultant joy in the survey of the long service of time and matter to man finds voice in the Song of Nature. The sense of a universal, indwelling Deity inspires the final strain of "Woodnotes."

> And conscious Law is King of kings.
> As the bee through the garden ranges,
> From world to world the Godhead changes;
> As the sheep go feeding in the waste,
> From form to form he maketh haste;
> This vault which glows immense with light
> Is the inn where he lodges for a night.
> What recks such Traveler if the bowers
> Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers
> A bunch of fragrant lilies be,
> Or the stars of eternity?
> Alike to him the better, the worse,—
> The glowing angel, the outcast corse.
> Thou meetest him by centuries,
> And lo! he passes like the breeze;
> Thou seek'st in globe and galaxy,
> He hides in pure transparency;
> Thou askest in fountains and in fires,—
> He is the essence that inquires.
> He is the axis of the star,
> He is the sparkle of the spar.
> He is the heart of every creature,
> He is the meaning of each feature;
> And his mind is the sky,
> Than all it holds more deep, more high.

Emerson is not to be prisoned by theological definitions; epithets have no terrors for him.

> Denounce who will, who will deny,
> And pile the hills to scale the sky;
> Let theist, atheist, pantheist,
> Define and wrangle how they list,
> Fierce conserver, fierce destroyer,—
> But thou, joy-giver and enjoyer,
> Unknowing war, unknowing crime,
> Gentle Saadi, mind thy rhyme;
> Heed not what the brawlers say,
> Heed thou only Saadi's lay.

His is a religion, not alone for the supreme emergencies of life, not alone for sorrow's exigency, nor solely for moral conduct,— it is religion blending, unnamed and unconscious, with all the cheerful everyday activities of mankind.

> It seemeth not to me
> That the high gods love tragedy;
> For Saadi sat in the sun,
> And thanks was his contrition;
> For haircloth and for bloody whips,

Had active hands and smiling lips;
And yet his runes he rightly read,
And to his folk his message sped;
Sunshine in his heart transferred,
Lighted each transparent word.

The sense of personal communion with Deity is expressed, though not in that familiar language of devotion which has come to have a certain conventional stamp in poems such as "Worship."

He is the oldest and best known,
More near than aught thou call'st thy own,
Yet, greeted in another's eyes,
Disconcerts with glad surprise.
This is Jove, who, deaf to prayers,
Floods with blessings unawares.
Draw if thou can'st the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine.

The tenderest and most human of his poems is the "Threnody"; it is fit to comfort a bereaved mother.

"Recovering of sight to the blind," — that word best describes the mission of Emerson. He recalls men from their wearisome effort to think out a way to God, to the direct and happy consciousness of him. For that mission he was equipped by a rare natural endowment, and a most felicitous environment. To very few is given the possibility of such abiding serenity as his. But the secret of his method — that seed-truth to which his circumstances only gave soil and air — is free to all. It is the open eye, the open heart, the open hand. It is the temper of reverence, of sympathy, of noble action. Emerson's genius is intellect permeated by love.

George S. Merriam.

The Garth Fund.

A SUGGESTION TO THE LIBERAL RICH.

A STATEMENT in THE CENTURY to the effect that many people of means would do large acts of beneficence, if they knew of ways of applying their wealth, leads me to give a practical illustration of one method that may find its field in every community in the Union.

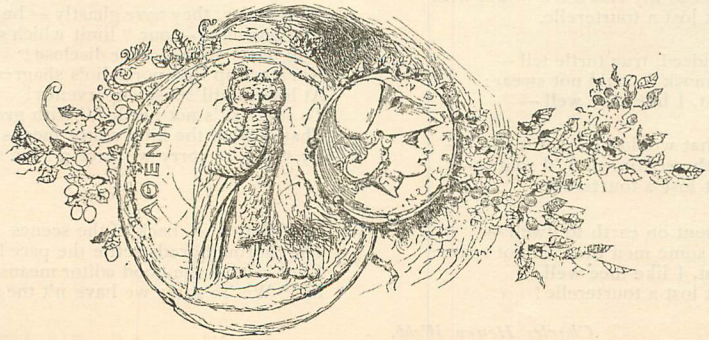
In 1860 there was lost, together with his wife and sister, by the burning of the *Lady Elgin*, William Garth, a citizen of Paris, Kentucky, a childless gentleman, who left a will which directed that the income of his fortune should, to quote his homely language, be used in giving an education to the "poor, worthy, sprightly young men" of his native (Bourbon) county. This property, about $40,000, invested in bank stock, yields yearly some $3500, whose distribution is intrusted to three commissioners, appointed by the county court, who meet in August to examine applicants, and pass upon their recommendations, needs, and worth, and, in the case of previous beneficiaries, note their vouchers for expenditures and test their progress. The income is distributed in sums of from $50 to $250, varying as the boy is at home or away, and, in the case of the studious and promising, the aid is continued till graduation. This Garth Fund, as it is called, can now point to its score of alumni of various Kentucky and Virginia colleges, its graduate of Harvard, and representative at Yale, and many eminent physicians, ministers, professors, lawyers, journalists, and legislators, who without this assistance would have walked in much humbler paths. Many a young man knows how much more difficult it is to prepare for college than to maintain himself when there, where he may do tutoring or secure a scholarship. The great merit, then, of this quiet munificence is its doing this preparatory work. Every beneficiary of this fund has frequent occasion to say, "God bless the memory of Mr. Garth, and raise up many more like him." Another citizen of Bourbon county, stirred by this good example, has in contemplation a similar disposition of his property, in providing for her deserving young women.

I may add that a crying need, especially of the West and the South, is good schools preparatory to college. There are perhaps *three colleges to one good preparatory school*, a proportion preposterous and without reason, and our Crœsuses are yearly adding to the number of colleges. We don't need any more colleges; those we have are, with their under departments, giving one-third their time and teaching force to preparing fourteen-year-old boys and girls for the freshman class. South of the latitude of the Ohio River, the country across, there are perhaps not four schools that can properly prepare a boy for Harvard. One hundred thousand dollars would, in places of from 10,000 to 25,000 people, provide suitable grounds, buildings, and a moderate income which would be amply supplemented by tuition fees. A liberal citizen of Lexington is about to do this for his city. Here, then, are two avenues for doing good.

"I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say."

James Wallace Fox.

PARIS, KENTUCKY.



BRIC-À-BRAC.

Three Examples of English Verse.

"Fifty thousand socialists around old St. Paul's, and English poets are writing — Triolets ! ! ! "

E. C. STEDMAN.

I.

WHILE they write Triolets,
The masses are rising,
With curses and threats,
While they write Triolets —
(How their anger it whets !)
Nor is it surprising,
While they write Triolets,
That the masses are rising.

II.

IN RE RONDEAU.

IN corsets laced, in high-heeled shoes,
Too fine a woodland way to choose,
With mincing step and studied strut,
Is this an English goddess? Tut —
Some masker from the Parlez-voos !

O Poet ! thou of sinewy thews,
Wilt thou free ways and walks refuse,
To mince instead through paths close shut,
In corsets laced?

I cannot — for I 've old-time views —
Follow the poet who pursues
The Rondeau, with its rabbit scut,
Or triumphs in a Triolet, but —
There may be those who like the muse
In corsets laced !

III.

VS. THE VILLANELLE.

JEAN PASSERAT, I like thee well —
Thou sang'st a song beyond compare —
But I 've not lost a tourterelle :

Nor can I write a Villanelle —
Thou did'st — and for that jewel rare,
Jean Passerat, I like thee well.

Now many a twittering *hirondelle*
The plumes of thy lost dove would wear —
But I 've not lost a tourterelle.

Could not, indeed, true turtle tell —
If real or mock I could not swear :
Jean Passerat, I like thee well —

True heart that would go "après elle" —
And sure thy sentiment I 'd share —
But I 've not lost a tourterelle.

And am content on earth to dwell —
There are some men they cannot spare :
Jean Passerat, I like thee well,
But I 've not lost a tourterelle !

Charles Henry Webb.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THE minority always beat the majority in the end.

EVEN if there were no profit in labor, it is worthy of all acceptation for the pleasure it affords.

ALL grab, and no grip, is the most common, as well as the poorest, kind of economy.

VANITY is a disease, and there is no cure for it this side of the grave, and even there it will often break out anew on the tombstone.

FREEDOM is the law of God, and yet if man could have his way, one half of creation would be abject slaves to the other half.

THERE is learning enough in the world just now to solve any question that may arise ; but there is n't wisdom enough, put it all together, to tell what makes one apple sweet and the next one sour.

THERE is nothing that man is more proud of than his reason, and yet, if two strange dogs fell to fighting in the streets, he will take sides, with one dog or the other, with all the vehemence of his passions.

Uncle Esek.

Ballade of a Rejecter of MS.

[With apologies to the author of the "Ballade of Rejected MS.," in THE CENTURY for March, and frank confessions of plagiarism in the matter of rhymes, etc., etc.]

WE have read both your verse and your prose
(I am one of the "reading machines"),
We *must* read the productions of those
From whom we protect magazines,—
The "talented" maids in their teens,—
And we 're shocked at your — let us say —"face ! "
So *we* know what the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

Now, that madrigal written to Rose —
Its "feet" do not mate, and it leans ;
And those "triolets, rondels, rondeaux "—
We 've read Dobson ! And as to "Fifines,"
Just suppose you read that to marines !
Our printer would flee from his case,
Which is one thing the editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

Those tales, they *were* ghastly — but Poe's,
And legends ! — our "limit which screens"
Will never their horror disclose !
Nor unclasp that portfolio's shagreens,
At least, until sense supervenes !
To say "It 's not needed," with grace,
That is what the kind editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

ENVOY.

Contributor ! — back of the scenes
The thoroughbreds settle the pace ! —
That is what the good editor means
By, "We 're sorry we have n't the space."

Tudor Jenks.

OSCAR.

Oscar (reading his new poem). "What more encouragement for my future success than this, that you weep?"
Maud. "Go on, go on, dearest. I am so silly — I weep at nothing."

Circumstantial Evidence.

IF our readers knew as well as we do the two amiable and upright gentlemen who figure in this actual epistle to the president of one of our best-known New York savings banks, the letter might seem to them even more striking. If an ordinary visit to an ordinary savings bank, of plain exterior and quite undecorated and business-like interior, could suggest such a bloody-gore episode, what a pity that the imagination thus easily released should not be employed to light the somber wastes of modern "realism."

November 8, 1887.

DEAR SIR: I see by the bank-book that you are the president of "The Institution."

I have every reason to think that the gentleman who counts the money of depositors is not honest. Here are my reasons:

Last time I handed him money to count and deposit, when he had been counting for some time, "Ha," said he, "I 'd have a good thing here." A little after he repeated it, "Ha, I 'd have a good thing here." At this I said to him, "Have I made a mistake? Did I give you too much?" Again he says for the third time and after my remark, "Ha, I 'd have a good thing here." At that a person inside said something to him. I could not hear what it was, but I have often thought since that it was something to this effect: "Don't say anything about it; keep it, and we will divide it between us." After some time he handed me my book *with the amount to the very cent marked upon it that I had told him I intended to deposit.*

"Well," said I, "did n't I make a mistake? Did n't I give you too much?" "No," said he, "it was correct." Of course I could say nothing, but I am certain he acted dishonestly on the occasion. I made other money transactions on that same day and before night found out I had made a mistake, but then I could not positively swear as to where I made the mistake, nor to the exact amount, and I consequently thought it a folly to look after it; besides, my profession or calling in life would prevent me from having my name figuring in courts of law or in newspapers. I am as certain, though, as I am of my own existence that he deliberately defrauded me; and from my statements (which are perfectly true and correct) you will, I think, agree with me. If he be dishonest to your depositors, he will be dishonest to the bank also if he gets an opportunity.

He is a man, I would suppose, about 25 years of age, rather tall, and dark complexion. The screen inclosing your office is so high, though, I could not see him except when he came to the aperture or little window.

I am one of your depositors. You have my name, etc., etc., on your books; and though I do not sign my name to this, it is no less true.

* * *

A Voice.

THE rain makes music at midnight,
Dripping from rafter and eaves,
Blown hither and thither by mad-cap
Wind on the twittering leaves.

Its sound has solace for sorrow,
Touching the heart-cords o'er
So softly, oh, so softly!
Sweet as the lutes of yore:

But sweetest of all sweet music,
Making my heart rejoice,
Comes over the dew-damp meadow
Tenderly, true — a voice!

Charles Knowles Bolton.

A Vain Quest.

We started one morn, my love and I,
On a journey brave and bold:
'T was to find the end of the rainbow,
And the buried bag of gold.
But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,
And the radiant bow grew dim,
And we lost the way where the treasure lay,
Near the sunset's golden rim.

The twilight fell like a curtain
Pinned with the evening star,
And we saw in the shining heavens
The new moon's golden car.
And we said, as our hands clasped fondly,
"What though we found no gold?
Our love is a richer treasure
Than the rainbow's sack can hold."

And years, with their joys and sorrows,
Have passed since we lost the way
To the beautiful buried treasure
At the end of the rainbow's ray;
But love has been true and tender,
And life has been rich and sweet,
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy
That made our day complete.

D. M. Jordan.

The Real Reason.

"No, we did n't exactly quarrel," he said,
"But a man can't stand quite everything.
I thought I was in love with her, dead,—
But that was away last spring.

"I took her driving — she liked to drive,
Or she said she did; I believed her then,
But I 'll never, as sure as I 'm alive,
Believe a woman again!

"I 'm not considered a talking man,
And I 'm willing to own it; there 's no doubt
A man can't talk like a woman can,
And I was about talked out.

"I had n't dared yet — for I am not vain —
To call her darling, or even dear,
So I just remarked, 'It 's going to rain,
I felt a drop on my ear.'

"She looked at the clouds, and at my ear,
And this is what she saw fit to say:
'Oh, no! That rain is nowhere near;
It is half a mile away!'

"It did n't strike me at first, you know;
But when it did, why, it struck me strong!
She 'd called me a donkey — or meant it so —
With ears a half-mile long!

"We both kept still the rest of the way,
And you might have thought that I was a prince,
She was so polite when I said good-day —
But I 've never been near her since!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

A Humbug.

An old, old garden. There the days
Slipped by in drowsy quiet;
There bees were busy in the shade
And posy-buds ran riot;
And there in summer Dolly strayed,
Plain-gowned, in cap and wimple,
Her frills and ruffles laid aside
To play at being simple.

The wild-rose hiding in her curls
Looked somehow pale and faded
Beside the pink and dimpled cheek
Her ancient head-gear shaded;
And when the carping bluebird heard
Her dear voice lightly thrilling
Through old-world airs, he quite forgot
To criticise her trilling.

So artless, shy, and sweet she seemed
That I, a cynic doubter
Of modest ways and downcast eyes,
Went fairly wild about her;
And falling at the little feet
That crushed the yellow lilies
I wooed as Strephon used to woo
His Lydian Amaryllis.

Ah me! Her kerchief's rise and fall,
Her lashes' tender trembling,
The flush that dyed her cheek, were all
But part of her dissembling;
For when she spoke at last, in tones
As sweet as Hybla's honey,
'T was but to say, "The man I love
Must be a man of money."

M. E. W.

How Nature Comforted the Poet.

"Nature, I come to thee for rest,
For covert cool from thought and strife;
Oh, rock me on thine ample breast,
For I have loved thee all my life!"

Then Nature hushed me in her arms,
And softly she began to sing
A legend of her woodland charms,
A lullaby, a soothing thing.

She sang: "My beech-leaves fluttering down
Beneath these blue September skies
Are darkly soft, are softly brown,
But not so brown as some one's eyes!"

She sang: "This brook, that ripples clear
Where bending willow-boughs rejoice,
Is very sweet, but not so dear
And not so sweet as some one's voice!"

And thus she sang till evening dews,
And when at last she sang no more,
I said: "If this is all your news,
I knew it all too well before."

Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, PRINTERS, NEW YORK.

AN EXILE PARTY ON A MUDDY ROAD NEAR TIUMEN.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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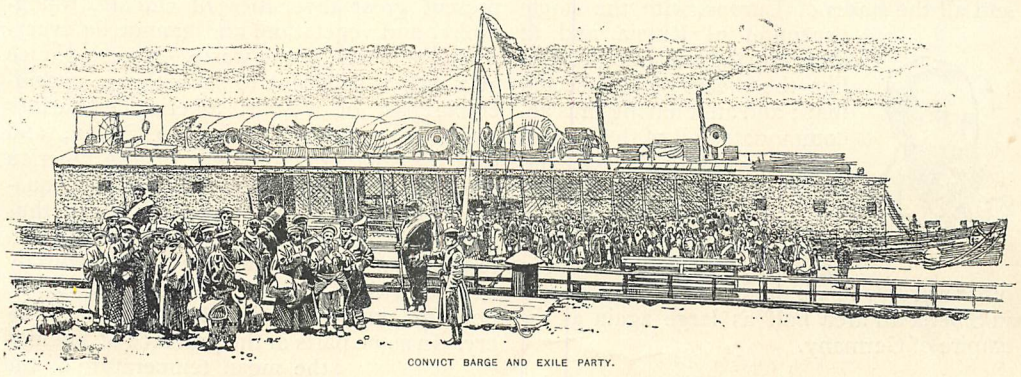

CONVICT BARGE AND EXILE PARTY.

PLAINS AND PRISONS OF WESTERN SIBERIA.

SIBERIA'S ENORMOUS TERRITORY.

CONVICT TYPE.

IN crossing the boundary line between the provinces of Perm and Tobolsk we entered a part of the Russian empire whose magnitude and importance are almost everywhere underestimated. People generally seem to have the impression that Siberia is a sub-arctic colonial province about as large as Alaska; that it is everywhere cold, barren, and covered during the greater part of the year with snow; and that its sparse population is composed chiefly of exiles and half-wild aborigines, with a few soldiers and government officials here and there to guard and superintend the "ostrogs," the prisons, and the mines. Very few Americans, if I may judge from the questions asked me, fully grasp and appreciate the fact that Siberia is virtually a continent in itself, and presents continental diversities of climate, scenery, and vegetation. We are apt, unconsciously, to assume that because a country is generally mapped upon a small scale it must necessarily occupy only a small part of the surface of the globe; but the conclusion does not follow from the premises. If a geographer were preparing a general atlas of the world, and in drawing Siberia should use the same scale which is used in Stieler's Hand Atlas for England, he would have to make the Siberian page of his book nearly twenty feet in width to accommodate his map. If he should use for Siberia the scale adopted for New Jersey by Colton in his Atlas of the United States, he would have to increase the width of his page to fifty-six feet. If he should delineate Siberia upon the scale of the British ordnance survey maps of England (the "six-inch maps"), he would be compelled to provide himself with a sheet of paper 2100 feet wide, and his atlas, if laid out open, would cover the whole lower part of New York City from the Battery to Wall street. These illustrations are sufficient to show that if Siberia were charted upon a scale corresponding with that employed in mapping other countries, its enormous geographical extent would be much more readily apprehended, and would appeal much more strongly to the imagination.

In its extreme dimensions Siberia extends from latitude 40.17 (the southern boundary of Semirechinsk) to latitude 77.46 (Cape Cheliuskin), and from longitude 60 east (the

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Urals) to longitude 190 west (Behring Strait). It therefore has an extreme range of about 37 degrees, or 2500 miles, in latitude, and 130 degrees, or 5000 miles, in longitude. Even these bare statistics give one an impression of vast geographical extent; but their significance may be emphasized by means of a simple illustration. If it were possible to move entire countries from one part of the globe to another, you could take the whole United States of America, from Maine to California and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and set it down in the middle of Siberia without touching anywhere the boundaries of the latter territory. You could then take Alaska and all the states of Europe, with the single exception of Russia, and fit them into the remaining margin like the pieces of a dissected map; and after having thus accommodated all of the United States, including Alaska, and all of Europe, except Russia, you would still have more than 300,000 square miles of Siberian territory to spare — or, in other words, you would still leave unoccupied in Siberia an area half as large again as the empire of Germany.

COMPARATIVE AREAS.

Siberia.	*Square Miles.*	*Europe.*	*Square Miles.*
Tobolsk	570,290	France	204,177
Tomsk	333,542	Germany	211,196
Steppe provinces	560,324	Great Britain	120,832
Yeniseisk	992,874	Greece	25,014
Irkutsk	309,191	Italy	110,620
Yakutsk	1,517,132	Montenegro	3,630
Trans-Baikal	240,781	Netherlands	12,648
Amur region	239,471	Portugal	32,528
Maritime prov.	730,024	Roumania	48,307
		Servia	18,750
Total	5,493,629	Spain	193,199
		Sweden	170,979
Am. & Europe.	*Sq. Miles.*	Norway	123,205
U.S. and Alaska	3,501,404	Switzerland	15,892
Austria-Hungary	240,942	European Turkey	125,289
Belgium	11,373		
Denmark	14,124	Total	5,184,109

Siberian provinces	5,493,629
The United States, Alaska, and Europe	5,184,109
Difference in favor of Siberia	309,520

The single province of Tobolsk, which in comparison with the other Siberian provinces ranks only fourth in point of size, exceeds in area all of our northern states from Maine to Iowa taken together. The province of Yeniseisk is larger than all of the United States east of the Mississippi River, and the province of Yakutsk is thirteen times as large as Great Britain, thirty-four times as large as the State of Pennsylvania, and might be cut up into a hundred and eighty-eight such States as Massachusetts; and yet Yakutsk is only one of eleven Siberian provinces.

VARIETIES OF CLIMATE.

It is hardly necessary to say that a country which has an area of five and a half million square miles, and which extends in latitude as far as from the southern extremity of Greenland to the island of Cuba, must present great diversities of climate, topography, and vegetation, and cannot be everywhere a barren arctic waste. A mere glance at a map is sufficient to show that a considerable part of western Siberia lies farther south than Nice, Venice, or Milan, and that the southern boundary of the Siberian province of Semirechinsk is nearer the equator than Naples.* In a country which thus stretches from the latitude of Italy to the latitude of central Greenland one would naturally expect to find, and as a matter of fact one does find, many varieties of climate and scenery. In some parts of the province of Yakutsk the mean temperature of the month of January is more than 50 degrees below zero, Fahr., while in the province of Semipalatinsk the mean temperature of the month of July is 72 degrees above; and such maximum temperatures as 95 and 100 degrees in the shade are comparatively common. On the Taimyr peninsula, east of the Gulf of Ob, the permanently frozen ground thaws out in summer to a depth of only a few inches, and supports but a scanty vegetation of berry bushes and moss, while in the southern part of western Siberia watermelons and cantaloupes are a profitable crop, tobacco is grown upon thousands of plantations, and the peasants harvest annually more than 50,000,000 bushels of grain. The fact which I desire especially to impress upon the mind of the reader is that Siberia is not everywhere uniform and homogeneous. The northern part of the country differs from the southern part quite as much as the Hudson Bay territory differs from Kentucky; and it is as great a mistake to attribute the cold and barrenness of the

* The provinces of Akmolinsk and Semirechinsk did not, however, belong originally to Siberia. They were annexed to it at the time of the organization of the "Governor-Generalship of the Steppes," in 1882.

WEAK, SICK, AND INFIRM EXILES IN TELEGAS.

Lena delta to the whole of Siberia as it would be to attribute the cold and barrenness of King William Land to the whole of North America.

Generally speaking, the winters in all parts of Siberia are severe; but as the annual range of temperature from the one extreme to the other is very great,* the summers are disproportionately hot. In the fertile and arable zone of southern Siberia, which is a belt of country four or five hundred miles wide, lying along the central Asiatic and Mongolian frontier, there are a dozen towns which have a higher mean temperature for the months of June, July, and August than the city of London. In

* In some places there is a difference of 115 or 120 degrees Fahr. between the average temperature of January and that of July.

fact, the summer temperature of this whole belt of country, from the Urals to the Pacific, averages 6 degrees higher than the mean summer temperature of England. Irkutsk is 5 degrees warmer in summer than Dublin; Tobolsk is 4 degrees warmer than London; Semipalatinsk exactly corresponds in temperature with Boston; and Vierni has as hot a summer as Chicago.

COMPARATIVE SUMMER TEMPERATURES.

Siberia.	*Fahr.*	*America and Europe.*	*Fahr.*
Vierni	70.7	Chicago, Ill	71.3
Blagoveshchensk	68.6	Buffalo, N. Y.	69.0
Semipalatinsk	68.2	Milwaukee, Wis	68.6
Khabarofka	67.3	Boston, Mass	68.2
Vladivostock	65.6	Portland, Me	66.6
Akmolinsk	65.1	Moscow, European Russia	65.0
Omsk	65.1	St. Petersburg	61.0
Barnaul	63.7	London, England	60.0
Krasnoyarsk	63.0	Dublin, Ireland	57.0
Tobolsk	62.4		
Tomsk	62.2		
Irkutsk	61.5		

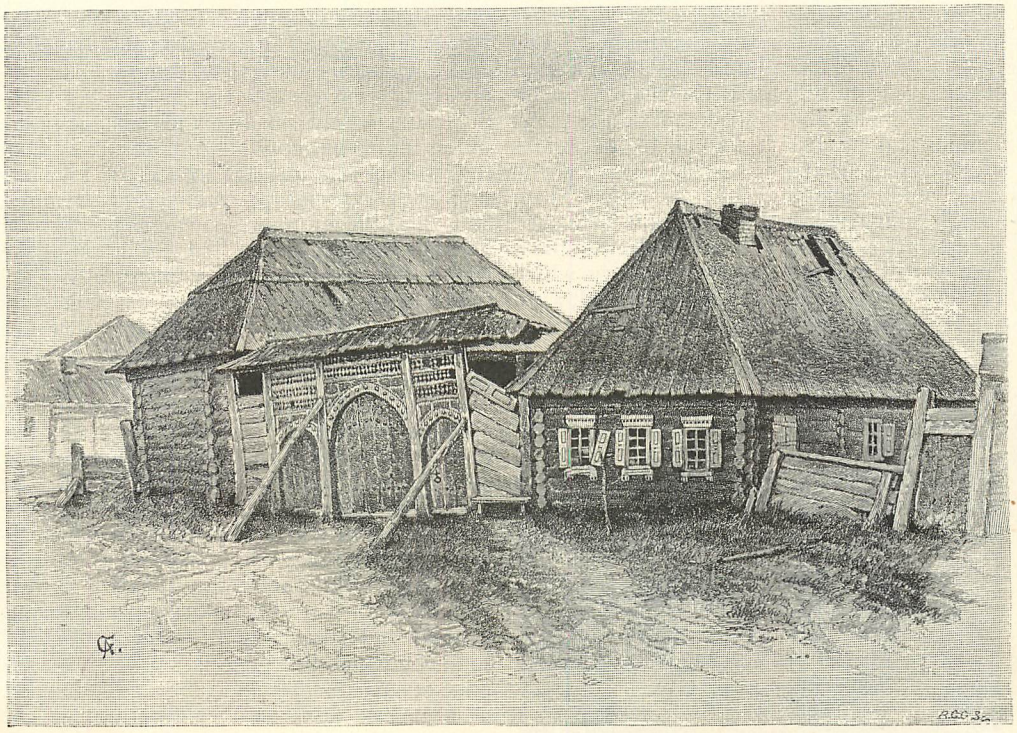
Mean summer temperature of 12 Siberian cities and towns	65.3
Mean summer temperature in 9 American and European cities	65.2

To the traveler who crosses the Urals for the first time in June nothing is more surprising than the fervent heat of Siberian sunshine and the extraordinary beauty and profusion of Siberian flowers. Although we had been partly prepared, by our voyage up the Kama, for the experience which awaited us on the other side of the mountains, we were fairly astonished upon the threshold of western Siberia by the scenery, the weather, and the flora. In the fertile, blossoming country presented to us as we rode swiftly eastward into the province of Tobolsk, there was absolutely nothing even remotely to suggest an arctic region. If we had been blindfolded and transported to it suddenly in the middle of a sunny afternoon, we could never have guessed to what part of the world we had been taken. The sky was as clear and blue and the air as soft as the sky and air of California; the trees were all in full leaf; birds were singing over the flowery meadows and in the clumps of birches by the roadside; there were a drowsy hum of bees and a faint fragrance of flowers and verdure in the air; and the sunshine was as warm and bright as that of a June afternoon in the most favored part of the temperate zone.

A FARMING REGION.

THE country through which we passed between the post stations of Cheremishkaya and Sugatskaya was a rich, open, farming region, resembling somewhat that part of western New York which lies between Rochester and Buffalo. There were no extensive forests, but the gently rolling plain was diversified here and there by small patches of woodland, or groves of birch and poplar, and was sometimes cultivated as far as the eye could reach. Extensive stretches of growing wheat and rye alternated with wide fields of black plowed land not yet sown, and occasionally we crossed great expanses of prairie, whose velvety greensward was sprinkled with dandelions, buttercups, and primroses, and dotted in the distance with grazing cattle and sheep. Sometimes, for miles together, the road ran through unfenced but cultivated land where men and women in bright-colored dresses were plowing, harrowing, or weeding young grain; sometimes we plunged into a dense cool forest, from the depths of which we could hear the soft notes of shy cuckoos, and then we came out into a great sea of meadow blue with forget-me-nots, where field sparrows and warblers were filling all the air with joyous melody. Flowers met the eye everywhere in great variety and in almost incredible profusion. Never had we seen the earth so carpeted with them even in California. The roadside was bright with wild roses, violets, buttercups, primroses, marsh marigolds, yellow peas, iris, and Tartar honeysuckles; the woods were whitened here and there by soft clouds of wild-cherry blossoms, and the meadows were literally great floral seas of color. In some places the beautiful rose-like flowers of the golden trollius covered hundreds of acres with an almost unbroken sheet of vivid yellow; while a few miles farther on, the steppe to the very horizon was a blue ocean of forget-me-nots. I do not mean simply that the ground was sprinkled with them, nor merely that they grew in great abundance; I mean that the grass everywhere was completely hidden by them, so that the plain looked as if a sheet of blue gauze had been thrown over it, or as if it were a great expanse of tranquil water reflecting a pale blue sky. More than once these forget-me-not plains, when seen afar, resembled water so closely as to deceive us both.

Throughout the whole distance from Ekaterineburg to Tiumen, wherever the country was open, the road was bordered on each side by a double or triple row of magnificent silver-



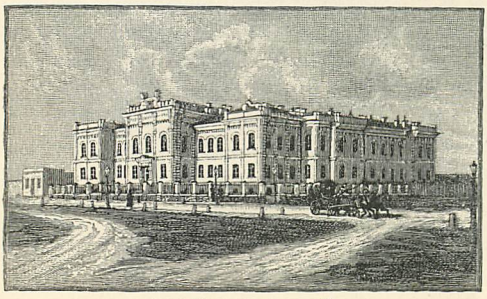
A SIBERIAN PEASANT'S HOUSE, BARN, AND COURT-YARD GATE.

birches, seventy or eighty feet in height, set so closely together that their branches interlocked both along the road and over it, and completely shut out with an arched canopy of leaves the vertical rays of the sun. For miles at a time we rode between solid banks of flowers through this beautiful white and green arcade, whose columns were the snowy stems of birches, and whose roof was a mass of delicate tracery and drooping foliage. The road resembled an avenue through an extensive and well-kept park, rather than a great Siberian thoroughfare, and I could not help feeling as if I might look up at any moment and see an English castle or a splendid country villa. According to tradition these birches were planted by order of the Empress Catherine II., and the part of the great Siberian road which they shade is known as "Catherine's Alley." Whether the object of the great Tsaritsa was to render less toilsome and oppressive the summer march of the exiles, or whether she hoped by this means to encourage emigration to the country in which she took so deep an interest, I do not know; but the long lines of beautiful birches have for more than a century kept her memory green, and her name has doubtless been blessed by thousands of hot and tired wayfarers whom her trees have protected from the fierce Siberian sunshine.

Almost the first peculiarity of a west Siberian landscape which strikes a traveler from America is the complete absence of fences and farm-houses. The cultivated land of the peasants is regularly laid out into fields, but the fields are not inclosed, and one may ride for two or three hours at a time through a fertile and highly cultivated region without seeing a single fence, farm-house, or detached building. The absence of fences is due to the Siberian practice of inclosing the cattle in the common pasture which surrounds the village, instead of fencing the fields which lie outside. The absence of farm-houses is to be explained by the fact that the Siberian peasant does not own the land which he cultivates, and therefore has no inducement to build upon it. With a very few exceptions, all of the land in Siberia belongs to the Crown. The village communes enjoy the usufruct of it, but they have no legal title, and cannot dispose of it nor reduce any part of it to individual ownership. All that they have power to do is to divide it up among their members by periodical allotments, and to give to each head of a family a sort of tenancy at will. Every time there is a new allotment, the several tracts of arable land held under the Crown by the commune may change tenants; so that if an individual should build a house or a barn upon the tract of which he was the temporary occupant, he

might, and probably would be forced, sooner or later, to abandon it. The result of this system of land tenure and this organization of society is to segregate the whole population in villages, and to leave all of the intervening land unsettled. In the United States such a farming region as that between the Urals and Tiumen would be dotted with houses, granaries, and barns; and it seemed very strange to ride, as we rode, for more than eighty miles, through a country which was everywhere more or less cultivated, without seeing a single building of any kind outside of the villages.

Another peculiarity of western Siberia which strongly impresses an American is the shabbiness and cheerlessness of most of its settlements.



THE "REAL SCHULE."

In a country so fertile, highly cultivated, and apparently prosperous as this, one naturally expects to see in the villages some signs of enterprise, comfort, and taste; but one is almost everywhere disappointed. A west Siberian village consists of two rows of unpainted one-story log-houses with A-shaped or pyramidal roofs, standing directly on the street, without front yards or front doors. Between every two houses there is an inclosed side yard around which stand sheds, granaries, and barns; and from this side yard or court there is an entrance to the house. The court-yard gate is sometimes ornamented with carved or incised wood-work, as shown in the illustration on the preceding page; the window shutters of the houses are almost always elaborately painted, and the projecting edges of the gable roofs are masked with long strips of carved or decorated board; but with these exceptions the dwellings of the peasants are simple log structures of the plainest type, and a large proportion of them are old, weather-beaten, and in bad repair. The wide street has no sidewalks; it is sometimes a sea of liquid mud from the walls of the houses on one side to the walls of the houses on the other; there is not a tree, nor a bush, nor a square yard of grass in the settlement. Bristly, slab-sided, razor-backed pigs lie here and there in the mud, or wander up and down the street in search of food, and the whole village makes upon an American an impression of shiftlessness, poverty, and squalor. This impression, I am glad to say, is in most cases deceptive. There is in all of these villages more or less individual comfort and prosperity; but the Siberian peasant does not seem to take any pride in the external appearance of his premises, and pays little attention to beautifying them or keeping them in order. The condition of the whole village, moreover, indicates a lack of public spirit and enterprise on the part of its inhabitants. As long as an evil or a nuisance is endurable there seems to be no disposition to abate it, and the result is the general neglect of all public improvements. Much of this seeming indifference is doubtless attributable to the paralyzing influence of a paternal and all-regulating government. One can hardly expect the villagers to take the initiative, or to manifest public spirit and enterprise, when nothing whatever can be done without permission from the official representatives of the Crown, and when the very first effort to promote the general well-being is likely to be thwarted by some bureaucratic "regulation," or the caprice of some local police officer. All that the peasants can do is to obey orders, await the pleasure of the higher authorities, and thank God that things are no worse.

Almost the only indication of taste which one sees in a west Siberian settlement, and the only evidence of a love of the beautiful for its own sake, is furnished by the plants and flowers in the windows of the houses. Although there may not be a tree nor a blade of grass in the whole village, the windows of nine houses out of ten will be filled with splendid blossoming fuchsias, oleanders, cactuses, geraniums, tea roses, and variegated cinnamon pinks. One rarely finds, even in a florist's greenhouse, more beautiful flowers than may be seen in the windows of many a poor Siberian peasant's dwelling. Owing to some peculiarity in the composition of the glass, these windows are almost always vividly iridescent, some of them rivaling in color the Cesnola glass from Cyprus. The contrast between the black, weather-beaten logs of the houses and the brilliant squares of iridescence which they inclose — between the sea of liquid mud in the verdureless streets and the splendid clusters of conservatory flowers in the windows — is sometimes very striking.

FLOWERS AND MOSQUITOES.

As we approached Tiumen we left behind us the open plains, and the beautiful farming country which had so much surprised and delighted us, and entered a low, swampy, and almost impenetrable forest, abounding in flow-

ers, but swarming with mosquitoes. The road, which before had been comparatively smooth and dry, became a quagmire of black, tenacious mud, in which the wheels of our heavy tarantas sank to the hubs, and through which our progress was so slow that we were four hours in traversing a single stretch of about eighteen miles. Attempts had apparently been made here and there to improve this part of the route, by laying down in the soft marshy soil a corduroy of logs; but the logs had sunk unequally under the pounding wheels of ten thousand loaded freight wagons, leaving enormous transverse ruts and hollows filled with mud, so that the only result of the "improvement" was to render the road more nearly impassable than before, and to add unendurable jolting to our other discomforts. At last, weary of lurches, jolts, and concussions, we alighted, and tried walking by the roadside; but the sunshine was so intensely hot, and the mosquitoes so fierce and bloodthirsty, that in twenty minutes we were glad to climb back into the tarantas with our hands full of flowers, and our faces scarlet from heat and mosquito bites. Upon comparing our impressions we found that we were unanimously of opinion that if we had been the original discoverers of this country, we should have named it either Florida or Culexia, since flowers and mosquitoes are its distinctive characteristics and its most abundant products.

At the gate-keeper's lodge of one of the last villages that we passed before reaching Tiumen, we were greeted with the ringing of a large hand-bell. The sound was strangely suggestive of an auction, but as we stopped in front of the village gate, the bell-ringer, a bare-headed man in a long black gown, with a mass of flaxen hair hanging over his shoulders and a "savings bank" box suspended from his neck, approached the tarantas and called our attention to a large brownish picture in a tarnished gilt frame resting on a sort of improvised easel by the road-side. It was evidently an ikon or portrait of some holy saint from a Russian church; but what was the object of setting it up there, and what relation it bore to us, we could not imagine. Finally the bell-ringer, bowing, crossing himself, and invoking blessings on our heads, implored us, "Khrista radi" ["For Christ's sake"], to contribute to the support of the holy saint's church, which, it appeared, was situated somewhere in the vicinity. This combination of an auctioneer's bell, a saint's image, a toll-gate, and a church beggar greatly amused Mr. Frost, who inquired whether the holy saint owned the road and collected toll. The gate-keeper explained that the saint had nothing to do with the road, but the church was poor, and the "noble gentlemen" who passed that way were accustomed to contribute to its support; and (removing his hat) "most of the noble gentlemen remembered also the poor gate-keeper." Of course the two noble gentlemen, with mosquito-bitten faces, rumpled hair, soiled shirt-collars and mud-bespattered clothing, sitting with noble dignity on a luxurious steamer trunk in a miry tarantas, could not resist such an appeal as this to their noble sympathies. We gave the gate-keeper a few copper coins with directions to put half of them into the savings bank of the black-robed deacon, and having thus contributed to the support of two great Russian institutions, the church and the grog-shop, we rode on.

Late in the afternoon of Thursday, June 18, we came out of the forest into an extensive marshy plain, tinted a peculiar greenish-yellow by swamp grass and buttercups, and our driver, pointing ahead with his whip, said, "There is Tiumen." All that we could see of the distant city was a long line of pyramidal board roofs on the horizon, broken here and there by the white stuccoed walls of a Government building, or the green-domed belfries and towers of a Russo-Greek church. As we approached it we passed in succession a square marble column marking the spot where the citizens of Tiumen bade good-bye to the Grand Duke Vladimir in 1868; a squad of soldiers engaged in target practice, stepping forward and firing volleys by ranks to the accompaniment of a flourish of bugles; a series of long, low sheds surrounded by white, tilted emigrant wagons; and finally, in the suburbs, the famous exile forwarding prison.

There were two or three hotels in the town, but upon the recommendation of our driver we went to the "Rooms for Arrivers," or furnished apartments of one Kovalski, who occupied a two-story brick house near the bank of the river in the eastern part of the city. About 6 o'clock in the evening we finally alighted from our muddy tarantas in Kovalski's court-yard, having made a journey of 204 miles in two days with eleven changes of horses, and having spent more than forty hours without sleep, sitting in a cramped and uncomfortable position on Mr. Frost's trunk. My neck and spine were so stiff and lame from incessant jolting that I could not have made a bow to the Tsar of all the Russias, and I was so tired that I could hardly climb the stairs leading to the second story of Kovalski's house. As soon as possible after dinner we went to bed, and for twelve hours slept the sleep of exhaustion.

TIUMEN.

TIUMEN, where we virtually began our Siberian journey, as well as our investigation of the exile system, is a town of 19,000 inhabitants, situated 1700 miles east of St. Petersburg, on the right bank of the river Tura, just above the junction of the latter with the Tobol. The city and the surrounding country have much more commercial importance than is generally supposed. Siberian cold and Siberian desolation have been so much talked and written about, and have been brought so forcibly to the attention of the world by the terrible experience of De Long and the survivors of the *Jeannette*, that nine readers out of ten, in forming a conception of the country, give undue prominence to its arctic side and its winter aspect. When, in conversation since my return, I have happened to refer to Siberian tobacco, Siberian orchids, or Siberian camels, my remarks have even been received with smiles of incredulity. I do not know any better way to overthrow the erroneous popular conception of Siberia than to assail it with facts and statistics, even at the risk of being wearisome. I will therefore say briefly, that the province of Tobolsk, which is the part of Siberia with which a traveler from Europe first becomes acquainted, extends from the coast of the Arctic Ocean to the sun-scorched steppes of Semipalatinsk and Akmolinsk, and from the mountains of the Ural to the boundary line of Yeniseisk and Tomsk. It has an area of 590,000 square miles and includes 27,000,000 acres of arable land. It contains 8 towns of from 3000 to 20,000 inhabitants, and its total population exceeds 1,200,000. In the last year for which I was able to get statistics the province produced 30,044,880 bushels of grain and 3,778,230 bushels of potatoes, and contained 2,647,000 head of live stock. It sends annually to European Russia enormous quantities of raw products, such as hides, tallow, bristles, furs, bird skins, flax, and hemp; it forwards more than 2,000,000 pounds of butter to Constantinople by way of Rostoff, on the Don; and there is held within its limits, at Irbit, a commercial fair whose transactions amount annually to 35,000,000 rubles ($17,500,000). The manufacturing industries of the province, although still in their infancy, furnish employment to 6252 persons and put annually upon the market goods to the value of 8,517,000 rubles. Besides the workmen employed in the regular manufacturing establishments, the urban population includes 27,000 mechanics and skilled laborers. Cottage industries are carried on extensively throughout the province, and produce annually, among other things, 50,000 rugs and carpets; 1,500,000 fathoms of fish netting; 2,140,000 yards of linen cloth; 50,000 barrels; 70,000 telegas and sleighs; leather manufactures to the value of 2,500,000 rubles; and quantities of dressed furs, stockings, mittens, belts, scarfs, laces, and ornamented towels and sheets. The quantity of fish caught annually along the Ob and its tributaries is estimated at 8000 tons, and salt to the amount of 3000 tons is used in curing it. Tiumen, which is the most important town in the province, stands on a navigable branch of the vast Ob river system, through which it has steam communication with the greater part of western Siberia, from Semipalatinsk and Tomsk to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Fifty-eight steamers ply on the Ob and its tributaries, most of them between Tomsk and Tiumen, and through the latter city is transported annually merchandise to the value of thirty or forty million rubles. Sixteen million rubles' worth of Siberian products are brought every year to the Nizhni Novgorod fair, and in exchange for this mass of raw material European Russia sends annually to Siberia nearly 300,000 tons of manufactured goods.

It cannot, I think, be contended that a country which furnishes such statistics as these is an arctic desert or an uninhabited waste.

On the next day after our arrival in Tiumen the weather furnished us with convincing evidence of the fact that the Siberian summer climate, although sometimes as mild and delightful as that of California, is fickle and untrustworthy. During the night the wind changed suddenly to the north-east, and a furious storm of cold, driving rain swept down across the tundras from the coast of the Arctic Ocean, turning the unpaved and unsewered streets of the city to lakes of liquid mud, and making it practically impossible to go out of doors. We succeeded, with the aid of a droshky, in getting to the post-office and back, and devoted the remainder of the day to reading and to writing letters. On Saturday, during lulls in the storm, we walked and rode about the city, but saw little to reward us for our trouble. The muddy, unpaved streets did not differ much in appearance from the streets of the villages through which we had passed, except that some of them had plank sidewalks, and the unpainted log-houses with high, steep, pyramidal roofs were larger and more pretentious. There was the same absence of trees, shrubbery, front yards and front doors which we had noticed in all of the Siberian villages; and but for the white-walled and green-domed churches, which gave it a certain air of picturesqueness, the town would have been commonplace and uninteresting.

The only letter of introduction we had to deliver in Tiumen was from a Russian gentleman in St. Petersburg to Mr. Slovtsof, Director of the "Realnoi Uchilishche," an institution which is known in Germany as a "real schule." Saturday afternoon, the storm having broken, we presented this letter and were received by Mr. Slovtsof with great cordiality. The educational institution over which he presides is a scientific and technical school similar in plan to the Institute of Technology in Boston. It occupies the largest and finest edifice in the city — a substantial two-story structure of white stuccoed brick, nearly twice as large as the Executive Mansion in Washington. This building was erected and equipped at a cost of $85,000 by one of Tiumen's wealthy and public-spirited merchants, and was then presented to the city as a gift. One would hardly expect to find such a school in European Russia, to say nothing of Siberia, and indeed one might look far without finding such a school even in the United States. It has a mechanical department, with a steam-engine, lathes, and tools of all kinds; a department of physics, with fine apparatus, including even the Bell, Edison, and Dolbear telephones and the phonograph; a chemical laboratory, with a more complete equipment than I have ever seen, except in the Boston Institute of Technology; a department of art and mechanical drawing; a good library, and an excellent museum — the latter containing, among other things, 900 species of wild flowers collected in the vicinity of the city. It is, in short, a school which would be in the highest degree creditable to any city of similar size in the United States.

From Mr. Slovtsof we obtained the address of Mr. Jacob R. Wardropper, a Scotch gentleman who had for twenty years or more been engaged in business in Siberia; and feeling sure that Mr. Wardropper would be glad to see any one from the western world, we ventured to call upon him without the formality of an introduction. We were received by the whole family with the most warm-hearted hospitality, and their house was made almost a home to us during the remainder of our stay in the city.

The chief interest which Tiumen had for us lay in the fact that it contains the most important exile forwarding prison in Siberia, and the "Prikaz o Sylnikh," or Bureau of Exile Administration. Through this prison pass, on their way southward or eastward, all criminals condemned to banishment or penal servitude, and in this administrative bureau are kept all the records and statistics of the exile system. After our arrest in Perm for merely looking at the outside of a prison, we felt some doubt as to the result of an application for leave to inspect the forwarding prison of Tiumen; but Mr. Wardropper thought we would have no trouble in gaining admittance, and on the following day (Sunday) he went with us to call upon Mr. Krassin, the ispravnik, or chief police officer of the district. I presented to the latter my open letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was at once received with a cordiality which was as pleasant as it was unexpected. Mr. Krassin invited us to lunch, said that he had already been informed by private and official letters from St. Petersburg of our projected journey through Siberia, and that he would gladly be of service to us in any way possible. He granted without hesitation my request to be allowed to visit the forwarding prison, and promised to go thither with us on the following day. We would find the prison, he said, greatly overcrowded and in bad sanitary condition; but, such as it was, we should see it.

THE FORWARDING PRISON.

MR. KRASSIN was unfortunately taken sick Monday, but, mindful of his promise, he sent us on Tuesday a note of introduction to the warden which he said would admit us to the prison; and about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, accompanied by Mr. Wardropper, and Mr. Ignatof, a former member of the prison committee, we presented ourselves at the gate. The Tiumen forwarding prison is a rectangular three-story brick building, 75 feet in length by 40 or 50 in width, covered with white stucco and roofed with painted tin. It is situated in a large yard formed by a whitewashed brick wall 12 or 15 feet in height, at each corner of which stands a black and white zigzag-barred sentry-box, and along each face of which paces a sentry carrying a loaded Berdan rifle with fixed bayonet. Against this wall, on the right-hand side of the gate, is a small building used as a prison office, and in front of it stands a post surmounted by a small A-shaped roof under which hangs a bell. A dozen or more girls and old women were sitting on the ground in front of the prison with baskets full of black rye bread, cold meat, boiled eggs, milk, and fish pies for sale to the imprisoned exiles. The Tiumen prison was originally built to hold 500 prisoners, but was subsequently enlarged by means of detached barracks so that it could accommodate 800. On the day of our visit, as we were informed by a small blackboard hanging beside the office door, it contained 1741. As we approached the entrance we were stopped by an armed sentry, who, upon being informed that we desired

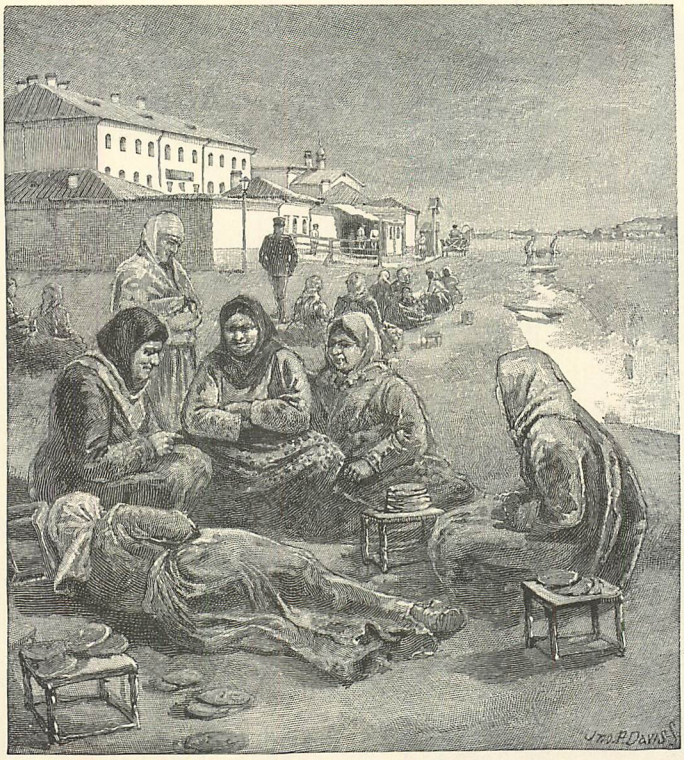
admittance, shouted through a square port-hole in the heavy gate, "Star-she-e-e!" (the usual call for the officer of the day). A corporal or sergeant, with a saber at his side and a Colt's revolver in a holster on his hip, answered the summons, carried our note to the warden, and in a moment we were admitted to the prison yard. Fifty or sixty exiles and convicts were walking aimlessly back and forth in front of the main prison building, or sitting idly in groups here and there on the ground. They were all dressed from head to foot in a costume of gray, consisting of a visorless Scotch cap, a shirt and trousers of coarse homespun linen, and a long gray overcoat with one or two diamond-shaped patches of black or yellow cloth sewn upon the back between the shoulders. Nearly all of them wore leg-fetters, and the air was filled with a peculiar clinking of chains which suggested the continuous jingling of innumerable bunches of keys.

The first "kamera" or cell that we entered was situated in a one-story log barrack standing against the wall on the left of the gate, and built evidently to receive the overflow from the crowded main building. The room was about 35 feet in length by 25 in width and 12 feet high; its walls of hewn logs were covered with dirty whitewash; its rough plank floor was black with dried mud and hard-trodden filth; and it was lighted by three grated windows looking out into the prison yard. Down the center of the room, and occupying about half its width, ran the sleeping-bench — a wooden platform 12 feet wide and 30 feet long, supported, at a height of 2 feet from the floor, by stout posts. Each longitudinal half of this low platform sloped a little, roofwise, from the center, so that when the prisoners slept upon it in two closely packed transverse rows, their heads in the middle were a few inches higher than their feet at the edges. These sleeping-platforms are known as "nares," and a Siberian prison cell contains no other furniture except a large wooden tub for excrement. The prisoners have neither pillows, blankets, nor bedclothing, and must lie on these hard plank nares with no covering but their overcoats. As we entered the cell, the convicts, with a sudden jingling of chains, sprang to their feet, removed their caps, and stood silently in a dense throng around the nares. "Zdrastvuitui rebiata!" ["How do you do, boys!"] said the warden. "Zdravie zhelaiem vasha vwisoki blagarodie" ["We wish you health, your high nobility"], shouted a hundred voices in a hoarse chorus. "The prison," said the warden, "is terribly overcrowded. This cell, for example, is only 35 feet long by 25 wide, and has air space for 35, or at most 40 men. How many men slept here last night?" he inquired, turning to the prisoners.

"A hundred and sixty, your high nobility," shouted half a dozen hoarse voices.

"You see how it is," said the warden, again addressing me. "This cell contains more than four times the number of prisoners that it was intended to hold, and the same condition of things exists throughout the prison." I looked around the cell. There was practically no ventilation whatever, and the air was so poisoned and foul that I could hardly force myself to breathe it. We visited successively in the yard six kameras or cells essentially like the first, and found in every one of them three or four times the number of prisoners for which it was intended, and five or six times the number for which it had adequate air space. In most of the cells there was not room enough on the sleeping-platforms for all of the convicts, and scores of men slept every night on the foul, muddy floors, under the nares, and in the gangways between them and the walls. Three or four pale, dejected, and apparently sick prisoners crawled out from under the sleeping-platform in one of the cells as we entered.

From the log barracks in the prison yard we went into the main building, which contained the kitchen, the prison workshops, and the hospital, as well as a large number of kameras, and which was in much worse sanitary condition than the barracks. It was, in fact, a building through which Mr. Ignatof — a former member of the prison committee — declined to accompany us. On each side of the dark, damp, and dirty corridors were heavy wooden doors, opening into cells which varied in size from 8 feet by 10 to 10 by 15, and contained from half a dozen to thirty prisoners. They were furnished with nares, like those in the cells that we had already inspected; their windows were small and heavily grated, and no provision whatever had been made for ventilation. In one of these cells were eight or ten "dvoryane," or "nobles," who seemed to be educated men, and in whose presence the warden removed his hat. Whether any of them were "politicals" or not I do not know; but in this part of the prison the politicals were usually confined. The air in the corridors and cells, particularly in the second story, was indescribably and unimaginably foul. Every cubic foot of it had apparently been respired over and over again until it did not contain an atom of oxygen; it was laden with fever germs from the unventilated hospital wards, fetid odors from diseased human lungs and unclean human bodies, and the stench arising from unemptied excrement



THE TIUMEN FORWARDING PRISON.

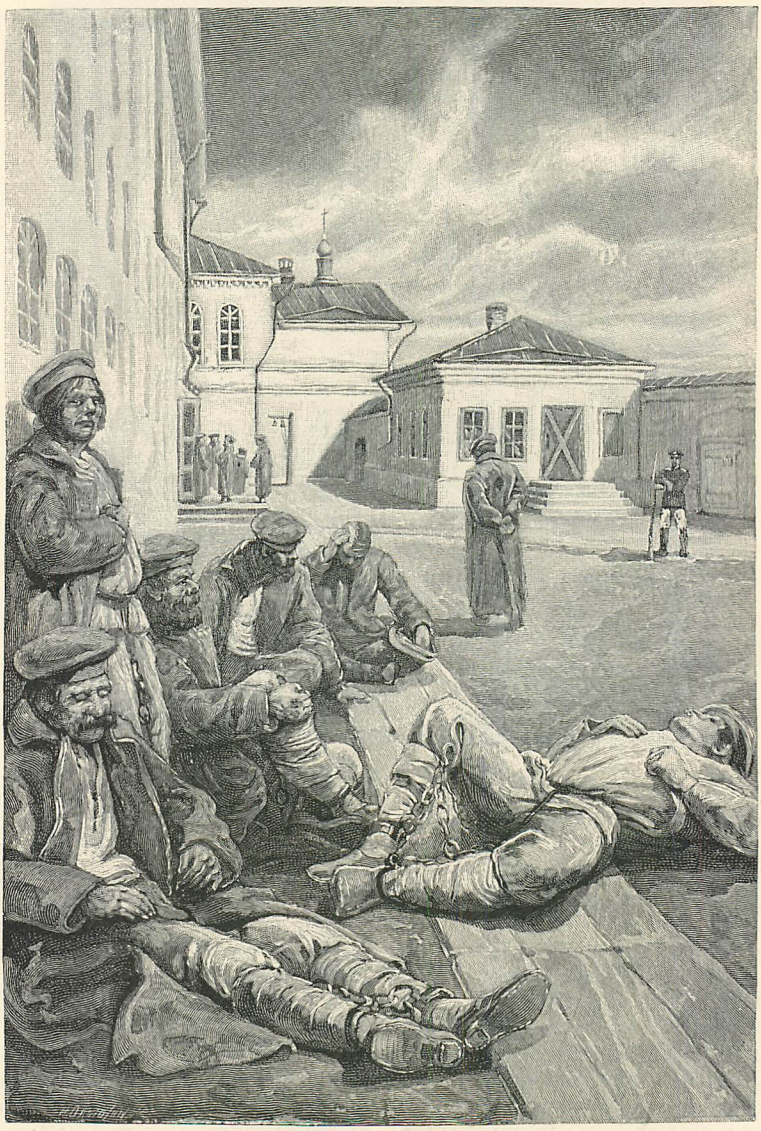
buckets at the ends of the corridors. I breathed as little as I possibly could, but every respiration seemed to pollute me to the very soul, and I became faint from nausea and lack of oxygen. It was like trying to breathe in an underground hospital-drain. The "smatritel," or warden, noticing perhaps that my face had grown suddenly pale, offered me his cigarette case, and said: "You are not accustomed to prison air. Light a cigarette: it will afford some relief, and we will get some wine or "vodki" presently in the dispensary." I acted upon this suggestion and we continued our investigations. The prison workshops, to which we were next taken, consisted of two small cells in the second story, neither of them more than eight feet square, and neither of them designed for the use to which it had been put. In one, three or four convicts were engaged in cobbling shoes, and in the other an attempt was being made to do a small amount of carpenter's work. The workmen, however, had neither proper tools nor suitable appliances, and it seemed preposterous to call the small cells which they occupied "workshops."

We then went to the prison kitchen, a dark, dirty room in the basement of the main building, where three or four half-naked men were baking black rye-bread in loaves about as large as milk-pans, and boiling soup in huge iron kettles on a sort of brick range. I tasted some of the soup in a greasy wooden bowl which a convict hastily cleaned for me with a wad of dirty flax, and found it nutritious and good. The bread was rather sour and heavy, but not worse than that prepared and eaten by Russian peasants generally. The daily ration of the prisoners consisted of two and a half pounds of this black bread, about six ounces of boiled meat, and two or three ounces of coarsely ground barley or oats, with a bowl of "kvas" morning and evening for drink.*

THE HOSPITAL WARDS.

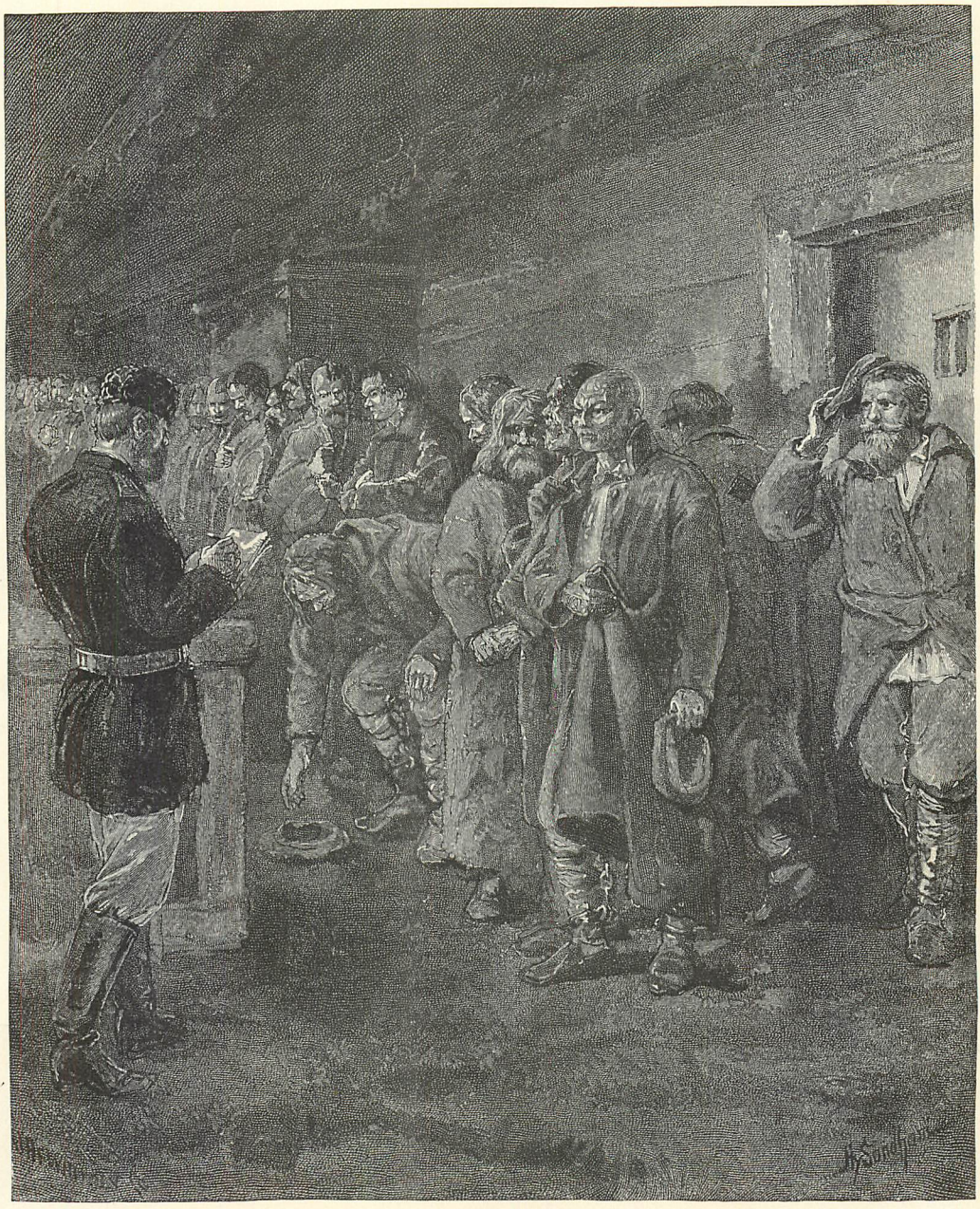
AFTER we had examined the workshops, the kitchen, and most of the kameras in the first and second stories, the smatritel turned to me and said, "Do you wish to go through the hospital wards?" "Certainly," I replied; "we wish to see everything that there is to be seen

* According to the report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1884, the cost to the Government for the food furnished each prisoner in the Tiumen forwarding prison is 3½ cents a day (7 kopeks). Prisoners belonging to the privileged classes (including politicals) receive food which costs the Government 5 cents a day per man. Of course the quality of a daily ration which costs only 3½ cents cannot be very high.



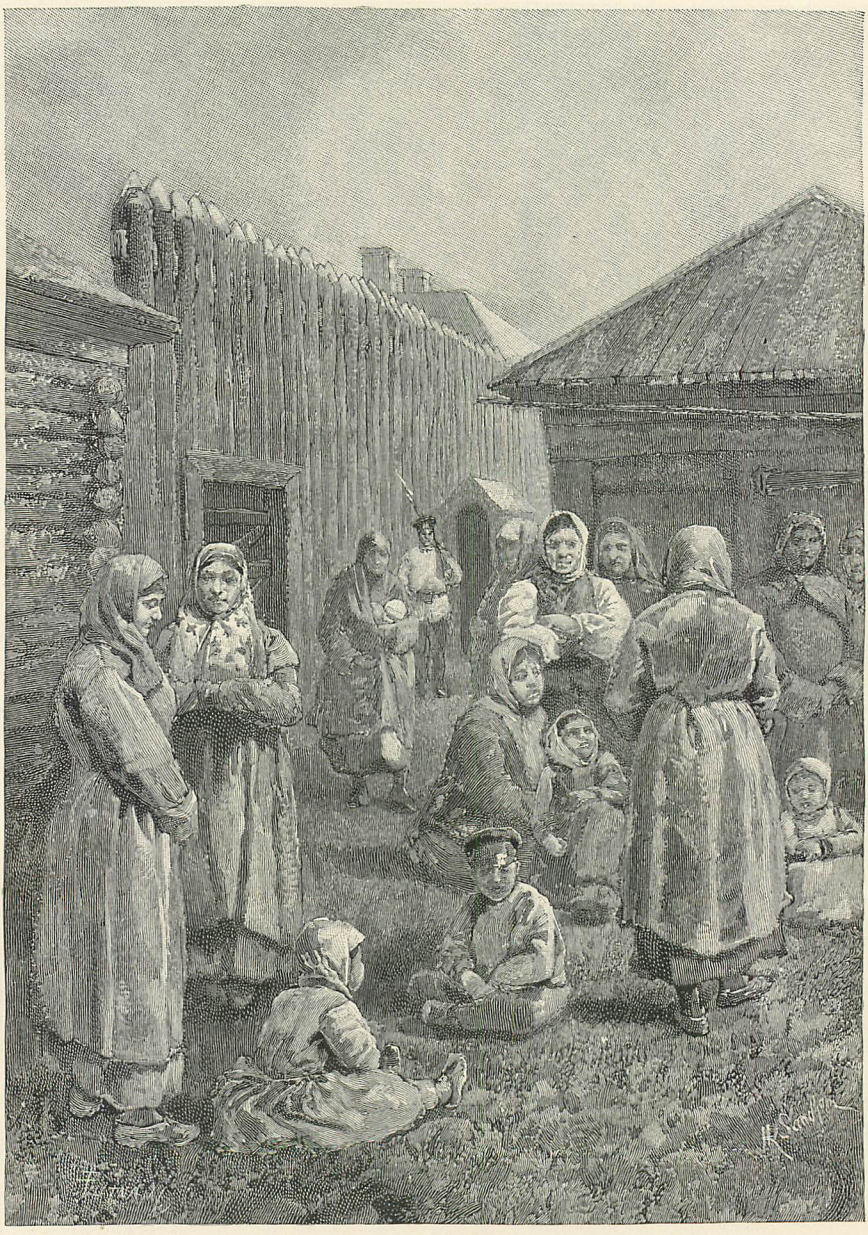
THE COURT-YARD OF THE PRISON. (FROM A SKETCH MADE BY AN EXILE.)

in the prison." The warden shrugged his shoulders, as if he could not understand a curiosity which was strong enough to take travelers into a Siberian prison hospital; but, without making any remarks, he led the way up another flight of stone steps to the third story, which was given up entirely to the sick. The hospital wards, which numbered five or six, were larger and lighter than any of the cells that we had previously examined in the main building, but they were wholly unventilated, no disinfectants apparently were used in them, and the air was polluted to the last possible degree. It did not seem to me that a well man could live there a week without becoming infected with disease, and that a sick man should ever recover in that awful atmosphere was inconceivable. In each ward were twelve or fifteen small iron bedsteads, set with their heads to the walls round three sides of the room, and separated one from another by about five feet of space. Each bedstead was furnished with a thin mattress consisting of a coarse gray bed-tick filled with straw, a single pillow, and either a gray blanket or a ragged quilt. Mr. Frost thought that some of the beds were supplied with coarse gray linen sheets and pillow-cases, but I did not notice anything of the kind. Over the head of each bedstead was a small blackboard,



MAKING UP A PARTY IN THE TIUMEN PRISON.

bearing in Russian and Latin characters the name of the prisoner's disease and the date of his admission to the hospital. The most common disorders seemed to be scurvy, typhus fever, typhoid fever, acute bronchitis, rheumatism, and syphilis. Prisoners suffering from malignant typhus fever were isolated in a single ward; but with this exception no attempt apparently had been made to group the patients in classes according to the nature of their diseases. Women were separated from the men, and that was all. Never before in my life had I seen faces so white, haggard, and ghastly as those that lay on the gray pillows in these hospital cells. The patients, both men and women, seemed to be not only desperately sick, but hopeless and heart-broken. I could not wonder at it. As I breathed that heavy, stifling atmosphere, poisoned with the breaths of syphilitic and fever-stricken patients,



COURT-YARD OF THE WOMEN'S PRISON, TIUMEN.

loaded and saturated with the odor of excrement, disease germs, exhalations from unclean human bodies, and foulness inconceivable, it seemed to me that over the hospital doors should be written, "All hope abandon ye who enter here."*

After we had gone through the women's lying-in ward and the ward occupied by patients suffering from malignant typhus fever, I told the smatritel that I had seen enough; all I wanted was to get out of doors where I could once more breathe. He conducted us to the dispensary on the ground floor, offered us alcoholic stimulants, and suggested that we allow ourselves to be sprayed with carbolic acid and water. We probably had not been in the prison long enough, he said, to take any infection; but we were unaccustomed to prison air, the hospital was in bad condition,

* The cost of the maintenance of each patient in the hospital of the Tiumen forwarding prison in 1884, including food, medicines, etc., was 27 cents a day. The dead were buried at an expense of $1.57 each. [Report of Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1884.]

we had visited the malignant typhus fever ward, and he thought that the measure which he suggested was nothing more than a proper precaution. We of course assented, and were copiously sprayed from head to foot with dilute carbolic acid, which, after the foulness of the prison atmosphere, seemed to us almost as refreshing as spirits of cologne.

At last, having finished our inspection of the main building, we came out into the prison-yard, where I drew a long, deep breath of pure air, with the delicious sense of relief that a half-drowned man must feel when he comes to the surface of the water.

"How many prisoners," I asked the warden, "usually die in that hospital in the course of the year?"

"About 300," he replied. "We have an epidemic of typhus almost every fall. What else could you expect when buildings that are barely adequate for the accommodation of 800 persons are made to hold 1800? A prison so overcrowded cannot be kept clean, and as for the air in the cells, you know now what it is like. In the fall it is sometimes much worse. During the summer the windows can be left open, and some ventilation can be secured in that way; but when the weather becomes cold and stormy the windows must be closed, and then there is no ventilation at all. We suffer from it as well as the prisoners. My assistant has only recently recovered from an attack of typhus fever which kept him in bed for six weeks, and he caught the disease in the prison. The local authorities here have again and again urged the Government to make adequate provision for the large number of exiles crowded into this prison during the season of navigation, but thus far nothing has been done beyond the building of two log barracks."*

The warden spoke naturally and frankly, as if the facts which he gave me were known to everybody in Tiumen, and as if there was no use in trying to conceal them even from a foreign traveler when the latter had been through the prison and the prison hospital.

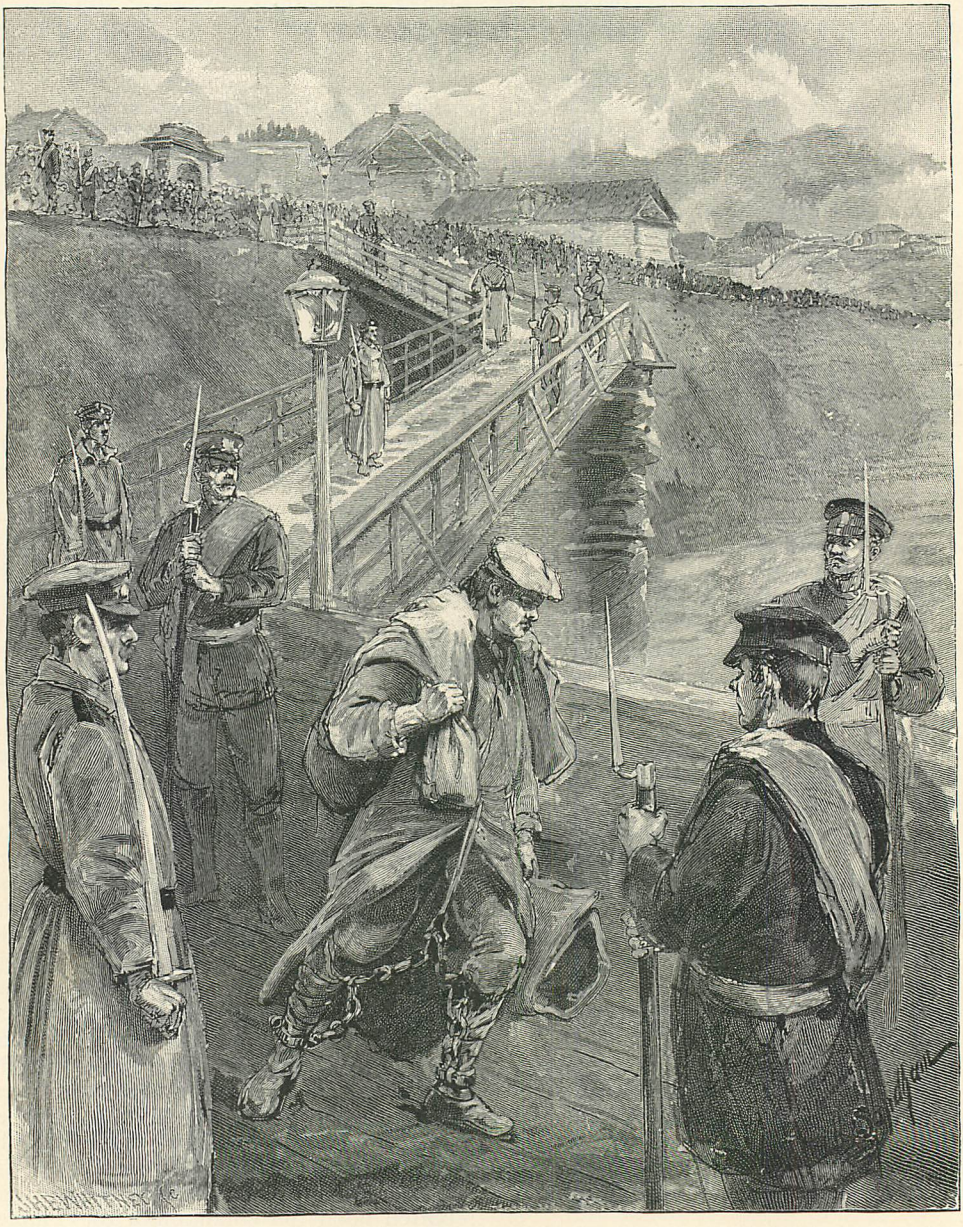
THE WOMEN'S PRISON.

FROM the main prison building we went to the women's prison, which was situated on the other side of the road in a court-yard formed by a high stockade of closely set and sharpened logs. It did not differ much in external appearance from the men's barracks inside the prison-wall, which we had already examined. The kameras varied in size from 10 feet by 12 to 30 feet by 45, and contained from three to forty women each. They were all clean and well lighted, the floors and sleeping-platforms had been scrubbed to a snowy whiteness, strips of coarse carpet had been laid down here and there in the gangways between the nares, and one cell even had potted plants in the window. The women, like the men, were obliged to sleep in rows on the hard platforms without pillows or blankets, but their cells were not so overcrowded as were those of the men, and the air in them was infinitely purer. Most of the women seemed to belong to the peasant class; many of them were accompanied by children, and I saw very few hard or vicious faces.

From the women's prison we went to the prison for exiled families, another stockaded log barrack about 75 feet in length which had no cell partitions and which contained nearly 300 men, women, and children. Here again the sleeping-platforms were overcrowded; the air was heavy and foul; dozens of children were crying from hunger or wretchedness; and the men and women looked tired, sleepless, and dejected. None of the women in this barrack were criminals. All were voluntarily going into banishment with their criminal husbands, and most of them were destined for points in western Siberia.

ABOUT 1 o'clock in the afternoon, after having made as thorough an examination as possible of all the prison buildings, Mr. Frost, Mr. Wardropper, and I went with Mr. Ignatof to lunch. Knowing that our host was the contractor for the transportation of exiles eastward by barge, and that he had been a prominent member of the Tiumen prison committee, I asked him if the Central Government in St. Petersburg was aware of the condition of the Tiumen forwarding prison, and of the sickness and misery in which it resulted. He replied in the affirmative. The local authorities, the prison committee, and the Inspector of Exile Transportation for western Siberia had reported upon the condition of the Tiumen prison, he said, every year; but the case of that prison was by no means an exceptional one. New prisons were needed all over European Russia, as well as Siberia, and the Government did not yet feel able financially to make sweeping prison reforms, nor to spend perhaps ten million rubles in the erection of new prison buildings. The condition of the Tiumen prison was, he admitted, extremely bad, and he himself had resigned his place as a member of the prison committee because the Government would not authorize the erection of a new building for use as a hospital. The prison

* During the season of navigation in 1884 the Tiumen forwarding prison was overcrowded 133 days out of 151. [Report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1884.]



EXILES GOING ON BOARD THE BARGE.

committee had strongly recommended it, and when the Government disapproved the recommendation, he resigned.

Subsequent conversation with other citizens of Tiumen and with officers of the Exile Administration more than confirmed all that had been told me by Mr. Ignatof and the warden. The report of the Medical Department of the Ministry of the Interior, extracts from which were furnished me, showed that the sick rate of the Tiumen forwarding prison for 1884 was 28.4 per cent.; or, in other words, nearly one third of the whole prison population received hospital treatment. When one considers that from 17,000 to 19,000 exiles pass every year through the Tiumen forwarding prison, and that thousands of sick are treated at the dispensary and in their cells, and are not included therefore in the hospital records, one can partly realize the human suffering and misery of which that prison is the scene.

In order fully to understand the scope of

the Siberian exile system and the important place occupied in that system by the Tiumen forwarding prison, the reader must bear in mind that there are in Russia no penitentiaries. If the penalty affixed by the Russian penal code to a crime is not greater than imprisonment for four years, the criminal serves out his sentence in one of the prisons of European Russia, simply because it would be unprofitable to send him to Siberia for so short a time. If, however, a prisoner's crime calls for a more severe punishment than four years of confinement — to Siberia he goes.

Between the years 1823 and 1887, inclusive, there were sent to Siberia 772,979 exiles, as follows:

From 1823 to 1832	98,725	*Bro't forward*	593,914
From 1833 to 1842	86,550	In 1878	17,790
From 1843 to 1852	69,764	In 1879	18,255
From 1853 to 1862	101,238	In 1880	17,660
From 1863 to 1872	146,380	In 1881	17,183
From 1873 to 1877	91,257	In 1882	16,945
		In 1883	19,314
Total	593,914	In 1884	17,824
		In 1885	18,843
		In 1886	17,477
		In 1887	17,774
		Total*	772,979

Exiles to Siberia may be grouped according to the nature of their sentences into three great classes, namely:

I. Katorzhniki, or hard-labor convicts.

II. Poselentse, or penal colonists.

III. Sylni, or persons simply banished.

To these must be added a fourth class, composed of women and children, who go to Siberia voluntarily with their exiled husbands or parents. Criminals belonging to the first two classes are deprived of all civil rights and must remain in Siberia for life. Offenders of the third class retain some of their civil rights and may return to European Russia at the expiration of their terms of banishment. Convicts and penal colonists go to their places of destination in five-pound leg-fetters and with half-shaven heads, while simple exiles wear no fetters and are not personally disfigured. Exiles of the third class comprise

a. Vagrants (persons without passports who refuse to disclose their identity).

b. Persons banished by sentence of a court.

c. Persons banished by the village communes to which they belong.

d. Persons banished by order of the Minister of the Interior.

The relative proportions of these several classes for 1885, the year that I spent in Siberia, may be shown in tabular form as follows:

Penal Class.	*Men.*	*Women.*	*Total.*
I. Hard-labor convicts [Katorzhniki], punished by sentence of a court	1,440	111	1,551
II. Penal colonists [Poselentse], punished by sentence of a court	2,526	133	2,659
III. Exiles — *a.* Vagrants	1,646	73	1,719
III. Exiles — *b.* Exiled by judicial sentence	172	10	182
III. Exiles — *c.* Exiled by village communes	3,535	216	3,751
III. Exiles — *d.* Exiled by executive order	300	68	368
IV. Voluntaries [Dobrovolni] accompanying relatives	2,068	3,468	5,536
Totals	11,687	4,079	15,766

An analysis of this classified statement reveals some curious and suggestive facts. It shows in the first place that the largest single class of exiles (5536 out of 15,766) is composed of women and children who go to Siberia voluntarily with their husbands and fathers.† It shows in the second place that out of the 10,230 persons sent to Siberia as criminals only 4392, or less than a half, have had a trial by a court, while 5838 are exiled by "administration process" — that is, by a mere order from the Ministry of the Interior.‡ Finally, it shows that more than one-third of the involuntary exiles (3751 out of 10,230) were sent to Siberia by the village communes, and not by the Government.

Every "mir," or village commune, in Russia has the right to banish any of its members who, through bad conduct or general worth-

* The statistics of exile in this article are all from official sources, as are also the facts, unless otherwise stated.

† The records of the Bureau of Exile Administration for the four years ending with the year of my visit to Siberia showed that the numbers and percentages of women and children who voluntarily accompanied their husbands and fathers to Siberia were as follows:

Year.	*Whole number of exiles.*	*Women and children.*	*Percentage.*
1882	16,945	5,276	31
1883	19,314	6,311	33
1884	17,824	6,067	34
1885	18,843	5,536	28
Totals	72,926	23,190	31

‡ The proportion of the judicially sentenced to the administratively banished varies little from year to year. In the ten-year period from 1867 to 1876, inclusive, there were sent to Siberia 151,585 exiles: 48.80 per cent. went under sentences of courts, and 51.20 per cent. were banished by administrative process. In the seven-year period from 1880 to 1886, inclusive, there passed through the Tiumen forwarding prison 120,065 exiles, of whom 64,513, or 53.7 per cent., had been tried and condemned by courts, and 55,552, or 46.3 per cent., had been banished by orders from the Ministry of the Interior. A prison reform commission appointed by Alexander II. in the latter part of the last decade reported that on an average 45.6 per cent. of all the exiles sent to Siberia went under sentences of courts, and 54.4 per cent. were banished by administrative process.

TIUMEN LABORERS WAITING FOR WORK ON "THE HILL OF LAZINESS."

lessness, have rendered themselves obnoxious to their fellow-citizens and burdensome to society. It has also the right to refuse to receive any of its members who, after serving out terms of imprisonment for crime, return to the "mir" and ask to be re-admitted. Released prisoners whom the mir will not thus re-admit are exiled to Siberia by administrative process.

The political exiles who are sent to Siberia do not constitute a separate penal class or grade, but are distributed among all of the classes above mentioned. Their number is much smaller than it is generally supposed to be, and does not, I think, average more than about 150 a year. One hundred and forty passed through the Tiumen forwarding prison in 1884 and sixty in 1885 up to the time of my visit. Owing, however, to the fact that until recently they have not been classed as "politicals" in the prison records and in official reports, it is difficult to ascertain exactly what proportion they make of the whole number of exiles. I believe, however, that one per cent. is a fair estimate.* Up to the time of my visit to the Tiumen prison I had not seen a political; and acting upon the advice of friends in St. Petersburg, I was very careful and guarded in making inquiries about them.

* According to the report of the Tiumen Bureau of Exile Transportation for 1887, there were sent to Siberia in that year 165 political exiles, as follows:

Belonging to the noble class.		*Other non-privileged classes.*	
Men	50	Men	70
Women	17	Women	18
Children	4	Children	6
Total	71	Total	94

AN EXILE MARCHING PARTY.

On the morning after our first visit to the Tiumen forwarding prison we had an opportunity of seeing the departure of a marching exile party. We went to the prison merely for the purpose of getting a sketch or a photograph of it, but happened to be just in time to see a party of 360 men, women, and children set out on foot for Yalutorfsk. Our attention was attracted first by a great crowd of people standing in the street outside the prison wall. As we drew nearer, the crowd resolved itself into a hundred or more women and children in bright-colored calico gowns, with kerchiefs over their heads, and about 250 men dressed in the gray exile costume, all standing close together in a dense throng, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers. In the street near them were fifteen or twenty one-horse telegas, or small four-wheeled wagons, some piled high with the gray bags in which exiles carry their spare clothing and personal property, and

some filled with men, women, and children, who, by reason of age, weakness, or infirmity, could not walk. It seemed surprising to me that anybody should be able to walk after a week's confinement in that prison. The air was filled with a continuous hum of voices as the exiles talked eagerly with one another, and occasionally we could hear the wail of a sick child from one of the telegas, or a faint jingle of chains as some of the men, tired of standing, changed their positions or threw themselves on the ground. The officer in charge of the party, a heavily built man with yellowish side-whiskers, light-blue eyes, and a hard, unsympathetic face, stood near the telegas, surrounded by women and children, begging him to let them ride.

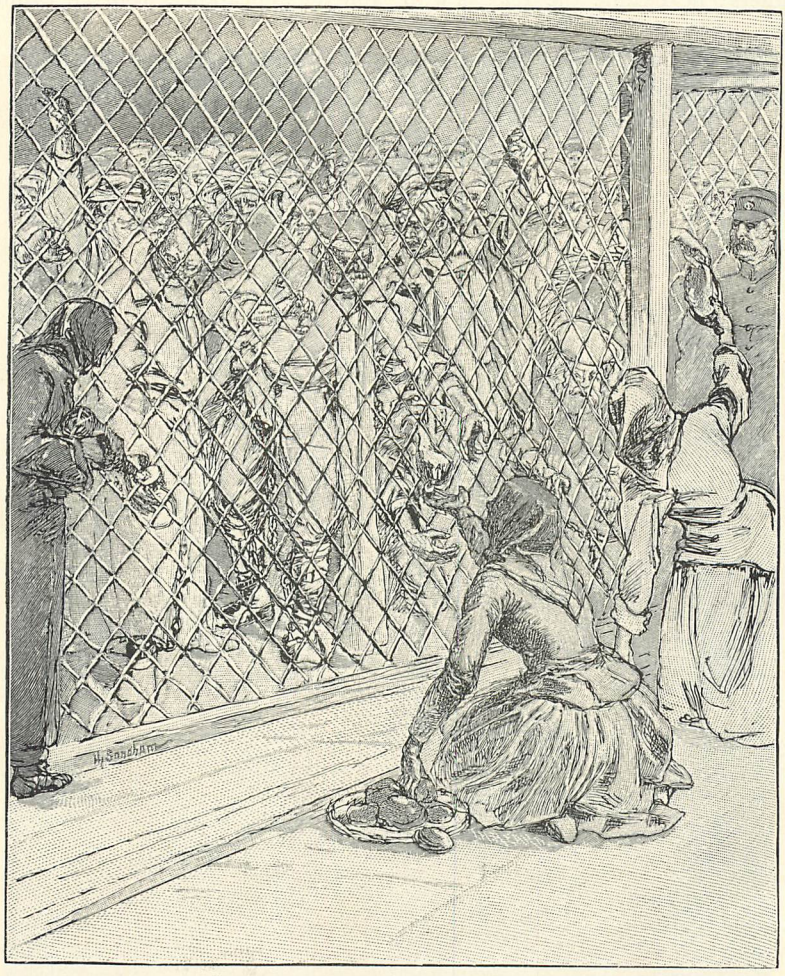
"Please put my little girl in a wagon," said one pale-faced woman, as I approached the group. "She is n't ten years old and she has a lame ankle; she can never walk thirty versts."

"What 's the matter with her ankle?" inquired the officer impatiently, looking down at the child's thin bare feet and legs.

"I don't know; she says it hurts her," replied the mother. "Please let her ride, for God's sake!"

"She can't ride, I tell you — there 's no room," said the officer, still more impatiently. "I don't believe there 's anything the matter with her ankle, and anybody can see that she 's more than twelve years old. Stoopaitye!" ["Move on!"] he said sternly to the child; "you can pick flowers better if you walk."

The mother and the child shrank away without a word, and the officer, to escape further importunities, shouted the order to "Form ranks!" The hum of conversation suddenly ceased; there was a jingling of chains as the prisoners who had been lying on the ground sprang to their feet; the soldiers of the guard shouldered

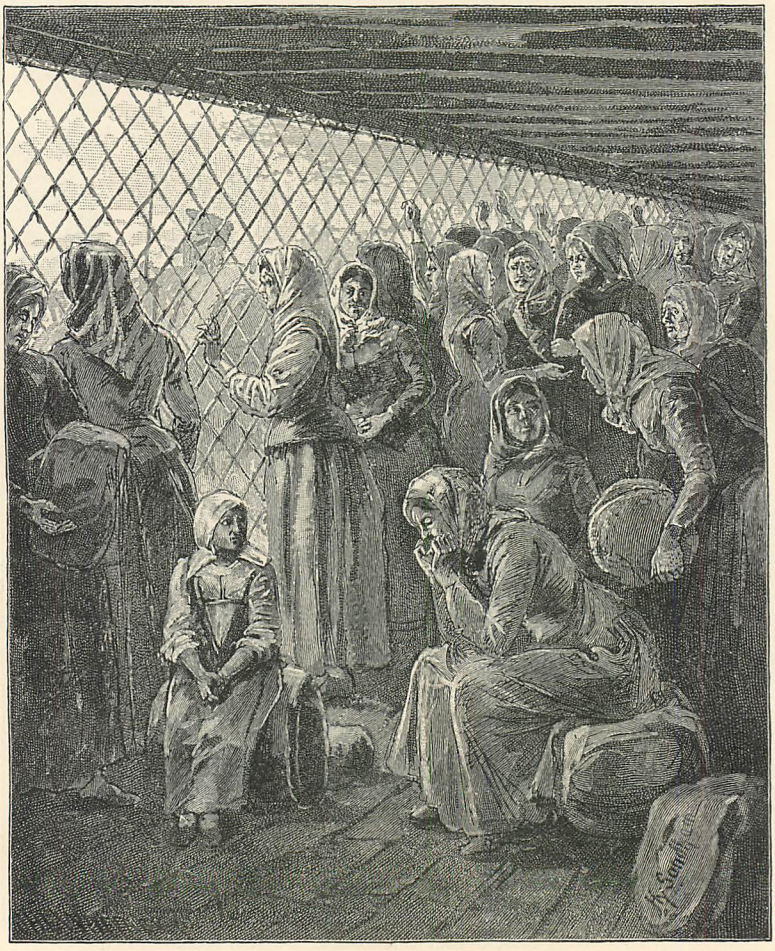


MEN'S CAGE, CONVICT BARGE — EXILES BUYING FOOD.

their rifles; the exiles crossed themselves devoutly, bowing in the direction of the prison chapel; and at the word "March!" the whole column was instantly in motion. Three or four Cossacks, in dark-green uniforms and with rifles over their shoulders, took the lead; a dense but disorderly throng of men and women followed, marching between thin, broken lines of soldiers; next came the telegas with

THE CONVICT BARGE.

HAVING witnessed the departure of one of the marching parties, we went down Saturday afternoon to the steamer-landing to see the embarkment of seven hundred exiles for Tomsk. The convict barge, which we were permitted to inspect, did not differ much in general appearance from an ordinary ocean



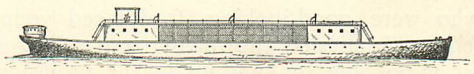
INSIDE THE WOMEN'S CAGE, CONVICT BARGE.

the old, the sick, and the small children; then a rear-guard of half a dozen Cossacks; and finally four or five wagons piled high with gray bags. Although the road was soft and muddy, in five minutes the party was out of sight. The last sounds I heard were the jingling of chains and the shouts of the Cossacks to the children to keep within the lines. These exiles were nearly all penal colonists and persons banished by Russian communes, and were destined for towns and villages in the southern part of the province of Tobolsk.

steamer, except that it drew less water and had no rigging. The black iron hull was about 220 feet in length by 30 in width, pierced by a horizontal line of small rectangular port-holes which opened into the sleeping-cabins on the lower deck. The upper deck supported two large yellow deck-houses about seventy-five feet apart, one of which contained three or four hospital wards and a dispensary, and the other, quarters for the officers of the convoy and a few cells for exiles belonging to the noble or privileged class. The space between

the deck-houses was roofed over and inclosed on each side by a coarse net-work of heavy iron wire, so as to make a cage 30 feet wide and 75 feet long, where the prisoners could walk and breathe the fresh air. This cage, which is known to the common criminal exiles as the "chicken-coop," was divided by a net-work partition into two compartments of unequal size, the smaller of which was intended for the women and children, and the larger for the men. Companion-ladders led down into the sleeping-cabins, of which there were three or four, varying in length from 30 to 60 feet, with a uniform width of 30 feet and a height of about 7. One of these cabins was occupied by the women and children, and the others were given up to the men. Through the center of each cabin ran longitudinally two tiers of double sleeping-platforms, precisely like those in the Tiumen prison kameras, upon which the exiles lay athwart-ship in four closely packed rows, with their heads together over the line of the keel. Along each side of the barge ran two more tiers of nares, upon which the prisoners lay lengthwise head to feet, in rows four or five deep. A reference to the plan and section of the barge will, I think, render this description of the interior of the sleeping-cabins fairly intelligible. The vessel had been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected after its return from a previous trip to Tomsk, and the air in the cabins was pure and sweet.

The barge lay at a floating landing-stage of the type with which we had become familiar on the rivers Volga and Kama, and access to it was gained by means of a zigzag wooden bridge sloping down to it from the high bank of the river. When we reached the landing, a dense throng of exiles, about one-third of whom were women, were standing on the bank waiting to embark. They were surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, as usual, and non-commissioned officers were stationed at intervals of 20 or 30 feet on the bridge leading down to the landing-stage. I persuaded Colonel Vinokurof, Inspector of Exile Transportation for western Siberia, to delay the embarkment a little, in order that we might take photographs of the exiles and the barge. As soon as this had been accomplished the order was given to "Let them go on board," and the prisoners, shouldering their gray bags, walked one by one down the sloping bridge to the landing-stage. More than three-fourths of the men were in leg-fetters, and for an hour there was a continuous clanking of chains as the prisoners passed me on their way to the barge. The exiles, although uniformly clad in gray, presented, from an ethnological point of view, an extraordinary diversity of types, having evidently been collected from all parts of the



A CONVICT BARGE.

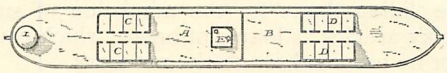


FIG. 1. PLAN OF CAGE-DECK.

A, Men's cage; B, Women's cage; C, Hospital cells and dispensary; D, Officers' quarters and cells for privileged class; E, Cook's galley.

FIG. 2. PLAN OF LOWER-DECK.

F, Cabin for hard-labor convicts (men); G, Cabin for exiles and penal colonists (men); H, Women's cabin; a, b, Nares, or sleeping-platforms.

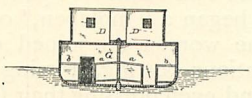


FIG. 3. TRANSVERSE SECTION OF BARGE.

D D, Deck-houses; G, Sleeping-cabin; a, b, Cross-section of sleeping-platforms.

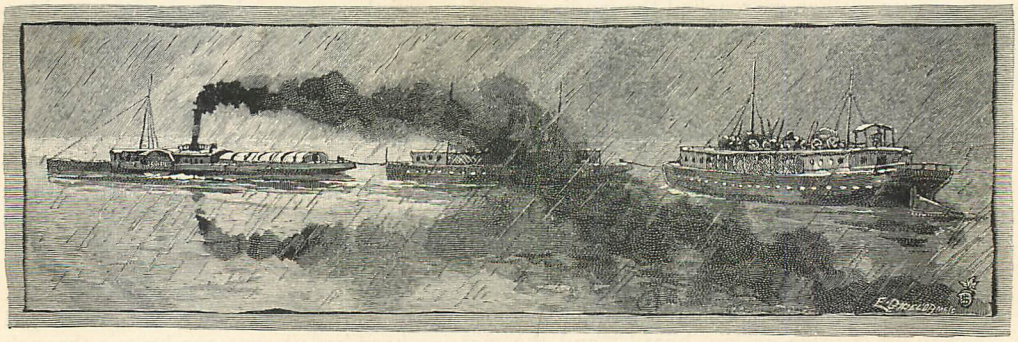
vast empire. There were fierce, wild-looking mountaineers from Daghestan and Circassia, condemned to penal servitude for murders of blood-revenge; there were Tartars from the lower Volga, who had been sunburned until they were almost as black as negroes; Turks from the Crimea, whose scarlet fezzes contrasted strangely with their gray convict overcoats; crafty looking Jews from Podolia, going into exile for smuggling; and finally, common peasants in great numbers from all parts of European Russia. The faces of the prisoners generally were not as hard, vicious, and depraved as the faces of criminals in America. Many of them were pleasant and good-humored, some were fairly intelligent, and even the worst seemed to me stupid and brutish rather than savage or malignant. At last all were on board; the sliding doors of the net-work cages were closed and secured with heavy padlocks, and a regular Russian bazar opened on the landing-stage. Male and female peddlers to the number of forty or fifty were allowed to come down to the side of the barge to sell provisions to the prisoners, most of whom seemed to be in possession of money. In one place might be seen a half-grown girl passing hard-boiled eggs one by one through the interstices of the net-work; in another, a gray-haired old woman was pouring milk through a tin tube into a tea-pot held by a convict on the inside of the cage; and all along the barge men were buying or bargaining for loaves of black rye-bread, salted cucumbers, pretzels, and fish turn-overs. The peddlers seemed to have perfect trust in the convicts, and often passed in food to them before they had received pay for it. The soldiers of the guard,

who were good-looking, fresh-faced young fellows, facilitated the buying and selling as far as possible by handing in the provisions and handing out the money, or by opening the sliding doors for the admission of such bulky articles as loaves of bread, which could not be passed through the net-work.

While we stood looking at this scene of busy traffic, a long-haired Russian priest in a black gown and a broad-brimmed felt hat crossed the landing-stage and entered one of the deck-houses, followed by an acolyte bearing his robes and a prayer-book. In a few moments, having donned his ecclesiastical vestments, he entered the women's cage, with a smoking censer in one hand and an open book in the other, and began a "moleben," or service of prayer. The women all joined devoutly in the supplications, bowing, crossing themselves, kneeling, and even pressing their foreheads to the deck. The priest hurried through the service, however, in a perfunctory manner, swung the censer back and forth a few times so as to fill the compartment with fragrant smoke, and then went into the men's cage. There much less interest seemed to be taken in the services. The convicts and soldiers removed their caps, but only a few joined in the prayer, and buying and selling went on without interruption all along the side of the barge. The deep-voiced chanting of the priest mingling with the high-pitched rattle of chains, the chaffering of peddlers, and the shouting of orders to soldiers on the roof of the cage produced a most strange and incongruous effect. Finally, the service ended, the priest took off his vestments, wished the commanding officer of the convoy a pleasant voyage, and returned to the city, while Mr. Frost and I walked back and forth on the landing-stage studying the faces of the prisoners. With few exceptions the latter seemed cheerful and happy, and in all parts of the cage we could hear laughter, joking, and animated conversation. Mr. Frost finally began making sketches in his note-book of some of the more striking of the convict types on the other side of the net-work. This soon attracted the attention of the prisoners, and amidst great laughter and merriment they began dragging forward and arranging, in what they regarded as artistic poses, the convicts whom they thought most worthy of an artist's pencil. Having selected a subject, they would place him in all sorts of studiously careless and negligent attitudes, comb and arrange the long hair on the unshaven side of his head, try the effect of a red fez or an embroidered Tartar cap, and then shout suggestions and directions to the artist. This arranging of figures and groups for Mr. Frost to draw seemed to afford them great amusement, and was accompanied with as much joking and laughter as if they were school-boys off for a picnic, instead of criminals bound for the mines.

At last, just after sunset, a steamer made fast to the barge, the order was given to cast off the lines, the exiles all crowded against the net-work to take a parting look at Tiumen, and the great black and yellow floating prison moved slowly out into the stream and began its long voyage to Tomsk.

George Kennan.

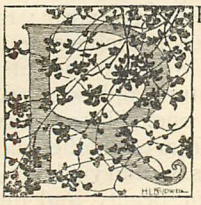


INFINITE DEPTHS.

THE little pool, in street or field apart,
Glasses the heavens and the rushing storm;
And into the silent depths of every heart
The Eternal throws its awful shadow-form.

Charles Edwin Markham.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S CRITICISM.



EADERS who know Matthew Arnold only as an occasional contributor to British periodical literature, or as a lecturer during his brief tour in this country, in the fall and winter of 1883–84, will do well, before they make up their minds about him, to give him a hearing as he appears in his collected works, recently published by Macmillan & Co. A writer who has a distinct and well-defined point of view of his own, like Arnold, suffers by being read fragmentarily, or by the single essay or discourse. His effect is cumulative; he hits a good many times in the same place, and his work as a whole makes a deeper impression than any single essay of his would seem to warrant. He is not in any sense one of those random and capricious minds that often cut such a brilliant figure in periodical literature, but the distinguishing thing about him is that he stands for a definite and well-grounded idea or principle, an idea which gives a certain unity and simplicity to his entire work. The impression that a fragmentary and desultory reading of Arnold is apt to give one, namely, that he is one of the scorners, a man of "a high look, and a proud heart," gradually wears away as one grows familiar with the main currents of his teachings. He does not indeed turn out to be a large, hearty, magnetic man, but he proves to be a thoroughly serious and noble one, whose calmness and elevation are of great value. His writings, as now published, in a uniform edition, embrace ten volumes, to wit: two volumes of poems; two volumes of literary essays, "Essays in Criticism" and a volume made up of "Celtic Literature" and "On Translating Homer"; a volume of mixed essays, mainly on Irish themes; a volume called "Culture and Anarchy" and "Friendship's Garland," mainly essays in political and social criticism; three volumes of religious criticism, namely, "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," and "St. Paul and Protestantism" with "Last Essays," and one volume of "Discourses in America." Of this body of work the eight volumes of prose are pure criticism, and by criticism, when applied to Arnold, we must mean the scientific passion for pure truth, the passion for seeing the thing exactly as it is carried into all fields. "I wish to decide nothing as of my own authority," he says in one of his earlier essays; "the great art of criticism is to get one's self out of the way and to let humanity decide." "A free play of mind" is a frequent phrase with him, and well describes much of his own criticism. He would play the rôle of a disinterested observer. Apropos of his political and social criticisms, he says:

> I do not profess to be a politician, but simply one of a disinterested class of observers, who, with no organized and embodied set of supporters to please, set themselves to observe honestly and to report faithfully the state and prospects of our civilization.

He urges that criticism in England has been too "directly polemical and controversial"; that it has been made to subserve interests not its own; the interest of party, of a sect, of a theory, or of some practical and secondary consideration. His own effort has been to restore it to its "pure intellectual sphere" and to keep its high aim constantly before him, "which is to keep man from a self-satisfaction which is retarding and vulgarizing; to lead him towards perfection, by making his mind dwell upon what is excellent in itself, and the absolute beauty and fitness of things."

The spirit in which he approaches Butler's "Analogy" is a fair sample of the spirit in which he approaches most of his themes:

> Elsewhere I have remarked what advantage Butler had against the Deists of his own time, in the line of argument which he chose. But how does his argument in itself stand the scrutiny of one who has no counter-thesis, such as that of the Deists, to make good against Butler? How does it affect one who has no wish at all to doubt or cavil, like the loose wits of fashionable society who angered Butler, still less any wish to mock, but who comes to the "Analogy" with an honest desire to receive from it anything which he finds he can use?

Arnold is preëminently a critical force, a force of clear reason and of steady discernment. He is not an author whom we read for the man's sake or for the flavor of his personality, for this is not always agreeable, but for his unfailing intelligence and critical acumen; and because, to borrow a sentence of Goethe, he helps us to "attain certainty and security in the appreciation of things exactly as they are." Everywhere in his books we are brought under the influence of a mind which indeed does not fill and dilate us, but which clears our vision, which sets going a process of crystallization in our thoughts, and brings our knowledge, on a certain range of subjects, to a higher state of clearness and purity.

Let us admit that he is not a man to build upon; he is in no sense a founder; he lacks the broad, paternal, sympathetic human element that the first order of men possess. He lays the emphasis upon the more select, high-bred qualities. All his sympathies are with the influences which make for correctness, for discipline, for taste, for perfection, rather than those that favor power, freedom, originality, individuality, and the more heroic and primary qualities. The more vital and active forces of English literature of our century have been mainly forces of expansion and revolution, or Protestant forces; our most puissant voices have been voices of dissent, and have been a stimulus to individuality, separatism, and to independence. But here is a voice of another order; a voice closely allied to the best spirit of Catholicism; one from which we will not learn hero-worship, or Puritanism, or non-conformity, or catch the spark of enthusiasm, or revolution, but from which we learn the beauty of urbanity, and the value of clear and fresh ideas.

It is not difficult to get at Arnold's point of view; it is stated or implied in nearly every page of his works. It is the point of view of Greek culture and Greek civilization. From this ground the whole body of his critical work, religious, political, and literary, is launched. His appeal is constantly made to the classic type of mind and character.

He divides the forces that move the world into two grand divisions — Hellenism and Hebraism, the Greek idea and the Jewish idea, the power of intellect and the power of conscience. "The uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience. Nothing can do away with this ineffaceable difference. The Greek quarrel with the body and its desires is that they hinder right thinking; the Hebrew quarrel with them is that they hinder right acting." "An unclouded clearness of mind, an unimpeded play of thought," is the aim of the one; "strictness of conscience," fidelity to principle, is the mainspring of the other. As, in this classification, Carlyle would stand for unmitigated Hebraism, so Arnold himself stands for pure Hellenism; as the former's Hebraism upon principle was backed up by the Hebraic type of mind, its grandeur, its stress of conscience, its opulent imagination, its cry for judgment and justice, etc., so Arnold's conviction of the superiority of Hellenism as a remedy for modern ills is backed up by the Hellenic type of mind, its calmness, its lucidity, its sense of form and measure. Indeed, Arnold is probably the purest classic writer that English literature, as yet, has to show; classic not merely in the repose and purity of his style, but in the unity and simplicity of his mind. What primarily distinguishes the antique mind from the modern mind is its more fundamental singleness and wholeness. It is not marked by the same specialization and development on particular lines. Our highly artificial and complex modern life leads to separatism; to not only a division of labor, but almost to a division of man himself. With the ancients, religion and politics, literature and sciences, poetry and prophecy, were one. These things had not yet been set apart from each other and differentiated. When to this we add vital unity and simplicity, the love of beauty, and the sense of measure and proportion, we have the classic mind of Greece, and the secret of the power and charm of those productions which have so long ruled supreme in the world of literature and art. Arnold's mind has this classic unity and wholeness. With him religion, politics, literature, and science are one, and that one is comprehended under the name of culture. Culture means the perfect and equal development of man on all sides.

"Culture," he says, giving vent to his Hellenism, "is of like spirit with poetry, follows one law with poetry"; the dominant idea of poetry is "the idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect in all its sides"; this idea is the Greek idea. "Human life," he says, "in the hands of Hellenism, is invested with a kind of aërial ease, clearness, and radiancy; it is full of what we call sweetness and light." "The best art and poetry of the Greeks," he says, "in which religion and poetry are one, in which the idea of beauty and of human nature perfect on all sides adds to itself a religious and devout energy, and works in the strength of that, is on this account of such surpassing interest and instructiveness for us." But Greece failed because the moral and religious fiber in humanity was not braced and developed also.

> But Greece did not err in having the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection so present and paramount. It is impossible to have this idea too present and paramount; only, the moral fiber must be braced too. And we, because we have braced the moral fiber, are not on that account in the right way, if at the same time the idea of beauty, harmony, and complete human perfection is wanting or misapprehended amongst us; and evidently it is wanting or misapprehended at present. And when we rely, as we do, on our religious organizations, which in themselves do not and can not give us this idea, and think we have done enough if we make them spread and prevail, then I say we fall into our common fault of overvaluing machinery.

From the point of view of Greek culture, and the ideal of Greek life, there is perhaps very little in the achievements of the English race, or in the ideals which it cherishes, that would not be pronounced the work of barba-

rians. From the Apollonarian standpoint Christianity itself, with its war upon our natural instincts, is a barbarous religion. But no born Hellene from the age of Pericles could pronounce a severer judgment upon the England of to-day than Arnold has in his famous classification of his countrymen into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace, an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized. Arnold has not the Hellenic joyousness, youthfulness, and spontaneity. His is a "sad lucidity of soul," whereas the Greek had a joyous lucidity of soul. "O Solon, Solon!" said the priest of Egypt, "you Greeks are always children." But the Englishman has the Greek passion for symmetry, totality, and the Hellenic abhorrence of the strained, the fantastic, the obscure. His are not merely the classical taste and predilections of a scholar, but of an alert, fearless, and thorough-going critic of life; a man who dare lay his hands on the British constitution itself and declare that "with its compromises, its love of facts, its horror of theory, its studied avoidance of clear thought, it sometimes looks a colossal machine for the manufacture of Philistines." Milton was swayed by the Greek ideals in his poetry, but they took no vital hold of his life; his Puritanism and his temper in his controversial writings are the furthest possible remove from the serenity and equipoise of the classic standards. But Arnold, a much less poetic force certainly than Milton, is animated by the spirit of Hellenism on all occasions; it is the shaping and inspiring spirit of his life. It is not a dictum with him, but a force. Yet his books are thoroughly of to-day, thoroughly occupied with current men and measures, and covered with current names and allusions.

Arnold's Hellenism speaks very pointedly all through "Culture and Anarchy," in all those assaults of his upon the "hideousness and rawness" of so much of British civilization, upon the fierceness and narrowness, the Jacobinism of parties, upon "the Dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion"; in his efforts to divest the mind of all that is harsh, uncouth, impenetrable, exclusive, self-willed, one-sided; in his efforts to render it more flexible, tolerant, free, lucid, with less faith in individuals and more faith in principles. They speak in him when he calls Luther a Philistine of genius; when he says of the mass of his countrymen that they have "a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manner"; that "Puritanism was a prison which the English people entered and had the key turned upon its spirit there for two hundred years"; when he tells the dissenters that in preferring their religious service to that of the established church they have shown a want of taste and of culture like that of preferring Eliza Cook to Milton. "A public rite with a reading of Milton attached to it is another thing from a public rite with a reading from Eliza Cook."

His ideas of poetry as expressed in the preface to his poems in 1853 are distinctly Greek, and they led him to exclude from the collection his long poem called "Empedocles on Etna," because the poem was deficient in the classic requirements of action. He says:

> The radical difference between the poetic theory of the Greeks and our own is this: that with them the poetical character of the action in itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration; with us attention is fixed mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action. They regarded the whole; we regard the parts. We have poems which seem to exist merely for the sake of single lines and passages, not for the sake of producing any total impression. We have critics who seem to direct their attention merely to detached expressions, to the language about the action, not to the action itself. I verily think that the majority of them do not in their hearts believe that there is such a thing as a total impression to be derived from a poem at all, or to be demanded from a poet; they think the term a commonplace of metaphysical criticism. They will permit the poet to select any action he pleases, and to suffer that action to go as it will, provided he gratifies them with occasional bursts of fine writing, and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images. That is, they permit him to leave their poetical sense ungratified, provided that he gratifies their rhetorical sense and their curiosity.

Here we undoubtedly have the law as deducible from the Greek poets, and perhaps as deducible from the principles of perfect taste itself. Little wonder Arnold found Emerson's poems so unsatisfactory,— Emerson, the most unclassical of poets, with no proper sense of wholeness at all, no continuity, no power to deal with actions. Emerson has great projectile power, but no constructive power. His aim was mainly to shoot a thought or an image on a line like a meteor athwart the imagination of his reader, to kindle and quicken his feeling for beautiful and sublime truths. Valuable as these things are, it is to be admitted that those poems that are concrete wholes, like the organic products of nature, will always rank the higher with a pure artistic taste.

Whatever be our opinion of the value of his criticism, we must certainly credit Arnold with a steady and sincere effort to see things whole, to grasp the totality of life, all the parts duly subordinated and brought into harmony with one another. His watch-word on all occasions is totality, or perfection. He has shown us the shortcomings of Puritanism, of Liberalism, and of all forms of religious dissent, when tried by the spirit of Hellenism. We have been made to see very clearly wherein

John Bull is not a Greek, and we can divine the grounds of his irritation by the comparison. It is because the critic could look in the face of his great achievement in the world and blame him for being John Bull. The concession that after all he at times in his history exhibited the grand style, the style of the Homeric poems, was a compliment he did not appreciate.

English civilization,— the humanizing, the bringing into one harmonious and truly human life of the whole body of English society,— that is what interests me. I try to be a disinterested observer of all which really helps and hinders that.

He recognizes four principal needs in the life of every people and community — the need of conduct, the need of beauty, the need of knowledge, and the need of social life and manners. The English have the sense of the power of conduct, the Italians the sense of the power of beauty, the Germans the sense of the power of knowledge or science, the French the sense of the power of social life and manners. All these things are needed for our complete humanization or civilization; the ancient Greeks came nearer possessing the whole of them, and of moving on all these lines, than any other people. The ground of his preference for the historic churches, the Catholic and the Anglican, over the dissenting churches is that, while they all have a false philosophy of religion, the former address themselves to more needs of human life than the latter.

The need for beauty is a real and now rapidly growing need in man; Puritanism cannot satisfy it; Catholicism and the English Church can. The need for intellect and knowledge in him, indeed, neither Puritanism, nor Catholicism, nor the English Church can at present satisfy. That need has to seek satisfaction nowadays elsewhere,— through the modern spirit, science, literature.

He avers that Protestantism has no intellectual superiority over Catholicism, but only a moral superiority arising from greater seriousness and earnestness. Neither have the Greek wholeness and proportion. The attitude of the one towards the Bible is as unreasoning as the attitude of the other towards the Church.

The mental habit of him who imagines that Balaam's ass spoke, in no respect differs from the mental habit of him who imagines that a Madonna, of wood or stone, winked.

The most that can be claimed for each sect, each church, each party is that it is free from some special bondage which still confines the mind of some other sect or party. Those, indeed, are free whom the truth makes free; but each sect and church has only a fragment of the truth, a little here and a little there. Both Catholic and Protestant have the germ of religion, and both have a false philosophy of the germ.

But Catholicism has the germ invested in an immense poetry, the gradual work of time and nature, and of that great impersonal artist, Catholic Christendom.

The unity or identity of literature and religion, as with the Greeks — this is the animating idea of "Literature and Dogma." In this work Arnold brings his Hellenism to bear upon the popular religion and the dogmatic interpretation of the Bible, upon which the churches rest; and the result is that we get from him a literary interpretation of the Bible, a free and plastic interpretation, as distinguished from the hard, literal, and historical interpretation. He reads the Bible as literature, and not as history or science. He seeks its verification in an appeal to taste, to the simple reason, to the fitness of things. He finds that the Biblical writers used words in a large and free way, in a fluid and literary way, and not at all with the exactness and stringency of science or mathematics; or, as Sir Thomas Browne said of his own works, that many things are to be taken in a "soft and flexible sense."

In other words, the aim of Arnold's religious criticism is to rescue what he calls the natural truth of Christianity from the discredit and downfall which he thinks he sees overtaking its unnatural truth, its reliance upon miracles and the preternatural. The ground, he says, is slipping from under these things; the time spirit is against them, and unless something is done the very heart and core of Christianity itself, as found in the teachings of Christ, will be lost to the mass of mankind. But it is difficult to see how Christianity, as a people's religion, can be preserved by its natural or verifiable truth alone. This natural truth the world has always had; it bears the same relation to Christianity that the primary and mineral elements bear to a living organism; what is distinctive and valuable in Christianity is the incarnation of these truths in a living system of beliefs and observances which not only take hold of men's minds but which move their hearts.

We may extract the natural truth of Christianity, a system of morality or of ethics, and to certain minds this is enough; but it is no more Christianity than the extract of lilies or roses is a flower-garden. "Religion," Arnold well says, "is morality touched with emotion." It is just this element of emotion which we should lose if we reduced Christianity to its natural truths. Show a man the natural or scientific truth of answer to prayer, that is, that answer to prayer is a purely subjective phenomenon, and his lips are sealed; teach him the natural truth of salvation by Jesus Christ,

namely, that self-renunciation, that love, that meekness, that dying for others, is saving, and the emotion evaporates from his religion.

Another form which Arnold's Hellenism takes is that it begets in him what we may call the spirit of institutionalism, as opposed to the spirit of individualism. Greek culture centers in institutions, and the high character of their literary and artistic productions was the expression of qualities which did not merely belong to individuals here and there, but were current in the nation as a whole. With the Greek the state was supreme. He lived and died for the state. He had no private, separate life and occupation, as has the modern man. The arts, architecture, sculpture, existed mainly for public uses. There was probably no domestic life, no country life, no individual enterprises, as we know them. The individual was subordinated. Their greatest men were banished or poisoned from a sort of jealousy of the state. The state could not endure such rivals. Their games, their pastimes, were national institutions. Public sentiment on all matters was clear and strong. There was a common standard, an unwritten law of taste, to which poets, artists, orators, appealed. Not till Athens began to decay did great men appear, who, like Socrates, had no influence in the state. This spirit of institutionalism is strong in Matthew Arnold; and it is not merely an idea which he has picked up from the Greek, but is the inevitable outcropping of his inborn Hellenism. This alone places him in opposition to his countrymen, who are suspicious of the state and of state action, and who give full swing to the spirit of individualism. It even places him in hostility to Protestantism, or to the spirit which begat it, to say nothing of the dissenting churches. It makes him indifferent to the element of personalism, the flavor of character, the quality of unique individual genius, wherever found in art, literature, or religion. It is one secret of his preference of the establishment over the dissenting churches. The dissenter stands for personal religion, religion as a private and individual experience; the established churches stand for institutional religion, or religion as a public and organized system of worship; and when the issue is between the two, Arnold will always be found on the side of institutionalism. He always takes up for the state against the individual, for public and established forms against private and personal dissent and caprice. "It was by no means in accordance with the nature of the Hellenes," says Dr. Curtius, "mentally to separate and view in the light of contrast such institutions as the state and religion, which, in reality, everywhere most intimately pervaded one another."

What Arnold found to approve in this country was our institutions, our success in solving the social and political problems, and what he found to criticise was our excessive individualism, our self-glorification, the bad manners of our newspapers, and, in general, the crude state of our civilization.

One would expect Arnold to prefer the religion of the Old Testament to that of the New, for, as he himself says: "The leaning, there, is to make religion social rather than personal, an affair of outward duties rather than of inward dispositions"; and, to a disinterested observer, this is very much like what the religion of the Anglican Church appears to be.

Arnold always distrusts the individual; he sees in him mainly a bundle of whims and caprices. The individual is one-sided, fantastical, headstrong, narrow. He distrusts all individual enterprises in the way of schools, colleges, churches, charities; and, like his teacher, Aristotle, pleads for state action in all these matters. "Culture," he says (and by culture he means Hellenism), "will not let us rivet our attention upon any one man and his doings"; it directs our attention rather to the "natural current there is in human affairs," and assigns "to systems and to system makers a smaller share in the bent of human destiny than their friends like."

> I remember, when I was under the influence of a mind to which I feel the greatest obligations, the mind of a man who was the very incarnation of sanity and clear sense, a man the most considerable, it seems to me, whom America has yet produced,—Benjamin Franklin,—I remember the relief with which, after long feeling the sway of Franklin's imperturbable common sense, I came upon a project of his for a new version of the Book of Job, to replace the old version, the style of which, says Franklin, has become obsolete, and hence less agreeable. "I give," he continues, "a few verses, which may serve as a sample of the kind of version I would recommend." We all recollect the famous verse in our translation: "Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought?" Franklin makes this: "Does your Majesty imagine that Job's good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?" I well remember how, when first I read that, I drew a deep breath of relief, and said to myself: "After all, there is a stretch of humanity beyond Franklin's victorious good sense!" So, after hearing Bentham cried loudly up as the renovator of modern society, and Bentham's mind and ideas proposed as the rulers of our future, I open the "Deontology." There I read: "While Xenophon was writing his history and Euclid teaching geometry, Socrates and Plato were talking nonsense under pretense of talking wisdom and morality. This morality of theirs consisted in words; this wisdom of theirs was the denial of matters known to every man's experience." From the moment of reading that, I am delivered from the bondage of Bentham! the fanaticism of his adherents can touch me no longer. I feel the inadequacy of his mind and ideas for supplying the rule of human society, for perfection.

The modern movement seems to me peculiarly a movement of individualism, a move-

ment favoring the greater freedom and growth of the individual, as opposed to outward authority and its lodgment in institutions. It is this movement which has given a distinctive character to the literature of our century, a movement in letters which Goethe did more to forward than any other man — Goethe, who said that in art and poetry personal genius is everything, and that "in the great work the great person is always present as the great factor." Arnold seems not to share this feeling; he does not belong to this movement. His books give currency to another order of ideas. He subordinates the individual, and lays the emphasis on culture and the claims of the higher standards. He says the individual has no natural rights, but only duties. We never find him insisting upon originality, self-reliance, character, independence, but, quite the contrary, on conformity and obedience. He says that at the bottom of the trouble of all the English people lies the notion of its being the prime right and happiness for each of us to affirm himself and to be doing as he likes. One of his earliest and most effective essays was to show the value of academies, of a central and authoritative standard of taste to a national literature; and in all his subsequent writings the academic note has been struck and adhered to. With him right reason and the authority of the state are one. "In our eyes," he says, "the very framework and exterior order of the state, whoever may administer the state, is sacred." "Every one of us," he again says, "has the idea of country, as a sentiment; hardly any one of us has the idea of *the state*, as a working power. And why? Because we habitually live in our ordinary selves, which do not carry us beyond the ideas and wishes of the class to which we happen to belong." Which is but saying because we are wrapped so closely about by our individualism. His remedy for the democratic tendencies of the times, tendencies he does not regret, is an increase of the dignity and authority of the state. The danger of English democracy is, he says, "that it will have far too much its own way, and be left far too much to itself." He adds, with great force and justness, that "Nations are not truly great solely because the individuals composing them are numerous, free, and active, but they are great when these numbers, this freedom, and this activity are employed in the service of an ideal higher than that of an ordinary man, taken by himself." Or, as Aristotle says, these things must be in "obedience to some intelligent principle, and some right regulation, which has the power of enforcing its decrees."

When the licensed victualers or the commercial travelers propose to make a school for their children, Arnold is unsparing in his ridicule. He says that to bring children up "in a kind of odor of licensed victualism or of bagmanism is not a wise training to give to children." The heads and representatives of the nation should teach them better, but they do nothing of the kind; on the contrary, they extol the energy and self-reliance of the licensed victualers or commercial travelers, and predict full success for their schools. John Bull is suspicious of centralization, bureaucracy, state authority, which carry things with such a high hand on the Continent. Anything that threatens, or seems to threaten, his individual liberty, he stands clear of. The sense of the nation spoke in the words lately uttered through the "Times" by Sir Auberon Herbert. He says:

> All great state systems stupefy; you cannot make the state a parent without the logical consequence of making the people children. Official regulation and free mental perception of what is right and wise do not and can not co-exist. I see no possible way in which you can reconcile these great state services and the conditions under which men have to make true progress in themselves.

But to preach such notions in England, Arnold would say, is like carrying coals to Newcastle. They would be of more service in France, where state action is excessive. In England the dangers are the other way.

> Our dangers are in exaggerating the blessings of self-will and of self-assertion; in not being ready enough to sink our imperfectly formed self-will in view of a large general result.

There seems to be nothing in Hellenism that suggests Catholicism, and yet evidently it is Arnold's classical feeling for institutions that gives him his marked Catholic bias. The Catholic Church is a great institution, the greatest and oldest in the world. It makes and always has made short work of the individual. It is cold, stately, impersonal. Says Emerson:

> In the long time it has blended with everything in heaven above and the earth beneath. It moves through a zodiac of feasts and fasts, names every day of the year, every town and market and headland and monument, and has coupled itself with the almanac, that no court can be held, no field plowed, no horse shod, without some leave from the Church.

It appeals to Arnold by reason of these things, and it appeals to him by reason of its great names, its poets, artists, statesmen, preachers, scholars; its imposing ritual, its splendid architecture, its culture. It has been the conserver of letters. For centuries the priests were the only scholars, and its ceremonial is a kind of petrified literature. Arnold clearly speaks for himself, or from his own bias, when he says that "the man of imagination, nay, and the philosopher too, in spite of her propensity to burn him, will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church"; "it is

because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale." Indeed, there is a distinct flavor of Catholicism about nearly all of Matthew Arnold's writings. One cannot always put his finger on it; it is in the air, it is in that cool, haughty impersonalism, that *ex cathedrâ* tone, that contempt for dissenters, that genius for form, that spirit of organization. His mental tone and temper ally him to Cardinal Newman, who seems to have exerted a marked influence upon him, and who is still, he says, a great name to the imagination. Yet he says Newman "has adopted, for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day, a solution, which, to speak frankly, is impossible." What, therefore, repels Arnold in Catholicism, and keeps him without its fold, is its "ultramontanism, sacerdotalism, and superstition." Its cast-iron dogmas and its bigotry are too much for his Hellenic spirit; but no more so than are the dogmas and bigotry of the Protestant churches. It is clear enough that he would sooner be a Catholic than a Presbyterian or a Methodist.

Arnold's Hellenism is the source of both his weakness and his strength; his strength, because it gives him a principle that cannot be impeached. In all matters of taste and culture the Greek standards are the last and highest court of appeal. In no other race and time has life been so rounded and full and invested with the same charm. "They were freer than other mortal races," says Professor Curtius, "from all that hinders and oppresses the motions of the mind."

It is the source of his weakness, or ineffectualness, because he has to do with an unclassical age and unclassical people. It is interesting and salutary to have the Greek standards applied to modern politics and religion, and to the modern man, but the application makes little or no impression save on the literary classes. Well may Arnold have said, in his speech at The Authors Club in New York, that only the literary class had understood and sustained him. The other classes have simply been irritated or bewildered by him. His tests do not appeal to them. The standards which the philosopher, or the political economist, or the religious teacher brings, impress them more.

The Greek flexibility of intellect cannot be too much admired, but the Greek flexibility of character and conscience is quite another thing. Of the ancient Hellenes it may with truth be said that they were the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." Such fickleness, treachery, duplicity, were perhaps never before wedded to such æsthetic rectitude and wholeness. They would bribe their very gods. Such a type of character can never take deep hold of the British mind.

When Arnold, reciting the episode of Wragg, tells his countrymen that "by the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing," will his countrymen much concern themselves whether there was or not? When the burden of his indictment of the English Liberals is that they have worked only for political expansion, and have done little or nothing for the need of beauty, the need of social life and manners, and the need of intellect and knowledge, will the English Liberals feel convicted by the charge? When he says of the Pilgrim fathers that Shakspere and Vergil would have found their company intolerable, is Puritanism discredited in the eye of English Puritans? Indeed, literary standards, applied to politics or religion, are apt to be ineffectual with all except a very limited circle of artistic spirits.

Whether it be a matter for regret or for congratulation, there can be little doubt that man and all his faculties are becoming more and more specialized, more and more differentiated; the quality of unique and individual genius is more and more valued, so that we are wandering farther and farther from the unity, the simplicity, and the repose of the antique world.

This fact may afford the best reason in the world for the appearance of such a man as Arnold, who opposes so squarely and fairly this tendency, and who draws such fresh courage and strength from the classic standards. But it accounts in a measure for the general expression of distaste with which his teachings have been received. Still, he has shown us very clearly how British civilization looks to Hellenic eyes, where it needs pruning and where it needs strengthening; and he has doubtless set going currents of ideas that must eventually tell deeply upon the minds of his countrymen.

It is undoubtedly as a critic of literature that Arnold is destined to leave his deepest mark. In this field the classic purity and simplicity of his mind, its extraordinary clearness, steadiness, and vitality are the qualities most prized. His power as a critic is undoubtedly his power of definition and classification, a gift he has which allies him with the great naturalists and classifiers. Probably no other English critic has thrown into literature so many phrases and definitions that are likely to become a permanent addition to the armory of criticism as has Arnold. Directness and definiteness are as proper and as easy to him as to a Greek architect. He is the least bewildering of writers. With what admirable skill he brings out his point on all occasions! Things fall away from it till it stands out like a tree in a field, which we see all around. His genius for definition and analysis finds full scope in his works on "Celtic Litera-

ture," wherein are combined the strictness of scientific analysis with the finest literary charm. The lectures, too, on "Translating Homer," seem as conclusive as a scientific demonstration.

A good sample of his power to pluck out the heart of the secret of a man's influence may be found in his essay on Wordsworth.

> Wordsworth's poetry is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in simple elementary affections and duties, and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy and renders it so as to make us share it.

A recent English reviewer says that there are but two English authors of the present day whose works are preëminent for quality of style, namely, John Morley's and Cardinal Newman's. But one would say that the man of all others among recent English writers who had in a preëminent degree the gift of what we call style — that quality in literature which is like the sheen of a bird's plumage — was Matthew Arnold. That Morley has this quality is by no means so certain. Morley is a vigorous, brilliant, versatile writer, but his quality is not distinctively literary, and his sentences do not have a power and a charm by virtue of their very texture and sequence alone. Few writers, of any time or land, have had the unity, transparency, centrality of Arnold's mind — the piece or discourse is so well cast, it is so homogeneous, it makes such a clear and distinct impression. Morley's vocabulary is the more copious; more matters are touched upon in any given space; he is more fruitful of ideas and suggestions; his writings may have a greater political, or religious, or scientific value than Arnold's. But in pure literary value, they, in my opinion, fall far below. Arnold's work is like cut glass; it is not merely clear, it has a distinction, a prestige which belongs to it by reason of its delicate individuality of style. The writings of Cardinal Newman have much of the same quality — the utmost lucidity combined with a fresh, distinct literary flavor. They are pervaded by a sweeter, more winsome spirit than Arnold's; there is none of the scorn, contemptuousness, and superciliousness in them that have given so much offense in Arnold, and while his style is not so crisp as the latter's, it is perhaps more marvelously flexible and magnetic.

Arnold is, above all things, integral and consecutive. He seems to have no isolated thoughts, no fragments, nothing that begins and ends in a mere intellectual concretion; his thoughts are all in the piece and have reference to his work as a whole; they are entirely subordinated to plan, to structure, to total results. He values them, not as ends, but as means. In other words, we do not come upon those passages in his works that are like isolated pools of deep and beautiful meaning, and which make the value to us of writers like Landor, for instance, but we everywhere strike continuous currents of ideas that set definitely to certain conclusions; always clear and limpid currents, and now and then deep, strong, and beautiful currents. And, after all, water was made to flow and not to stand, and those are the most vital and influential minds whose ideas are *working* ideas, and lay hold of real problems.

Certainly a man's power to put himself in communication with live questions, and to take vital hold of the spiritual and intellectual life of his age, should enter into our estimate of him. We shall ask of a writer who lays claim to high rank, not merely has he great thoughts, but what does he do with his great thoughts? Is he superior to them? Can he use them? Can he bring them to bear? Can he wield them to clear up some obscurity or bridge over some difficulty for us, or does he sit down amid them and admire them? A man who wields a great capital is above him who merely hoards it and keeps it. Let me refer to Landor, in this connection, because, in such a discussion, one wants, as they say in croquet, a ball to play on, and because Landor's works have lately been in my hands, and I have noted in them a certain remoteness and ineffectualness which contrast them well with Arnold's. Landor's sympathies were mainly outside his country and times, and his writings affect me like capital invested in jewels and precious stones, rather than employed in any great and worthy enterprise. One turns over his beautiful sentences with a certain admiration and enjoyment, but his ideas do not fasten upon one, and ferment and grow in his mind, and influence his judgments and feelings. It is not a question of abstraction or of disinterestedness, but of seriousness of purpose. Emerson is more abstract, more given up to ideal and transcendental valuations, than Landor; but Emerson is a power, because he partakes of a great spiritual and intellectual movement of his times; he is unequivocally of to-day and of New England. So with Arnold, he is unequivocally of to-day; he is unequivocally an Englishman, but an Englishman thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Greek art and culture. The surprise in reading Arnold is never the novelty of his thought or expression, or the force with which his ideas are projected, but in the clearness and nearness of the point of view, and the steadiness and consistency with which the point of view is maintained. He is as free from the diseases of subtlety and over-refinement of thought or expression, and

from anything exaggerated or fanciful, as any of the antique authors. His distinguishing trait is a kind of finer common-sense. One remembers his acknowledgment of his indebtedness to the sanity and clear sense of Franklin. It is here the two minds meet; the leading trait of each is this same sanity and clear sense, this reliance upon the simple palpable reason.

Arnold's reliance upon the near and obvious reason, and his distrust of metaphysical subtleties and curious refinements, are so constant, that he has been accused of parading the commonplace. But the commonplace, when used with uncommon cleverness and aptness, is always the most telling. He thinks the great weakness of Christianity at the present time is its reliance, or pretended reliance, upon the preternatural, and the whole burden of his own effort in this field is to show its basis upon common-sense, upon a universal need and want of mankind. For ingenious, for abstruse reasons Arnold has no taste at all, either in religion, in literature, or in politics, and the mass of readers will sympathize with him. "At the mention of that name *metaphysics*," he says, "lo, essence, existence, substance, finite and infinite, cause and succession, something and nothing, begin to weave their eternal dance before us, with the confused murmur of their combinations filling all the region governed by *her* who, far more indisputably than her late-born rival, political economy, has earned the title of the Dismal Science."

The dangers of such steadiness and literary conservatism as Arnold's are the humdrum and the commonplace; but he is saved from these by his poetic sensibility. How homogeneous his page is, like air or water! There is little color, little variety, but there is an interior harmony and fitness, that are like good digestion, or good health. Vivacity of mind he is not remarkable for, but in singleness and continuity he is extraordinary. His seriousness of purpose seldom permits him to indulge in wit; humor is a more constant quality with him. But never is there wit for wit's sake, nor humor for humor's sake; they are entirely in the service of the main argument. The wit is usually a thrust, as when he says of the Nonconformist that he "has worshiped his fetich of separatism so long that he is likely to wish to remain, like Ephraim, 'a wild ass alone by himself.'" The book in which he uses the weapons of wit and humor the most constantly he calls, with refined sarcasm, "Friendship's Garland"—a garland made up mainly of nettles. Like all of his books, it is aimed at the British Philistine, but it is less Socratic than the other books and contains more of Dean Swift. Arnold is always a master of the artful Socratic method, but this book has, in addition, a playful humor and a nettle-like irony,—an itch which ends in a burn,—that are more modern. What a garland he drops by the hand of his Prussian friend Arminius upon the brow of Hepworth Dixon, in characterizing his style as "Middle-class Macaulayese":

> "I call it Macaulayese," says the pedant, "because it has the same internal and external characteristics as Macaulay's style; the external characteristic being a hard metallic movement with nothing of the soft play of life, and the internal characteristic being a perpetual semblance of hitting the right nail on the head without the reality. And I call it middle-class Macaulayese because it has these faults without the compensation of great studies and of conversance with great affairs, by which Macaulay partly redeemed them."

By the hand of another character he crowns Mr. Sala thus:

> But his career and genius have given him somehow the secret of a literary mixture novel and fascinating in the last degree: he blends the airy epicureanism of the *salons* of Augustus with the full-bodied gayety of our English Cider-cellar.

Most of the London newspapers too receive their garland. That of "The Times" is most taking:

> "Nay," often this enthusiast continues, getting excited as he goes on, "'The Times' itself, which so stirs some people's indignation,— what is 'The Times' but a gigantic Sancho Panza, following by an attraction he cannot resist that poor, mad, scorned, suffering, sublime enthusiast, the modern spirit; following it, indeed, with constant grumbling, expostulation, and opposition, with airs of protection, of compassionate superiority, with an incessant by-play of nods, shrugs, and winks addressed to the spectators; following it, in short, with all the incurable recalcitrancy of a lower nature, but still following it?"

In "Friendship's Garland" many of the shafts Arnold has aimed at his countrymen in his previous books are re-feathered and re-pointed and shot with a grace and playful mockery that are immensely diverting. He has perhaps never done anything so artistic and so full of genius. It fulfills its purpose with a grace and a completeness that awaken in one the feeling of the delicious; it is the only one of his books one can call delicious.

The force and value of the main drift of Arnold's criticism are probably greater in England than in this country, because, in the first place, the cramped, inflexible, artificial and congested state of things which prevails in England does not prevail to anything like the same extent among us; and because, in the second place, with us the conscience of the race needs stimulating more than the reason needs clearing. We are much more hospitable to ideas than is the British Philistine, but, as a people, we are by no means correspondingly sensitive and developed on the side of conduct. We need Hebraizing more than we need Hellenizing; we need Carlyle more than we need Arnold. Yet we need Arnold too.

His recent utterances upon us and our civilization seem to me just and timely. They are in keeping with the general drift of his teachings, and could not well be other than they are. That beauty and distinction, that reverence and truthfulness and humility and good manners are at a low ebb in this country — who can deny it? and that our newspaper press partakes of this condition and is, in a measure, responsible for it — who can deny that? *

Moreover, the questions of culture, of right reason, and of a just mean and measure in all things, are always vital questions, and no man of our time has spoken so clear and forcible a word upon them as has Matthew Arnold.

John Burroughs.

SELINA'S SINGULAR MARRIAGE.

IT is a common enough saying that truth is stranger than fiction; and indeed, though I have read many novels in my time,— I was always mad for novels, — I have never yet come across a tale in any book that was half so strange as the story of Selina Jarvis's marriage. But Selina is my cousin, and I happened to be there, and so can vouch that every word of it is true.

It happened years ago, when I was a girl and much less sensible than I am now, and I had just arrived at my aunt's on my yearly visit. I was not overfond of my aunt, nor she of me; for my father was a rich man, and I was city bred, and had had advantages of education and dress and society such as with her straitened means and in her quiet country home were totally lacking to Selina, and Aunt Jarvis was one of those who consider other people's blessings in the light of personal affronts, as if they were so many flags of triumph wantonly flaunted in her face by the victor. But Selina was my bosom friend, and not a thought of jealousy or envy had ever troubled her gentle spirit.

She was one of the sweetest, dearest, loveliest girls I ever saw; fair and frail and dainty, with great, wondering blue eyes full of the dreams of a scarcely forgotten childhood. Oh, how pretty she was! Yet, in looking at her, one thought not so much of her and her delicate beauty as of a host of lovely visionary things of which one seemed suddenly reminded — of soft sunlight stealing through summer leaves; of drifting snows; of pale wind-flowers, too fragile for perfume; of sweet, far strains of music that one held one's breath to hear and never fully caught. One felt instinctively that she was destined for no common fate, and one longed to gather her in one's arms and shield her with one's very heart-blood from all life's storms, or to shut her up safely, like the beautiful princesses of the fairy-tales, in some lofty tower beyond reach of the world's toil and soil, where, standing at its base, troops of hopeless lovers should woo her with incessant song, singing to her through the noontide and the midnight, beneath blazing suns and beneath cold dim stars, turning the sweet madness of their despair into a lovely melody to soothe her dreams. Ah, my dear little Selina, how I loved her!

But to go back to my story. A simple enough story, too, when all is told.

Well, I had not been two hours in my aunt's house before I felt that there was something unusual in the atmosphere. Selina was unchanged, greeting me with the tender smile and butterfly kiss fitted to her sweet lips; but my aunt seemed restless, and preoccupied, and anxious, and ever and anon glanced in my direction with a disapprobation she was at no pains to hide.

"What is it, Aunt?" I abruptly asked at last. "Is it me or my dress that you don't like?"

"It 's your dress," she answered shortly. "*You* 'll do well enough."

By which I knew at once she meant that I was as plain as ever, but altogether too well dressed. I got up and surveyed myself in the glass with a little laugh. Not being gifted with good looks, I made what amends I could to the world for the deficiency by uncommonly good dressing; and, to tell the truth, I was just a little vain of my figure, and felt that upon the whole it was about as well to be stylish as to be handsome.

"Are you going to keep that on?" continued my aunt, with increasing disapproval. "You had better change it for tea. That gray mohair you used to wear last summer would do. We 've company coming, and that 's your traveling dress, is n't it?"

"I traveled in it to-day, but it was not fabricated exclusively for railway purposes," I replied, noting with considerable satisfaction how admirably it fitted and how citified and complete my whole toilet looked beside the home-made costumes of my aunt and cousin. "Who is coming?"

* See Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer's "Open Letter" in this number of THE CENTURY.

"Oh, it 's only two gentlemen," said Selina, fingering my buttons admiringly. "They won't notice that your dress is dark, and you do look so nice in it. Don't change it, Janey."

My aunt looked hard from my dress back to her daughter's. Selina had on one of her lightest, freshest muslins, the only one in her simple wardrobe that had thus far escaped that deleterious process known as the wash, and there was a suspicious newness about her ribbons. She was even uncommonly sweet and dainty.

"No, I 'll not change just for two gentlemen," I said, quite as conscious as was Aunt Jarvis that no other dress could suit me better, and that I looked as well in my way as Selina did in hers. "And I am happy to inform you, Aunt, that your eyes will never be tortured by seeing me in that odious gray mohair again. It was preëminently unadapted to my yellow skin. I have sent it to the missionaries. Who are the gentlemen, Selina?"

"Mr. Eaton and his friend. They are going to be in town for some time, and he brought a letter of introduction to us, so Mamma wants to be polite to him. She likes him."

"Which him? Mr. Eaton or his friend?"

"Oh, Mr. Eaton — not Mr. Opdyke. Only Mr. Opdyke is traveling with him, so of course Mamma has to ask him too."

"Jane can take him off our hands now," interrupted my aunt. "I don't doubt he and she will get on capitally together."

I instantly comprehended that there was some particular and insuperable objection to Mr. Opdyke. I looked at my aunt defiantly. "What is it?" I asked. "Is he poor?"

She changed color a little and looked uneasily at Selina.

"It does n't matter what he is, so far as we are concerned," she answered. "He is nothing to us. It is Mr. Eaton who is our friend."

I looked at Selina too. She was busy smoothing out a tiny crease in her flounces. The droop of her head had brought a faint pink tinge into her cheek.

"I am sorry for Mr. Opdyke," she said softly, without looking up. "He does n't seem to have many friends. He is quite poor, I believe; and he 's ugly, and rather old, and I am afraid he is not very good either."

"A brilliant category of virtues by which to commend him to me," I declared, laughing. "Poor, old, ugly, and wicked. We shall be sworn friends in five minutes. And is Mr. Eaton young, rich, handsome, and good?"

It was Aunt Jarvis who answered, for Selina was still busy over her flounces, and pinker than ever.

"Yes," she said, emphatically. "Harry Eaton is everything, in every way worthy and attractive. He is one among a thousand. I don't see a thing I could wish changed in him."

"I think I 'll get a bunch of sweet-peas," said Selina irrelevantly, and slipped slyly away. I went to the window and stood watching her little figure in the garden outside, flitting here and there over the lawn lightly as a thistle-down blown by the wind. Aunt Jarvis resumed her work,— she was hemming kitchen towels, I think, or something equally serviceable and homely,—and presently I heard a faint sigh from where she sat. I faced about immediately. It was so very odd to hear Aunt Jarvis sigh. It was like an open confession of weakness, and that was the last thing one expected from her.

"What 's the matter, Aunt?" I asked.

She did not answer, but kept on with her ugly work, jerking the needle sharply through the coarse stuff as if each stitch were a protest against it. Then the thread broke, and she took the opportunity to reply, while hunting in her basket for a stouter spool:

"I wish that man and you were in Jericho together," she remarked.

"Mr. Eaton and I, Aunt? If he is so uniquely delightful, I should not object."

"Look here, Jane," said my aunt bluntly, giving a vexed push to her basket that nearly upset it. "You are rich and well placed. You don't lack for admirers at home, while my Selina may never have such a chance as this in all her life again. She will certainly never meet another man like Harry Eaton in this stupid little town. He is everything I could desire for her. I would give the world and all to see her safely married to him."

"Make your mind easy as to me, Aunt," I replied lightly. "I never consciously interfere with anyone's ewe lamb, and really I think I should prefer this wicked Mr. Opdyke to even the angel Gabriel himself. You have no idea how irresistible a fascinating sinner is to me."

"I beg you will not teach Selina any such arrant nonsense," said my aunt sharply. "You are not my daughter, and may, therefore, marry whom you please without my consent, and I fancy there is small likelihood of the angel Gabriel entering the lists against any of your suitors; but I would rather see my child dead to-day than know she was ever to become the wife of Mr. Opdyke. I wish to Heaven he had not come here."

"My dear Aunt," I remonstrated, surprised at her earnestness, "do you suppose for an instant that that lovely, innocent girl of yours could ever be attracted towards any one less pure and good and lovely than herself? You may trust her to her own instincts surely."

Aunt Jarvis shook her head.

"I would n't trust the very best instincts in the world around the corner where there 's a man in the case," she said gloomily. "There is not a girl living but will fall in love in the wrong place if she can. Trust her to do that. If you are wanted to walk one way, it 's human nature to want to walk the other. As a rule, like is attracted by unlike vastly more than by like. Did you ever in your life know a girl to care for the right man if there was a wrong one anywhere about whom she could lose her heart to instead? How many people marry just the one of all others that they should? Are not half the unhappy marriages one sees due to the fact that the girl will not be guided or warned by those who know better than she?"

As my aunt spoke I took a rapid mental survey of all the matrimonial ventures I had known of, and could not but secretly agree with her.

"Here 's Mr. Eaton," said Selina's soft voice in the doorway. "Mr. Opdyke staid outside to finish his cigar."

She lingered a few moments on the threshold, playing with her sweet-peas, and watching us both shyly from under her long lashes while her mother introduced the guest. Then she quietly slipped away again. Of course, she had gone back to Mr. Opdyke.

I shall never forget that summer's visit. The two young men were at the house daily. Morning, noon, or night there was always some pretext that brought them both, and daily Selina's voice grew sweeter, her smile brighter, her eyes bluer, her cheeks pinker. She was like some lovely rosebud unfolding visibly before our eyes in the glow of a radiant midday. I watched her with growing anxiety. How could any one help loving so unutterably lovely a thing? I laughed to myself as I looked at my sallow face, with its marked features, colorless cheeks, and small, deep-set black eyes. "Aunt Jarvis may be without fear on my score," I thought grimly; "the night is no rival for the day."

But there was no mistaking Harry Eaton's feelings. The blind could have seen them. My advent noways affected him. He was openly and irretrievably in love with Selina, just as everybody wished him to be. Ah, why could she not care for him? How was it possible for her to resist him? In her place I could not but have yielded at once. He was so handsome and good, and so charming in every way, that his riches, even in the eyes of the less wealthy, were accounted the least of his many merits. He was the very model of a lover. He would be the very model of a husband. Why should gentle little Selina be the only one of us all to fail to appreciate him rightly?

But from the first I felt that it was utterly hopeless. Harry was too suitable. Nature had too obviously cut them out for each other. Everybody desired the match too much. It was too exactly what Selina ought to do. Had there been but a breath of opposition! As it was, I foresaw that the natural perversity of things would inevitably lead her to prefer Mr. Opdyke. It did seem too hard. I studied Mr. Opdyke closely. How was it possible that Selina should choose him in preference to Harry Eaton? He was an oldish young man, already quite bald, and so tall and thin as to be ungainly, with large, clumsy features that were not of any particular shape, and a provokingly cynical smile. He was poor and lazy, and, the better to cope with these difficulties, was maliciously endowed with extravagant habits and expensive tastes. He smoked to excess. He was devoted to horses and never missed a race, not even on Sundays, it was said. In short, he was notoriously the black sheep of a family never remarkable for its white ones. He was selfish, morose, fault-finding, and sharp-tongued. There seemed at first absolutely no redeeming quality in him, and yet something indefinable about the man attracted and held one against one's will,—a feeling, perhaps, that after all he was better than he seemed, that beguiled one into an unwilling admiration for the truthfulness of a nature which at least never dissembled or glossed over its weaknesses, so that, bad as he was, at any rate one knew the worst of him at once, while whatever extenuating virtues he had (and of course no poor wretch is ever wholly without good) were discoverable only upon further acquaintance. It was impossible, therefore, altogether to dislike him, try as one would; and in the face of one's most violent mental protest, one found one's self not only enduring him, but before long positively enjoying his sarcastic, brilliant talk, and thinking other people commonplace beside him. Was it any wonder, then, that Selina, our innocent, white-souled dove, should not escape the snare? He never sought her out, apparently; indeed, he seemed as indifferent to one human being as to another, and was at no trouble to please anybody; and yet, day by day, hour by hour, I felt more and more what an irresistible power of fascination the man possessed. I could not bear to see my darling with him, looking up in his ugly face with her confiding, trustful smile. I could not have her give her heart's first fresh love so unworthily as this. She was too precious, too rare, too worshipful for such a fate. I did all that I could to warn her. I pointed out his faults unsparingly, and in her sweet charity she found some unsuspected virtue in him to counterbalance every one I named. I declared that I

hated and despised him above all men I had ever met, and she only pitied and excused him the more. I ridiculed him, made fun of his awkwardness and his ugliness, and mimicked him with a spirit and success that would have made my fortune on the stage. She looked at me with reproachful blue eyes, and said never a word. Then I contrasted him with Mr. Eaton, praising the one as ardently as I mercilessly decried the other, and in the middle of it all she jumped up, throwing her arms around me and rubbing her soft cheek against my lips, and whispered, "O Cousin Janey, Cousin Janey! Do you like Mr. Eaton so very, very much as that?"

Then she ran out of the room, and when I next saw her she was seated in the swing with the two men standing by her, and she was talking earnestly with Mr. Opdyke, her pretty head bent towards him with the look of a child waiting to be kissed, and paying no attention whatever to Harry, who held the rope of the swing not an inch above where her tiny white fingers clasped it, and was swaying her gently to and fro.

Well, I did what I could to avert the impending calamity. I am no flirt by nature, but I became one for Selina's sake. I set myself deliberately to entice the monster away from her. I wore my most stylish dresses, and the ones that my quick perception saw best pleased his fastidious fancy; for, as he never paid a compliment, one could but guess at his likings. I took the utmost pains to smooth my crisp black locks into silkiness, and to remove the freckles from my skin,—what mistaken genius first called them beauty-spots?—and to keep my hands white and soft. I aired my every accomplishment for his benefit. I left my sketches around accidentally in places where I thought he would find them. The best ones had been done by an artist friend of mine, but I scratched my initials in the corner *pro tem.*, and strewed them around with the rest. I brought my German and French books down into the drawing-room, leaving the dictionaries upstairs, and fished out one or two abstruse works from the library, which I pretended to read for pleasure. I sang uninvited in the evenings, knowing instinctively the songs that he liked best, and I never sang so well. I have not much of a voice: it is thin, and not nearly so sweet as Selina's; but it has been excellently trained, and when it is carefully used—in a sort of suppressed, reckless way that presupposes I might do wonders did I but choose to take pains or to let it all out—it is quite effective.

I was singing so one evening, throwing all the smothered passion into my tones of which they are capable,—that broken-hearted way of singing is such a telling trick, though any four-dollar-the-lesson singing-master can teach it,—and as I went on, all talk in the room ceased, and I felt, for I never looked at him, that Mr. Opdyke had drawn away from everybody, and was standing in the window bay, listening intently. Then, because I knew I was graceful and danced well, I coaxed Selina to play one of her horrid little rattling waltzes, while Mr. Eaton and I pirouetted slowly around the room, passing and repassing before the window where that ungainly figure stood drawn back from us all, while Aunt Jarvis glared at me exasperatedly, looking at me as if she were going to jump up any moment to tear my partner from me. It requires an uncommonly well-balanced mind to discriminate between a girl's dancing *with* one man, and her dancing *for* another.

Later in the evening we all went out on the piazza, and Mr. Opdyke walked off to the other end to enjoy his inevitable cigar. At least he was considerate of other people's rights, and never obtruded his failings upon us. Every now and then Selina glanced towards him uneasily.

"It seems so inhospitable to leave him off there alone," she said at last. "It is a pity that mother minds the smoke so much, or he could just as well sit here with us. I am afraid he feels lonely."

I saw that she would go to him in another moment, so I quietly left my seat and sauntered leisurely down the piazza towards him, under pretense of getting a better view of the moonlit lawn. Selina looked quite satisfied. All city people are supposed to rave over the moonlight, as if the country had a monopoly of it, and it were procurable nowhere else. Naturally my slow walk came to a standstill by the time I reached Mr. Opdyke; but for a while I answered him only in monosyllables, suffering myself, however, to be drawn by degrees into more and more animated conversation, until at last I found myself talking for that one man as I had never talked in the most brilliant assembly before. I could not tell whether I was succeeding or not in my well-meant effort to convince him of my mental superiority to my little country-bred cousin, but at least I was keeping him from her. There was safety for her in that.

I saw Selina watching us, and even at that distance I could detect a shade of surprise upon her lovely face. She was undoubtedly wondering at my long voluntary *tête-à-tête* with a man whom I so unsparingly denounced to her. How exquisite she looked in her pale-tinted dress, with a lacey shawl wound carelessly around her head and shoulders to protect her from the night dews. She might have been Titania herself. Mr. Opdyke glanced

towards her too, then turned and looked straight down at me. I felt the cruel moonlight playing pitilessly upon my face. There was nothing of Titania about *me*.

"Do you know," he said, slowly knocking off the ashes of his cigar upon the balustrade against which we leaned, careless that the greater portion fell over my dress, "I think your cousin is the very prettiest little thing I have ever seen. I particularly admire blondes."

I felt myself flushing suddenly, as if his words had been an impertinence especially directed against my brunette plainness, and I was all the more indignant because I fancied he intended me to understand him exactly as I had done.

"Let us go back," I said. "Your cigar spoils the moonlight."

"As you please," he answered, tossing it away. "I do not in the least mind what you do with me."

At this I felt angrier with him than ever; so angry, that the next day I could not bring myself to talk civilly with him, even for Selina's sake, though I saw her abandon Mr. Eaton in the most barefaced manner to devote herself to this moody man, from whom even she could scarcely win a smile, and who forced his companionship upon us for no better reason than to be a little less bored with himself. He was particularly unamiable that day, and provoked me into several rude speeches, and by evening I would have nothing whatever to do with him. If Selina chose to rush headlong to such a fate, she might. I was very, very sorry for her, but I had done what I could, and surely need no longer hold myself responsible. She was not blindfold, and despite her youth she was quite old enough to know better and not willfully to choose chaff when she might have wheat.

But I made one last effort even then, as I sat sulkily in the window, attired in my most unbecoming dress and my hair all rough and fuzzy: what was the use of taking any more pains with my toilet? All my city fashions together could not outshine this poor child's fatal beauty that seemed leading her so fast into her life's mistake.

"Selina," I said, catching her hand as she passed near me, "why will you devote yourself to that man? Do go back to Mr. Eaton, and leave him to himself. He is not worth a tithe of the attention you bestow upon him."

"But I am so sorry for him," Selina murmured back. "Every one likes Mr. Eaton, and nobody seems to like Mr. Opdyke at all but just me. I really think he is ever so much nicer than you say."

"Oh, very well," I rejoined, shrugging my shoulders. "If you like bears, by all means put a chain on him and lead him round. Perhaps, by and by, if he tame down, you can get him to dance to a drum."

"I'll dance now, if you like,—to the piano," said the bear's voice, directly behind us. "Miss Selina, will you favor me with a turn?"

I rose, mortified beyond endurance at having been overheard, and went dully to the piano, playing mechanically on and on for I did not know or care how long. It seemed to me the cracked old instrument had never been so outrageously out of tune. Every note set me on edge.

"You are keeping atrocious time," said a voice in my ear at last. "I don't think Miss Selina can do much worse. Let her try."

Then Selina, all bright and breathless with dancing, took my place with a gay little laugh, and Harry immediately sat down by her to "beat time," he said, and in another moment I found myself gliding around the room with Mr. Opdyke. He danced divinely, I will say that much for him,—these ungainly men sometimes do,—and we kept on and on and on, with never a word spoken between us. Aunt Jarvis had left the room, quite content with the present division of couples, and the pair at the piano were chatting merrily, but we two danced on in utter silence, as if engaged in some solemn ceremony that words would desecrate. It was unutterably ridiculous, and finally I stopped short.

"It is too silly," I said petulantly.

Mr. Opdyke stopped too, but without releasing me.

"It is rather," he said coolly, not an atom flushed or flurried by the exercise. "Dancing is always foolish. I think I 'll go and smoke. But tell me first what possessed you to put on that hideous dress to-night? I never saw you look so badly."

"Thank you," I replied, flashing up a vindictive look at him. "I think I have capabilities of ugliness nearly equal to your own. Will you let me go, please?"

Selina's frightful waltz had not yet come to an end. She and Harry were improvising a still more dreadful duet out of it, and were quite wild with delight over their success. Mr. Opdyke suddenly drew me close and bent low over me.

"Jane," he whispered, "I could dance on so forever!"

With a cry of surprise and alarm and I know not what emotion beside, I broke from him and fled upstairs to my own room like one pursued by demons. There I sat all the rest of the evening alone in the dark, with my heart beating painfully, while footsteps paced steadily up and down the piazza beneath—Mr. Opdyke's footsteps. He was having his

cigar. He could readier forego heaven itself than his evening smoke. Then the sound of voices stole up to me indistinctly. Somebody had joined him there. It might be Selina or Aunt Jarvis, I could not tell which, and I said to myself that it did not at all matter which, but that nothing should ever, *ever* tempt me to go downstairs again when I knew that that man was there.

Suddenly my door opened softly, and Selina ran in and knelt down by me, burying her face in my dress. I could feel that she was trembling.

"O Janey! O Janey!" she whispered. "I have something wonderful to tell you. I am so happy I can't keep it to myself. Janey, I am engaged!"

Such an odd sensation shot through me! I always thought before it was a figure of speech to say that one's heart sank; but as the child spoke, I absolutely felt my heart go down, down, down, till I did not know where it would bring up. There is nothing idiomatic about the phrase. The thing positively happens.

I pushed the child involuntarily a little away from me.

"I have been expecting it," I said harshly. "I have seen it all along, of course. If you wish to throw yourself away abominably, do so, but don't come to me for congratulations. There 's not a man in this world that I hate so intolerably as I do Alston Opdyke."

"Alston Opdyke!" repeated Selina, lifting her sweet face in utmost amazement. "But Janey, you did n't suppose I ever cared for Mr. Opdyke in that way, did you? Why, I would n't marry him for all the world, though I 'm just as sorry for him as I can be, because he is so disagreeable, though he 's nothing like so bad as we all thought him at first. But, O Janey, Janey! how could you think it? Why, I have loved Harry Eaton with all my heart ever since the first day I saw him. I never for one moment thought of anybody but him, and I think he guessed it all along. Do kiss me, Janey!"

Then something like a great gush of relief swept over me and took away my words, and I kissed her in perfect silence.

So that was the singular marriage that Selina made. She went exactly contrary to the time-old custom of things, which, in every case is that they turn out wrong, of course. She outwitted fate, which, having thrown both the evil and the good in her way, made it clear to onlookers that she would naturally eschew the good and select the evil. She married precisely as she should have married, and entirely in accordance with the wishes of those who loved her most and who could best judge for her, securing her happiness from the first and forever, without a struggle, without a doubt, and without a cross. Fortunate little Selina! Thrice blessed little Selina!

For, alas that it is so, but how many of us know and choose the best when it is within our reach? How many of us, holding our fates in our hands, do not mar rather than make our fortunes by our arrogance and pride of willfulness? Indeed, it is a marvel to me, to this day, that Selina should not out of sheer contrariness have fallen in love with the thoroughly unworthy Mr. Opdyke instead, and have clung to him, for better, for worse, mainly for worse, amid the shrieking protestations of her entire circle of outraged friends and relations. For, situated as she was, that is what nine hundred and ninety-nine girls out of a thousand would have done, to rue it their lifelong thereafter—as I have rued it. For I married Mr. Opdyke.

Grace Denio Litchfield.

A CRY.

O WANDERER in unknown lands, what cheer?
How dost thou fare on thy mysterious way?
What strange light breaks upon thy distant day,
Yet leaves me lonely in the darkness here?
Oh, bide no longer in that far-off sphere,
Though all Heaven's cohorts should thy footsteps stay.
Break through their splendid, militant array,
And answer to my call, O dead and dear!
I shall not fear thee, howsoe'er thou come.
Thy coldness will not chill, though Death *is* cold—
A touch and I shall know thee, or a breath;
Speak the old, well-known language, or be dumb;
Only come back! Be near me as of old,
So thou and I shall triumph over Death!

Louise Chandler Moulton.

THE TEXAS TYPE OF COWBOY.

THE RANCHMAN'S RIFLE ON CRAG AND PRAIRIE.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE ranchman owes to his rifle not only the keen pleasure and strong excitement of the chase, but also much of his bodily comfort; for, save for his prowess as a hunter and his skill as a marksman with this, his favorite weapon, he would almost always be sadly stinted for fresh meat. Now that the buffalo have gone, and the Sharps rifle by which they were destroyed is also gone, almost all ranchmen use some form of repeater. Personally I prefer the Winchester, using the new model, with a 45-caliber bullet of 300 grains, backed by 90 grains of powder.

From April to August antelope are the game we chiefly follow, killing only the bucks; after that season, black-tail and white-tail deer. Occasionally we kill white-tail by driving them out of the wooded bottoms with the help of the slow, bell-mouthed, keen-nosed Southern track-hounds; or more often take the swift gazehounds and, on the open prairie, by sheer speed, run down antelope, jack-rabbit, coyotes, and foxes. Now and then we get a chance at mountain sheep, and more rarely at larger game still. As a rule, I never shoot anything but bucks. But in the rutting season, when the bucks' flesh is poor, or when we need to lay in a good stock of meat for the winter, this rule of course must be broken.

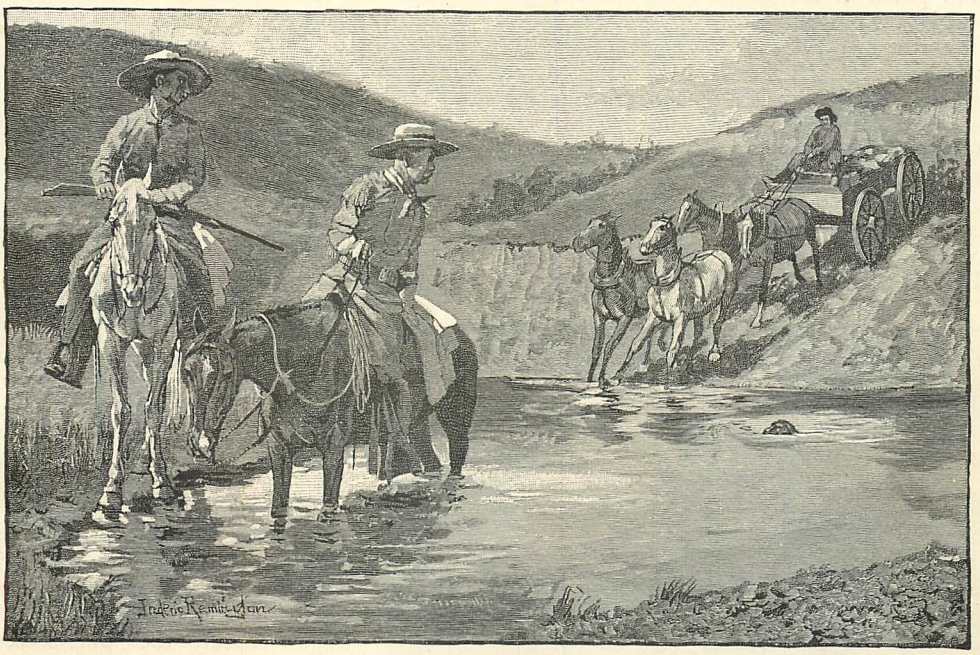
A small band of elk yet linger round a great patch of prairie and Bad Lands some thirty-five miles off. In 1885 I killed a good bull out of the lot; and once last season, when we were sorely in need of meat for smoking and drying, we went after them again. At the time most of the ponies were off on one of the round-ups, which indeed I had myself just left. However, my two hunting-horses, Manitou and Sorrel Joe, were at home. The former I rode myself, and on the latter I mounted one of my men who was a particularly good hand at finding and following game. With much difficulty we got together a scrub wagon team of four as unkempt, dejected, and vicious-looking broncos as ever stuck fast in a quicksand or balked in pulling up a steep pitch. Their driver was a crack whip, and their load light, consisting of little but the tent and the bedding; so we got out to the hunting-ground and back in safety; but as the river was high and the horses were weak, we came within an ace of being swamped at one crossing, and the country was so very rough that we were only able to get the wagon up the worst pitch by hauling from the saddle with the riding-animals.

We camped by an excellent spring of cold, clear water — not a common luxury in the Bad Lands. We pitched the tent beside it, getting enough timber from a grove of ash to make a large fire, which again is an appreciated blessing on the plains of the West, where we often need to carry along with us the wood for cooking our supper and breakfast, and sometimes actually have to dig up our fuel, making the fire of sage-brush roots, eked out with buffalo chips. Though the days were still warm, the nights were frosty. Our camp was in a deep valley, bounded by steep hills with sloping, grassy sides, one of them marked by a peculiar shelf of rock. The country for miles was of this same character, much broken, but everywhere passable for horsemen, and with the hills rounded and grassy, except now and then for a chain of red scoria buttes or an isolated sugar-loaf cone of gray and brown clay. The first day we spent in trying to find the probable locality of our game; and after beating pretty thoroughly over the smoother country, towards nightfall we found quite fresh elk tracks leading into a stretch of very rough and broken land about ten miles from camp.

We started next morning before the gray was relieved by the first faint flush of pink, and reached the broken country soon after sunrise. Here we dismounted and picketed our horses, as the ground we were to hunt through was very rough. Two or three hours passed before we came upon fresh signs of elk. Then we found the trails that two, from the size presumably cows, had made the pre-

ceding night, and started to follow them, carefully and noiselessly, my companion taking one side of the valley in which we were, and I the other. The tracks led into one of the wildest and most desolate parts of the Bad Lands. It was now the heat of the day, the brazen sun shining out of a cloudless sky, and not the least breeze stirring. At the bottom of the valley, in the deep, narrow bed of the winding water-course, lay a few tepid little pools, almost dried up. Thick groves of stunted cedars stood here and there in the glen-like pockets of the high buttes, the peaks and sides of which were bare, and only their lower, terrace-like ledges thinly clad with coarse, withered grass and sprawling sage-bush; the parched hill-sides were riven by deep, twisting gorges, with brushwood in the bottoms; and the cliffs of coarse clay were cleft and seamed by sheer-sided, canyon-like gullies. In the narrow ravines, closed in by barren, sun-baked walls, the hot air stood still and sultry; the only living beings were the rattlesnakes, and of these I have never elsewhere seen so many. Some basked in the sun, stretched out at their ugly length of mottled brown and yellow; others lay half under stones or twined in the roots of the sage-brush, and looked straight at me with that strange, sullen, evil gaze, never shifting or moving, that is the property only of serpents and of certain men; while one or two coiled and rattled menacingly as I stepped near.

Yet, though we walked as quietly as we could, the game must have heard or smelt us; for after a mile's painstaking search we came to a dense thicket in which were two beds, evidently but just left, for the twigs and bent grass-blades were still slowly rising from the ground to which the bodies of the elk had pressed them. The long, clean hoof-prints told us that the quarry had started off at a swinging trot. We followed at once, and it was wonderful to see how such large, heavy beasts had gone up the steepest hill-sides without altering their swift and easy gait, and had plunged unhesitatingly over nearly sheer cliffs down which we had to clamber with careful slowness.

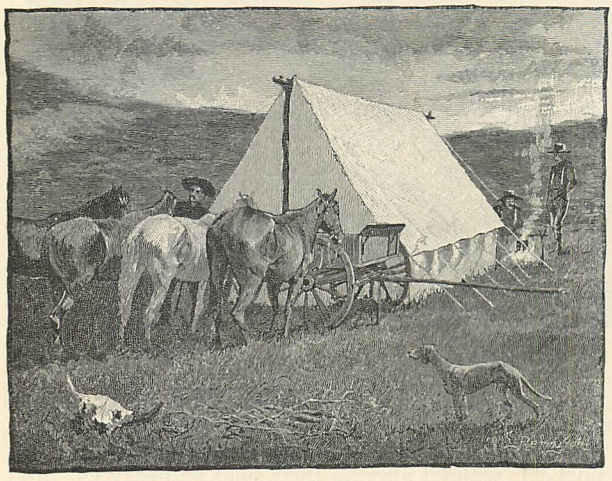


OUR ELK OUTFIT AT THE FORD.

They left the strip of rugged Bad Lands and went on into the smoother country beyond, luckily passing quite close to where our horses were picketed. We thought it likely they would halt in some heavily timbered coulies six or seven miles off, and as there was no need of hurry, we took lunch and then began following them up — an easy feat, as their hoofs had sunk deep into the soft soil, the prints of the dew-claws showing now and then. At first we rode, but soon dismounted, and led our horses.

We found the elk almost as soon as we struck the border of the ground we had marked as their probable halting-place. Our horses were unshod and made but little noise; and coming to a wide, long coulie, filled with tall trees and brushwood, we as usual separated, I

going down one side and my companion the other. When nearly half-way down he suddenly whistled sharply, and I of course at once stood still, with my rifle at the ready. Nothing moved, and I glanced at him. He had squatted down and was gazing earnestly over into the dense laurel on my side of the coulie. In a minute he shouted that he saw a red patch in the brush which he thought must be the elk, and that it was right between him and myself. Elk will sometimes lie as closely as rabbits, even when not in very good cover; still I was a little surprised at these not breaking out when they heard human voices. However, there they staid; and I waited several minutes in vain for them to move. From where I stood it was impossible to see them, and I was fearful that they might go off down the valley and so offer me a very poor shot. Meanwhile, Manitou, who is not an emotional horse, and



OUR CAMP.

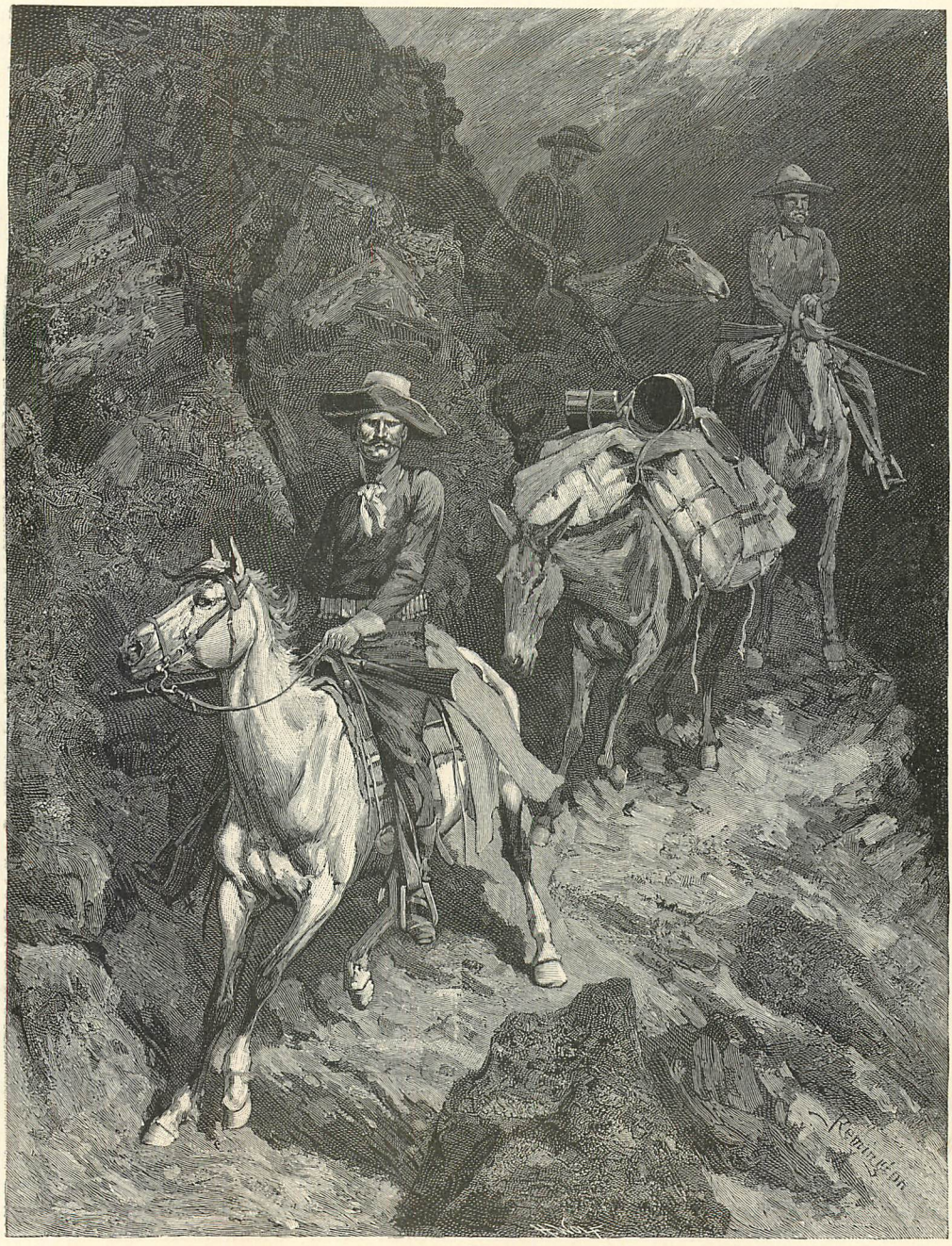
is moreover blessed with a large appetite, was feeding greedily, rattling his bridle-chains at every mouthful; and I thought he would act as a guard to keep the elk where they were until I shifted my position. So I slipped back, and ran swiftly round the head of the coulie to where my companion was still sitting. He pointed me out the patch of red in the bushes, not sixty yards distant, and I fired into it without delay, by good luck breaking the neck of a cow elk, when immediately another one rose up from beside it and made off. I had five shots at her as she ascended the hill-side and the gentle slope beyond; and two of my bullets struck her close together in the flank, ranging forward—a very fatal shot. She was evidently mortally hit, and just as she reached the top of the divide she stopped, reeled, and fell over, dead.

We were much pleased with our luck, as it secured us an ample stock of needed fresh meat; and the two elk lay very handily, so that on the following day we were able to stop for them with the wagon on our way homeward, putting them in bodily, and leaving only the entrails for the vultures that were already soaring in great circles over the carcasses.

In the fall of 1886 I went far west to the Rockies and took a fortnight's hunting trip among the northern spurs of the Cœur d'Alêne, between the towns of Heron and Horseplains in Montana. There are many kinds of game to be found in the least known or still untrodden parts of this wooded mountain wilderness—caribou, elk, ungainly moose with great shovel horns, cougars, and bears. But I did not have time to go deeply into the heart of the forest-clad ranges, and devoted my entire energies to the chase of but one animal, the white antelope-goat, at present the least known and rarest of all American game.

We started from one of those most dismal and forlorn of all places, a dead mining town, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. My foreman, Merrifield, was with me, and as guide I took a tall, lithe, happy-go-lucky mountaineer, who, like so many of the restless frontier race, was born in Missouri. Our outfit was simple, as we carried only blankets, a light wagon sheet, the ever-present camera, flour, bacon, salt, sugar, and coffee; canned goods are very unhandy to pack about on horseback. Our rifles and ammunition, with the few cooking-utensils and a book or two, completed the list. Four solemn ponies and a ridiculous little mule named Walla Walla bore us and our belongings. The Missourian was an expert packer, versed in the mysteries of the "diamond hitch," the only arrangement of the ropes that will insure a load staying in its place. Driving a pack train through the wooded paths and up the mountain passes that we had to traverse is hard work anyhow, as there are sure to be accidents happening to the animals all the time, while their packs receive rough treatment from jutting rocks and overhanging branches, or from the half-fallen tree-trunks under which the animals wriggle; and if the loads are continually coming loose, or slipping so as to gall the horses' backs and make them sore, the labor and anxiety are increased tenfold.

In a day or two we were in the heart of the vast wooded wilderness. A broad, lonely river ran through its midst, cleaving asunder the



IN A CANYON OF THE CŒUR D'ALÊNE.

mountain chains. Range after range, peak upon peak, the mountains towered on every side, the lower timbered to the top, the higher with bare crests of gray crags or else hooded with fields of shining snow. The deep valleys lay half in darkness, hemmed in by steep, timbered slopes and straight rock walls. The torrents, broken into glittering foam masses, sprang down through the chasms they had rent in the sides of the high hills, lingered in black pools under the shadows of the scarred cliffs, and reaching the rank, tree-choked valleys, gathered into rapid streams of clear brown water, that drenched the drooping limbs of the tangled alders. Over the whole land lay like a shroud the mighty growth of the

unbroken evergreen forest — spruce and hemlock, fir, balsam, tamarack, and lofty pine.

Yet even these vast wastes of shadowy woodland were once penetrated by members of that adventurous and now fast vanishing folk, the American frontiersmen. Once or twice, while walking silently over the spongy moss beneath the somber archways of the pines, we saw on a tree-trunk a dim, faint ax-scar, the bark almost grown over it, showing where, many years before, some fur-trapper had chopped a deeper blaze than usual in making out a "spotted line" — man's first highway in the primeval forest; or on some hill-side we would come across the more recent, but already half-obliterated, traces of a miner's handiwork. The trapper and the miner were the pioneers of the mountains, as the hunter and the cowboy have been the pioneers of the plains; they are all of the same type, these sinewy men of the border, fearless and self-reliant, who are forever driven restlessly onward through the wilderness by the half-formed desires that make their eyes haggard and eager. There is no plain so lonely that their feet have not trodden it; no mountain so far off that their eyes have not scanned its grandeur.

We took nearly a week in going to our hunting-grounds and out from them again. This was tedious work, for the pace was slow, and it was accompanied with some real labor. In places the mountain paths were very steep and the ponies could with difficulty scramble along them; and once or twice they got falls that no animals less tough could have survived, Walla Walla being the unfortunate that suffered most. Often, moreover, we would come to a windfall, where the fallen trees lay heaped crosswise on one another in the wildest confusion, and a road had to be cleared by ax work. It was marvelous to see the philosophy with which the wise little beasts behaved, picking their way gingerly through these rough spots, hopping over fallen tree-trunks, or stepping between them in places where an Eastern horse would have snapped his leg short off, and walking composedly along

THE INDIANS WE MET.

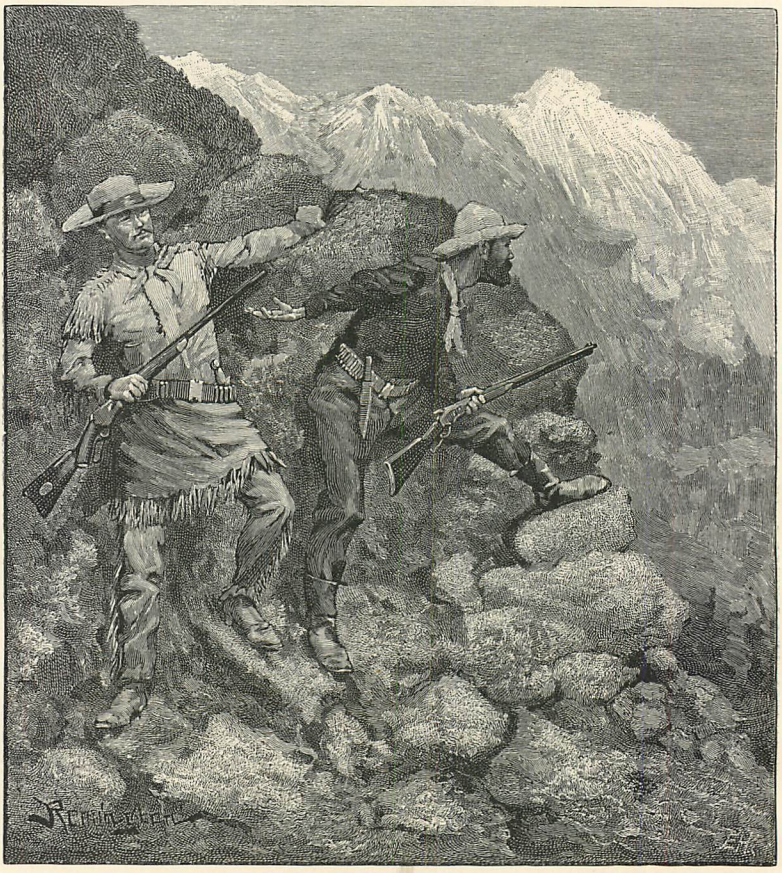
CARRYING FRESH MEAT TO CAMP.

narrow ledges with steep precipices below. They were tame and friendly, being turned loose at night, and not only staying near by, but also allowing themselves to be caught without difficulty in the morning; industriously gleaning the scant food to be found in the burnt places or along the edges of the brooks, and often in the evening standing in a patient, solemn semicircle round the camp fire, just beyond where we were seated. Walla Walla, the little mule, was always in scrapes. Once we spent a morning of awkward industry in washing our clothes; having finished, we spread the partially cleansed array upon the bushes and departed on a hunt. On returning, to our horror we spied the miserable Walla Walla shamefacedly shambling off from the neighborhood of the wash, having partly chewed up every individual garment and completely undone all our morning's labor.

At first we did not have good weather. The Indians, of whom we met a small band,— said to be Flatheads or their kin, on a visit from the coast region,—had set fire to the woods not far away, and the smoke became so dense as to hurt our eyes, to hide the sun at midday, and to veil all objects from our sight as completely as if there had been a heavy fog. Then we had two days of incessant rain, which rendered our camp none too comfortable; but when this cleared we found it had put out the fire and settled all the smoke, leaving a brilliant sky overhead.

We first camped in a narrow valley, surrounded by mountains so tall that except at noonday it lay in the shadow; and it was

only when we were out late on the higher foothills that we saw the sun sink in a flame behind the distant ranges. The trees grew tall and thick, the underbrush choking the ground between their trunks, and their branches interlacing so that the sun's rays hardly came through them. There were very few open glades, and these were not more than a dozen rods or so across. Even on the mountains it was only when we got up very high indeed, or when we struck an occasional bare spur, or shoulder, that we could get a glimpse into the open. Elsewhere we could never see a hundred yards ahead of us, and like all plainsmen or mountaineers we at times felt smothered under the trees, and longed to be where we could look out far and wide on every side; we felt as if our heads were in hoods. A broad brook whirled and eddied past our camp, and a little below us was caught in a deep, narrow gorge, where the strangling rocks churned its swift current into spray and foam, and changed its murmurous humming and splashing into an angry roar. Strange little water wrens — the water-ousel of the books — made this brook their home. They were shaped like thrushes, and sometimes warbled sweetly, yet they lived right in the torrent, not only flitting along the banks and wading in the edges, but plunging boldly into midstream, and half walking, half flying along the bottom, deep under water, and perching on the slippery, spray-covered rocks of the waterfall or skimming over and through the rapids even more often than they ran along the margins of the deep, black pools.



STALKING GOATS.

White-tail deer were plentiful, and we kept our camp abundantly supplied with venison, varying it with all the grouse we wanted, and with quantities of fresh trout. But I myself spent most of my time after the quarry I had come to get — the white goat.

White goats have been known to hunters ever since Lewis and Clarke crossed the continent, but they have always ranked as the very rarest and most difficult to get of all American game. This reputation they owe to the nature of their haunts, rather than to their

own wariness, for they have been so little disturbed that they are less shy than either deer or sheep. They are found here and there on the highest, most inaccessible mountain peaks down even to Arizona and New Mexico; but being fitted for cold climates, they are extremely scarce everywhere south of Montana and northern Idaho, and the great majority even of the most experienced hunters have hardly so much as heard of their existence. In Washington Territory, northern Idaho, and north-western Montana they are not uncommon, and are plentiful in parts of the mountain ranges of British America and Alaska. Their preference for the highest peaks is due mainly to their dislike of warmth, and in the north — even south of the Canadian line — they are found much lower down the mountains than is the case farther south. They are very conspicuous animals, with their snow-white coats and polished black horns, but their pursuit necessitates so much toil and hardship that not one in ten of the professional hunters has ever killed one; and I know of but one or two Eastern sportsmen who can boast a goat's head as a trophy. But this will soon cease to be the case; for the Canadian Pacific Railway has opened the haunts where the goats are most plentiful, and any moderately adventurous and hardy rifleman can be sure of getting one by taking a little time, and that, too, whether he is a skilled hunter or not, since at present the game is not difficult to approach. The white goat will be common long after the elk has vanished, and it has already outlasted the buffalo. Few sportsmen henceforth — indeed, hardly any — will ever boast a buffalo head of their own killing; but the number of riflemen who can place to their credit the prized white fleeces and jet-black horns will steadily increase.

The Missourian, during his career as a Rocky Mountain hunter, had killed five white goats. The first he had shot near Canyon City, Colorado, and never having heard of any such animal before had concluded afterward that it was one of a flock of recently imported Angora goats, and accordingly, to avoid trouble, buried it where it lay; and it was not until fourteen years later, when he came up to the Cœur d'Alêne and shot another, that he became aware what he had killed. He described them as being bold, pugnacious animals, not easily startled, and extremely tenacious of life. Once he had set a large hound at one which he came across while descending an ice-swollen river in early spring. The goat made no attempt to flee or to avoid the hound, but coolly awaited its approach and killed it with one wicked thrust of the horns; for the latter are as sharp as needles, and are used for stabbing, not butting. Another time he caught a goat in a bear trap set on a game trail. Its leg was broken, and he had to pack it out on pony-back, a two-days' journey, to the settlement; yet in spite of such rough treatment it lived a week after it got there, when, unfortunately, the wounded leg mortified. It fought most determinedly, but soon became reconciled to captivity, eating with avidity all the grass it was given, recognizing its keeper, and grunting whenever he brought it food or started to walk away before it had had all it wished. The goats he had shot lived in ground where the walking was tiresome to the last degree, and where it was almost impossible not to make a good deal of noise; and nothing but their boldness and curiosity enabled him ever to kill any. One he shot while waiting at a pass for deer. The goat, an old male, came up, and fairly refused to leave the spot, walking round in the underbrush and finally mounting a great fallen log, where he staid snorting and stamping angrily until the Missourian lost patience and killed him.

For three or four days I hunted steadily and without success, and it was as hard work as any I had ever undertaken. Both Merrifield and I were accustomed to a life in the saddle,

DOWN BRAKES!

and although we had varied it with an occasional long walk after deer or sheep, yet we were utterly unable to cope with the Missourian when it came to mountaineering. When we had previously hunted, in the Big Horn mountains, we had found stout moccasins most comfortable, and extremely useful for still-hunting through the great woods and among the open glades; but the multitudinous sharp rocks and sheer, cliff-like slopes of the Cœur

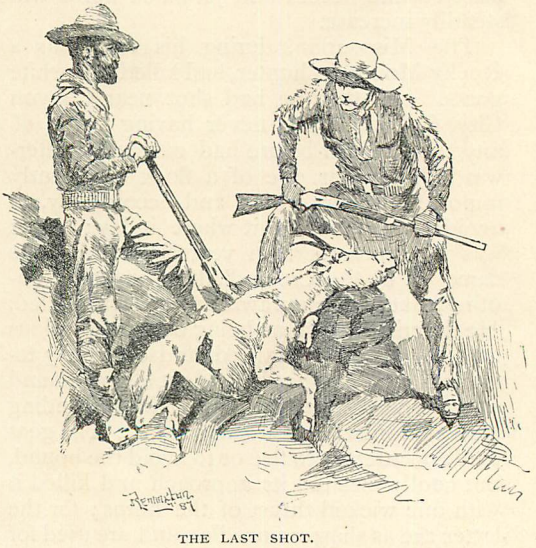
THE FIRST SHOT.

d'Alêne rendered our moccasins absolutely useless, for the first day's tramp bruised our feet till they were sore and slit our foot-gear into ribbons, besides tearing our clothes. Merrifield was then crippled, having nothing else but his cowboy boots; fortunately, I had taken in addition a pair of shoes with soles thickly studded with nails.

We would start immediately after breakfast each morning, carrying a light lunch in our pockets, and go straight up the mountain sides for hours at a time, varying it by skirting the broad, terrace-like ledges, or by clambering along the cliff crests. The climbing was very hard. The slope was so steep that it was like going up stairs; now through loose earth, then through a shingle of pebbles or sand, then over rough rocks, and again over a layer of pine needles as smooth and slippery as glass, while brittle, dry sticks that snapped at a touch, and loose stones that rattled down if so much as brushed, strewed the ground everywhere, the climber stumbling and falling over them and finding it almost absolutely impossible to proceed without noise, unless at a rate of progress too slow to admit of getting anywhere. Often, too, we would encounter dense underbrush, perhaps a thicket of little burnt balsams, as prickly and brittle as so much coral; or else a heavy growth of laurel, all the branches pointing downward, and to be gotten through only by main force. Over all grew the vast evergreen forest, except where an occasional cliff jutted out, or where there were great landslides, each perhaps half a mile long and a couple of hundred yards across, covered with loose slates or granite bowlders.

We always went above the domain of the deer, and indeed saw few evidences of life. Once or twice we came to the round footprints of cougars, which are said to be great enemies of the goats, but we never caught a glimpse of the sly beasts themselves. Another time I shot a sable from a spruce, up which the little fox-headed animal had rushed with the agility of a squirrel. There were plenty of old tracks of bear and elk, but no new ones; and occasionally we saw the foot-marks of the great timber wolf.

But the trails at which we looked with the most absorbed interest were those that showed the large, round hoof-marks of the white goats. They had worn deep paths to certain clay licks in the slides, which they must have visited often in the early spring, for the trails



THE LAST SHOT.

were little traveled when we were in the mountains during September. These clay licks were mere holes in the banks, and were in spring-time visited by other animals besides goats; there were old deer trails to them. The clay seemed to contain something that both birds and beasts were fond of, for I frequently saw flocks of cross-bills light in the licks and stay there for many minutes at a time, scratching the smooth surface with their little claws and bills. The goat trails led away in every direction from the licks, but usually went up hill, zigzagging or in a straight line, and continually growing fainter as they went farther off, where the animals scattered to their feeding-grounds. In the spring-time the goats are clad with a dense coat of long white wool, and there were shreds and tufts of this on all the twigs of the bushes under which the paths passed; in the early fall the coat is shorter and less handsome.

Although these game paths were so deeply worn they yet showed very little fresh goat sign; in fact, we came across the recent trails of but two of the animals we were after. One of these we came quite close to, but never saw it, for we must have frightened it by the noise we made; it certainly, to judge by its tracks, which we followed for a long time, took itself straight out of the country. The other I finally got, after some heart-breaking work and a complicated series of faults committed and misfortunes endured.

I had been, as usual, walking and clambering over the mountains all day long, and in mid-afternoon reached a great slide, with half-way across it a tree. Under this I sat down to rest, my back to the trunk, and had been there but a few minutes when my companion, the Missourian, suddenly whispered to me that a goat was coming down the slide at its edge, near the woods. I was in a most uncomfortable position for a shot. Twisting my head round, I could see the goat waddling down-hill, looking just like a handsome tame billy, especially when at times he stood upon a stone to glance around, with all four feet close together. I cautiously tried to shift my position, and at once dislodged some pebbles, at the sound of which the goat sprang promptly up on the bank, his whole mien changing into one of alert, alarmed curiosity. He was less than a hundred yards off, so I risked a shot, all cramped and twisted though I was. But my bullet went low; I only broke his left fore leg, and he disappeared over the bank like a flash. We raced and scrambled after him, and the Missourian, an excellent tracker, took up the bloody trail. It went along the hill-side for nearly a mile, and then turned straight up the mountain, the Missourian leading with his long, free gait, while I toiled after him at a dogged trot. The trail went up the sharpest and steepest places, skirting the cliffs and precipices. At one spot I nearly came to grief for good and all, for in running along a shelving ledge, covered with loose slates, one of these slipped as I stepped on it, throwing me clear over the brink. However, I caught in a pine top, bounced down through it, and brought up in a balsam with my rifle all right, and myself unhurt except for the shaking. I scrambled up at once and raced on after my companion, whose limbs and wind seemed alike incapable of giving out. This work lasted for a couple of hours.

The trail came into a regular game path and grew fresher, the goat having stopped to roll and wallow in the dust now and then. Suddenly, on the top of the mountain, we came upon him close up to us. He had just risen from rolling and stood behind a huge fallen log, his back barely showing above it as he turned his head to look at us. I was completely winded, and had lost my strength as well as my breath, while great beadlike drops of sweat stood in my eyes; but I steadied myself as well as I could and aimed to break the backbone, the only shot open to me, and not a difficult one at such a short distance. However, my bullet went just too high, cutting the skin right above the long spinal bones over the shoulders; and the speed with which that three-legged goat went down the precipitous side of the mountain would have done credit to an antelope on the level.

Weary and disgusted, we again took up the trail. It led straight down-hill, and we followed it at a smart pace. Down and down it went, into the valley and straight to the edge of the stream, but half a mile above camp. The goat had crossed the water on a fallen tree trunk, and we took the same path. Once across it had again gone right up the mountain. We followed it as fast as we could, although pretty nearly done out, until it was too dark to see the blood stains any longer, and then returned to camp, dispirited and so tired that we could hardly drag ourselves along, for we had been going at speed for five hours, up and down the roughest and steepest ground.

But we were confident the goat would not travel far with such a wound after he had been chased as we had chased him. Next morning at daybreak we again climbed the mountain and took up the trail. Soon it led into others and we lost it, but we kept up the hunt nevertheless for hour after hour, making continually wider and wider circles. At last, about midday, our perseverance was rewarded,

for coming silently out on a great bare cliff shoulder, I spied the goat lying on a ledge below me and some seventy yards off. This time I shot true, and he rose only to fall back dead; and a minute afterward we were standing over him, handling the glossy black horns and admiring the snow-white coat.

After this we struck our tent and shifted camp some thirty miles to a wide valley through whose pine-clad bottom flowed a river, hurrying on to the Pacific between unending forests. On one hand the valley was hemmed in by an unbroken line of frowning cliffs, and on the other by chains of lofty mountains in whose sides the ravines cut deep gashes.

The clear weather had grown colder. At night the frost skimmed with thin ice the edges of the ponds and small lakes that at long intervals dotted the vast reaches of woodland. But we were very comfortable, and hardly needed our furs, for as evening fell we kindled huge fires, to give us both light and warmth; and even in very cold weather a man can sleep out comfortably enough with no bedding if he lights two fires and gets in between them, or finds a sheltered nook or corner across whose front a single great blaze can be made. The long walks and our work as cragsmen hardened our thews, and made us eat and sleep as even our life on the ranch could hardly do: the mountaineer must always be more sinewy than the horseman. The clear, cold water of the swift streams too was a welcome change from the tepid and muddy currents of the rivers of the plains; and we heartily enjoyed the baths, a plunge into one of the icy pools making us gasp for breath and causing the blood to tingle in our veins with the shock.

Our tent was pitched in a little glade, which was but a few yards across, and carpeted thickly with the red kinnikinic berries, in their season beloved of bears, and from the leaves of which bush Indians make a substitute for tobacco. Little three-toed woodpeckers with yellow crests scrambled about over the trees near by, while the great log-cocks hammered and rattled on the tall dead trunks. Jays that were all of dark blue came familiarly round camp in company with the ever-present moose-birds or whisky jacks. There were many grouse in the woods, of three kinds,— blue, spruce, and ruffed,— and these varied our diet and also furnished us with some sport with our rifles, as we always shot them in rivalry. That is, each would take a shot in turn, aiming at the head of the bird, as it perched motionless on the limb of a tree or stopped for a second while running along the ground; then if he missed or hit the bird anywhere but in the head, the other scored one and took the shot. The resulting tally was a good test of comparative skill; and rivalry always tends to keep a man's shooting up to the mark.

Once or twice, when we had slain deer, we watched by the carcasses, hoping that they would attract a bear, or perhaps one of the huge timber wolves whose mournful, sinister howling we heard each night. But there were no bears in the valley; and the wolves, those cruel, crafty beasts, were far too cunning to come to the bait while we were there. We saw nothing but crowds of ravens, whose hoarse barking and croaking filled the air as they circled around overhead, lighted in the trees, or quarreled over the carcass. Yet although we saw no game it was very pleasant to sit out, on the still evenings, among the tall pines or on the edge of the great gorge, until the afterglow of the sunset was dispelled by the beams of the frosty moon. Now and again the hush would be suddenly broken by the long howling of a wolf, that echoed and rang under the hollow woods and through the deep chasms until they resounded again, while it made our hearts bound and the blood leap in our veins. Then there would be silence once more, broken only by the rush of the river and the low moaning and creaking of the pines; or the strange calling of the owls might be answered by the far-off, unearthly laughter of a loon, its voice carried through the stillness a marvelous distance from the little lake on which it was swimming.

One day, after much toilsome and in places almost dangerous work, we climbed to the very top of the nearest mountain chain, and from it looked out over a limitless, billowy field of snow-capped ranges. Up above the timber line were snow-grouse and huge, hoary-white woodchucks, but no trace of the game we were after; for, rather to our surprise, the few goat signs we saw were in the timber. I did not catch another glimpse of the animals themselves until my holiday was almost over and we were preparing to break camp. Then I saw two. I had spent a most laborious day on the mountain as usual, following the goat paths, which were well-trodden trails leading up the most inaccessible places; certainly the white goats are marvelous climbers, doing it all by main strength and perfect command over their muscles, for they are heavy, clumsy seeming animals, the reverse of graceful, and utterly without any look of light agility. As usual, towards evening I was pretty well tired out, for it would be difficult to imagine harder work than to clamber unendingly up and down the huge cliffs. I came down along a great jutting spur, broken by a series of precipices, with flat terraces at their feet, the terraces being covered with trees and bushes, and running, with many breaks

and interruptions, parallel to each other across the face of the mountains. On one of these terraces was a space of hard clay ground beaten perfectly bare of vegetation by the hoofs of the goats, with, in the middle, a hole, two or three feet in width, that was evidently in the spring used as a lick. Most of the tracks were old, but there was one trail coming diagonally down the side of the mountain on which there were two or three that were very fresh. It was getting late, so I did not stay long, but continued the descent. The terrace on which the lick was situated lay but a few hundred yards above the valley, and then came a level, marshy plain a quarter of a mile broad, between the base of the mountain and the woods. Leading down to this plain was another old goat-trail, which went to a small, boggy pool, which the goats must certainly have often visited in the spring; but it was then unused.

When I reached the farther side of the plain and was about entering the woods, I turned to look over the mountain once more, and my eye was immediately caught by two white objects that were moving along the terrace, about half a mile to one side of the lick. That they were goats was evident at a glance, their white bodies contrasting sharply with the green vegetation. They came along very rapidly, giving me no time to get back over the plain, and stopped for a short time at the lick, right in sight from where I was, although too far off for me to tell anything about their size. I think they smelt my foot-prints in the soil; at any rate they were very watchful, one of them always jumping up on a rock or fallen log to mount guard when the other halted to browse. The sun had just set; it was impossible to advance across the open plain, which they scanned at every glance; and to skirt it and climb up any other place than the pass down which I had come—itself a goat-trail—would have taken till long after nightfall. All I could do was to stay where I was and watch them, until in the dark I slipped off unobserved and made the best of my way to camp, resolved to hunt them up on the morrow.

Shortly after noon next day we were at the terrace, having approached with the greatest caution, and only after a minute examination, with the field-glasses, of all the neighboring mountain. I wore moccasins, so as to make no noise. We soon found that one of the trails was evidently regularly traveled, probably every evening, and we determined to lie in wait by it, so as either to catch the animals as they came down to feed, or else to mark them if they got out on some open spot on the terraces where they could be stalked. As an ambush we chose a ledge in the cliff below a terrace, with, in front, a breastwork of the natural rock some five feet high. It was perhaps fifty yards from the trail. I hid myself on this ledge, having arranged on the rock breastwork a few pine branches, through which to fire, and waited, hour after hour, continually scanning the mountain carefully with the glasses. There was very little life. Occasionally a chickaree or chipmunk scurried out from among the trunks of the great pines to pick up the cones which he had previously bitten off from the upper branches; a noisy Clarke's crow clung for some time in the top of a hemlock; and occasionally flocks of cross-bill went by, with swift undulating flight and low calls. From time to time I peeped cautiously over the pine branches on the breastwork; and the last time I did this I suddenly saw two goats, that had come noiselessly down, standing motionless directly opposite to me, their suspicions evidently aroused by something. I gently shoved the rifle over one of the boughs; the largest goat turned its head sharply round to look, as it stood quartering to me, and the bullet went fairly through the lungs. Both animals promptly ran off along the terrace, and I raced after them in my moccasins, skirting the edge of the cliff, where there were no trees or bushes. As I made no noise and could run very swiftly on the bare cliff edge, I succeeded in coming out into the first little glade, or break, in the terrace at the same time that the goats did. The first to come out of the bushes was the big one I had shot at, an old she, as it turned out; while the other, a yearling ram, followed. The big one turned to look at me, as she mounted a fallen tree that lay across a chasm-like rent in the terrace; the light red frothy blood covered her muzzle, and I paid no further heed to her as she slowly walked along the log, but bent my attention towards the yearling, that was galloping and scrambling up an almost perpendicular path that led across the face of the cliff above. Holding my rifle just over it, I fired, breaking its neck, and it rolled down some fifty or sixty yards, almost to where I stood. I then went after the old goat, which had lain down; as I approached she feebly tried to rise and show fight, but her strength was spent, her blood had ebbed away, and she fell back lifeless in the effort. They were both good specimens, the old one being unusually large, with fine horns. White goats are squat, heavy beasts; not so tall as black-tail deer, but weighing more.

Early next morning I came back with my two men to where the goats were lying, taking along the camera. Having taken their photographs and skinned them we went back to

camp, hunted up the ponies and mules, who had been shifting for themselves during the past few days, packed up our tent, trophies, and other belongings, and set off for the settlements, well pleased with our trip.

I suppose the sport to be had among the tremendous mountain masses of the Himalayas must stand above all other kinds of hill shooting; yet after all it is hard to believe that it can yield much more pleasure than that felt by the American hunter when he follows the lordly elk and the grizzly among the timbered slopes of the Rockies, or the big-horn and the white-fleeced, jet-horned antelope goat over their towering and barren peaks.

Theodore Roosevelt.

[In the article of this series entitled "The Home Ranch," published in THE CENTURY for March, the origin of the word "savey" should have been ascribed to the Spanish.]

UNSHED TEARS.

WHEN she whom I loved died —
She whom I loved full well,
Better than love can tell,
More than the lover loves his untouched bride —

I stood beside her bed;
Her face was white and cold;
Her soft hair shone like gold,—
A pale gold fillet for her sacred head.

I looked, but did not weep;
Only a dull regret
Shadowed my soul; and yet
She was gone — gone to the unending sleep!

Nay, and the very thought of her
Was dim, like memory's ghost,
As she indeed were lost,
And even the world beyond held naught of her!

My live heart beat unmoved,
Though hers had ceased to beat;
I left her: in the street
I faced the crowd, who knew not her I loved.

The days pass, and the years;
My beard is touched with gray;
I feel my powers decay;
And still I have not found my unshed tears.

But, O my heart! I know —
I know thy time will come,
When thou, no longer dumb,
Wilt break — wilt break and utter all thy woe!

To-day thou must be still,
For sin has hardened thee,
And cares have burdened thee,
And failure checked thy pulse with sullen chill.

But when my shadow is cast
Eastward, at set of sun,
And all my deeds are done,—
Or evil or good,— and the dull day is past,

And when the imprisoning years
Shall fetter me no more,
Then open wide thy door,
O heart! the secret door of unshed tears!

This little life of earth,
These moment-years of time,
Insult the grief sublime
Of the immortal soul, that waiteth for its birth —

Its birth to that domain
Where God and man are one,
Whose everlasting sun
Throws an eternal shadow over memory's plain.

There break, O willing heart!
Break, and at last be free!
No dearer liberty
Ask, than to shed those tears that vouch God's human part!

God gave man love and light:
Grief is man's very own;
Nor would God's shining throne
(But for man's godlike tears) be half so bright!

Julian Hawthorne.

THE LIAR.

BY HENRY JAMES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

LYON finished his picture and took his departure, after having worked in a glow of interest which made him believe in his success, until he found he had pleased every one, especially Mr. and Mrs. Ashmore, when he began to be skeptical. The party, at any rate, changed; Colonel and Mrs. Capadose went their way. He was able to say to himself, however, that his separation from the lady was not so much an end as a beginning, and he called on her soon after his return to town. She had told him the hours she was at home—she seemed to like him. If she liked him why had n't she married him, or, at any rate, why was n't she sorry she had n't? If she was sorry she concealed it too well. Lyon's curiosity on this point may strike the reader as fatuous, but something must be allowed to a disappointed man. He did not ask much, after all; not that she should love him to-day or that she should allow him to tell her that he loved her, but only that she should give him some sign she was sorry. Instead of this, for the present she contented herself with exhibiting her little daughter to him. The child was beautiful and had the prettiest eyes of innocence he had ever seen: which did not prevent him from wondering whether she told horrid fibs. This idea gave him much entertainment—the picture of the anxiety with which her mother would watch, as she grew older, for the symptoms of heredity. That was a nice occupation for Everina Brant! Did she lie to the child herself, about her father—was that necessary, when she pressed her daughter to her bosom, to cover up his tracks? Did he control himself before the little girl, so that she might not hear him say things that she knew to be other than he said? Lyon doubted this: his genius would be too strong for him and the only safety for the child would be in her being too stupid to analyze. One could n't judge yet—she was too young. If she should grow up clever she would be sure to tread in his steps—a delightful improvement in her mother's situation! Her little face was not shifty, but neither was her father's big one; so that proved nothing.

Lyon reminded his friends, more than once, of their promise that Amy should sit to him, and it was only a question of his leisure. The desire grew in him to paint the colonel also—an operation from which he promised himself a rich private satisfaction. He would draw him out, he would set him up in that totality about which he had talked with Sir David, and none but the initiated would know. They, however, would rank the picture high, and it would be indeed six rows deep—a masterpiece of subtle characterization, of legitimate treachery. He had dreamed for years of producing something which should bear the stamp of the psychologist as well as of the painter, and here at last was his subject. It was a pity it was not better, but that was not *his* fault. It was his impression that already no one drew the colonel out more than he, and he did it not only by instinct but on a plan. There were moments when he was almost frightened at the success of his plan—the poor gentleman went so terribly far. He would pull up some day, look at Lyon between the eyes, guess he was being played upon—which would lead to his wife's guessing it also. Not that Lyon cared much for that, however, so long as she did n't suppose (and she could n't) that *she* was a part of his joke. He formed such a habit now of going to see her of a Sunday afternoon that he was angry when she went out of town. This occurred often, as the couple were great visitors and the colonel was always looking for sport, which he liked best when it could be had at other people's expense. Lyon would have supposed that this sort of life was particularly little to her taste, for he had an idea that it was in country-houses that her husband came out strongest. To let him go off without her, not to see him expose himself—that ought, properly, to have been a relief and a luxury to her. She told Lyon, in fact, that she preferred staying at home; but she did n't say it was because in other people's houses she was on the rack: the reason she gave was that she liked so to be with the child. It was not perhaps criminal to draw such a bow, but it was vulgar; poor Lyon was delighted when he

arrived at that formula. Certainly, some day, too, he would cross the line — he would become a noxious animal. Yes, in the mean time he was vulgar, in spite of his talents, his fine person, his impunity. Twice, by exception, towards the end of the winter, when he left town for a few days' hunting, his wife remained at home. Lyon had not yet reached the point of asking himself whether the desire not to miss two of his visits had something to do with her immobility. That inquiry would perhaps have been more in place later, when he began to paint the child, and she always came with her. But it was not in her to give the wrong name, to pretend, and Lyon could see that she had the maternal passion, in spite of the bad blood in the little girl's veins.

She came inveterately, though Lyon multiplied the sittings: Amy was never intrusted to the governess or the maid. He had knocked off poor old Sir David in ten days, but the portrait of this simple-faced child bade fair to stretch over into the following year. He asked for sitting after sitting, and it would have struck anyone who might have witnessed the affair that he was wearing the little girl out. He knew better, however, and Mrs. Capadose also knew; they were present together at the long intermissions he gave her, when she left her pose and roamed about the great studio, amusing herself with its curiosities, playing with the old draperies and costumes, having unlimited leave to handle. Then her mother and Mr. Lyon sat and talked; he laid aside his brushes and leaned back in his chair; he always gave her tea. What Mrs. Capadose did n't know was the way, during these weeks, he neglected other orders: women have no faculty of imagination with regard to a man's work beyond a vague idea that it does n't matter. In fact Lyon put off everything and made several celebrities wait. There were half-hours of silence, when he plied his brushes, during which he was mainly conscious that Everina was sitting there. She easily fell into that, if he did n't insist on talking, and she was not embarrassed or bored by it. Sometimes she took up a book — there were plenty of them about; sometimes, a little way off, in her chair, she watched his progress (though without in the least advising or correcting), as if she cared for every stroke that represented her daughter. These strokes were occasionally a little wild; he was thinking so much more of his heart than of his hand. He was not more embarrassed than she was, but he was agitated; it was as if, in the sittings (for the child, too, was beautifully quiet), something was growing between them, or had already grown — a kind of confidence, an inexpressible secret. He felt it that way; but after all he could n't be sure that she did. What he wanted her to do for him was very little; it was not even to confess that she was unhappy. He would be superabundantly gratified if she should simply let him know, even by a silent sign, that she recognized that with him her life would have been finer. Sometimes he guessed — his presumption went so far — that he might see this sign in her contentedly sitting there.

III.

At last he broached the question of painting the colonel: it was now very late in the season — there would be little time before the general dispersal. He said they must make the most of it; the great thing was to begin; then in the autumn, with the resumption of their London life, they could go forward. Mrs. Capadose objected to this; that she really could n't consent to accept another present of such value. Lyon had given her the portrait of herself, of old, and he had seen what they had had the indelicacy to do with it. Now he had offered her this beautiful memorial of the child — beautiful it would evidently be when it was finished, if he could ever satisfy himself; a precious possession, which they would cherish forever. But his generosity must stop there — they could n't be so tremendously "beholden" to him. They could n't order the picture — of course he would understand that without her explaining; it was a luxury beyond their reach, for they knew the great prices he received. Besides, what had they ever done — what, above all, had *she* ever done, that he should overload them with benefits? No, he was too dreadfully good; it was really impossible that Clement should sit. Lyon listened to her without protest, without interruption, while he bent forward at his work, and at last he said: "Well, if you won't take it, why not let him sit for me for my own pleasure and profit? Let it be a favor, a service I ask of him. It will do me a lot of good to paint him, and the picture will remain in my hands."

"How will it do you a lot of good?" Mrs. Capadose asked.

"Why, he 's such a rare model — such an interesting subject. He has such an expressive face. It will teach me no end of things."

"Expressive of what?" said Mrs. Capadose.

"Why, of his nature."

"And do you want to paint his nature?"

"Of course I do. That 's what a great portrait gives you, and I shall make the colonel's a great one. It will put me up high. So you see my request is eminently interested."

"How can you be higher than you are?"

"Oh, I 'm insatiable! Do consent," said Lyon.

"Well, his nature is very noble," Mrs. Capadose remarked.

"Ah, trust me, I shall bring it out!" Lyon exclaimed, feeling a little ashamed of himself.

Mrs. Capadose said before she went away that her husband would probably comply with his invitation, but she added, "Nothing would induce me to let you pry into *me* that way!"

"Oh, you," Lyon laughed—"I could do you in the dark!"

The colonel shortly afterward placed his leisure at the painter's disposal, and by the end of July had paid him several visits. Lyon was disappointed neither in the quality of his sitter nor in the degree to which he himself rose to the occasion; he felt really confident that he should produce a fine thing. He was in the humor; he was charmed with his *motif*, and deeply interested in his problem. The only thing that troubled him was the idea that when he should send his picture to the Academy he should not be able to give the title, for the catalogue, as simply "The Liar." However, it little mattered, for he had now determined that that character should be perceptible even to the meanest intelligence — as overtopping as it had become, to his own sense, in the living man. As he saw nothing else in the colonel to-day, so he gave himself up to the joy of painting nothing else. How he did it he could n't have told you, but it seemed to him that the mystery of how to do it was revealed to him afresh every time he sat down to his work. It was in the eyes and it was in the mouth, it was in every line of the face and every fact of the attitude, in the indentation of the chin, in the way the hair was planted, the mustache was twisted, the smile came and went, the breath rose and fell. It was in the way he looked out at a bamboozled world, in short — the way he would look out forever. There were half a dozen portraits in Europe that Lyon rated as supreme; he regarded them as immortal, for they were as perfectly preserved as they were consummately painted. It was to this small, everlasting group that he aspired to attach the canvas on which he was now engaged. One of the productions that helped to compose it was the magnificent Moroni of the National Gallery — the young tailor in the white jacket, at his board, with his shears. The colonel was not a tailor, nor was Moroni's model, unlike many tailors, a liar; but as regards the masterly clearness with which the individual should be rendered his work should be on the same line as that. He had, to a degree in which he had rarely had it before, the satisfaction of feeling life grow and grow under his brush. The colonel, as it turned out, liked to sit, and he liked to talk while he was sitting: which was most fortunate, as his talk largely constituted Lyon's inspiration. Lyon put into practice that idea of drawing him out which he had been nursing for so many weeks; he could not possibly have been in a better relation to him for the purpose. He encouraged, beguiled, excited him, manifested an unfathomable credulity, and his only interruptions were when the colonel did not respond to it. He had his intermissions, his hours of sterility, and then Lyon felt that the picture also languished. The more flights his companion indulged in the better he painted; he could n't make him soar high enough. He lashed him on when he flagged; his apprehension became very real, at moments, that the colonel would discover his game. But he did n't, apparently; he basked and expanded in the fine steady light of the painter's attention. In this way the picture grew very fast; it was astonishing what a short business it was, compared with the little girl's. By the fifth day of August it was nearly finished — that was the date of the last sitting the colonel was for the present able to give, as he was leaving town the next day with his wife. Lyon was amply content — he saw his way so clear; he should be able to do at his convenience what remained, with or without his friend's attendance. At any rate, as there was no hurry, he would let the thing stand over till his own return to London, in November, when he would come back to it with a fresh eye. On the colonel's asking him if his wife might come and see it the next day, if she should find a minute,— this was so greatly her desire,— Lyon begged, as a special favor, that she would wait: he was so far from satisfied as yet. This was the repetition of a proposal Mrs. Capadose had made on the occasion of his last visit to her, and he had then asked for a delay — declared that he was by no means content. He was really delighted, and he was again a little ashamed of himself.

By the 5th of August the weather was very warm, and on that day, while the colonel sat straight and gossiped, Lyon opened, for the sake of ventilation, a little subsidiary door which led directly from his studio into the garden and sometimes served as an entrance and an exit for models and visitors of the humbler sort, and as a passage for canvases, frames, packing-boxes and other professional gear. The main entrance was through the house and his own apartments, and this approach had the charming effect of admitting you first to a high gallery, from which a crooked picturesque staircase enabled you to descend to the wide, decorated, encumbered room. The view of this room, beneath

them, with all its artistic ingenuities and the objects of value that Lyon had collected, never failed to elicit exclamations of delight from persons stepping into the gallery. The way from the garden was plainer, and at once more practicable and more private. Lyon's domain, in St. John's Wood, was not vast, but when the door stood open of a summer's day, it offered a glimpse of flowers and trees; you smelt something sweet and you heard the birds. On this particular morning this ingress had been found convenient by an unannounced visitor — a youngish woman who stood in the room before the colonel perceived her and whom he perceived before she was noticed by his friend. She was very quiet, and she looked from one of the men to the other. "Oh, dear, here's another!" Lyon exclaimed, as soon as his eyes rested on her. She proved to belong to a somewhat importunate class — the model in search of employment, and she explained that she had ventured to come straight in that way because, very often, when she went to call upon gentlemen, the servants played her tricks, turned her away, would n't take in her name.

"But how did you get into the garden?" Lyon asked.

"The gate was open, sir — the servants' gate. The butcher's cart was there."

"The butcher ought to have closed it," said Lyon.

"Then you don't require me, sir?" the lady continued.

Lyon went on with his painting; he had given her a sharp look at first, but now his eyes turned to her no more. The colonel, however, examined her with interest. She was a person of whom you could scarcely say whether being young she looked old, or old she looked young; she had, at any rate, evidently turned several of the corners of life, and had a face that was rosy but that, somehow, did n't suggest freshness. Nevertheless she was pretty and even looked as if at one time she might have sat for the complexion. She wore a hat with many feathers, a dress with many bugles, long black gloves, encircled with silver bracelets, and very bad shoes. There was something about her that was not exactly of the governess out of place nor completely of the actress seeking an engagement, but that savored of an interrupted profession or even of a blighted career. She was rather soiled and tarnished, and after she had been in the room a few moments the air, or at any rate the nostril, became acquainted with a certain alcoholic waft. She was unpracticed in the *h*, and when Lyon at last thanked her and said he did n't want her — he was doing nothing for which she could be useful — she replied with rather a wounded manner, "Well, you know you *'ave* 'ad me!"

"I don't remember you," Lyon answered.

"Well, I dare say the people that saw your pictures do! I have n't much time, but I thought I would look in."

"I am much obliged to you."

"If ever you should require me, if you just send me a post-card —"

"I never send post-cards," said Lyon.

"Oh, well, I should value a private letter! Anything to Miss Geraldine, Mortimer Terrace Mews, Notting 'ill —"

"Very good; I 'll remember," said Lyon.

Miss Geraldine lingered. "I thought I 'd just stop, on the chance."

"I 'm afraid I can't hold out hopes, I 'm so busy with portraits," Lyon continued.

"Yes; I see you are. I wish I was in the gentleman's place."

"I 'm afraid in that case it would n't look like me," said the colonel, laughing.

"Oh, of course it could n't compare — it would n't be so 'andsome! But I do hate them portraits!" Miss Geraldine declared. "It 's so much bread out of our mouths."

"Well, there are many that can't paint them," Lyon suggested, comfortingly.

"Oh, I 've sat to the very first — and only to the first! There 's many that could n't do anything without me."

"I 'm glad you 're in such demand." Lyon was beginning to be bored, and he added that he would n't detain her — he would send for her in case of need.

"Very well; remember it 's the Mews — more 's the pity! You don't sit so well as *us!*" Miss Geraldine pursued, looking at the colonel.

"You put him out; you embarrass him," said Lyon.

"Embarrass him, oh, gracious!" the visitor cried, with a laugh which diffused a fragrance.

The poor woman retreated, with an uncertain step. She passed out into the garden, as she had come.

"How very dreadful — she 's drunk!" said Lyon. He was painting hard, but he looked up, checking himself; Miss Geraldine, in the open doorway, had thrust back her head.

"Yes, I do hate it — that sort of thing!" she cried, with an explosion of mirth which confirmed Lyon's declaration. And then she disappeared.

"What sort of thing — what does she mean?" the colonel asked.

"Oh, my painting you, when I might be painting her."

"And have you ever painted her?"

"Never in the world; I have never seen her. She is quite mistaken."

The colonel was silent a moment; then he remarked, "She was very pretty — ten years ago."

"I dare say, but she 's quite ruined. For me the least drop too much spoils them; I should n't care for her at all."

"My dear fellow, she 's not a model," said the colonel, laughing.

"To-day, no doubt, she 's not worthy of the name; but she has been one."

"*Jamais de la vie!* That 's all a pretext."

"A pretext?" Lyon pricked up his ears — he began to wonder what was coming now.

"She did n't want you — she wanted me."

"I noticed she paid you some attention. What does she want of you?"

"Oh, to do me an ill turn. She hates me — lots of women do. She 's watching me — she follows me."

Lyon leaned back in his chair — he did n't believe a word of this. He was all the more delighted with it and with the colonel's bright, candid manner. The story had bloomed, fragrant, on the spot. "My dear colonel!" he murmured, with friendly interest and commiseration.

"I was annoyed when she came in — but I was n't startled," his sitter continued.

"You concealed it very well, if you were."

"Ah, when one has been through what I have! To-day, however, I confess I was half prepared. I have seen her hanging about — she knows my movements. She was near my house this morning — she must have followed me."

"But who is she then — with such a *toupet?*"

"Yes, she has that," said the colonel; "but as you observe, she was primed. Still, there was a cheek, as they say, in her coming in. Oh, she 's a bad un! She is n't a model and she never was; no doubt she has known some of those women, and picked up their form. She had hold of a friend of mine, ten years ago — a stupid young gander who might have been left to be plucked, but whom I was obliged to take an interest in, for family reasons. It 's a long story — I had really forgotten all about it. She 's thirty-seven if she 's a day. I cut in and made him get rid of her — I sent her about her business. She knew it was me she had to thank. She has never forgiven me — I think she 's off her head. Her name is n't Geraldine at all, and I doubt very much if that 's her address."

"Ah, what is her name?" Lyon asked, most attentive. The details always began to multiply, to abound, when once his companion was well launched — they flowed forth in battalions.

"It 's Pearson — Harriet Pearson; but she used to call herself Grenadine — was n't that a rum appellation? Grenadine — Geraldine — the jump was easy." Lyon was charmed with the promptitude of this response, and his interlocutor went on: "I had n't thought of her for years — I had quite lost sight of her. I don't know what her idea is, but practically she 's harmless. As I came in I thought I saw her, a little way up the road. She must have found out I come here and have arrived before me. I dare say — or, rather, I 'm sure — she is waiting for me there now."

"Had n't you better have protection?" Lyon asked, laughing.

"The best protection is five shillings — I 'm willing to go that. Unless indeed she has a bottle of vitriol. But they only throw vitriol on the men who have deceived them, and I never deceived her — I told her the first time I saw her that it would n't do. Oh, if she 's there we 'll walk a little way together and talk it over, and, as I say, I 'll go as far as five shillings."

"Well," said Lyon, "I 'll contribute another five." He felt that this was little to pay for his entertainment.

That entertainment was interrupted, however, for the time, by the colonel's departure. Lyon hoped for a letter, recounting the fictive sequel; but apparently his brilliant sitter did not operate with the pen. At any rate he left town without writing; they had taken a rendezvous for three months later. Oliver Lyon always passed the holidays in the same way; during the first weeks he paid a visit to his elder brother, the happy possessor, in the south of England, of a rambling old house, with formal gardens in which he delighted, and then he went abroad — usually to Italy or Spain. This year he carried out his custom, after taking a last look at his all but finished work and feeling as nearly pleased with it as he ever felt with the translation of the idea by the hand — always, as it seemed to him, a pitiful compromise. One yellow afternoon, in the country, as he was smoking his pipe on one of the old terraces, he was seized with the desire to see it again and do two or three things more to it; he had thought of it so often while he lounged there. The impulse was too strong to be dismissed, and though he expected to return to town in the course of another week he could n't brook the delay. To look at the picture for five minutes would be enough — it would clear up certain questions which hummed in his brain; so that, the next morning, to give himself this luxury, he took the train for London. He sent no word in advance; he would lunch at his club, and probably return into Sussex by the 5.45.

In St. John's Wood the tide of human life

flows at no time very fast, and in the first days of September Lyon found unmitigated emptiness in the straight sunny roads, where the little plastered garden-walls, with their incommunicative doors, looked slightly Oriental. There was definite stillness in his own house, to which he admitted himself by his pass-key, having a theory that it was well sometimes to take servants unprepared. The good woman who was mainly in charge and who cumulated the functions of cook and housekeeper, was, however, quickly summoned by his step, and (he cultivated frankness of intercourse with his domestics) received him without the confusion of surprise. He told her that she need n't mind the place being not quite straight, he had only come up for a few hours —he should be busy in the studio. To this she replied that he was just in time to see a lady and a gentleman who were there at the moment — they had arrived five minutes before. She had told them he was away from home, but they said it was all right; they only wanted to look at a picture and would be very careful of everything. "I hope it is all right, sir," the housekeeper concluded. "The gentleman says he 's a sitter, and he gave me his name — rather an odd name; I think he 's a colonel. The lady 's a very fine lady, sir; at any rate, there they are."

"Oh, it 's all right!" Lyon said, the identity of his visitors being clear. The good woman could n't know, for she usually had little to do with the comings and goings; his man, who showed people in and out, had accompanied him to the country. He was a good deal surprised at Mrs. Capadose's having come to see her husband's portrait when she knew that the artist himself wished her to wait; but it was a familiar truth to him that she was a woman of a high spirit. Besides, perhaps the lady was not Mrs. Capadose; the colonel might have brought some inquisitive friend, a person who wanted a portrait of *her* husband. What were they doing in town, at any rate, at that moment? Lyon made his way to the studio with a certain curiosity; he wondered vaguely what his friends were "up to." He pushed aside the curtain that hung in the door of communication — the door opening upon the gallery which it had been found convenient to construct at the time the studio was added to the house. When I say he pushed it aside I should amend my phrase; he laid his hand upon it, but at that moment he was arrested by a very singular sound. It came from the floor of the room beneath him, and it startled him extremely, consisting apparently as it did of a passionate wail — a sort of smothered shriek — accompanied by a violent burst of tears. Oliver Lyon listened intently a moment, and then he passed out upon the balcony, which was covered with an old thick Moorish rug. His step was noiseless, though he had not endeavored to make it so, and after that first instant he found himself profiting irresistibly by the accident of his not having attracted the attention of the two persons in the studio, who were some twenty feet below him. In truth they were so deeply and so strangely engaged that their unconsciousness of observation was explained. The scene that took place before Lyon's eyes was one of the most extraordinary they had ever rested upon. Delicacy and the failure to comprehend kept him at first from interrupting it,—for what he saw was a woman who had thrown herself, in a flood of tears, on her companion's bosom,— and these influences were succeeded after a minute (the minutes were very few and very quick) by a definite motive, which presently had the force to make him step back behind the curtain. I may add that it also had the force to make him avail himself for further contemplation of a crevice formed by his gathering together the two halves of the *portière*. He was perfectly aware of what he was about — he was for the moment an eavesdropper, a spy; but he was also aware that a very odd business, in which his confidence had been trifled with, was going forward, and that if in a measure it did n't concern him in a measure it very definitely did. His observation, his reflections, accomplished themselves in a flash.

His visitors were in the middle of the room; Mrs. Capadose clung to her husband, weeping, sobbing as if her heart would break. Her distress was horrible to Oliver Lyon, but his astonishment was greater than his horror when he heard the colonel respond to it by the words, vehemently uttered, "Damn him, damn him, damn him!" What in the world had happened? why was she sobbing and whom was he damning? What had happened, Lyon saw the next instant, was that the colonel had finally rummaged out his unfinished portrait (he knew the corner where the artist usually placed it, out of the way, with its face to the wall), and had set it up before his wife, on an empty easel. She had looked at it a few moments, and then — apparently — what she saw in it had produced an explosion of dismay and resentment. She was too busy sobbing and the colonel was too busy holding her and reiterating his objurgation, to look round or look up. The scene was so unexpected to Lyon that he could not take it, on the spot, as a proof of the triumph of his hand — of a tremendous hit: he could only wonder what on earth was the matter. The idea of the triumph came a little later. Yet he

could see the portrait from where he stood; he was startled with its look of life — he had n't thought it so masterly. Mrs. Capadose flung herself away from her husband — she dropped into the nearest chair, buried her face in her arms, leaning on a table. Her weeping suddenly ceased to be audible, but she shuddered there as if she were overwhelmed with anguish and shame. Her husband remained a moment staring at the picture; then he went to her, bent over her, took hold of her again, soothed her. "What is it, darling, what the devil is it?" he demanded.

Lyon heard her answer. "It 's cruel — oh, it 's too cruel!"

"Damn him — damn him — damn him!" the colonel repeated.

"It 's all there — it 's all there!" Mrs. Capadose went on.

"Hang it, what 's all there?"

"Everything there ought n't to be — everything he has seen — it 's too dreadful!"

"Everything he has seen? Why, ain't I a good-looking fellow? He has made me awfully handsome."

Mrs. Capadose had sprung up again; she had darted another glance at the painted betrayal. "Handsome? Hideous, hideous! Not that — never, never!"

"Not *what*, in Heaven's name?" the colonel almost shouted. Lyon could see his flushed, bewildered face.

"What he has made of you — what you know! *He* knows — he has seen. Every one will know — every one will see. Fancy that thing in the Academy!"

"You 're going wild, darling; but if you hate it so, it need n't go."

"Oh, he 'll send it — it 's so good! Come away — come away!" Mrs. Capadose wailed, seizing her husband.

"It 's so good?" the poor man cried.

"Come away — come away," she only repeated; and she turned towards the staircase that ascended to the gallery.

"Not that way — not through the house, in the state you 're in," Lyon heard the colonel object. "This way — we can pass," he added; and he drew his wife to the small door that opened into the garden. It was bolted, but he pushed the bolt and opened the door. She passed out quickly, but he stood there looking back into the room. "Wait for me a moment!" he cried out to her; and with an excited stride he reëntered the studio. He came up to the picture again, and again stood looking at it. "Damn him — damn him — damn him!" he broke out once more. It was not clear to Lyon whether this invocation had for its object the original or the painter of the portrait. The colonel turned away and moved rapidly about the room, as if he were looking for something; Lyon could n't, for the instant, guess his intention. Then the artist said to himself, below his breath, "He 's going to do it a harm!" His first impulse was to rush down and stop him; but he paused, with the sound of Everina Brant's sobs still in his ears. The colonel found what he was looking for — found it among some odds and ends on a small table and rushed back with it to the easel. At one and the same moment Lyon perceived that the object he had seized was a small Eastern dagger, and that he had plunged it into the canvas. He seemed animated by a sudden fury, for with extreme vigor of hand he dragged the instrument down (Lyon knew it to have no very fine edge), making a long, abominable gash. Then he plucked it out and dashed it again several times into the face of the figure, exactly as if he were stabbing a human victim; it had the oddest effect — that of a sort of constructive suicide. In a few seconds more the colonel had tossed the dagger away — he looked at it as he did so, as if he expected it to reek with blood — and hurried out of the place, closing the door after him.

The strangest part of all was — as will doubtless appear — that Oliver Lyon made no movement to save his picture. But he did n't feel as if he were losing it, or cared not if he were, so much more did he feel that he was gaining a certitude. His old friend *was* ashamed of her husband, and he had made her so, and he had scored a great success, even though the picture had been reduced to rags. The revelation excited him so — as indeed the whole scene did — that when he came down the steps after the colonel had gone he trembled with his happy agitation; he was dizzy, and had to sit down a moment. The portrait had a dozen jagged wounds — the colonel literally had hacked it to death. Lyon left it where it was, did n't touch it, scarcely looked at it; he only walked up and down his studio, still excited, for an hour. At the end of this time his good woman came to recommend that he should have some luncheon; there was a passage, under the staircase, from the offices.

"Ah, the lady and gentleman have gone, sir? I did n't hear them."

"Yes; they went by the garden."

But she had stopped, staring at the picture on the easel. "Gracious, how you '*ave* served it, sir!"

Lyon imitated the colonel. "Yes, I cut it up — in a fit of disgust."

"Mercy, after all your trouble! Because they were n't pleased, sir?"

"Yes; they were n't pleased."

"Well, they must be very grand! Blessed if I would!"

"Have it chopped up; it will do to light fires," Lyon said. He returned to the country by the 3.30, and a few days later passed over to France. During the two months that he was absent from England he expected something — he could hardly have said what; a manifestation of some sort on the colonel's part. Would n't he write, would n't he explain, would n't he take for granted Lyon had discovered the way he had, as the cook said, served him, and deem it only decent to take pity, in some fashion or other, on his bewilderment? Would he plead guilty or would he repudiate suspicion? The latter course would be difficult and make a considerable draft upon his genius, in view of the certain testimony of Lyon's housekeeper, who had admitted the visitors and would establish the connection between their presence and the violence wrought. Would the colonel proffer some apology or some amends, or would any word from him be only a further expression of that destructive petulance which our friend had seen his wife so suddenly and so potently communicate to him? He would have either to declare that he had n't touched the picture or to admit that he had, and in either case he would have to tell a fine story. Lyon was impatient for the story and, as no letter came, disappointed that it was not produced. His impatience, however, was much greater in respect to Mrs. Capadose's version, if version there was to be; for certainly that would be the real test, would show how far she would go for her husband on the one side or for him, Oliver Lyon, on the other. He could scarcely wait to see what line she would take; whether she would simply adopt the colonel's, whatever it might be. He wanted to draw her out without waiting, to get an idea in advance. He wrote to her, to this end, from Venice, in the tone of their established friendship, asking for news, narrating his wanderings, hoping they should soon meet in town, and not saying a word about the picture. Day followed day, after the time, and he received no answer; upon which he reflected that she could n't trust herself to write — was still too much under the influence of the emotion produced by his "betrayal." Her husband had espoused that emotion, and she had espoused the action he had taken in consequence of it, and it was a complete rupture, and everything was at an end. Lyon considered this prospect rather ruefully, at the same time that he thought it deplorable that such charming people should have put themselves so grossly in the wrong. He was at last cheered, though much further mystified, by the arrival of a letter, brief but breathing good-humor, and hinting neither at a grievance nor a bad conscience. The most interesting part of it, to Lyon, was the postscript, which consisted of these words: "I have a confession to make to you. We were in town for a couple of days the 1st of September, and I took the occasion to defy your authority — it was very bad of me, but I could n't help it. I made Clement take me to your studio — I wanted so dreadfully to see what you had done with him, your wishes to the contrary notwithstanding. We made your servants let us in and I took a good look at the picture. It is wonderful!" "Wonderful" was non-committal, but at least, with this letter, there was no rupture.

The third day after Lyon's return to London was a Sunday, so that he could go and ask Mrs. Capadose for lunch. She had given him, in the spring, a general invitation to do so and he had availed himself of it several times. These had been the occasions (before he sat to him) when he saw the colonel most familiarly. Directly after the meal his host disappeared (he went out, as he said, to call on *his* women), and the second half-hour was the best, even when there were other people. Now, in the first days of December, Lyon had the luck to find the pair alone, without even Amy, who did n't come to luncheon. They were in the drawing-room, waiting for the repast to be announced, and as soon as he came in the colonel broke out, "My dear fellow, I 'm delighted to see you! I 'm so keen to begin again."

"Oh, do go on, it 's so beautiful," Mrs. Capadose said, as she gave him her hand.

Lyon looked from one to the other; he did n't know what he had expected, but he had n't expected this. "Ah, then, you think I 've got something?"

"You 've got everything," said Mrs. Capadose, smiling from her golden-brown eyes.

"She wrote you of our little crime?" her husband asked. "She dragged me there — I had to go." Lyon wondered for a moment whether he meant by their little crime the assault on the canvas; but the colonel's next words did n't confirm this interpretation. "You know I like to sit — it gives such a chance to my *bavardise*. And just now I have time."

"You must remember I had almost finished," Lyon remarked.

"So you had. More 's the pity. I should like you to begin again."

"My dear fellow, I shall have to begin again!" said Oliver Lyon, with a laugh, looking at Mrs. Capadose. She did n't meet his eyes — she had got up to ring for luncheon.

"The picture has been smashed," Lyon continued.

"Smashed? Ah, what did you do that for?" Mrs. Capadose asked, standing there before him in all her clear, rich beauty. Now that she looked at him she was impenetrable.

"I did n't — I found it so — with a dozen holes punched in it!"

"I say!" cried the colonel.

Lyon turned his eyes to him, smiling. "I hope *you* did n't do it?"

"Is it ruined?" the colonel inquired. He was as brightly true as his wife, and he looked simply as if Lyon's question could n't be serious. "For the love of sitting? My dear fellow, if I had thought of it, I would!"

"Nor you either?" the painter demanded of Mrs. Capadose.

Before she had time to reply her husband had seized her arm, as if a most suggestive idea had come to him. "I say, my dear, that woman — that woman!"

"That woman?" Mrs. Capadose repeated; and Lyon, too, wondered what woman he meant.

"Don't you remember when we came out, she was at the door — or a little way from it? I spoke to you of her — I told you about her. Geraldine — Grenadine — the one who burst in that day," he explained to Lyon. "We saw her hanging about — I called Everina's attention to her."

"Do you mean she got at my picture?"

"Ah yes, I remember," said Mrs. Capadose, with a sigh.

"She burst in again — she had learned the way — she was waiting for her chance," the colonel continued. "Ah, the little brute!"

Lyon looked down; he felt himself coloring. This was what he had been waiting for — the day the colonel should wantonly sacrifice some innocent person. And could his wife be a party to that final atrocity? Lyon had reminded himself repeatedly, during the previous weeks, that when the colonel perpetrated his misdeed she had already quitted the room; but he had argued none the less — it was a virtual certainty — that he had, on rejoining her, immediately made his achievement plain to her. He was in the flush of performance; and even if he had not mentioned what he had done, she would have guessed it. He did n't for an instant believe that poor Miss Geraldine had been hovering about his door, nor had the account given by the colonel the summer before of his relations with this lady deceived him in the slightest degree. Lyon had never seen her before the day she planted herself in his studio; but he knew her and classified her as if he had made her. He was acquainted with the London female model in all her varieties — in every phase of her development and every step of her decay. When he entered his house, that September morning, just after the arrival of his two friends, there had been no symptoms whatever, up and down the road, of Miss Geraldine's reappearance. That fact had been fixed in his mind by his recollecting the vacancy of the prospect when his cook told him that a lady and a gentleman were in his studio: he had wondered there was n't a carriage or cab at his door. Then he had reflected that they would have come by the underground railway; he was close to the Marlborough Road station and he knew the colonel, coming to his sittings, more than once had availed himself of that convenience. "How in the world did she get in?" He addressed the question to his companions indifferently.

"Let us go down to lunch," said Mrs. Capadose, passing out of the room.

"We went by the garden — without troubling your servant — I wanted to show my wife." Lyon followed his hostess with her husband, and the colonel stopped him at the top of the stairs. "My dear fellow, I *can't* have been guilty of the folly of not fastening the door?"

"I am sure I don't know, colonel," Lyon said as they went down. "It was a very determined hand — a perfect wild-cat."

"Well, she *is* a wild-cat — confound her! That 's why I wanted to get him away from her."

"But I don't understand her motive."

"She 's off her head — and she hates me; that was her motive."

"But she does n't hate me, my dear fellow!" Lyon said, laughing.

"She hated the picture — don't you remember she said so? The more portraits there are, the less employment for such as her."

"Yes; but if she is not really the model she pretends to be, how can that hurt her?" Lyon asked.

The inquiry baffled the colonel an instant, but only an instant. "Ah, she was in a vicious muddle! As I say, she 's off her head."

They went into the dining-room, where Mrs. Capadose was taking her place. "It 's too bad, it 's too horrid!" she said. "You see the fates are against you. Providence won't let you be so disinterested — painting masterpieces for nothing."

"Did *you* see the woman?" Lyon demanded, with something like a sternness that he could not mitigate.

Mrs. Capadose appeared not to perceive it, or not to heed it if she did. "There was a person, not far from your door, whom Clement

called my attention to. He told me something about her, but we were going the other way."

"And do you think she did it?"

"How can I tell? If she did, she was mad, poor wretch."

"I should like very much to get hold of her," said Lyon. This was a false statement, for he had no desire for any further conversation with Miss Geraldine. He had exposed his friends to himself, but he had no desire to expose them to any one else, least of all to themselves.

"Oh, depend upon it, she will never show again. You 're safe!" the colonel exclaimed.

"But I remember her address — Mortimer Terrace Mews, Notting Hill."

"Oh, that 's pure humbug; there is n't any such place."

"Lord, what a deceiver!" said Lyon.

"Is there any one else you suspect?" the colonel went on.

"Not a creature."

"And what do your servants say?"

"They say it was n't *them*, and I reply that I never said it was. That 's about the substance of our conferences."

"And when did they discover the havoc?"

"They never discovered it at all. I noticed it first — when I came back."

"Well, she could easily have stepped in," said the colonel. "Don't you remember how she turned up that day, like the clown in the ring?"

"Yes, yes; she could have done the job in three seconds, except that the picture was n't out."

"My dear fellow, don't curse me! — but of course I dragged it out."

"You did n't put it back?" Lyon asked, tragically.

"Ah, Clement, Clement, did n't I tell you to?" Mrs. Capadose exclaimed, in a tone of exquisite reproach.

The colonel groaned, dramatically; he covered his face with his hands. His wife's words were, for Lyon, the finishing touch; they made his whole vision crumble — his theory that she had secretly kept herself true. Even to her old lover she would n't be so! He was sick; he could n't eat; he knew that he looked very strange. He murmured something about its being useless to cry over spilled milk — he tried to turn the conversation to other things. But it was a horrid effort, and he wondered whether they felt it as much as he. He wondered all sorts of things: whether they guessed he disbelieved them (that he had seen them of course they would never guess); whether they had arranged their story in advance or it was only an inspiration of the moment; whether she had resisted, protested, when the colonel proposed it to her, and then been borne down by him; whether in short she did n't loathe herself as she sat there. The cruelty, the cowardice, of fastening their unholy act upon the wretched woman struck him as monstrous — no less monstrous indeed than the levity that could make them run the risk of her giving them, in her righteous indignation, the lie. Of course that risk could only exculpate her and not inculpate them — the probabilities protected them so perfectly; and what the colonel counted on (what he would have counted upon the day he delivered himself, after first seeing her, at the studio, if he had thought about the matter then at all and not spoken from the pure spontaneity of his genius), was simply that Miss Geraldine had really vanished forever into her native unknown. Lyon wanted so much to quit the subject that when, after a little, Mrs. Capadose said to him, "But can nothing be done, can't the picture be repaired? You know they do such wonders in that way now," he only replied, "I don't know, I don't care, it 's all over, *n'en parlons plus!*" Her hypocrisy revolted him. And yet, by way of plucking off the last veil of her shame, he broke out to her again, shortly afterward, "And you *did* like it, really?" To which she returned, looking him straight in his face, without a blush, a pallor, an evasion, "Oh, I loved it!" Truly her husband had trained her well. After that Lyon said no more, and his companions forebore temporarily to insist, like people of tact and sympathy, aware that the odious accident had made him sore.

When they quitted the table the colonel went away, without coming upstairs; but Lyon returned to the drawing-room with his hostess, remarking to her, however, on the way, that he could remain but a moment. He spent that moment — it prolonged itself a little — standing with her before the chimney-piece. She did n't sit down, nor ask him to; her manner denoted that she intended to go out. Yes, her husband had trained her well; yet Lyon dreamed for a moment that, now he was alone with her, she would perhaps break down, retract, apologize, confide, say to him, "My dear old friend, forgive this hideous comedy — you understand!" And then how he would have loved her and pitied her, guarded her, helped her always! If she were not ready to do something of that sort, why had she treated him as if he were a dear old friend; why had she let him, for months, suppose certain things — or almost; why had she come to his studio, day after day, to sit near him, on the pretext of her child's portrait, as if she liked to think what might have been? Why had she come so near a tacit confession, in a word, if she

was not willing to go an inch further? And she was not willing — she was not; he could see that as he lingered there. She moved about the room a little, rearranging two or three objects on the tables, but she did nothing more. Suddenly he said to her: "Which way was she going, when you came out?"

"She — the woman we saw?"

"Yes, your husband's strange friend. It 's a clew worth following." He did not wish to frighten her; he only wished to communicate the impulse which would make her say, "Ah, spare me — and spare *him!* There was no such person."

Instead of this Mrs. Capadose replied, "She was going away from us — she crossed the road. We were coming towards the station."

"And did she appear to recognize the colonel — did she look around?"

"Yes; she looked around, but I did n't notice much. A hansom came along and we got into it. It was n't till then that Clement told me who she was: I remember he said that she was there for no good. I suppose we ought to have gone back."

"Yes; you would have saved the picture."

For a moment she said nothing; then she smiled. "For you, I am very sorry. But you must remember that I possess the original!"

At this Lyon turned away. "Well, I must go," he said; and he left her without any other farewell and made his way out of the house. As he went slowly up the street the sense came back to him of that first glimpse of her he had had at Stayes — the way he had seen her gaze across the table at her husband. Lyon stopped at the corner, looking vaguely up and down. He would never go back — he could n't. She was still in love with the colonel — he had trained her too well.

Henry James.

THE END.

THE GOLDEN PRIME.

"— the golden prime of this sweet prince."

NEVER so fair a May was seen,
Never an evening half so fair;
Then first I knew what Maytimes mean,
First deeply breathed the vernal air,
First looked through Nature's sylvan screen,
And saw herself, in robe of green.

The breathing dusk, the dreaming sky,
Were with a thousand meanings fraught;
But all my thoughts were scented by
The sweetness of a single thought.
Wide flew my heart, yet circled nigh,
As happy swallows wheel and fly.

The world, for me, was newly made,
And given unto my heart for food;
And scent and blossom, bud and blade,
Were in its waking understood.
All things the inward mood obeyed,
For life its spell upon them laid.

Behind the budding sycamore
I saw the new moon's golden boat,
Without a sail, without an oar,
Adown the leafy lattice float,
And touch the ether's rosy shore.
Never was moon so new before.

Nor far, Love's star looked trembling through,
As if but then it learned to shine;
And Love's first smiles shone heavenly true,
They were so newly, freshly mine.
And in that hour my soul outgrew
Itself, and found itself anew.

Frances Louisa Bushnell.

HOW THE MOHAWKS SET OUT FOR MEDOCTEC.

I.

GROWS the great deed, though none
Shout to behold it done!
To the brave deed done by night
Heaven testifies in the light!

Stealthy and swift as a dream,
Crowding the breast of the stream,
In their paint and plumes of war
And their war-canoes four-score

They are threading the Oolastook
Where his cradling hills o'erlook.
The branchy thickets hide them;
The unstartled waters guide them.

II.

COMES night to the quiet hills
Where the Madawaska spills,—
To his slumbering huts no warning,
Nor mirth of another morning!

No more shall the children wake
As the dawns through the hut-door break;
But the dogs, a trembling pack,
With wistful eyes steal back.

And, to pilot the noiseless foe
Through the perilous passes, go
Two women who could not die,—
Whom the knife in the dark passed by.

III.

WHERE the shoaling waters froth,
Churned thick like devil's broth,—
Where the rocky shark-jaw waits,
Never a bark that grates!

And the tearless captives' skill
Contents them. Onward still!
And the low-voiced captives tell
The tidings that cheer them well:

How a clear stream leads them down
Well-nigh to Medoctec town,
Ere to the great Falls' thunder
The long wall yawns asunder.

IV.

THE clear stream glimmers before them;
The faint night falters o'er them;
Lashed lightly bark to bark,
They glide the windless dark.

Late grows the night. No fear
While the skillful captives steer!
Sleeps the tired warrior, sleeps
The chief; and the river creeps.

V.

IN the town of the Melicete
The unjarred peace is sweet,
Green grows the corn and great,
And the hunt is fortunate.

This many a heedless year
The Mohawks come not near.
The lodge-gate stands unbarred;
Scarce even a dog keeps guard.

No mother shrieks from a dream
Of blood on the threshold stream,—
But the thought of those mute guides
Is where the sleeper bides!

VI.

GETS forth those caverned walls
No roar from the giant Falls,
Whose mountainous foam treads under
The abyss of awful thunder.

But — the river's sudden speed!
How the ghost-gray shores recede!
And the tearless pilots hear
A muttering voice creep near.

A tremor! The blanched waves leap.
The warriors start from sleep.
Faints in the sudden blare
The cry of their swift despair,

And the captives' death-chant shrills.
But afar, remote from ills,
Quiet under the quiet skies
The Melicete village lies.

WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA.

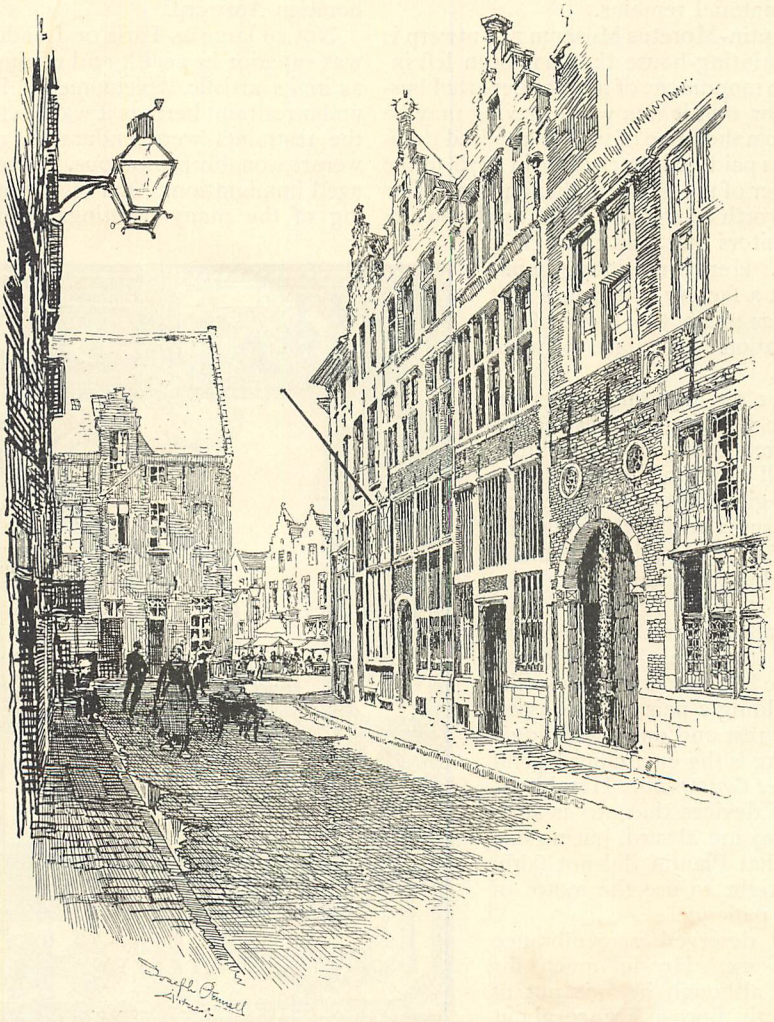
Charles G. D. Roberts.

A PRINTER'S PARADISE.

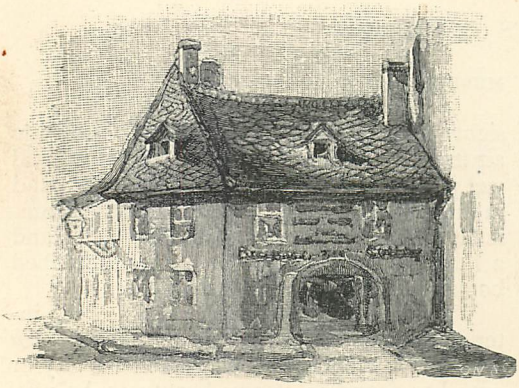
THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM AT ANTWERP.

THE modern printing-office is not at all picturesque. Whether it be old, with grimy hand-presses and dingy types, or new, with huge iron machines and long lanes of cases and stones, it does not invite the artistic pencil. Without doubt the cradle of books, but can one see any poetry about the cradle? The eye is confused with strange sights; the ear is jarred with harsh noise; the air itself is heavy with odors of ink and oil and wet paper. Nor does the imagination expand in the office of the manager, in which the prominent objects are always chairs and desks, and a litter of ragged papers and well-thumbed books — all prosaic and factory-like.

Was it always so? No one knows of the interior of Gutenberg's office in the *Zum Jungen* house at Mayence, for no artist in his day or ours has found in it any beauty to be preserved; but we do know that this birthplace of a great art is now a beer-shop, in which for a few pfennigs one may get a refreshment for the body not to be had for the mind. The



THE FRONT OF THE MUSEUM.



GUTENBERG'S OFFICE AT MAYENCE.

fate that fell on Gutenberg's office has fallen on the offices of Aldus and the Stephens and the Elzevirs. Not a vestige of office fittings or working material remains.

The Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp is the only printing-house that has been left intact as the monument of a great departed business. How well it was worth having may be inferred from the price of twelve hundred thousand francs paid for it by the city, in 1876, to the last member of the family of the founder. How well it is worth seeing is proved by the steady tide of visitors that pass through it every day. Here is a printing-house that is not a factory — a house that has been as much the home of art and education as a place for work and trade.

It is not an imposing structure. No public building in Antwerp is more unpretentious as to its exterior. Its dull front on the Marché du Vendredi gives but one indication of the treasures behind the walls. To him who can read it, the little tablet over the door is enough to tell the story; for it is the device of Christopher Plantin, "first printer to the king, and the king of printers." Here is the hand emerging from the clouds, holding a pair of compasses, one leg at rest and one describing a circle; here is the encircling legend of *Labore et Constantia*. Heraldry is overfull of devices that are as arrogant as they are absurd, but no one dare say that Plantin did not fairly earn the right to use the motto of labor and patience.

Plantin deserved remembrance from Antwerp. He did much for its honor, although he was not of Flemish birth. Born in France, about 1514, taught printing and bookbinding at Caen, he should have been by right, and would have been by choice, a worthy successor to the printers of Paris who did admirable work during the first half of the sixteenth century. But his most Christian majesty Henry II. of France had begun his reign in 1547 with the announcement that he should punish heresy as worse than treason. What a drag-net was this word heresy for the entanglement of printers! Stephen Dolet, most promising of all, had been recently burned at the stake; Robert Stephens, weary of endless quarrels with meddlesome ecclesiastics, was meditating the flight he soon afterward made to Geneva. To those who could read the signs of the times, there were even then forewarnings of the coming massacre of St. Bartholomew. France was a good country for a printer to leave, and Plantin did wisely to forsake Paris in 1548 and to make his home in Antwerp.

Not so large as Paris or London, Antwerp was superior in wealth and commerce, as well as in its artistic development. Printing was under restraint here, as it was everywhere; but the restraints were endurable, and printers were reasonably prosperous. Antwerp encouraged immigration. One of the most interesting of the many paintings in its Hôtel de

Phototypic. Jos. Maes, Anvers.

A TRADE-MARK.

Ville is that of the ceremonious naturalization of an Italian and his family in the sixteenth century. It was as the principal in a similar ceremony that Plantin became a citizen in 1550, and was enrolled as a printer.

With little money and few friends, Plantin had to struggle to keep his foot-hold in a city that had already been well served by many master printers. It did not appear that he was needed at all as a printer. So Plantin printing-office. In that year he published two little books, cautiously dividing the risk with other publishers. It must have been difficult to get books that were salable, for his first book * was in Italian and French, his second in Spanish, his third in French,— clear evidences all that there were in Antwerp already printers before him who had published all the books called for in Flemish.

But Plantin went to Antwerp to stay. In

PAINTING IN HÔTEL DE VILLE — ITALIAN FAMILY TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE. (LAST PAINTING BY HENRI LEYS.)

must have thought, for he avoided printing, and opened a shop in which he sold prints and books, and his wife sold haberdashery. To fill up unemployed time he bound books and decorated jewel-boxes. At this work he prospered, and soon earned a reputation as the most skillful decorator in the city. Before he was fairly established he met a great misfortune. Encountered on a dark night by a ruffian who mistook him for another, Plantin was dangerously stabbed, and forever disabled from handling gilding-tools. The possible rivalry that might have arisen between him and the artistic book-binders of Paris was effectually prevented. He had to begin anew, but it was more as a publisher than as a printer, for it is not certain that in 1555 he owned a

1556 he published four more books, two of them original; in 1557 eight books, six of them original; in 1558 fourteen books, many of them of large size and of marked merit. The four years that followed show steady increase in the number and improvement in the quality of his publications, among which were several Latin classics, a Greek text, a Latin Bible, and a dictionary in four languages.

His ability was fully recognized in 1562, but his business life was henceforward a succession of great misfortunes as well as of great achievements. By leaving Paris he did not escape, he only postponed, the conflict that had begun between the press, the state, and the church. The country that promised to

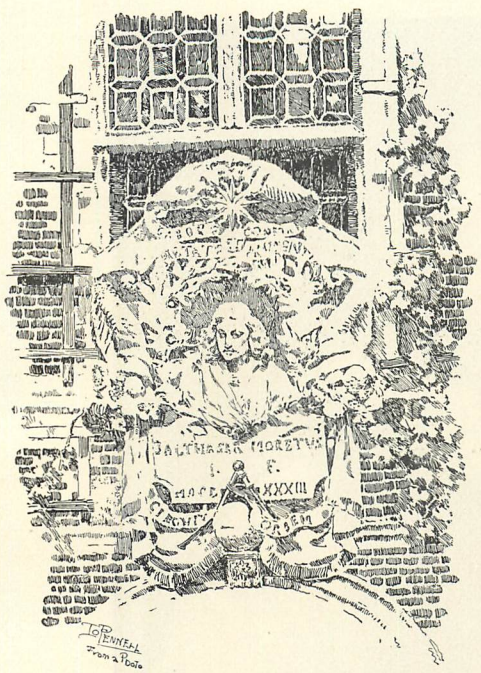
* "*La Institvtione di vna Fancivlla nata nobilmente.*" It was a small 12mo (now rated an 18mo). It would have greatly cheered him if he could have known that three hundred years after his death a copy of this book would be sold for more than one hundred dollars. He had to be content with one sou and a quarter.

give him liberty was to become the chosen battle-field of the contestants, and the result of the battle was to be undecided even at his death. In 1562 the regent, Margaret of Parma, ordered search for the unknown printer of a heretical prayer-book, and it was proved that the book had been printed in Plantin's printing-office. Forewarned of coming danger, Plantin escaped to Paris, where he staid for twenty months. When he could safely return, his business had been destroyed, and his printing-office, and even his household property, had been sold at auction to satisfy the demands of his creditors. Thirteen years of labor had been lost. He was down, but not to stay.

JEAN MORETUS I, SON-IN-LAW OF PLANTIN. (FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.)

Plantin was strongly suspected of complicity in this matter of heretical printing, but he had not been condemned. He overcame the prejudices, if there had been any, of ecclesiastical authorities, and made them active friends forever, although he was frequently afterward denounced as a Calvinist. Four wealthy men lent him money to found a printing-house, in which he worked hard. At the end of the next four years he had seven presses and forty workmen in his employ, and had published 209 books. What to him was of more importance, he had established friendly relations with the authorities of the state. The city of Antwerp gave him special privileges as printer; the King of Spain in 1570 made him "Prototypographe," the ruler of all the printers of the city. He was in correspondence with many of the great scholars and artists of his time, and was by them, as well as by every one, regarded as the foremost printer of the world. The King of France invited him to Paris; the Duke of Savoy offered to give to him a great printing-house and special rewards if he would go to Turin. But he kept in Antwerp, and enlarged his business. He not only worked himself, but made all his household help him. His daughters kept a book-store in the cloisters of the cathedral; he established an agency in Paris under the direction of his son-in-law, Gilles Beys. Another son-in-law, Moretus, was his chief clerk, and a regular attendant at all the German book fairs, while another, Raphelengius, was his ablest corrector of the press. Even the younger daughters were required to learn to read writing, and to serve as copy-holders, often on books in foreign languages, before they were twelve years old.

His season of greatest apparent prosperity began in 1570. His printing-house was soon after one of the wonders of the literary world. Twenty-two presses were kept at work, and two hundred crowns in gold were required every day for the payment of his workmen, recites an old chronicler with awe and astonishment. His four houses were too small. He had to buy and occupy the larger property which now constitutes the Plantin-Moretus Museum. Before he occupied his new office he had printed the largest and most expensive book then known to the world, the "Royal Polyglot," eight volumes folio, in four lan-

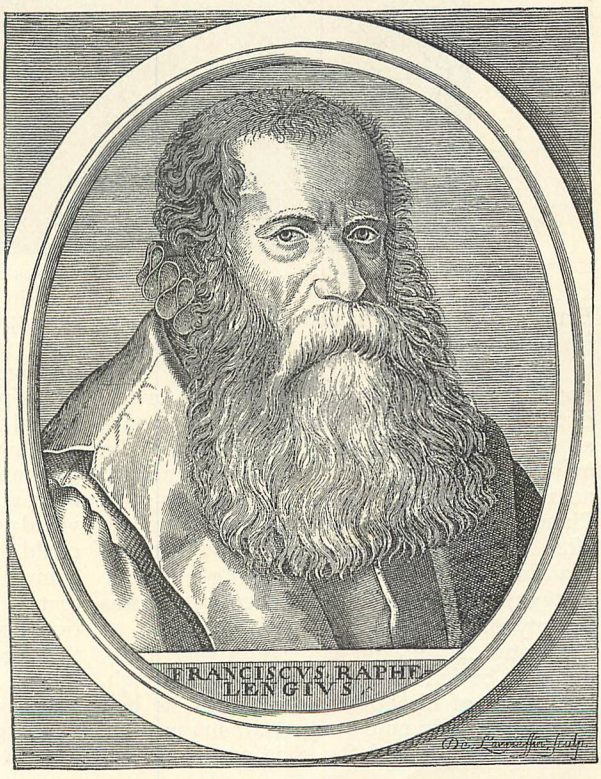


BUST OF BALTHAZAR MORETUS, IN THE COURT-YARD.

guages, with full-page illustrations from copper-plates. It was an enterprise that earned him more of honor than of profit, for the King of Spain, who had promised liberal help, disappointed him. Plantin had incurred enormous expenses and was harassed by creditors, and had to sell or pledge his books at losing prices. At that time the patronage of the king was a hindrance, for when he was in the greatest straits the king commanded him to print new service books for the Church that would be of great cost and of doubtful profit.

The king's habitual neglect to pay his obligations provoked his soldiers to outrages which nearly ruined Plantin. Antwerp had been for years in practical mutiny against the king. To repress this mutiny the citadel was filled with Spanish soldiers who were furious because they had not been paid, and were threatening to plunder the city by way of reprisal or as compensation. On the fourth day of November, 1576, when Plantin was no more than fairly settled in his new office, the threat was executed. Joined by an army beyond the walls, and by treacherous allies that the civic authorities had hired as defenders, they began the sack of the city. Eight thousand citizens were killed, a thousand houses were burned, six million florins' worth of property were burned, and as much more was stolen, amid most atrocious cruelties. The prosperity of the great city, which had been the pride of Europe, received a blow from which it never recovered. The business of Plantin was crushed. "Nine times," he said, "did I have to pay ransom to save my property from destruction; it would have been cheaper to have abandoned it." But his despondency was but for a day. In the ruins of the sacked city, surrounded by savage soldiers, discouraged with a faithless king who would not protect his property nor pay his debts, ill at ease with creditors who feared to trust him, and alarmed at the absence of buyers who dared not come to the city, Plantin still kept at work. The remainder of his life was practically an unceasing struggle with debt, but debt did not make him abandon his great plans. To pay his debts he often had to sell his books at too small prices. Sometimes he had to sell his working-tools. In 1581 he went to Paris to dispose of his library, costing 16,000 francs, for less than half its value.

Rich enough in books, in tools, in promises to pay, he had little of money, and slender credit. The political outlook was disheartening. Alexander of Parma was menacing Flanders and Brabant; there was reason to fear a siege of Antwerp and the destruction of his printing-house. With the consent of his creditors



BALTHAZAR MORETUS I. (AFTER A PAINTING IN BLACK AND WHITE BY ERASMUS QUELLYN.)

Plantin temporarily transferred his office to his sons-in-law, and in 1582 went to Leyden, to muse as he went on the warning, "Put not your trust in princes." There he was cordially received by the university, and at once appointed their printer. There he founded a new printing-house, in which he remained for nearly three years. When the siege was over, Plantin returned to Antwerp, but it was never after the Antwerp of his earlier days. Nor was Plantin himself as active. The king had made Antwerp a Catholic city, but its commerce was destroyed.

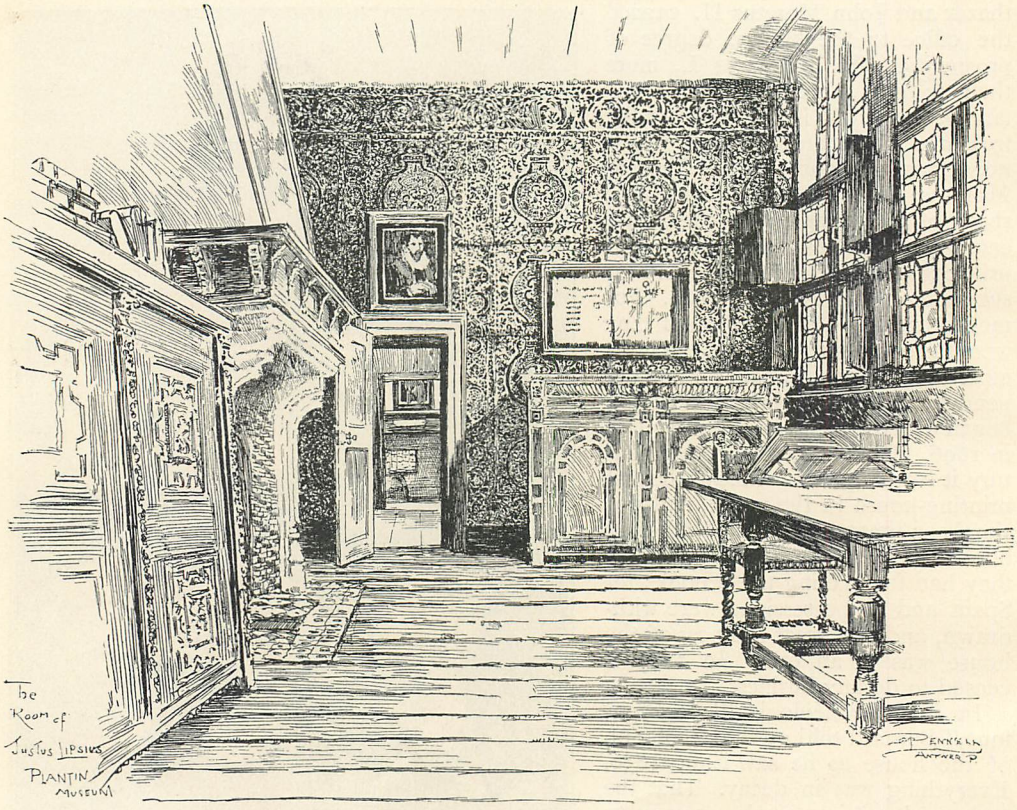
Plantin died on the first day of July, 1589, and was buried in the cathedral. Although, by reason of his bold undertakings, he had been financially embarrassed for many years before his death, he left a good estate, at least on paper. By a will made conjointly with his wife, who soon followed him, he gave the management of his printing-office and most of his property, then valued at 135,718 florins (equal to $217,000), to his son-in-law Moretus and his wife, burdened with legacies to children and other heirs, with the injunction that they, at their death, should bequeath the undivided printing-office to the son or successor who could most wisely manage it. If they had no competent son, then they must select a competent successor out of the family. This injunction was fairly obeyed. Under John Moretus the reputation of the house was fully maintained, although the publications were not so many nor so meritorious. But this falling-off was largely due to the diminished importance of Antwerp as a commercial city. His sons Bal-

thazar and John Moretus II. carried the office to the highest degree of prosperity. To Balthazar I., more than to any other member of the family, the world is indebted for the treasures of art and learning which now grace the rooms of the Plantin-Moretus Museum. A very large share of the prosperity of the house came from the valuable patents and privileges accorded to Plantin and his successors by the King of Spain. For more than two hundred years they were the exclusive makers of the liturgical books used in Spain and its dependencies. The decline of the house began with the death of Balthazar III. in 1696. During the eighteenth century it lost its preëminence as the first printing-house in the world, and was simply a manufactory of religious books. In 1808 the special privileges they had for making these books for Spain and its possessions were withdrawn, and this great business of the house was at an end. In 1867 it ceased to do any business.

In his "Archéologie Typographique," Bernard told of the desolation of the house as he saw it in 1850. Everything was in decay. That the types and matrices would soon go to the melting-kettle; that books and prints, furniture and pictures, would find their way, bit by bit, to bric-à-brac shops; that this old glory of Antwerp would soon be a story of the past — seemed inevitable. Fortunately there were in Antwerp men who tried to save the collection. Messrs. Emanuel Rosseels and Max Rooses (now *conservateur* of the Museum), under the zealous direction of M. Leopold de Wael, the burgomaster of the city, induced the city and the state to buy the property, the transfer of which was formally made, as we read from a tablet in the wall, in 1875.

The Museum, as it now stands, is not as Plantin left it. His successors, Balthazar I. especially, made many changes, additions, and restorations, but all have been done with propriety. The visitor is not shocked by incongruities of structure or decoration. The difficult task of re-arranging the house has been done with excellent taste by the architect Pierre Dens. It is the great charm of the Museum that the house and its contents, the books, pictures, prints, windows, walls,

JEANNE RIVIÈRE, HER SIX DAUGHTERS, AND JOHN THE BAPTIST. (FROM A PAINTING IN THE CATHEDRAL BY VAN DEN BROECK.)



ROOM OF JUSTUS LIPSIUS.

types, presses, furniture, are all in their places, and with proper surroundings. They fit. To pass the doorway is to take leave of the nineteenth century; to put ourselves not only within the walls, but to surround ourselves with the same familiar objects which artists and men of letters saw and handled two or three centuries ago. Here are their chairs and tables, their books and candlesticks, and other accessories of every-day office and domestic life. It is a new atmosphere. Standing in the vestibule under a copper lamp, facing a statue of Apollo, surrounded by sculptured emblems of art and science, the visitor at once perceives that he is in something more than a printing-house — in an old school of literature.

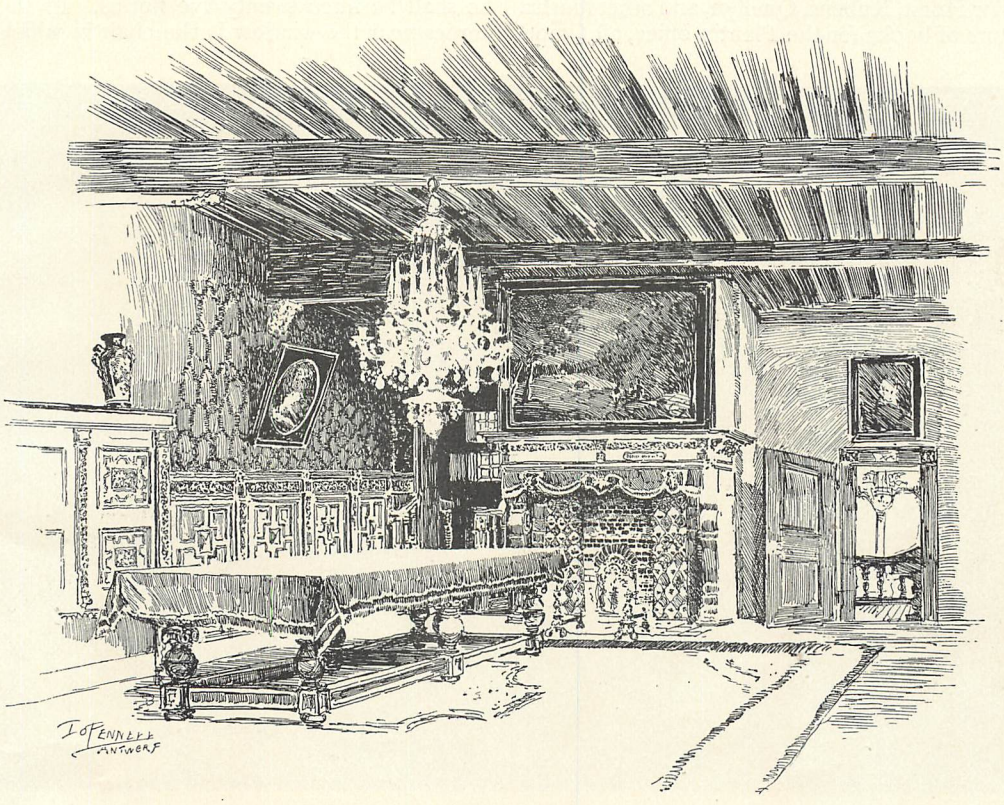
Yet there is little that is bookish in the first salon. One's attention is first caught by the little octagonal window lights that face the inner court, bright in colors, and with commemorations of John Moretus II. and Balthazar Moretus II. and their wives. And then one has to note the heavy beams overhead, and the old tapestries on the walls, the great tortoise-shell table, and the buffet of oak with its queer pottery, and the still queerer painting of an old street parade in Antwerp.

Over the chimney-piece in the second salon is the portrait of Christopher Plantin as he appeared at sixty-four years of age, wrapped in a loose black robe, with a broad ruff about his neck — unmistakably a man of authority, and of severity too. There is nothing dull, or impassive, or Dutch, about this head. He is a Frenchman of the old school, — muscular, courageous, enduring, — a man of the type of Condé or Coligny. Here too is Jeanne Rivière, his wife. How Flemish-looking is this French woman of placid face, in her white cap and quilled collar! plainly one of the grand old women that Rembrandt loved to honor. The portraits of some of Plantin's five daughters are on the walls, but they can be seen together only at the cathedral, on a panel painted by Van den Broeck. The eldest, Marguerite, was married in 1565, to Francis Raphelengius.* Martine, the second daughter, in 1570 married John Moretus, who was

* The wedding festivities lasted one week, for which Plantin made this provision, which has a fine medieval flavor: three sucking pigs at 17 sous each, six capons at 22 sous, twelve pigeons at 6 sous, twelve quails at 4 sous, five legs of mutton at 1 florin, twelve sweetbreads at 7½ sous the dozen, three beef tongues at 8 sous, four almond cakes, six calves' heads, three legs of mutton browned, six (16-lb.) hams at 2¾ sous the

Plantin's trusted man of business during his life, and his heir and successor. Madelaine, the fourth daughter, brightest of all, in 1572 married Egidius Beys, who was Plantin's agent in Paris. "My first son-in-law," wrote Plantin, "cares for nothing but books; my second knows nothing but business." Not a kindly criticism of Moretus, who was learned and wrote well in four languages, but Plantin must have been well content with these sons-in-law who complemented each other and fully served him. Beys* was not an esteemed assistant, nor was his son.

Here too are the portraits of many of the learned friends of Plantin. The somber face of Arias Montanus, the learned confessor of Philip II., who was commissioned by the king to superintend the printing of the great polyglot, glows with all the color that Rubens could give. By the same painter are the por-

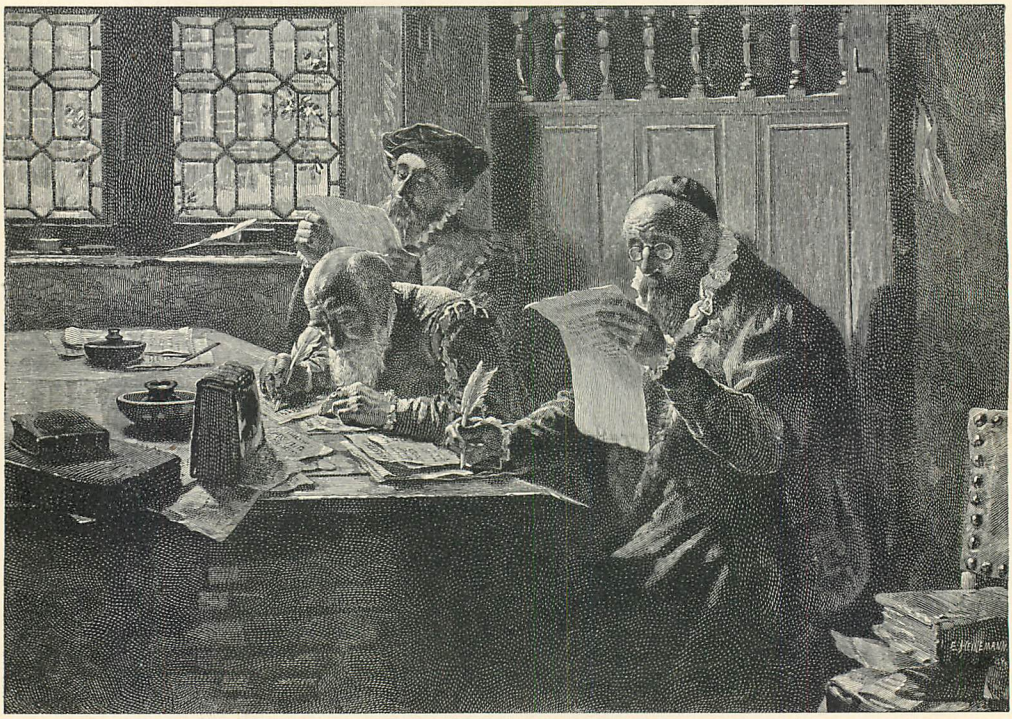


THE CONFERENCE CHAMBER.

pound, Rhine wine valued at 12 florins 5 sous, red wine valued at 4 florins 2½ sous, red and black cherries, strawberries, oranges, capers, olives, apples, salads, and radishes valued at 3 florins 8½ sous, confectionery valued at 4 florins 9 sous, two pounds of sugar-plums, one pound of anis, and three pounds of Milan cheese. The gifts to Raphelengius amounted to 32 florins 5 sous; to Plantin (for this was the custom of the period), 90 florins 16½ sous. Plantin gave to his workmen on this occasion a pot of wine valued at 7 florins.

*In 1587 the eldest son of Beys, then fourteen years of age, lived with his grandfather. At the close of a day of alleged misconduct, Plantin required of him the task to compose and write in Latin a description of the manner in which he had spent that day. This is the translation: "The occupations of Christophe Beys, February 21, 1587. I got up at half-past 6 o'clock. I went to embrace my grandfather and grandmother. Then I took breakfast. Before 7 o'clock I went to my class, and well recited my lesson in syntax. At 8 o'clock I heard mass. At half-past 8 I had learned my lesson in Cicero and I fairly recited it. At 11 o'clock I returned to the house and studied my lesson in phraseology. After dinner I went back to the class and properly recited my lesson. At half-past 2 I had fairly recited my lesson in Cicero. At 4 o'clock I went to hear a sermon. Before 6 o'clock I returned to the house, and I read a proof [held copy for] *Libellus Sodalitatis* with my cousin Francis [Raphelengius]. I showed myself refractory while reading the proofs of the book. Before supper, my grandfather having made me go to him, to repeat what I had heard preached, I did not wish to go nor to repeat; and even when others desired me to ask pardon of grandfather, I was unwilling to answer. Finally, I have showed myself in the eyes of all, proud, stubborn, and willful. After supper I have written my occupations for this day, and I have read them to my grandfather. The end crowns the work."

traits of Ortelius and Justus Lipsius and Pantinus—grave, scholarly, dignified faces all. Of greater attraction is the portrait, so often copied, of Gevartius, the clerk of the city of Antwerp. A showcase in the middle of the room contains designs by Martin de Vos, Van den Broeck, Van der Borcht, Van Noort, Van der Horst, Rubens, Quellyn, and other illustrators of books for the Plantin office, all famous

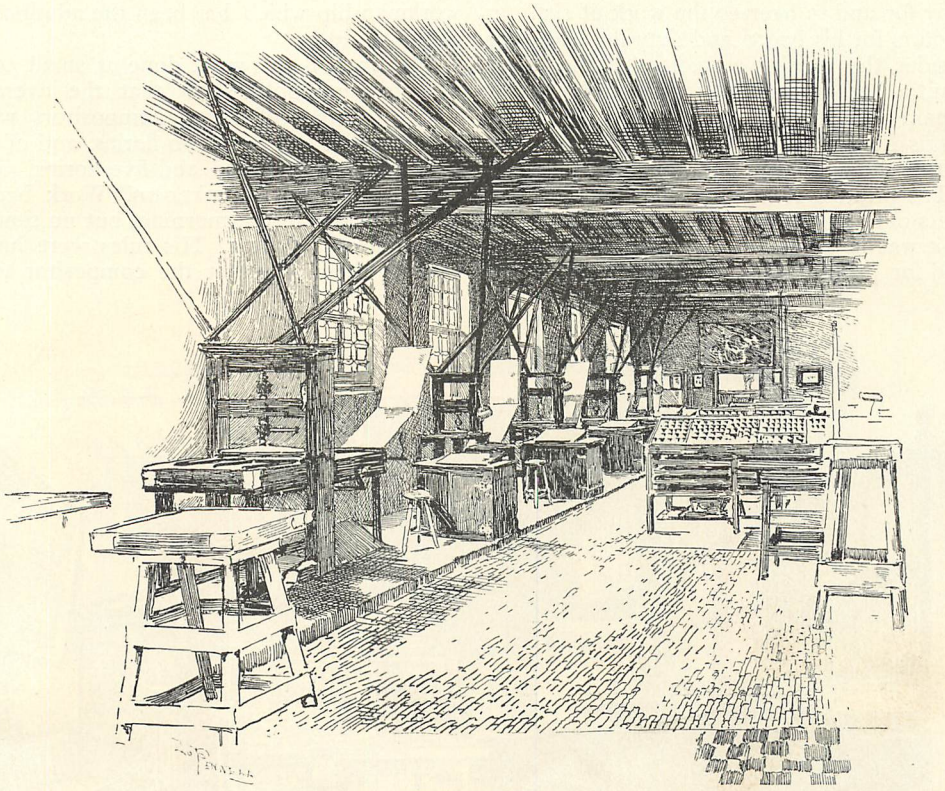


PLANTIN'S PROOF-READERS AT WORK.
(FROM A PAINTING BY PIERRE VAN DER OUDERA, NOW IN POSSESSION OF FELIX GRISAR, ANTWERP.)

in their time. Not the least curious is Rubens' bill of sale, dated 1630, to Balthazar Moretus I., of 328 copies of the works of Hubert Goltzius, the great archæologist, for 4920 florins, and the further sum of 1000 florins for the plates of the same, payable in books. The opportunity for "working off unsold remainders" was not neglected.

Fronting on a side street is the old bookstore, with all its furniture, including the old scales by which light gold coin was tested. A motley collection of books is on the shelves —prayer-books and classic texts, amatory poems and polemical theology. Posted up is a "Catalogue of Prohibited Books," a placard printed by Plantin himself in 1569, by the order of the Duke of Alva. Two of the prohibited books, the "Colloquies of Erasmus" and the "Psalms of Clement Marot," came from the Plantin press. What keen perception must have been exercised to find heresy in the Psalms! This was not the only interference with the printer by the law, for there is also posted a tariff made by the magistrates of Antwerp, by which a fixed price is made for every popular book. Whoever dares sell a book at a higher price is warned that he shall be fined twenty-five florins. In the corner near the window is the chair in which the shop-boy sat and announced incoming customers to the daughters who were at work in the rear of the store, from which it was separated by a glazed partition. Plainly a room for work and trade, but how differently work and trade were done then! No doubt there was enough of drudgery, but to the young women who worked in the glow of the colored glass windows, and listened to the ticking of the tall Flemish clock, and saw above them on the wall the beautiful face of a statuette of the Madonna, life could not have had the grimy, stony face it presents to the modern shop-girl.

In an adjoining room is the salon of tapestries, five of which represent shepherds, hunters, market women, dancers,— Flemish idyls all. One has to make another comparison, between the value of old and modern needle-work, not to the credit of Berlin wools



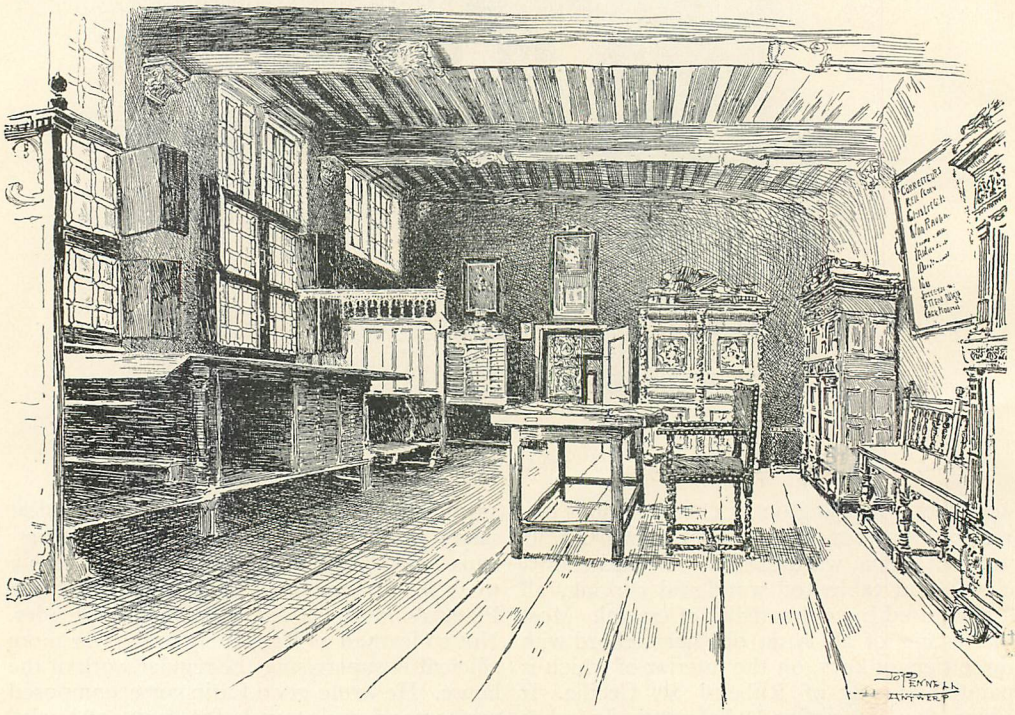
THE PRESS-ROOM.

and South Kensington stitches. Curious furniture is in the room — a buffet on which rests fine old china, wardrobes in oak and ebony, chairs and tables of wonderful carving, all surmounted by a chandelier of crystal. Most interesting of all is an old harpsichord with three tiers of keys, on the interior of which is painted a copy of Rubens' St. Cecilia. It bears the inscription, "Johannes Josephus Coenen, priest and organist of the cathedral, made me, Roermond, 1735." Not at all an old piece,—just midway between Plantin's time and ours,—but how old it seems by the side of a modern piano!

Of severer simplicity is the room of the Correctors of the Press, in which is a great oak table that overlaps the two diamond-paned windows opening on the inner court. On the walls are paintings of two of the most famous of Plantin's correctors — Theodore Poelman and Cornelius Kilianus. Poelman is represented as a scholar at work on his books in a small, mean room, in which his wife is spinning thread and a fuller is at work. And this was Poelman's lot in life: to work as a fuller by day, and to correct and prepare for press classic texts at night, for three or four florins per volume. Kilianus was corrector for the Plantin house for fifty years. Beginning as a compositor in 1558, at the very modest salary of five patards a day, not more (perhaps less) than two dollars and forty cents a week in our currency, he ultimately became Plantin's most trusted general proof-reader. Not so learned as Raphelengius, he was more efficient in supervising the regular work of the house. He wrote good Latin verse, composed prefaces and made translations for many books, and compiled a Flemish dictionary of which Plantin seems to have been ungenerously envious. His greatest salary was but four florins a week, but little more than was then paid to Plantin's expert compositors. The most learned of Plantin's regular correctors was his son-in-law Raphelengius, who had been a teacher of Greek at Cambridge. He began his work in the Plantin office at forty florins a year and his board. Montanus testified that he had thorough knowledge of many languages, and was an invaluable assistant on the Polyglot Bible. His greatest salary, in 1581, was but four hundred florins a year. As a rule editing and proof-reading were done at the minimum of cost. The wages paid to a scholarly reader, who had entire knowledge of three or four languages, was about twelve florins a month. Ghisbrecht, one of these correctors, agreed to prepare

copy for and to oversee the work of six compositors for his board and sixty florins a year. Besides the regular correctors of the house, Plantin had occasionally some volunteer or unpaid correctors, like Montanus. His friend Justus Lipsius seems to have been the only editor who was fairly paid for literary work.

The printing-room does not give a just idea of its old importance. What here remains is as it was in 1576, but the space then occupied for printing must have been very much



THE PROOF-READERS' ROOM.

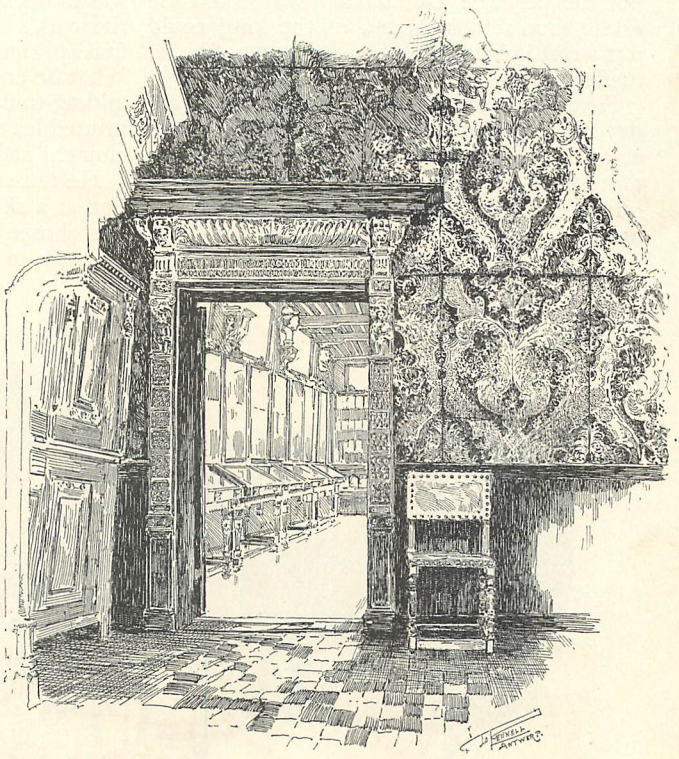
larger. Plantin's inventory, taken after his death, showed that he had in Antwerp seventy-three fonts of type, weighing 38,121 pounds. Now seven hand-presses and their tables occupy two sides of the room, and rows of type-cases and stands fill the remnant of space. How petty these presses seem! How small the impression surface, how rude all the appliances! Yet from these presses came the great "Royal Polyglot," the Roman Missal, still bright with solid black and glowing red inks, and thousands of volumes, written by great scholars, many of them enriched with designs by old Flemish masters. "The man is greater than the machine," and Plantin was master over his presses. From these uncouth unions of wood and stone, pinned together with bits of iron, he made his pressmen extort workmanship which has been the admiration of the world.

Plantin had this work done at small cost. His account-books show that the average yearly earnings of expert compositors were one hundred and forty-two florins, and of the pressmen one hundred and five florins. The eight-hour law was unknown. Work began at five o'clock in the morning, but no time is stated for its ending. His rules were hard. One of them was that the compositor who set three words or six letters not in the copy should be fined. Another was the prohibition of all discussions on religion. Every workman must pay for his entrance a *bienvenue* of eight sous as drink money, and give two sous to the poor-box. At the end of the month he must give thirty sous to the poor-box and ten sous to his comrades. This *bienvenue* was as much an English as a Flemish custom, as one may see in Franklin's autobiography.

The presses cost about fifty florins each. In one of his account-books is the record that he paid forty-five florins for copper platens to six of his presses. This is an unexpected discovery. It shows that Plantin knew the value of a hard impression surface, and made use of it three centuries before the printer of THE CENTURY tried, as he thought for the first

time, the experiment of iron and brass impression surfaces for inelastic impression.

The proportion of readers or correctors to compositors was large. In 1575 Plantin had, besides Raphelengius and Moretus, five correctors for twenty-four compositors, thirty-nine pressmen, and four apprentices. Much of the work done by these correctors was really editing, translating, re-writing, and preparing copy. With all these correctors, proof-reading proper was not too well done. Ruelens notes in Plantin's best work, the "Royal Polyglot," one hundred and fifteen errors of paging in the eight folio volumes. Yet this book was supervised by Montanus and Raphelengius, and in some portions by eminent scholars and professors of the Leyden University.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ENGRAVING-ROOM — IN BLACK AND GOLD.

To publish a polyglot with parallel texts in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee, with Granvelle and ecclesiastics of high station to commend the proposed work to the king and to get from him a subvention, Plantin's first estimate for the six volumes which he then thought enough for the work was 24,000 florins, exclusive of the cost of new types and binding. After much deliberation the king consented to advance 6000 ducats, for which he was to receive an equal value in books at trade rates. But the work grew on Plantin's hands; it made eight volumes instead of six, and it cost 100,000 crowns before it was completed. Twelve hundred copies on paper were printed and announced to the trade in the style of the modern Parisian publisher.

10 on grand imperial paper of Italy . . price not stated
30 on grand imperial, at the price of . . . . . 200 florins
200 on the fine royal paper of Lyons . . . . . 100 florins
960 on the fine royal paper of Troyes . . . . . 70 florins

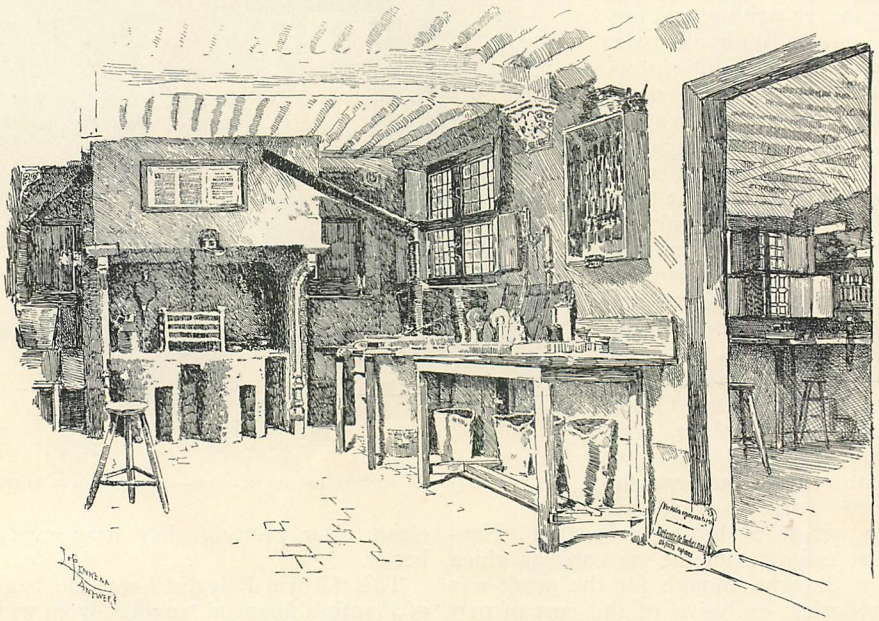
The king had twelve copies on vellum, which required more skins than could be had in Antwerp or Holland. It is of interest to note that Plantin, like all printers, had no enthusiasm for vellum. To an application from a German prince who asked for a copy on vellum, Plantin answered that none could be furnished, but that the copies on the imperial Italian paper were really better printed than those on the vellum. In the matter of clean, clear printing they were every way better.

This "Royal Polyglot" was the beginning of Plantin's financial troubles, from which he never fairly recovered. The king would not allow the work to be published until it had been approved by the pope, who refused his consent. Montanus went to Rome to plead for a change of decision; but it was not until 1573, when a new pope was in the chair, that this permit was granted. Even then the difficulties were not over. A Spanish theologian denounced the work as heretical, Judaistic, the product of the enemies of the Church. Then the Inquisition made a slow examination, and grudgingly decided in 1580 that it might be lawfully sold. For more than seven years the unhappy book was under a cloud of doubt as to its orthodoxy. The damage to Plantin was severe. Before he reached the concluding volumes his means were exhausted, and he had to mortgage at insufficient prices two-thirds of the copies done. The king was fully repaid in books for all money he had advanced, but Plantin got no more. With the generosity of people who are accustomed to give what does not belong to them, the king granted Plantin an annual pension of four hundred florins, secured on a confiscated Dutch estate;

but the perverse Dutchman who owned the estate soon retook it, and as the king could not wrest it from him, the pension was forever ineffective.

Seven rooms or lobbies in the Museum are devoted to the exhibition of engravings as well as of their blocks or plates, of which there are more than 2000 on copper and about 15,000 on wood. It is a most curious collection of original work, more complete and more diversified than that of any printing-house before the nineteenth century. Indeed, it would not be easy to find a rival as to quantity and quality among modern houses. Here are etchings by Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Teniers; engravings by Bolswert, Vorsterman, Pontius, Edelinck. One looks with more than ordinary attention on the *St. Catharine*, the only etching known to have been done by the hand of Rubens, as well as on the wonderful line engraving by Edelinck of the portrait of *Philippe de Champagne*. The prints that may be most admired were made to the order of Plantin's successors, who were contemporaries of the greatest Flemish masters, but their preference for the work of true artists was implanted by the founder of the house. "I never neglected," Plantin said, "when I had the opportunity and the ability, to pay for the work of the best engravers." The sparsity of engravings in his earlier books was, no doubt, caused by his poverty; but even these petty books show that they were planned by a man of superior taste — by a printer whose heart was in his trade, and who loved his work for the work's sake. His early training as a book-finisher gave him decorative inclinations. What he could not do on book covers with gilding-tools he tried to have done on the printed leaves with wood-cuts from designs by eminent artists.

He must have quickly earned good reputation as a skillful printer of wood-cuts, for he was chosen by the authorities of Antwerp over all rivals to print a large illustrated book describing the recent obsequies of Charles V. This book he published in 1559 in the form of an oblong folio, containing thirty-three large plates, at the cost of 2000 florins. These plates, although separately printed, were designed to be conjoined, and used as a processional frieze, In planning this book he did not repeat the folly of many of his rivals, who were still imitating the coarse designs and rude cutting of the obsolete "Biblia Pauperum" and "Speculum Salutis." He gave the work to a competent designer, and was equally careful with the engraving and printing, and found his profit in the large sale of many editions and in five languages. After this he made increasing use of engravings on wood. No printer of his time illustrated books so freely: in one book, the "Botany" of Dodonæus, the cuts would be regarded now as profusely extravagant. To this day they are models of good line drawing and clean engraving. When the text did not call for descriptive illustrations he made free use of large initial letters, head-bands, and



THE TYPE-FOUNDRY.

tail-pieces. The shelves and closets of the Museum contain thousands of initials remarkable for the vigor of their designs or the ingenuity of their backgrounds or interlacings. One series is about five inches square. One cannot refrain from expressing the regret that so many modern designers and publishers seem to be entirely ignorant of the beauty of some of the Plantin initials, and prefer elaborated distortions of the alphabet, which are every way unworthy of comparison. But Plantin soon found that there was a limit to the effects to be had from engravings on wood when printed on his rough paper and by his weak presses. He began to develop on a grand scale illustrations on copper, of which the "Humanæ Salutis Monumenta" of 1571, with its seventy-one large plates, was his earliest and most noteworthy example.

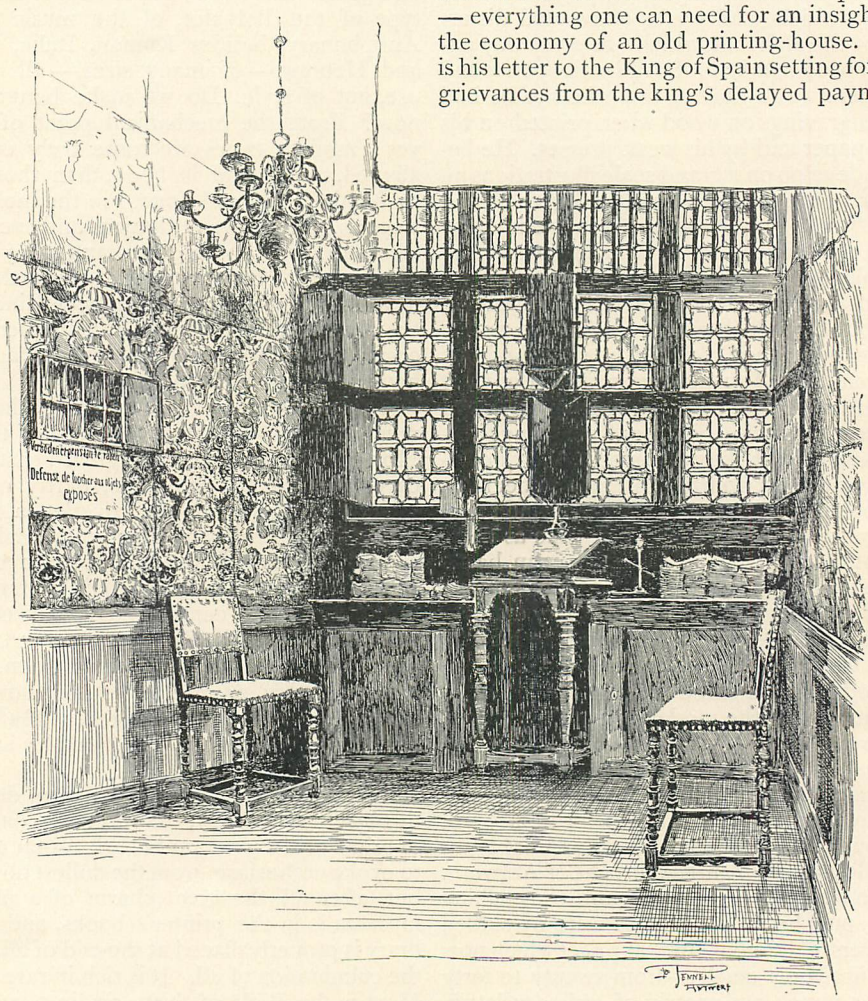
Two rooms contain the remnants of the type-foundry, which provoke reflection on the difference between old and new methods of book-making. The modern printer does not make his types; he does not even own a punch or a matrix. Buying his types from many foundries, he has great liberty of selection, but, necessarily, a selection from the designs of other men. It follows that the text types of one printer may be — must be, often — just the same as those of another printer, and that there can be no really strong individuality in the books of any house. In the sixteenth century every eminent printer had some of his types made to his own order, which types he only used. This was the method: He hired an engraver to draw and cut in steel the model letters, or punches, and to provide the accompanying mold and matrices. Keeping the punches, he took the mold and matrices to men who cast types for the trade, who furnished him all he needed. The founders who made Plantin's earlier types were Guyot and Van Everbrocht of Antwerp. The designs for these types and the making of the punches and matrices were by skilled engravers in different cities at prices which now seem incredibly small — from twenty to forty sous for punch and matrix of ordinary letter. Robert Granjon of Lyons and Guillaume Le Bé of Paris did much of his best work; Hautin of Rochelle, Ven der Keere of Tours, and Bomberghe of Cologne were also employed. Plantin had types cast in his office after 1563, but the foundry was not an important part of the house until 1600: at that date the collection of punches was very large.

Here are some of the common tools of type-making,— the vises, grindstones, files, gravers, etc.,— and rude enough they seem. When we go into the next room, and scrutinize the molds and punches behind the wire screens, and the justified matrices in the showcases, we wonder that this excellent workmanship could have been done by these rough tools. Printed specimens of some of the types are shown on the walls, but they do not fairly show the full merit of the work. It is true that the counters are not as deep as a modern founder would require, but the cutting is clean and good. Here are the punches of the great type of the Polyglot, of the music of the Antiphonary, besides Roman, Italic, Greek, and Hebrew,— of many sizes,— all out of use, out of style. Do we make better types now? From the mechanical point of view, yes: modern types are more truly cut and aligned, more solid in body, than those cast by hand from metal poured in the mold with a spoon. From the utilitarian, and even from the artistic standpoint, one cannot say yes so confidently. Modern types are more delicate, have more finish, and more graceful lines; but the old types are stronger and simpler, more easily read, and have features of grace that have never been excelled.

To the admirer of old furniture, the room numbered 26 — the bed-chamber of the last Moretus — is attractive. A great bedstead of carved oak, black with age, partly covered with an embroidered silk coverlet (a marvel of neat handiwork and dinginess), flanked by a grimy prie-dieu and a wardrobe equally venerable, is dimly reflected in a tarnished mirror of the last century. On walls covered with stamped and gilt leather hang two old prints and a carving of the crucifixion. Elegant in its day, admirable yet, but how dead and cheerless is this little room! As devoid of life and warmth as the crucibles and furnaces in the foundry.

There is no room in the Museum deficient in objects of interest, for in all are paintings or prints or old typographic bric-à-brac enough to evoke enthusiasm from the dullest observer; but, after all, the great charm of a printer's museum is in the printer's books, and the library is properly placed at the end of all, and is the culmination of all. It is rich in rare books. Here is the Bible of thirty-six lines, which is rated by many bibliographers as the first great work of Gutenberg. Here are first editions and fine copies from the offices of all the famous early printers. They were not bought for show, nor as rarities — merely as texts to be compared, collated, or referred to for a new manuscript copy to be put in the compositors' hands. The collection here shown of the books printed by Plantin is large, probably larger than can be found elsewhere, but not entirely complete. They are not arranged in chronological order; one has to consult Ruelens's catalogue to see how Plantin's ambition rose with opportunity — to see what great advances he made

every year and for many years, not only in the number of his books, but in their greater size and merit, and in steadily increasing improvement of workmanship. "He is all spirit," wrote Montanus; "he gives little thought to food, or drink, or repose. He lives to work."



PLANTIN'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

But the most valuable part of this collection of 14,000 books is not in its printed but its written treasures. Plantin was a model man of business, who carefully preserved records, accounts, and much of his correspondence, and taught his successors to exercise similar diligence. The records show more than the business; they show the man and his motives. Many are in Plantin's handwriting; the accounts in Flemish, the correspondence in Latin, French, and sometimes in Spanish. The more valuable papers have been edited and published by Max Rooses, the director of the Museum.

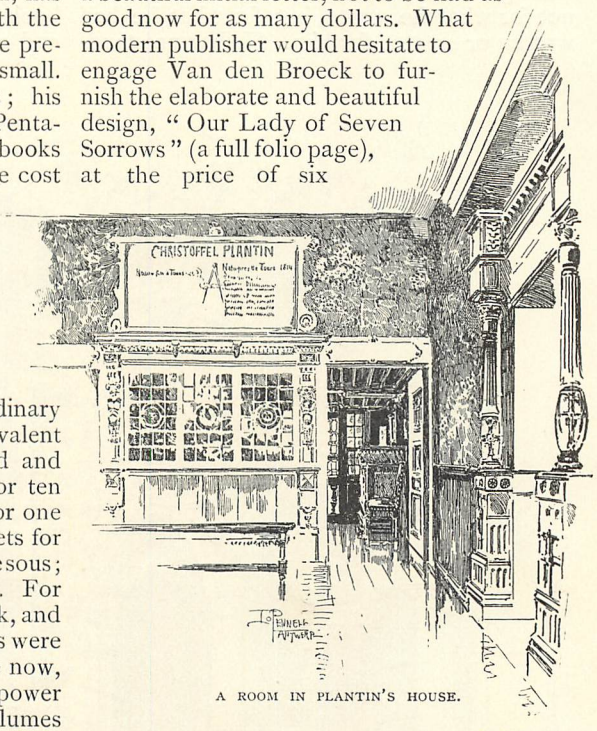
In these records may be found his correspondence with artists, scholars, and dignitaries, both civil and ecclesiastical, as well as the weekly bills of his workmen, inventories of stock, accounts of sales, of profit and loss, memoranda of work done and work prepared — everything one can need for an insight into the economy of an old printing-house. Here is his letter to the King of Spain setting forth his grievances from the king's delayed payments; the items of money spent at the wedding-feast of each daughter (and curious reading it is); the bills of type-founders and engravers on wood; his written wrestlings with money-lenders who wanted too much of interest or of security, and with booksellers who wanted too much discount, and sold books below regular prices; his bargainings with editors and authors for manuscripts, and the *pourboires* he had to pay to officials of high and low station for permission to print; his complaints against the intolerable delays of artists and

engravers.* Rich as it is in relics of the domestic life of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the house and furniture of the Museum does not show that domestic life with the clearness that the business life can be seen in the records. What is missing?

It is not an easy matter to make a wise selection from the wealth of the material which M. Rooses, the director of the Museum, has brought to light. One must begin with the unexpected discoveries. Contrary to the prevailing belief, Plantin's editions were not small. His ordinary edition was 1250 copies; his largest edition was 3900 copies of the Pentateuch in Hebrew. He refused to print books in small editions unless he was paid the cost of the work before it was begun. He sold few single copies; the retail trade in ordinary books was done by wife and daughters in shops in other quarters of the city. Nearly all his books went to booksellers at fairs or in other cities, to whom he gave small discounts, about one-sixth less than the retail price. The retail prices were very small. The ordinary text-book, in an octavo (in size of leaf equivalent to the modern 16mo) of three hundred and twenty pages, was then sold at retail for ten sous. A Horace of eleven sheets sold for one sou; a Virgil of nineteen and a half sheets for three sous — of thirty-eight sheets for five sous; the Bible, 1567, in Latin, at one florin. For large quartos and folios, for texts in Greek, and for profusely illustrated books, the prices were as high as, or even higher than, they are now, considering the then greater purchasing power of money. For his Polyglot in eight volumes he asked seventy florins, equivalent to one hundred and twelve dollars of American money.

The modern publisher is amazed at the low prices for ordinary books, but the records show that the cost of a book was in proportion. Plantin paid very little to authors and editors. Sometimes they were required to contribute to the cost of the printing, and were given a few copies of the book after it had been printed as a full make-weight. As a rule they contributed nothing, and were paid, if paid at all, in their own books. Many authors got but ten florins for the copy of valuable and salable books. The literary world was undergoing a curious transition. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries scholars had tried to keep to themselves their knowledge; in the sixteenth century they were eager to publish it, and glad to get an opportunity.† Many seemed to think that they were under moral obligation to give freely what they knew.

Designing and engraving were relatively cheaper than they are now. From four to seven sous was the price for designing and engraving a beautiful initial letter, not to be had as good now for as many dollars. What modern publisher would hesitate to engage Van den Broeck to furnish the elaborate and beautiful design, "Our Lady of Seven Sorrows" (a full folio page), at the price of six



A ROOM IN PLANTIN'S HOUSE.

florins? For his superb engraving of this design Plantin overpaid the dissolute Jerome Wiericx ninety-six florins. The usual price of the brothers Wiericx for engraving a plate of folio size was thirty florins.

All the materials of the book were cheap. The ordinary paper came from France and cost, according to weight and quality, from twenty-four to seventy-eight sous a ream. Even the large vellum skins of Holland, bought for the "Royal Polyglot," cost but forty-five sous the dozen.

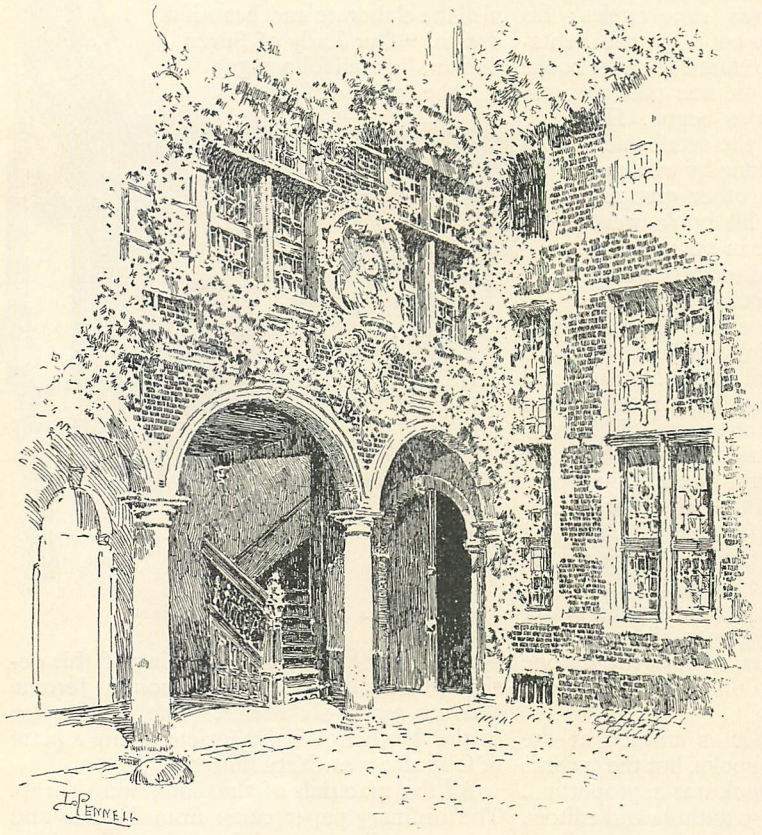
He paid his binders for the labor of binding (not including the leather or boards) an octavo in full sheep one sou for each copy; for a quarto, one sou and a half to two sous; for a folio, in full calf, from seven to eleven

* There are engravers on copper here who offer to work for eight florins a day in their own houses. When they have worked one or two days they go to taverns and disreputable houses, and carouse with worthless people. There they pawn their goods and tools. Whoever has work in their hands is obliged to hunt them up and pay their debts. [Plantin to Ferdinand Ximenes, Jan. 2, 1587.]

† Balzac wrote a letter to Elzevir, in which he thanked Elzevir effusively for his piratical reprint of one of his books. Balzac never got a sou from this reprint, not even thanks, but he was not the less grateful, for he was delighted because he had been introduced in the good society of the great authors, and had received the imprimatur and approval of Elzevir.

sous.* Richly gilt books were paid for at higher prices, but miserably small they seem as compared with present prices.

If Plantin had done no more than to found a large printing-house, he would deserve no more consideration than any other successful trader of his time. He was not an ordinary trader: he has right to an honorable place among the great educators of his century—not for what he wrote, but for what he had written or created for him. He has no standing as a scholar or as an editor, but as a publisher he outranks all his contemporaries. He printed more than sixteen hundred editions, some of which were original work written at his request. His greatest production was eighty-three editions in 1575, and the lowest, twenty-four editions in 1576, the year of the Spanish Fury.



A CORNER OF THE COURT-YARD.

One of the difficulties of a publisher of the sixteenth century was the scarcity of books that could be printed to profit. To this could be added the poverty and the sparseness of readers. All the popular classic texts, and all ordinary forms of school books and of devotional books, had been printed so many times, and in such large editions, that they often had to be sold for little more than the cost of the white paper. Yet Plantin entered this overcrowded field with confidence. His books of devotion were more carefully printed and more richly illustrated; his school texts were more carefully edited and more intelligently arranged. All were of the first order; he did not pander to low appetites; his aims were always high and his taste was severe.

Before the year 1567 he had printed many editions of the Bible in Latin, Flemish, and Hebrew. By far the largest part of the reading of the sixteenth century was theological, and Plantin saw that he would make his greatest success in getting an appointment as the recognized or official printer of the liturgical books of the Roman Catholic Church. His earliest attempts were beset with difficulties. He had to solicit the help of Cardinal Granvelle and Philip II. The permit given by the pope and his cardinals was grudgingly allowed by the ecclesiastical magnates of the Netherlands. When he did begin to print, he had to pay ten per cent. of his receipts to Paul Manutius of Rome, who held the privilege. He had to petition the King of Spain to get the exclusive privilege he desired for the printing of the Church on Spanish territory. His friend Montanus told the king that Plantin's prices were more, but his printing was better than that of the Italian printers. It was this superiority in workmanship, as well as in business methods, that turned the scale in his favor. Two of these service books, the great Psalter and the Antiphonary of 1571 and 1572, are admirable pieces of rubricated printing. For

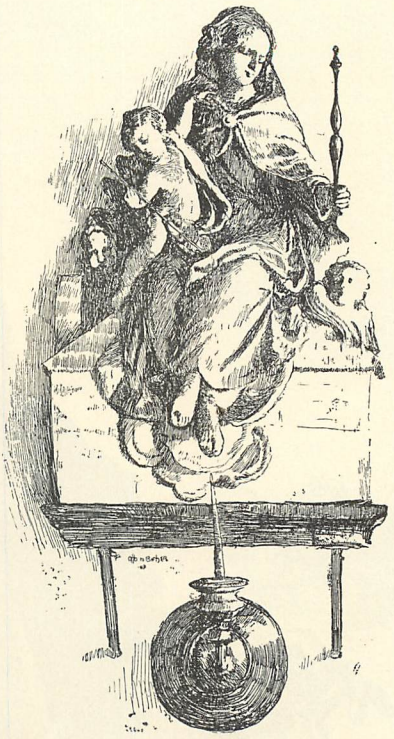
* M. Rooses appraises the real or purchasing value of silver in the time of Plantin, at its maximum, at four times its stamped or nominal value. By this standard the sou should be rated as equal to eight cents of American money, and the florin as equal to $1.60.

many years the printing of these and other books kept him in financial embarrassment, but the result demonstrated the wisdom of his foresight. He never lived to enjoy the fruits, but his successors were made rich by a monopoly which they held for more than two hundred years.

Plantin's printing was good, but it has been overpraised. He was named "King of Printers" at a time when the duties most admired in a printer were those of editor and publisher. Here he was grand. His purposes were always far beyond those of his rivals; great folios, many volumes, large types, difficult works in little-known languages, "lumping patents" or privileges, profuse illustrations by eminent artists—every peculiarity of typography that dazzled or astonished. All his books are above mediocrity, but he did not attain the highest rank, either in his arrangement of types or in his press-work. He had obscure rivals in France and the Netherlands, who never made showy or imposing books, but who did better technical work, furnished more faultless texts, and showed clearer and sharper impressions from types. After Balthazar III. a decline set in. Some of the later books of the house are positively shabby—a disgrace to their patent and to the art.

Was Plantin a Catholic? Prefaces written by him in some books are fervid with protestations of loyalty to the old Church. Montanus and Cardinal Granvelle, and many prominent ecclesiastics, were his personal friends, and vouched for his orthodoxy. The suspicious King of Spain never seems to have doubted him, not even when he went to Louvain, that home of heresy. These are strong assurances; yet he was often denounced as a Calvinist: he printed books that were proscribed, and for which he lost his property. His correspondence with heretics proves beyond cavil that he was at heart a member of a non-resisting sect not unlike that of the Friends,—a sect which taught that religion was a personal matter of the heart and life, and not at all dependent on churches, creeds, or confessions. How much this flexible, non-resistant faith was his justification for the insincerity of his professions he alone can answer. It is certain that he was insincere. He was not the stuff martyrs are made of.

It is more pleasant to turn to another side of his character, in which his sincerity is above all reproach. To the last, Plantin was true to his trade. Too many successful traders make use of their success to indulge in unsuspected propensities. They kick away the ladder they climbed up on; they forswear trade and plebeian occupations; they take their ease and display their wealth; they build mansions and buy estates; they seek social distinction for themselves and their families. From this vainglory Plantin was entirely free. His ambition began and ended in his printing-house. To form a great office worthy of the king of printers, in which the largest and best books should be printed in a royal manner, was the great purpose of his life. Neither the Spanish Fury, nor the siege of Antwerp, nor the destruction of the great city's privileges and commerce, nor the king's neglect, nor his failure to perpetuate his name in a son, nor the infirmities of old age, shook his purpose. The future fate of the office for which he had labored was doubtful; for his sons-in-law were not in accord with one another. He had little ready money and many obligations. He had only the appearance of success; his greatest bequest was the means by which unreached success could be attained. The probabilities were that his name, fame, and estate would soon disappear in a struggle between contentious heirs; but with all the odds against him, he did carry his point. The will of the dying old man had more enduring force in it than there was in any decree or treaty then made for the perpetuation of the Spanish dynasty. The Plantin-Moretus house outlived the Spanish house of Hapsburg. For more than three centuries the printing-



STATUETTE OF MADONNA AND CHILD, OVER CANDLESTICK IN THE PRESS-ROOM. (FROM AN ETCHING MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE BY OTTO H. BACHER.)

REPRODUCED FROM AN ENGRAVING BY HENRI GOLTZIUS.

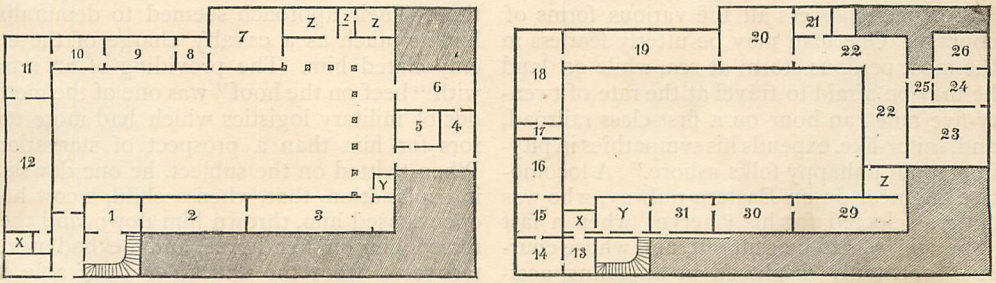
C. PLANTIN.

office was kept in the family in unbroken line of descent; for at least three generations it maintained its position as the first office in the world. The Plantin types and presses and office are still the pride of Antwerp, but the statue of the king's representative, the fierce Duke of Alva, which once dominated a square in the city, and who boasted on the pedestal that he had restored order and preserved religion and reconstructed society, was long ago overthrown. No overthrow could be more complete. It was not merely the upsetting of statue or dynasty, but of the foundations of medieval ideas and principles. Plantin, unwittingly no doubt, but not the less efficiently, did his share in bringing down this thorough destruction. The books which he and others printed aroused the mental activity and inspired the freedom which soon made the Netherlands the foremost state in the world. Kings die and beliefs change; the bronze statues made to be imperishable are destroyed, but the printed word stands. The book lives, and lives forever. Horace was right: it is more enduring than bronze.

In walking through the Museum the eye does not weary of sight-seeing, but the brain does refuse to remember objects that crowd so fast. To remember, one must rest and think of what he has seen. It is a relief to sit down under the cool arcade and look out on the quiet court, and think of the men who trod these stones. For here Plantin and Moretus used to sit in the cool of the day; here they matured plans for great books, and devised means of borrowing money to pay fast-coming obligations. Was the end worth the worry? Behind those latticed windows, obscured with rampant grape-vine leaves, the great Justus Lipsius wrote or corrected the books that were the admiration of all the universities — books now almost forgotten. In the next room Poelman and Kilianus and Raphelengius plodded like wheel-horses in dragging obscure texts out of the muddy roads in which copyists and compositors had left them. Who thinks of them now? Through that doorway have often passed the courtly Van Dyke and the dashing Rubens, gay in velvets and glittering with jewels. They, at least, are of the immortals. Dignitaries of all classes have been here: patriarchal Jewish rabbis and steeple-crowned Puritans; the ferocious Duke of Alva and the wily Cardinal Granvelle; cowled ecclesiastics from Rome and black-gowned professors from Leyden. From upper windows not far away Plantin's daughters have looked out in terror, on the awful night of the Spanish Fury, as they heard the yells of the savage soldiers raging about the court, and listened to their threats of "blood and flesh and fire," and shuddered at the awful fate that seemed before them. Truly a sad time for the making of books or the cultivation of letters. And even nine years after this, the boy Balthazar must have been stopped at study by the roar of Farnese's guns during that memorable siege, and by the shrieks of the starving defenders of the doomed city.

The evening bell sounds its warning: it is time to go. At our request the obliging concierge gives us a few leaves from the grape-vine, and we take our places in the outgoing procession. Out once more in the steaming streets — out in the confused roar and clatter of modern city life. But the memory of the Museum is like that of the chimes of Antwerp's great cathedral — never to be forgotten.

Theo. L. De Vinne.



PLAN OF THE PLANTIN-MORETUS MUSEUM.

The Ground Floor: 1, 2, 3, Parlors; 4, 5, Shops; 6, Room of tapestries; 7, Room of the correctors; 8, Office; 9, Room of Justus Lipsius; 10, Lobby; 11, Room for the letters; 12, Printing-room; X, Porter's lodge; Y, Staircase looking out on the court; Z, Servants' room, etc. First Story: 13, 14, Front rooms; 15, 29, 30, Library; 16, 18, 22, Wood-engravings; 17, Lobby; 19, Copper-plates; 20, 24, Parlors; 21, Room of the licenses; 23, Room of the Antwerp engravers; 25, Rear room; 26, Sleeping-room; 31, Hall of archives; X, Reading-room; Y, Office of the Director; Z, Staircase leading to the court.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COURAGE.

A FRENCH writer has said that every mistake made in life can be traced to fear. Though this was doubtless written more to shape an epigram than to state a fact,—and epigrams are generally regarded as jewels purchased at the expense of veracity,—yet the more we reflect upon the remark the more we are impressed with its truth.

Fear, above all things else, enfeebles the vigor of man's actions, supplants decision by vacillation, and opens the road to error. When one seeks counsel of one's fears, judgment ceases to obtrude advice.

Courage, on the other hand, is universally recognized as the manliest of all human attributes; it nerves its possessor for resolute attempts, and equips him for putting forth his supreme efforts. Powerful aristocracies have been founded with courage as the sole patent of nobility; kings have maintained their dynasties with no other virtue to commend them to their subjects. A once popular farce set forth these two opposite traits in human nature under the title of "The nervous man and the man of nerve."

Courage has so many different natures, assumes so many different forms, and is subject to so many eccentricities, that it is hard to define it. To separate it into the two grand divisions of moral courage and physical courage is a simple matter, but when the subdivisions of these are to be determined, the task is confronted with formidable difficulties.

Few men possess all the various forms of courage. One man may be utterly fearless in the most perilous storm at sea, while on land he may be afraid to travel at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour on a first-class railroad, and, sailor-like, expends his sympathies in pitying "poor unhappy folks ashore." A locomotive engineer on an Eastern railway, who was always selected for his "nerve" when a fast "special" was to be sent out, and whose courage, repeatedly displayed in appalling accidents, had become proverbial, was afraid in the quiet of his own home to go upstairs alone in the dark.

In ascending a Southern river on a steamboat, towards the close of our civil war, we had an officer on board who, during three years of fighting, had treated shot and shell in action with an indifference that made him a marvel of courage; but on this expedition he manifested a singular fear of torpedoes, put on enough life-preservers to float an anchor, and stood at the stern of the boat ready, at the first sign of danger, to plunge into the water with the promptness of a Baptist convert. He once came very near jumping overboard at the sound of a sudden escape of steam from the boiler. He made no disguise of his nervousness at this new form of danger. I recollect a company officer of infantry who never seemed to know what the word fear meant under any circumstances until his promotion to a higher rank compelled him to mount a horse, and then his mind knew no peace. A sudden snort from the beast alarmed him more than the opening of a battery, and the pricking up of the animal's ears had more terrors for him than a bayonet charge.

These instances, though numerous, are the exceptions, not the rule. They can often be accounted for by the fact that the victim had suffered a severe fright, perhaps in childhood, which produced a permanent shock to his nerves, and made him timid ever after respecting the particular form of danger to which he had been exposed. An acquaintance of mine whose repeated acts of gallantry in the field had convinced all his comrades that he had been born without the sense of fear was seen to give a wide berth to any horned animals that came in sight. Whenever a drove of commissary's cattle were encountered on the road, he began a series of well-timed maneuvers with a view to getting a fence between himself and them in the shortest possible time. Their approach seemed to demoralize him as much as a cavalry charge of the enemy elated him. The providing of an army with "beef on the hoof" was one of the methods of military logistics which had more terrors for him than a prospect of starvation. When twitted on the subject, he one day said in explanation, that, when a child, a cow had once chased him, thrown him down, and then tossed him on her horns, and he had never recovered from the shock, or been able to banish from his mind the sense of terror the circumstance produced. It was the burned child dreading the fire.

This instinct is common to all animals. At a country station on one of our railways a pig used to be a constant visitor, and drove a thriving business in picking up stray grains of corn which dropped from the bags as they

were loaded on the cars. One day the pig's greed so far overmastered his discretion that his tail got nipped between the brake-shoe and the car-wheel, and when the train started the tail was jerked out by the root. The victim of this sudden catastrophe was now confronted with the dismal prospect of having to navigate through the rest of life with his steering apparatus a total wreck. He continued coming to the station after that, but whenever he heard the clatter of an approaching train, he hurried off to a safe distance and backed up close against a brick wall till the cars had passed; he was never going to permit himself to be subject to the risk of such an indignity again, even though there was no longer any tail left to be pulled out. He had acquired sufficient railroad experience to appreciate the magnitude of the loss of terminal facilities.

As one's physical condition is affected by circumstances of health and sickness, so does one's courage vary under different surroundings. Troops, after being refreshed by a rest and a good meal, have stood their ground under a fire from which they would have fled in confusion if tired and hungry. An empty stomach, like conscience, makes cowards of us all. The Duke of Wellington proved himself a philosopher when he said, "An army moves principally upon its belly." In the days when personal difficulties were settled under the "code," the parties never tried to screw their courage to the sticking-point on empty stomachs, but "pistols and coffee" always went hand in hand.

In the successful attack made by Admiral Du Pont with his fleet upon the Confederate forts which commanded Port Royal harbor, when the dinner hour arrived the admiral directed rations to be served as usual, and the crews were ordered to cease loading their guns and go to loading their stomachs to fortify themselves for the continuation of the battle. The commanding officer was severely criticised for this at the time, but it was afterwards generally conceded that he understood the true relations between the nerves and the stomach, and gained the victory all the sooner by taking time to lodge that dinner where it would do the most good. An attack of dyspepsia or a torpid liver will sometimes rob a man of half his natural courage; rabbits in his path then become magnified into lions, and mole-hills into mountains. Napoleon lost the battle of Leipsic from eating too heavy a dinner and being seized with a fit of the blues brought on by indigestion. As the Latin roots of the word locate the source of courage in the heart, and as the seat of all courage is believed by many to be in the mind, no one would attempt the ungracious and unsentimental task of trying to transfer its location to the stomach, but facts point to the belief that the condition of the stomach has something to do even with this high attribute of man.

Courage, like everything else, wears out. Troops used to go into action during our late war displaying a coolness and steadiness the first day that made them seem as if the screeching of shot and shell was the music on which they had been brought up. After fighting a couple of days, their nerves gradually lost their tension, their buoyancy of spirits gave way, and dangers they would have laughed at the first day often sent them panic-stricken to the rear on the third.

It was always a curious sight in camp after a three-days' fight to watch the effect of the sensitiveness of the nerves; men would start at the slightest sound, and dodge at the flight of a bird or a pebble tossed at them. One of the chief amusements on such occasions used to be to throw stones and chips past one another's heads to see the active dodging that would follow.

Recruits sometimes rush into dangers from which veterans would shrink. When Thomas was holding on to his position at Chickamauga on the afternoon of the second day, and resisting charge after charge of an enemy flushed with success, General Granger came up with a division of troops, many of whom had never before been under fire. As soon as they were deployed in front of the enemy, they set up a yell, sprang over the earth-works, charged into his ranks, and created such consternation that the Confederate veterans were paralyzed by the very audacity of such conduct. Granger said, as he watched their movements, "Just look at them; they don't know any better; they think that 's the way it ought to be done. I 'll bet they 'll never do it again." Men, like children, are often ignorant of danger till they learn its terrors in the school of experience.

Every soldier understands why "two o'clock in the morning" courage is recognized as courage in its highest form. At that time many hours of fasting have occurred since the evening meal; enough sleep has not yet been had to restore the nervous system to its normal condition after the fatigue and excitement of the previous day; it is the hour of darkness and silence, when the mind magnifies the slightest sounds. The stoutest nerves require a great deal of bracing when a camp is startled out of its sleep by an attack at such an hour.

Nearly all persons are more timid when alone. The feeling of lonesomeness is akin to fear. At Spotsylvania a staff officer flinched and turned back when bearing a message to a part of the field which required him to pass

along a road exposed to a short-range fire from the enemy. His courage had stood every test when in the company of others, but on this occasion he had set out alone, and had been seized with a fear which at the time completely unmanned him.

A woman when quite alone in a house at night may be tortured by a sense of fear which completely destroys her peace of mind; but let there be a child in the same room with her, and she will feel but little apprehension of danger. The relief comes not from any protection she believes the child could afford, but from her release from the fearful sense of lonesomeness which had unnerved her.

There is a peculiar significance in "shoulder to shoulder" courage. It springs from a sense of the strength which comes from union, the confidence which lies in comradeship, the support derived from a familiar "touch of the elbow."

A battery of artillery has often been ordered to open fire when there was no chance of doing the enemy any damage, merely for the moral effect upon the infantry, whose courage is always increased by feeling that they have the support of the noise of the sister arm of the service, if nothing else.

Indifference to danger is not always the form of courage which should entitle its possessor to the highest credit. It is a negative virtue as compared with the quality which enables one to perform a dangerous duty while realizing the full measure of the peril encountered.

These two traits are best illustrated by the old story of the two soldiers whose regiment was charging up a hill in a desperate attempt to capture a battery. When half-way up, one of them turned to the other and said, "Why, you 're as pale as a sheet; you look like a ghost; I believe you 're afraid." "Yes, I am," was the answer; "and if you were half as much afraid as I am you 'd have run long ago." It is something higher than physical courage, it is a species of moral courage, which recognizes the danger and yet overmasters the sense of fear. When the famous mine in front of Petersburg had been completed, and the National troops drawn up ready to charge the enemy's works as soon as the mine had done its work in creating a breach, the signal was given just before daylight, the fuse was lighted, and the command stood waiting with intense anxiety for the explosion which was to follow. But seconds, then minutes, then tens of minutes passed, and still no sound from the mine. The suspense became painful, and the gloom of disappointment overspread the anxious faces of officers and men. The fuse had been spliced about midway. It was now thought that there was a defect in the splice, and that it was at this point that the fuse was hanging fire. The day was breaking, the enemy was becoming alert at sight of our unmasked columns, there was not a moment to be lost. Lieutenant Doughty and Sergeant Rees, of the 48th Pennsylvania infantry, now volunteered to examine the fuse. They entered the long dark gallery which led to the mine, and without stopping to calculate the chances of life, calmly exposed themselves to one of the most horrible forms of death. With no excitement to lend them its intoxication, with nothing to divert their minds from the fate which seemed to await them, they followed the course of the fuse through the long subterranean passage, found the defect at which the spark had been arrested, and made a new splice. On their return the match was again applied, and the train was now prompt to do its deadly work. These men displayed even a higher order of courage than those who afterwards charged into the breach.

Perhaps the most striking case of desperate and deliberate courage which the history of modern warfare has furnished was witnessed at Cold Harbor. The men had been repeatedly repulsed in assaulting earth-works, had each time lost heavily, and had become impressed with the conviction that such attacks meant certain death. One evening, after a dangerous assault had been ordered for daylight the next morning, I noticed in passing along the line that many of the men had taken off their coats and seemed engaged in mending rents in the back. Upon closer examination I found that they were calmly writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper, and pinning these slips upon the backs of their coats, so that their dead bodies might be recognized upon the field and their fate made known to their friends at home. Never was there a more gallant assault than that made by those men the next day, though their act of the night before bore painful proof that they had entered upon their work without a hope of surviving. Such courage is more than heroic; it is sublime.

Recklessness often masquerades as courage, but it is made of different mettle. Plato, in reasoning upon this subject, says: "As knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom, so a mind prepared to meet danger, if exerted by its own eagerness and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than of courage."

Courage born of passion or excitement should always be looked upon with suspicion. It may fail at the very moment it is most needed. I remember a soldier in one of the regular batteries in the Army of the Cumber-

land, who had displayed conspicuous bravery in a dozen engagements while serving his gun as a cannoneer. At the battle of Chickamauga he was assigned to duty as a driver, and instead of participating in the excitement of loading and firing, he had nothing to do but sit quietly on his horse and watch the havoc created around him by the enemy's shot. He soon became seized with a terror which completely unmanned him, and after the battle he implored his commanding officer to send him back to his gun, saying that if he ever went into another engagement as a driver, he felt certain he should run away and lose all the reputation he had ever gained. His courage had disappeared with the excitement which inspired it.

Men have performed deeds of bravery by being goaded on by anger or stung with taunts, but those who require to be lashed into a rage before they can key up their nerves sufficiently to meet danger are not the possessors of a courage which is trustworthy. Fierce fires soon burn out. According to Shaftesbury, "Rage can make a coward fight, but fury or anger can never be placed to the account of courage."

It is a fact known to every soldier that the most courageous men indulge the least in brutal bullying, and those who exhibit all the pluck necessary to make them leaders in street rows and prize rings are the first to shirk an encounter in which death stares them in the face. During our civil war the regiments which were composed of plug-uglies, thugs, and midnight rounders, with noses laid over to one side as evidence of their prowess in bar-room mills and paving-stone riots, were generally cringing cowards in battle, and the little courage they exhibited was of an exceedingly evanescent order. A graduate of a volunteer fire company arrived in Washington one day, in the ranks of a regiment in which he had enlisted. As he stepped from the cars he took off his coat, hung it over his arm, tilted his hat a little farther up behind, brushed his soap-locks forward with his hand, and said to a midget of a newsboy standing at the station, "I say, sonny, hev you seen anything of Je-Jeff Davis around h'yar? Ve 're lookin' fur him."

"You 'd better go down to Richmond and do yer lookin'," replied the boy.

"Well now, sonny, don't you worry none about that," said this forerunner of destruction. "That 's de very town ve 're goin' fur, and ven ve gets inside of it, thar von't be anything but vacant lots around thar, you bet."

In his first fight this same plunging swashbuckler suddenly became seized with a feeling of marked tenderness towards his fellow-beings generally, concluded he did not want to hurt anybody, and soon struck his best gait in an effort to join the baggage-wagon committee in the rear.

Courage, like most other qualities, is never assured until it has been tested. No man knows precisely how he will behave in battle until he has been under fire, and the mind of many a gallant fellow has been sorely perplexed by the doubts that have entered it previous to his first fight. He sometimes fears his courage, like Bob Acres's, may ooze out, and that he may behave like the enthusiastic young hunter in pursuit of his first bear, who followed the trail vigorously all day, spoiling for a chance to get to close quarters with the animal, but in the evening suddenly turned back, giving as an explanation of his abrupt abandonment of the hunt that the bear's tracks were getting too fresh.

At the beginning of our war officers felt that, as untested men, they ought to do many things for the sake of appearance that were wholly unnecessary. This, at times, led to a great deal of posing for effect and useless exposure of life. Officers used to accompany assaulting columns over causeways on horseback, and occupy the most exposed positions that could be found. They were not playing the bravo: they were confirming their own belief in their courage, and acting under the impression that bravery ought not only to be undoubted, but conspicuous. They were simply putting their courage beyond suspicion.

At a later period of the war, when men began to plume themselves as veterans, they could afford to be more conservative; they had won their spurs; their reputations were established; they were beyond reproach. Officers then dismounted to lead close assaults, dodged shots to their hearts' content, did not hesitate to avail themselves of the cover of earth-works when it was wise to seek such shelter, and resorted to many acts which conserved human life, and in no wise detracted from their efficiency as soldiers. There was no longer anything done for buncombe; they had settled down to practical business. One day, in the last year of the war, General Butler rode out with his staff to see how the work was progressing in the digging of his famous Dutch Gap Canal, that was to cut off a bend in the James River. He stopped at a point which soon became a conspicuous target for the enemy's batteries. After a while a staff officer, who had won a famous reputation by his repeated acts of personal courage, saw the uselessness of the exposure of so many valuable officers, and proposed to the general to move to another position. The general turned upon him sharply and said,

"Any officer of the staff who 's afraid can go back to camp." The officer at once turned his horse about, touched his hat, and with a quizzical look at his commanding officer said, "Good morning, General, I 'm afraid," and rode off to a position where he could be of just as much service and not be a party to an exhibition of recklessness. Such an act before his courage had been tested would have cost him his commission. Now he could afford to exercise the wisdom of a veteran, and no one dared question his motives.

There have been many instances which go to prove that a young soldier ought not always to be hastily sacrificed for flinching in his first engagement. Upon one occasion, during a desperate assault in which the attacking column was under a withering fire, I saw a company officer desert his men, and run to the rear, as pale as a corpse, trembling like an aspen, the picture of an abject craven. He even tore off his shoulder-straps that he might not be recognized as an officer. He heeded neither urgings nor threats; he was past all shame; he was absolutely demented. It was the more distressing because he was a man of great intelligence and possessed many good qualities. When the engagement was over, the only question seemed to be whether he should be cashiered or shot; but he begged so hard of his commanding officer to give him another trial, to grant him one more chance to redeem himself from disgrace, and gave such earnest pledges for his future conduct, that he was finally released from arrest and allowed to go into battle again with his company. He fulfilled his pledges most religiously. Wherever there was danger he was seen in the midst of it; his conduct in every subsequent fight was that of a hero; and he was finally promoted to the rank of a field officer. He had effaced the blot from his escutcheon. The man was no coward at heart; he had for the moment, in army parlance, "lost his grip" under that first murderous fire.

Boucicault, in his play called the "Relief of Lucknow," introduces the character of a young English officer fired with professional ambition, who has just joined the service, and finds himself in the beleaguered city, surrounded by rebels. He is ordered to make his way through the enemy and carry a message to the column advancing to the garrison's relief; but his heart fails him, his courage deserts him, and he turns back and stands before a brother officer a miserable poltroon. This officer brings him to a realizing sense of the wretched position in which he has placed himself, and procures him an opportunity to wipe out his disgrace. He embraces it, and afterwards becomes one of the most heroic figures in the siege. In conversation with Mr. Boucicault, I once asked him whether this scene was founded on fact. He said it was not, that he had introduced the incident merely because he considered it dramatic, and somewhat novel in a military play. I then told him the story related above, about the company officer whose nerves were unstrung in his first encounter with danger, as confirmative of the truthfulness with which the distinguished author had held the mirror up to nature in his admirable military drama.

The cases of recovery, however, from the disease of fear are rare. Cowardice is generally a constitutional malady, and has to be recognized and dealt with as such. General Sheridan used to estimate that about twenty-five per centum of the men were lacking in the requisite courage for battle, and he at times tried to have the weak-kneed troopers singled out and assigned to hold the horses of the other men when the cavalry dismounted to fight on foot. He said we had this complement of the faint-hearted in the ranks; we could not very well deplete the forces by getting rid of them, and the only philosophical plan was to utilize them by giving them some duty which their unsoldierly nerves could stand.

A curious characteristic of fear is that it generally affects persons when death is threatened in an inverse ratio to the value of their lives. In battle an officer upon whom the fate of a command depends will risk his life generously unmoved by a sense of fear, while a shirk whose life is of no earthly use to anybody will skulk in the rear and dodge all danger. When encountering heavy weather in a sail-boat an able-bodied young fellow, with every prospect of a career of usefulness before him, often sits calmly through the danger, while some aged invalid, with one foot already in the grave, will prove himself a martyr to his fears, squirm at every lurch of the boat, and summon all hands to stand by to save him.

A sense of cowardice seems to rob a being of all his manhood. When you see a person acting the coward you may sting him with reproach, hurl at him every epithet of contempt, even cudgel him as you would a cur, and there is usually not enough manhood left in him to resent it; no sense of shame to which appeal can be made; no sensibilities to wound.

The question is often asked whether men in battle, when they break, run to the rear very fast. Usually they do not; they often do not run at all; the most provoking part of it is that they deliberately walk away; and as to reasoning with them, you might as well try to reason with lobsters when they scramble out of a basket and start for the water.

There was one soldier, however, in a Western army, who in a retreat proved an exception to the rule and showed himself still master of the faculty of resentment. An irreverent general officer, who was famous for designating his men on all critical occasions by a title which was anything but a pet name, called out to this soldier who was breaking for the rear:

"Halt there, turn round, and get back to the front, you ——."

"Look-ee here, Gin'ral," said the man, cocking his gun and taking aim at the officer's head, "when a man calls me a name sich es that, it 's his last departin' word."

"Oh, put up your gun," said the general. "I did n't mean anything. I forgot your other name."

Reasoning dictated by fear is seldom logical. When a man becomes panic-stricken he recognizes but one principle for his guidance, that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and is ready to repeat the cry, "I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety." The instincts of fear do not always guide him to a safe place. In his confusion he often rushes into more danger, and becomes a ludicrous object to watch. In one of our prominent battles, a soldier belonging to a command which was supporting a battery was lying down with the rest of his regiment to obtain some cover afforded by a bit of rolling ground. The fire soon became so hot that his nerves could no longer stand the strain upon them, and he sprang to his feet and started for the rear. He soon found himself in a level field that was being plowed by the shot and shell which ricochetted over the rolling ground in front, and saw that he had got out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"What are you doing there?" cried an officer.

"Well," said the man, "I 'm looking for the rear of this army, but it don't seem to have any."

The question most frequently asked of soldiers is, "How does a man feel in battle?" There is a belief, among some who have never indulged in the pastime of setting themselves up as targets to be shot at, that there is a delicious sort of exhilaration experienced in battle, which arouses a romantic enthusiasm, surfeits the mind with delightful sensations, makes one yearn for a life-time of fighting, and feel that peace is a pusillanimous sort of thing at best. Others suppose, on the contrary, that one's knees rattle like a Spanish *bailarina's* castanets, and that one's mind dwells on little else than the most approved means of running away.

A happy mean between these two extremes would doubtless define the condition of the average man when he finds that as a soldier he is compelled to devote himself to stopping bullets as well as directing them. He stands his ground and faces the dangers into which his profession leads him, under a sense of duty and a regard for his self-respect, but often feels that the sooner the firing ceases the better it would accord with his notion of the general fitness of things, and that if the enemy is going to fall back the present moment would be as good a time as any at which to begin such a highly judicious and commendable movement. Braving danger, of course, has its compensations. "The blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare." In the excitement of a charge, or in the enthusiasm of approaching victory, there is a sense of pleasure which no one should attempt to underrate. It is the gratification which is always born of success, and, coming to one at the supreme moment of a favorable crisis in battle, rewards the soldier for many severe trials and perilous risks.

The physical effect produced upon different men in the presence of danger forms an interesting study, but in many cases the outward signs as indicated by the actions of the individual in no wise measure the degree of his courage or his fear. The practice, for instance, of dodging shots, "jackknifing" under fire, proceeds from a nervousness which is often purely physical, and has but little more significance as a test of courage than winking when something is thrown in one's face. The act is entirely involuntary. A general officer who was killed at the second battle of Bull Run was one of the most gallant soldiers that ever drew a blade. Everybody had predicted his early death from the constant and unnecessary exposure to which he subjected himself. When under fire, the agile dodging he performed was a whole gymnastic exercise in itself. His head would dart from side to side and occasionally bob down to his horse's neck with all the vigor of a signal-flag in waving a message. These actions were entirely beyond his control, and were no indications whatever of fear. Dodging to some extent under a heavy infantry fire is very common. I can recall only two persons who throughout a rattling musketry fire always sat in their saddles without moving a muscle or even winking an eye; one was a bugler in the regular cavalry, and the other was General Grant.

Two general officers in the field, conspicuous for their fearlessness, possessed such nervous temperaments physically that, under the strain to which they were subjected in the face of a destructive fire, they invariably became affected with nausea, and, as our English friends say of seasick people, they frequently became

"actively ill." It was a source of great mortification to them, but it was constitutional; they could not control it, and no one could attribute it to fear.

The realization of danger is always egotistical. Men waiting to go into action turn their conversation upon their previous hair-breadth escapes and the havoc made among their comrades, just as passengers on a steamer invariably assemble in a storm and relate their former harrowing experiences in the "roaring forties," and travelers on a railway train as soon as it gets to running at a break-neck speed on a dark night begin to tell each other their blood-curdling stories of fatal telescopings and tangled wrecks. These recitals are not calculated to be cheering in their effects, but human nature is so constituted that the mind will dwell upon the horrors which the presence of danger always conjures up, and it seems to find a melancholy relief in expending its thoughts in words.

Superstition, which is the child of fear, is common among all people who lead a life surrounded by dangers. Sailors are proverbially superstitious, and it is natural that such a feeling should enter an army and sometimes warp men's courage. Presentiments are usually common with recruits, but after repeatedly finding their most clearly defined apprehensions unrealized they lose faith in such imaginings, and begin to look upon these things as so lost to all sense of punctuality that they no longer believe in their coming. I have known but one presentiment which was fulfilled, and that was accomplished in such a bungling way as to be robbed of all respect for its methods.

The practical questions involved in this discussion are, Can courage be taught, and, if so, what are the best means of education? Numerous experiments have been attempted in this direction. I knew the father of a large family of boys who became greatly distressed on account of the timidity shown by several of them, and set about educating them up to a higher standard of courage after a method which he had practiced successfully with dumb animals. He had found, for instance, that when a horse showed great terror at sight of a railway train in motion, the surest way to break him of it was to throw him down close to the track and confine him in that position till the train had thundered by. After subjecting the animal to this mode of discipline two or three times its sense of fear was entirely overcome. He applied similar lessons to his boys. If one was afraid to be alone in the dark, the father made him wander repeatedly through the attic rooms at midnight without a light. If another had a dread of the water, he compelled him to swim swift streams and dive off high landings. The practice was disagreeably heroic for the boys, but the father insisted that it finally drove all fear from the most timid of them. He proceeded upon the theory that fear is fed by the imagination, and as soon as any one is convinced that the objects dreaded are harmless, all fear of them will vanish. He evidently believed, with Schiller, that the chief element in the sense of fear is the unknown.

Some years ago a gentleman traveling on a European steamer became such a victim to his terror of the sea that he attracted universal attention. He allowed his mind to dwell constantly upon the objects of his fears. A morbid curiosity led him to take a look into the boiler-room and watch the blazing fires just before going to bed; every few hours in the night he would open his state-room door and sniff the air to find whether he could notice the smell of smoke, and prowl around through the passage-ways to see just when the expected conflagration was going to break out. In a storm he would watch the waves in an agony of fear, in the confident belief that each one was going to swallow up the ship. Finding his business would require him to make frequent ocean trips, he set himself to work on the "mind cure." He gradually schooled his mind until, by a strong effort of the will, it could be in a great measure diverted from dwelling on the causes of his fears. When a sense of terror seized him he struggled manfully to concentrate his thoughts on other subjects, and finally he so far succeeded that, except in very dangerous gales, his fears were completely controlled, and he began to acquiesce in the popular belief that, after all, crossing the ocean was about as safe as crossing Broadway, New York, in the era of omnibuses.

The peculiarity of the cases just related, however, lies in the fact that the dangers were mainly unreal, and all the mind required was to be assured of the harmlessness of the objects which had inspired its fears. If the dangers had been real, and their effects had been destructive, the training by which the fear was expected to be overcome would not have been so effectual. If the father mentioned above had attempted to silence a son's fear of being shot by sending him into battle, the son, instead of finding his apprehensions unrealized would have seen that shots were fatal and that there was actual destruction of life all around him; his worst fears would have been realized, and in this mode of educating him to a higher standard of courage the lessons taught would doubtless have been found unprofitable.

It is true that a person may often nerve himself to meet danger courageously if he has

time to contemplate the coming peril, philosophize upon the situation, and thus avoid the effects of the shock which sudden danger always brings. A spy in war, or a criminal who has committed a capital offense, may at the moment of his capture evince an agony of fear and become totally unmanned; but after undergoing trial and a term of imprisonment, and dwelling upon the fate which awaits him and from which there is no escape, he may go to his execution without a tremor, and face death with the calmness of a Spartan.

Are there, then, any means by which man can be educated up to a degree of courage which will brave the actual danger of facing death? While heroes, in the great majority of cases, are, like poets, born, not made, yet courage can undoubtedly be acquired in many ways. Take two youngsters born with equal degrees of courage; let one remain in a quiet city, playing the milksop in a modern Capua, leading an unambitious, namby-pamby life, surrounded by all the safeguards of civilization, while the other goes out on the frontier, runs his chances in encounters with wild animals, finds that to make his way he must take his life in his hand, and assert his rights, if necessary, with deadly weapons, and knows he will be drummed out of the community if he is once caught showing the white feather. In the one particular trait of personal courage the frontiersman will undoubtedly become the superior of the lad who has remained at home. It is perhaps a confirmation of Guizot's remark, however, that in every country the value set upon human life is in proportion to the degree of civilization. Take the case of military schools, in which courage is inculcated from entrance to graduation, where cowardice is recognized as the unpardonable sin, and an exhibition of fear on the part of a lad in riding a bucking horse, or even in a boyish personal encounter with his fellows, makes it infamous for others to associate with him, and sends him like a leper outside the camp. The standard of courage under such circumstances is unquestionably raised to a higher grade than in a school in which this quality is not dwelt upon as the saving virtue.

Ancient Greece made her sons a nation of heroes by holding up valor as the only true badge of earthly glory. She sought out every means of claiming for her heroes the admiration of the people, and taught courage by the force of example. It is said that for ages after the battle of Thermopylæ every scholar in the public schools of Greece was required each day to recite from memory the names of the three hundred heroes who fell in defending that pass.

Napoleon taught Frenchmen that the sum of worldly glory was the reward gained by courage on the field. Kingdoms were bestowed upon victorious marshals, and promotion and decorations evidenced the prompt recognition of every gallant deed. When La Tour d'Auvergne, accounted the bravest grenadier in the ranks of the grand army, finally fell, pierced by the bullets of the enemies of France, a general order was issued directing that his name should be kept on the active list of his regiment, that it should be called at every roll-call, and each time a comrade should answer from the ranks, "Dead on the field of honor." By every device that could appeal to men's ambition this wizard of modern warfare educated his people to be paragons of valor, and, until his training-school closed its doors, the French armies set all Europe an example in courage.

Discipline, that well-spring of victory, is recognized as one of the most potent means of raising the standard of courage in an army. It teaches men that their best reliance is in their own bravery; gives them confidence in each other; removes the fear that they may not be properly supported in emergencies; convinces them that they are part of an intelligent machine moving methodically, under perfect control and not guided by incompetency, and establishes that *esprit de corps* which goes so far towards making armies formidable in war. It was discipline which enabled the commander of the troops on board the English ship, when foundering, to form his men in line on deck, present arms, and go down with the vessel, while the band played "God save the King."

The moral influence of the prestige which comes from past success does much towards developing courage. Instances of this are innumerable. I happened to be in Chicago in May, 1886, when the anarchists attacked the police and threw the destructive bomb into their ranks, and when that force rallied so gallantly, drove the anarchists from their strongholds, scattered them like chaff before the wind, and became the object of the highest honors that the best citizens of Chicago could bestow. Before that event the police had been strictly on the defense; their small squads huddled together for protection had been boldly attacked, and they had been ordered from pillar to post to rescue their comrades from the fierce onslaughts that were being made upon them by a foe whose reckless acts and exaggerated numbers had almost paralyzed the community. But the next day after the suppression of the Haymarket riot the police went forth wearing the laurels of success; they swaggered like the returned heroes of Austerlitz; each man seemed to feel two feet higher

in stature and competent to cope single-handed with an army of anarchists. One of these policemen undertook to guard a railway station where a dozen were required the day before; they searched single-handed for anarchists like ferrets for rats; the city was safe from that hour. The prestige born of that memorable achievement had been a complete education in courage.

Moral courage will always rank higher than physical. The one is a daily necessity, while the other may be required only in emergencies.

It cannot be doubted that the crime of embezzlement, unhappily becoming so common among employés who handle money, is mainly due to lack of moral courage. The history of the unfaithful cashier is always the same old story. He has incurred a debt through an extra bit of extravagance or taking a turn in the stock market, in the certain belief in success. If he had the moral courage to tell his employer frankly of his pressing necessities, make a clean breast of it, and ask advice and assistance at the outset, he would, in nine cases out of ten, if a valuable employé, receive good counsel, be assisted to a loan, helped to bridge over the results of his indiscretion, and be saved from ultimate ruin. His moral cowardice leads him to steal money with which to silence pressing creditors or to gamble in the hope of freeing himself from debt, and, when matters go from bad to worse, carries him panic-stricken to Canada to end his days as a branded criminal and a fugitive from justice.

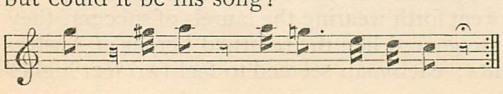
Morality cannot flourish without courage; criminality certainly thrives upon the lack of it. If we cannot go so far as to believe with the Frenchman that every mistake in life may be traced to fear, we can at least agree with the philosopher who said, "Great talents have been lost for want of a little courage."

Horace Porter.

BIRD MUSIC: THE ORIOLE AND THE THRUSH.

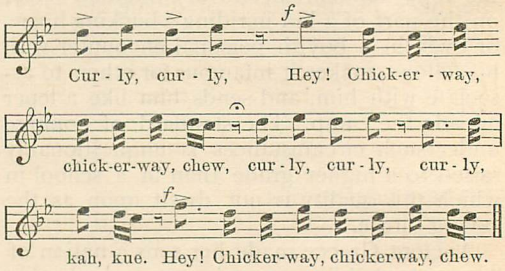
THE Baltimore oriole is the most beautiful of our spring visitors, has a rich and powerful voice, the rarest skill in nest-building, and is among the happiest, most jubilant of birds. The male generally arrives here a few days in advance of the female — the first week in May.

The melodic structure here is similar to that of the bluebird's strain, but the effect is very different. Hardly a songster, the oriole is rather a tuneful caller, a musical shouter; nevertheless, as will appear, he sometimes vents his high spirits in ingenious variations indicative of great melodic possibilities. Years ago I heard, from a large, tall elm standing in an open field, a strain the beauty of which so struck me that it is often wafted through my mind to this day. It was the oriole's voice, but could it be his song?



It proved to be so, and it became with me a favorite argument for the old form of the minor scale — the seventh sharp ascending, natural descending.

But a still greater deviation from the usual vocal delivery of orioles was noticed here on the 22d of May, 1884, the new song continuing through the season. A remarkable feature of the performance was the distinct utterance of words as plainly formed as the whippoorwill's name when he "tells" it "to all the hills."



While listening to this song I could not help thinking that the bird had been trained. He invariably attacked the *f* in the climax most artistically, taking it as if with a full sense of the exclamation Hey! We hoped the wandering minstrel would summer in our grove of maples, but he passed on, visiting the neighbors as he went, finally taking quarters about a fourth of a mile away. Nearly every day during the season, however, we

were greeted with at least one vigorous "Hey! chickerway, chickerway, chew!"

The oriole, when about to fly, gives a succession of brisk, monotonous notes, much like those of the kingfisher.

The first notes from him here one spring were:

THE WOOD THRUSH.

THIS is probably the most popular singer of all the thrushes. He may be heard at any hour of the day during the mating and nesting season, but his best performances are at morning and evening. While his melodies are not so varied as those of the brown or those of the hermit thrush, they are exquisite, the quality of tone being indescribably beautiful and fascinating. Chancing to hear him in the edge of the woods at twilight as he sings:

in a moment you will be oblivious to all else, and ready to believe that the little song is not of earth, but a wandering strain from the skies. "How is it," you will ask, "that a bird has that inimitable voice? Whence his skill in the use of it? Whence the inspiration that, with the utmost refinement, selects and arranges the tones in this scrap of divine melody?" But hark!

It is a new key, and the rapture is both enhanced and prolonged.

These brief strains, precise in pitch, contain the leading peculiarities of the wood thrush's song, though by no means all of his notes. His compass rarely exceeds an octave. The following was copied about 10 o'clock A. M.:

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

IN the case of the thrushes, as in other cases, it is not easy to find out from the books "which is which." There is a general resemblance in their voices, in their color, in their nests and eggs. Wilson says of this one, "In both seasons it is mute, having only, in spring, an occasional squeak like that of a young, stray chicken." Dr. Coues says, "He is an eminent vocalist." Mr. Flagg holds a similar opinion. After no little research in the books and in the woods, I am obliged to record him not only as the greatest singer among the thrushes, but as the greatest singing bird of New England. The brown thrush, or "thrasher," the cat-bird, and the bobolink display a wider variety of songs; the bobolink especially, who sings a long, snatchy song, in a rollicking style altogether foreign to that of the hermit thrush. He never indulges in mere merriment, nor is his music sad; it is clear, ringing, spiritual, full of sublimity. The wood thrush does not excel his hermit cousin in sweetness of voice, while he by no means equals him in spirit and compass. The hermit, after striking his first low, long, and firm tone, startling the listener with an electric thrill, bounds upwards by thirds, fourths, and fifths, and sometimes a whole octave, gurgling out his triplets with every upward movement. Occasionally, on reaching the height, he bursts like a rocket, and the air is full of silver tones. Soon returning for a second flight, he probably takes a new key, which gives a fresh, wild, and enchanting effect. The hermit's constant and apparently indiscriminate modulations or changes of tonic lend a leading charm to his performances. Start from what point he may, it always proves the right one. When he moves off with

and then, returning, steps up a degree and follows it with a similar strain,

it is like listening to the opening of a grand overture. Does one attempt to steal the enchanter's notes he is anticipated, and finds himself stolen, heart and all the senses. But it is folly to attempt a description of the music of the thrushes, of the skill and beauty of their styles of singing; and all as vain to try to describe their matchless voices. The following notes of the hermit thrush are very meager

and unsatisfactory, being the result of only two or three interviews:

I have heard him no lower in the staff than B flat:

THE TAWNY THRUSH.

NOTWITHSTANDING Dr. Coues's silence, and Wilson's statement that this bird has "no song, but a sharp chuck," the tawny thrush is a charming singer. His song is short, but very beautiful, especially at evening. I think we have no bird that sings so far into the dark; hence his popular title of the "American nightingale." It is particularly difficult to describe his quality of tone. An appreciative woman perhaps nearest indicates its metallic charm when she writes, "It is a spiral, tremulous, silver thread of music." There are eight tones in the song, the last two being on the same pitch as the first two. The beginning is very unusual, the first tone being on the second degree of the scale; and there is no breaking of the delicate "silver thread" from beginning to end:

This succession of sounds, so simple to the eye, becomes, as it is performed, quite intricate to the ear; something like the sweep of an accordion through the air. The first half of the song is deliberate, while the last is slightly hurried.

Simeon Pease Cheney.

"SINCE CLEOPATRA DIED."

"Since Cleopatra died
I have lived in such dishonor, that the world
Doth wonder at my baseness."

"SINCE Cleopatra died!" Long years are past,
In Antony's fancy, since the deed was done.
Love counts its epochs, not from sun to sun,
But by the heart-throb. Mercilessly fast
Time has swept onward since she looked her last
On life, a queen. For him the sands have run
Whole ages through their glass, and kings have won
And lost their empires o'er earth's surface vast
Since Cleopatra died. Ah! Love and Pain
Make their own measure of all things that be.
No clock's slow ticking marks their deathless strain;
The life they own is not the life we see;
Love's single moment is eternity;
Eternity, a thought in Shakspere's brain.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

WHAT WE SHOULD EAT.

The ideal diet is that combination of foods which, while imposing the least burden upon the body, supplies it with exactly sufficient material to meet its wants.— DR. SCHUSTER.

BLOOD and muscle, bone and tendon, brain and nerve, all the organs and tissues of the body, are built from the nutritive ingredients of food. As the child grows to the man the parts of his body are formed from food. With every motion of the body, and with exercise of feeling and thought as well, material is consumed and must be resupplied by food. The above definition of the ideal diet, as that which supplies the ingredients the body needs and no superfluous material to burden it, expresses very aptly the fundamental principle with which we have now to deal.

The body is a machine. Like other machines, it requires material to build up its several parts, to repair them as they are worn out, and to serve as fuel. In some ways it uses this material like a machine, in others it does not.

The steam-engine gets its power from fuel; the body does the same. In the one case, coal or wood, in the other, food, is consumed. But the body uses not only food, but its own substance also, for its fuel. When the fuel is burned in the furnace, only part of its latent energy is transformed into the mechanical power which the engine uses for its work; the larger part is changed to heat, which the engine does not utilize. A large part of potential energy of the food and of its own substance which the body consumes is likewise transformed into heat, but this heat the body uses and must have to keep it warm. And finally, metal from which an ordinary machine is built and repaired is very different from its fuel, but the same food which serves the body for fuel also builds it up and repairs its wastes.

The body is more than a machine. We have not simply organs to build, and keep in repair, and supply with energy: we have a nervous organization; we have sensibilities and the higher intellectual and spiritual faculties; and the right exercise of these depends upon the right nutrition of the body.

Different people differ greatly in the demands of their bodies for material to be consumed. Those with active exercise need more material, both to repair muscle and to yield muscular power, than those of sedentary habits. A person in the Arctic region requires fuel to keep his body warm which would be superfluous in a warmer climate. The demands of a child are not those of an adult, and the food of an invalid needs to be very different from that of a person in vigorous health. Even for healthy persons of like age, sex, occupation, and surroundings individual differences require different diets. A food which agrees with one person may disagree with another — indeed, late research implies that it is literally true that "one man's food is another man's poison"; and what is enough for one man is too little for another and too much for a third.

Regarding the adaptation of food to the mental and nervous organization physiological chemistry has but little to say; it accepts the hygienic doctrine that health of mind is promoted by health of body. The fitting of diet to the demands of health and work and purse is a matter about which later research has brought a great deal of definite and useful information.

For the best knowledge of this special subject we have to go to Europe. While we may learn a great deal from what has been done in England, France, Italy, and other countries, the largest part of the accurate information has been obtained in Germany. The Germans have studied the science of food and nutrition as they have the sciences of biblical criticism and of war. Their investigations are conducted with wonderful patience and thoroughness. The Government supplies the means, the great universities furnish the laboratories and the opportunities for research, the rewards are such as to attract the ablest intellects, and the amount of information acquired within a comparatively few years past is remarkable.

The proper adjusting of food to the wants of the body is in reality a balancing of income and outgo. The body has certain necessary expenditures. To maintain it in health and strength it must have income to meet these. If it has too little or too much nutritive material to supply its wants, or if the proportions of the different nutrients are not right, injury must result to health and strength, to say nothing of purse.

Standards for dietaries are commonly calculated, not in pounds of meat, or bread, or

other food-materials, but in quantities of the nutritive ingredients, protein, fats, and carbohydrates.

The first question, then, is this: What amounts of these nutrients are appropriate for different classes of people under different conditions of life? A former article (THE CENTURY, June, 1887) described experiments for determining the amounts of income and outgo of the bodies of men under different conditions. The most thorough are those with the respiration apparatus. In these not only the food and drink and its solid and liquid products in the body, but even the inhaled and exhaled air are measured, weighed, and analyzed. The balance, by proper chemical calculation, shows just how much of protein and fat the man's body has gained or lost. If, now, we can find a food-mixture which will just enable the man to hold his own when he is at rest or when he is hard at work, we have the quantities of nutrients which he requires. This has been done in a number of cases, but the apparatus for experiments of this sort is complicated and costly, and the experiments are laborious and time-consuming, so that comparatively few have been made, and more are very much to be desired. Another method consists in observing simply the amounts of food used by people whose circumstances in life permit of reasonably good nourishment and at the same time preclude any considerable waste of food, and estimating the quantities of nutrients consumed. Hundreds of observations of this sort have been made in Europe, and a considerable number in the United States.

STANDARDS FOR DAILY DIETARIES.

LET us take, for instance, the case of an average man — say a carpenter, blacksmith, or day laborer — who is doing a moderate amount of muscular work. To make up for the constant wear and tear of muscle, tendon, and other nitrogenous tissue, he needs food containing nitrogen. That is to say, he must have protein, in the gluten of bread, in the myosin of lean meat or fish, the casein of milk, the albumen of egg or other food. To use the muscles, strength, muscular energy, is required. Furthermore, his body must be kept warm. These two kinds of energy, muscular energy and heat, his body gets by transforming the potential energy of either protein, or fats, or carbohydrates. The most of the energy is supplied by the fats, such as the fat of meat and butter, and the carbohydrates, such as starch of bread and potatoes, but some comes from the protein. Our working-man, then, needs in his daily food:

(1) Enough of protein to make up for the protein of muscle and other nitrogenous tissues consumed in his body;

(2) Enough energy to supply the demand for heat and muscular work.

The problem, then, is this: How much protein, fats, and carbohydrates does the average man, with a moderate amount of manual work to do, require in a day's food? Here are estimates by several European authorities. Those by Voit are based upon experiments with men in the respiration apparatus and upon simple examinations of the food eaten. For the other standards the food consumed was the principal basis of the calculations.

STANDARDS FOR DAILY DIETARIES FOR ORDINARY MAN DOING MODERATE MUSCULAR WORK.

	NUTRIENTS.			*Potential Energy.*
	Protein.	*Fats.*	*Carbohydrates.*	
Playfair ..	119 grams.	51 grams.	530 grams.	3135 calories.
Moleschott	130 "	40 "	550 "	3160 "
Wolff.....	120 "	35 "	540 "	3032 "
Voit.....	118 "	56 "	500 "	3055 "

These four dietaries, which have for a long while been accepted by chemists and physiologists as probably expressing about the average quantities of nutrients which a man doing moderately hard work would need in his food each day, vary considerably from one another. That of Moleschott, for instance, calls for 130 grams of protein; that of Voit, only 118. There are similar differences in the quantities of fat and carbohydrates. But no one adjusts his food exactly to chemical standards. Different people consume very different foods and yet they get on very well, and it is perfectly clear that either of these standards may be right enough. And different as they are, a remarkable agreement between them has lately come to light.

When the above standards were proposed, experimental science had not taught how to measure the fuel value of food by the potential energy of its constituents. Late research has told how this may be done.* The energy is measured in heat-units called calories. A gram of protein or of carbohydrates is assumed to contain 4.1, and a gram of fats, 9.3 calories. Applying this measure to these dietaries by the computations in the last column of the table, the extreme variation in the four is only from 3032 to 3160 calories. That is to say, four of the most prominent investigators, Playfair in England and the others in Germany and Italy, working with different people and by more or less different methods, arrived at estimates which vary somewhat in the proportions of the nutrients, but when the different standards are reduced to terms of potential energy, they agree almost exactly. The closer scientific scrutiny which the latest and most painstaking research has made practicable serves only to bring the apparent discrepancies into accord, and thus confirm, in an unexpected and most striking way, the correctness of the standards.

* See article on "The Potential Energy of Food," in THE CENTURY for July, 1887.

Of course these are only general estimates. It is assumed that for an ordinary laboring man, doing an ordinary amount of work, such amounts of nutriment as these standards give will suffice; that with them he will hold his own; and that any considerable excess above these quantities will be superfluous. No one expects any given man to adjust his diet to these figures. He may need more, and he may, perhaps, get on with less. He may eat more fats and less carbohydrates, or he may consume more protein if he is willing to pay for it; though it is worth remembering that protein costs several times as much as the other nutrients. But if he has less protein and keeps up his muscular exertion, he will be apt, sooner or later, to suffer.

In general, the larger the person,— that is to say, the more bulky the machine and the more work done,— the more nutriment is needed. For these reasons men require on the average more than women, and aged people less than people in the more active period of life. Children need less than adults, although they must have material for growth. Of the dietary standards proposed by different investigators, those of Professor Voit and the Munich school of physiological chemists are most generally current. A number of such standards are given in tabular form below.

A great deal more of accurate experiment in the laboratory and of observation of dietary habits of different classes of people is needed before such standards can be made entirely accurate; and the differences in individuals must always be such that any standard can express at best only the average requirement for people of a given class. But these, such as they are, are probably not very far out of the way. Perhaps the main thing to criticise in those of Voit and his school is in the small proportions of fat. They are based largely on food consumed by people in Germany, whose incomes were small and who had to live chiefly on vegetable food, which contains but little fat. It is a question whether a larger proportion of animal food with more fat would not be really better. Certainly many people in this country would be very ill content with such food, though doubtless many of us would be far better off in health and pocket if we were to bring our diet nearer to these standards. Those of Playfair make more of protein as a source of muscular power than later research seems to warrant.

AMERICAN VS. EUROPEAN DIET.— FOOD AND WAGES.

After the correctness of the standards for dietaries proposed by the distinguished European authorities above named has been so strikingly confirmed, it may seem presumptuous for me to propose different ones. I have, nevertheless, ventured to do so, as appears in the table. The standard proposed by myself for a "man at moderate work" is nearly equivalent to Voit's (German) for a "man at hard work" and Playfair's (English) for "active labor," while mine for a "man at hard work" is larger than even Playfair's for a "hard-worked laborer." The reason for this more liberal allowance is, that a not inconsiderable number of observations of dietaries in the United States reveal very much larger quantities of both protein and energy in them than in those of corresponding classes of people in Europe. The explanation is apparently not far to seek. We live more intensely, work harder, need more food, and have more money to buy it. The better wages of the American workingman as compared with the European, the larger amount of work he turns off in a day or a year, and his more nutritious food are, I believe, inseparably connected.

The main difference between the diet of

STANDARDS FOR DAILY DIETARIES.

WEIGHTS OF NUTRIENTS AND CALORIES OF ENERGY (HEAT-UNITS) IN NUTRIENTS REQUIRED IN FOOD PER DAY.

	NUTRIENTS.				*Potential Energy.*
	Protein.	*Fats.*	*Carbohydrates.*	*Total.*	
	Grams.	Grams.	Grams.	Grams.	Calories.
1. Children to 1½ years	28 (20 to 36)	37 (30 to 45)	75 (60 to 90)	140	767
2. Children 2 to 6 years	55 (36 to 70)	40 (35 to 48)	200 (100 to 250)	295	1418
3. Children 6 to 15 years	75 (70 to 80)	43 (37 to 50)	325 (250 to 400)	443	2041
4. Aged woman	80	50	260	390	1859
5. Aged man	100	68	350	518	2477
6. Woman at moderate work. Voit	92	44	400	536	2426
7. Man at moderate work. Voit	118	56	500	674	3055
8. Man at hard work. Voit	145	100	450	695	3370
9. Man with moderate exercise. Playfair	119	51	531	701	3139
10. Active labor. Playfair	156	71	568	795	3629
11. Hard-worked laborer. Playfair	185	71	568	824	3748
12. Woman with light exercise. Writer	80	80	300	460	2300
13. Man with light exercise. Writer	100	100	360	560	2820
14. Man at moderate work. Writer	125	125	450	700	3520
15. Man at hard work. Writer	150	150	500	800	4060

Nos. 1, 3, 4, and 5 are as proposed by Voit and his followers of the Munich school; No. 2, by the writer. One ounce = 28⅓ grams, nearly.

people of moderate means here and in Europe is that the people here eat more meat and other animal foods and more sugar. The European wage-worker usually has but little meat, butter, or sugar. In England he often enjoys a richer diet, I suppose, but on the Continent ordinary people live mainly upon the cheaper vegetable foods. Meats and fish supply a good deal of protein and fat. The fats, including butter, are rich in energy, and sugar supplies more energy than most vegetable foods. While the energy in the working-people's dietaries in England, France, Germany, and Italy, as reported by Playfair, Moleschott, Voit, and others, ranges from 2500 calories, or less, to a maximum of 5700, those that I have found in this country range from a minimum of 3500 to 8000, and even higher. The differences in the protein in American and European dietaries are similar, though not quite as large. Without doubt we waste more of our food than the Europeans do, but the amount which we do eat is evidently very much larger. And though many of us eat far too much meats and sweetmeats for the good of our health or our pockets, the evidence seems to me to imply very clearly that we must keep on eating more than our transatlantic brethren if we are to keep on working as intensely and as productively as we now do. The question of high wages and short hours is largely a question of nutritious diet. Meats, eggs, milk, butter, and sugar can be had, when there is money to pay for them. They are toothsome, and hence people who can get them eat a great deal. They are easily digested and rich in protein and energy, and hence sustain a high degree of activity.

COMBINATIONS OF FOOD.—REASONS FOR MIXED DIET.

THE standards for proportions of nutrients help to explain why we need combinations of different food-materials for nourishment. Almost any one kind of food would make a one-sided diet.

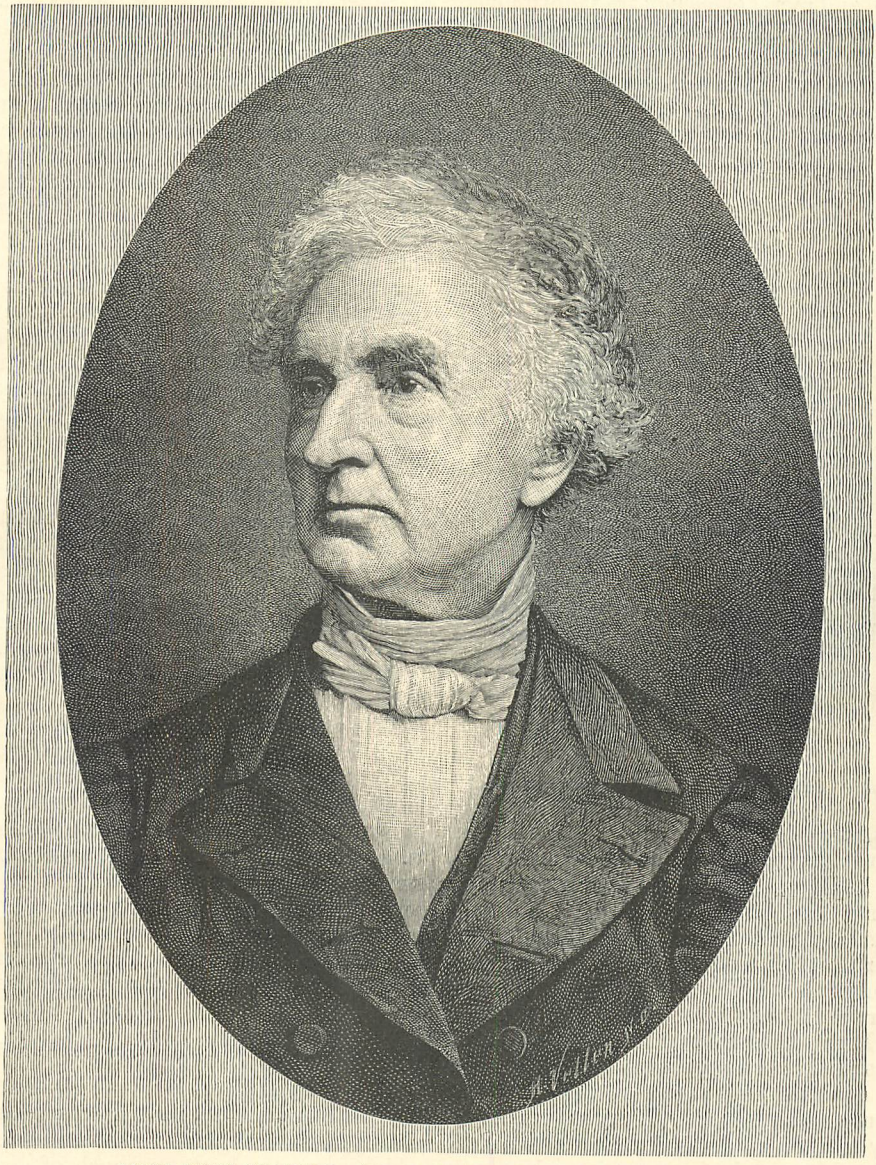
Suppose, for instance, a working-man is restricted to a single food-material, as beef or potatoes. A pound and thirteen ounces of roast beef, of the composition here assumed, would furnish the required 125 grams (0.28 lb.) of protein, and with it 0.26 lb. of fat, but it has no carbohydrates. Yet nature has provided for the use of these in his food. Three pounds of corn-meal would yield the protein and with it a large excess of carbohydrates — over two pounds. A pound and three-quarters of codfish would supply the same protein, but it would have very little fat and no carbohydrates, to furnish the body with heat and strength. Potatoes or rice would have even a greater excess of the fuel which the beef and fish lack than has corn-meal. Assuming that the man needs 3500 calories of potential energy in his daily food, the one and three-quarter pounds of salt codfish which would furnish the needed protein would supply only 540, while to get the needed protein from the fat pork would require 9.8 pounds, which would supply 7½ pounds of fat and over 32,000 calories of energy!

Putting the matter in another way, we might estimate the quantities of each material which would furnish the required energy. A ration made up exclusively of either kind of food would be as one-sided in this case as before. The fish would be mostly protein, the fat pork nearly all fat, and the potatoes or rice little else than starch. With almost any one of these food-materials, in quantities to meet the demand of his body for heat and muscular strength, the man would have much more or much less protein than he would need to make up for the consumption of muscle and other tissues. If he were obliged to confine himself to any one food-material, oat-meal would come about as near to our standard as any. Wheat-flour with a little fat — in other words, bread and butter — would approach very close to Voit's standard for European working-people with chiefly vegetable diet, but it would need a little meat, fish, eggs, milk, beans, pease, or other nitrogenous food to bring it to the proportions that the American standard calls for.

Rice, which is the staple food of a large portion of the human race, is very poor in protein; beans have a large quantity. The different plants which are together called pulse are botanically allied to beans and are similar in chemical composition. We have here a very simple explanation of the use of pulse by the Hindus with their rice. The Chinese and the Japanese, whose diet is almost exclusively vegetable, follow a similar usage.

The codfish and potatoes and the pork and beans which have long been so much used in and about New England form a most economical diet; indeed, scarcely any other food available in that region has supplied so much and so valuable nutriment at so little cost. The combination is likewise in accord with the highest physiological law. Half a pound each of salt codfish and pork, two-thirds of a pound of beans, and three pounds of potatoes would together supply almost exactly the 125 grams of protein and 3500 calories of energy that our standard for the day's food of a working-man calls for.

I am told that the mixtures of these materials locally known as fish-balls and baked beans are being exported from Boston in large quanti-



BARON JUSTUS VON LIEBIG. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTÄNGL.)

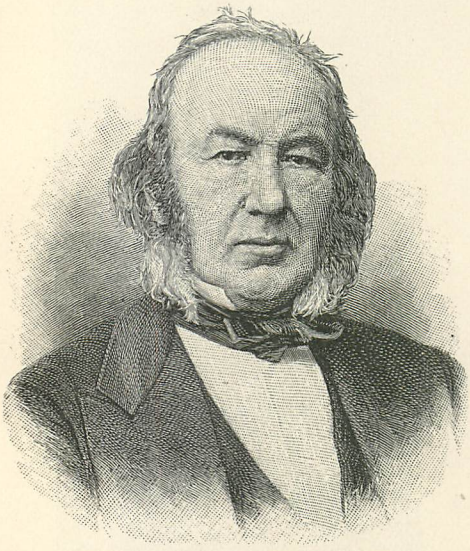
ties. Possibly this is an indication that the outer world is growing wiser, and it is doubtless a compliment to Massachusetts legislators that the restaurant under the gilded dome on Beacon Hill is popularly called "The Beanery."

Although the pride of a loyal son of New England may perhaps prejudice his opinion as physiological chemist, I venture to ask, in all seriousness, whether there may not be, between the intellectual, social, and moral force of its people and the dietary usages of which those here instanced are a part, an important connection, one that reaches down deep into the philosophy of human living?

To those interested in the elevation of the poor whites and the negroes of the South, whose aliment consists so largely of corn-bread and bacon, or, in purer vernacular, "hog and hominy," I would suggest the consideration of the one-sidedness of such diet. A quarter of a pound of bacon and two pounds of corn-meal would furnish 4100 calories of energy and 85 grams of protein; in other words, a large excess of heat and force yielding substances, and about two-thirds the muscle-forming material the standard calls for. Instances of the connection between such ill-balanced dietaries and a low standard of physical, intel-

lectual, and moral efficiency are sadly frequent in human experience; but the cases in which the highest planes have been reached with such bodily nourishment are, I think, rare, if not unknown.

The grocer, the butcher, and the fishmonger supply us with a great variety of food-ma-



CLAUDE BERNARD.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TRUCHELUT AND VALKMAN.)

terials, and the practice of mankind justifies their use in still more varied combinations. What kinds and proportions are adapted to a healthful and economical diet? To answer this would require a book rather than a magazine article, but I may say that it is the comparison of the food consumed by people in this country with such standards for dietaries as those here given and with the food consumed by people in corresponding circumstances in other countries, especially on the Continent of Europe, that has led me to assert so confidently that many of us eat far too much of meats, of fats, and of sweetmeats. Not only are the quantities of nutrients in the dietaries of our working-people very large, in some cases enormously so, but those of people whose occupation involves little muscular work supply protein and fats and energy far in excess of what the best evidence indicates as the actual demand, even for active exercise. One of the instances that have come under my observation was that of a well-to-do professional man's family. None of the members except the servants were engaged in at all active muscular work. The estimates were of food actually consumed, due allowance being made for waste, which, under a careful mistress, was unusually little. The protein exceeded that of either Voit's standard or the writer's for a laboring man at moderately hard muscular work. The energy, the amount of which was made very large by the fat of meat and butter and the sugar consumed, exceeded the amount called for, either by Playfair for a "hard-worked laborer," or by Voit or the writer for a "man at hard work," and was over fifty per cent. larger than that of any of the few European dietaries of people of similar occupation which I have found reported. Yet this family regarded themselves as rather small eaters, and would really be so if the other American dietaries were to be taken for the standard. I surmise that many a family would, if they were to compare their daily food consumption with the figures here given, find similar excess of food and of nutritive substance. In a large number of dietaries that have come under my observation there has been, in nearly every case, an excessive quantity of fat; and in several, if half of the meats and sugar had been left out, there would have remained considerably more of both nutrients and energy than either the standards above given calls for. This all means great waste of money, and, as the hygienists tell us, still greater injury to health.

It is often urged that appetite is the proper measure of one's wants. As regards the kinds of food best for each of us, doubtless rational experience gives the most reliable information. A man ought to eat that which, in the long run, agrees with him. But either the concurrent testimony of an immense amount of the most accurate experimenting and observation is radically wrong, or a great many of us eat far too much. Appetite would be a better guide if it were not for the demands of the palate.

PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCE OF NUTRITION.

It is very interesting to note how the science of nutrition has passed through several clearly marked stages of development, each of which corresponds to an epoch of discovery in chemical and physical science.

The first long step forward was made near the close of the last century, when Lavoisier, the French chemist, explained the principle of combustion with oxygen and applied it to the consumption of food in the body.

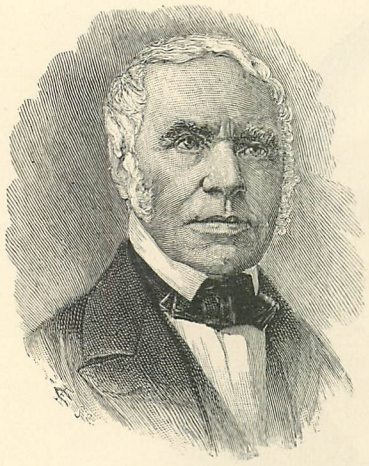
The next important epoch was ushered in by the German chemist Liebig, whose researches and whose reasoning give him a place among the great philosophers of our time. He invented new methods of chemical analysis and experimenting, and opened up new fields of research in chemistry in its application to physiology and to agriculture, and as part of his work propounded the first at all satisfac-

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.)

tory doctrine regarding the nutritive substances and their uses in the body. Claude Bernard, the French physiologist, by the discovery of the formation of glycogen in the liver, gave a new impulse to the science; and Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, in England, by feeding experiments, and by chemical analysis of the bodies of the animals, contributed greatly to the knowledge of the subject. The German experimenters Bischoff, Pettenkoffer, Henneberg, and especially Voit, with untiring patience, elaborate apparatus, and refined chemical methods, have studied the changes that go on in the animal body. Moleschott in Germany and Italy, Payen in France, and Sir Lyon Playfair in England have devoted especial attention to food and dietaries. A number of other names of note might be mentioned. By far the greatest of all was Liebig, who died a few years since. Among the men now living Voit has, without doubt, rendered the most useful service. During the last two decades a large and constantly increasing number of gifted and zealous workers have availed themselves of the fruits of chemical research, and pushed their investigations farther and farther into the unknown territory into whose borders the great discoverers first penetrated.

But the science of physics has been growing along with chemistry, and the general principle of the conservation of energy has been worked out with notable results. This too has been applied to the nutrition of the body, in ways such as those pointed out in these articles.

Of late, biological science has made remarkable revelation of the actions of the enzymes and microbes, which together are classed as ferments, and the biological chemists are now telling us that back of the chemical activity which we call metabolism, and in which the transformation of energy plays so important a part, the ferments are at work, and that a considerable part of the chemical changes that go on in the body are caused by them. That ferments in the alimentary canal are the chief agents in the digestion of food has long been known, but investigators have lately been finding them in other parts of the body, and we are beginning to think



ANSELME PAYEN.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE PETIT.)

that they work almost everywhere within us, and that the complex compounds which make up our food and our tissues must to some extent, at least, be broken up by these ferments before they can unite with oxygen and yield heat and muscular energy. In the beginnings of the modern science of nutrition it was taught that oxygen was the first great agent by which chemical changes in the body were brought about, but of late we are coming to think that the ferments begin the work and the oxygen ends it. The ferments thus appear as indispensable to the functions of life as they are direful in the diseases that lead to death.

While it seems probable to-day that the theories here so briefly and imperfectly set forth will, in their essential features at least, stand the test of future research, nobody can tell in just what minor details they will be changed, and past experience bids us beware of being too positive about them.

A generation ago Liebig and others taught, and it was generally believed, that the carbohydrates — sugar, starch, etc. — of the food were transformed into the fats of the body. In Liebig's later years a school of physiologists arose in Munich, with Pettenkoffer, and especially Voit, as leaders, who denied, or at least seriously questioned, the formation of fat from carbohydrates. Though much of the talk in the laboratories continued to favor the old theory, and many physiological chemists privately clung to it, and some, like Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert in England, stoutly maintained it in public and defended it by their experiments, yet so powerful was the later Munich school that it was hardly counted in good form to urge that carbohydrates were transformed into fats. Dr. Gilbert, some years ago, in a meeting of German agricultural chemists, explained the views held by Mr. (now Sir John) Lawes and himself, but his paper was scarcely noticed in the report of the meeting. Since then, however, evidence in favor of the view maintained by Liebig, and by Lawes and Gilbert, has accumulated. Animals have in numerous cases been found to store in their bodies large amounts of fat, which could have had no other possible source than the sugar and starch of their food; indeed, some experiments lately made in the physiological laboratory at Munich with the respiration apparatus have given convincing evidence in the same direction; and a short time ago Professor Voit presented a paper to the Bavarian Academy of Sciences reviewing the history of the question, and frankly avowing that there is no longer any doubt that not only herbivorous animals, but carnivorous animals as well, are able to transform very considerable quantities of sugar and starch into fat, and store this fat in their bodies.

W. O. Atwater.

THE KING'S SEAT.

PRINCE VLADIMIR sat with his knights
In Kíef's banquet hall,
And boasted of arms and of victories won,
And the joy of the bugle call.

While a figure gray at the gate
Knocked once and twice and thrice,
And Vladimir shouted, "No more shall come in
Neither for love nor for price!"

But a breath of wind blew apart
The fringe of the pilgrim's cloak,
And beneath, the lute of the singer was seen
Before the singer spoke.

"Aï, little minstrel," then said
The great Prince Vladimir,
"The top of the earthen oven is thine,
The minstrel's place is here.

"A small and a lowly place,
For my heroes all have come
Bloody with wounds and with honors rare
From Ilza of Murom."

The minstrel climbed to his seat
On the earthen oven's top,
And tuned his lute and began his song
And they would not let him stop.

For his song of battle and death
He sang of victories won,
Of Deuk and his Indian steed,
And the tale of Morga the Livan.

And there as he sang, as he sang,
The hearts of men bowed down,
And lo! the top of the oven
Became the monarch's throne.

Annie Fields.

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

XXIV.

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED.

ZEKE sat restless on the fence until S'manthy's boy, exultant that his manhood was to be recognized by his admission to the band, had gone out of sight in the direction of the grocery. Then Zeke sprang from the fence and started, as fast as his legs could carry, along an old Indian trail, hoping by this disused and in some places obstructed short cut across to the prairie to save a mile of the eight-miles' journey to Bob McCord's cabin. Bob was already abed when Zeke, badly blown by his rapid walking, knocked at the door.

"Who 's there?" called Bob, emerging from his first heavy sleep.

"It 's me — Zeke Tucker! Git up, quick, Bob! Jake Hogan 's off at ten 'r 'leven, un it 's nigh onto that a'ready." And Zeke impatiently rattled the door of the cabin, the latch-string of which had been drawn in to lock it.

Bob came down on the floor with a thump, and his few clothes were soon pulled on; then he came out and stood in the fresh air, on the "butt-cut" of a tulip-tree, or "flowering poplar," which, to compensate for the descent of the hill-side, had been laid against the bottom log of his cabin for a front doorstep. Zeke explained to him how urgent the case was.

"Baub! don't you go 'n' go off down to Moscow to-night," called Mrs. McCord. "They hain't no sort-uh use in your botherin' yourself so much about other folkses business. You 'd orter stay 'n' look arter your own wife un childern." It was Mrs. McCord's invariable habit to object, in her plaintive and impotent fashion, to everything her husband proposed to do. She had not the slightest expectation that he would remain at home in consequence of anything

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she might say, nor did she care that he should; but she had a vocation to hold in check his thriftless propensities. This she tried to do by protests uttered indiscriminately against all his outgoings and his incomings, his downsittings and his uprisings.

"We ain't got no hoss," said Bob, replying to Zeke, and paying no heed to his wife. "Mrs. Grayson un Barb'ry 've gone un gone to town weth ole Blaze, so 's to be weth Tom airly in the mornin'. What on yerth to do I don't noways see." Bob was standing with his fists in his pockets, looking off anxiously toward the horizon.

"Can't you git Butts's?" said Zeke.

"Thunder! No! Buttses un Graysons don't hitch. Butts don't speak to none uv 'em, un he hates Tom the wust, fer throwin' rocks at his geese when they got into the medder, un dauggin' his hogs out-uh the corn. They 'd a leetle ruther Tom 'd be lynched un not. By blazes! I 've *got* to git one of Butts's hosses right straight off. Buchanan's hoss is lame, un they hain't nary nuther one to be got this side uv Albaugh's, and that 's too fur away. You go down to the branch un wait fer me, un I 'll git Butts's little wagon. I 'low they 'll be hoppin' mad 'f they fine out what I got it fer, but I 've got to git it, 'f I have to steal it. They hain't no two ways about it."

"I don't think you'd ortuh go off that a-way, Baub," began Mrs. McCord again. "Un me more 'n half sick. I 've been feelin' kind-uh slarruppy like fer two 'r three days. Un them air taters has to be dug, un Mely 's gone away. You 'n' Zeke Tucker 'll make a purty fist uv it a-lickin' all Broad Run, now, wonch yeh? Wha' choo got to do weth Jake —"

But Bob did not hear the rest of it, nor was it ever uttered indeed. For Mrs. McCord, when she found that her husband had gone, did not think it worth while to finish her lamentations; she only drew a sigh of complacent long-suffering and submission to fate, and went to sleep.

Hardened sinner that he was, Big Bob felt a little twinge of shame as he made his way rapidly to Butts's house. His wife's set speech about being more than half sick, often as he had heard it, and little as he had ever heeded it, had now made a sufficient lodgment in his consciousness to suggest a way out of his difficulty; but it was a way which a loafer of the superior sort, such as Bob, might feel ashamed to take, knowing that such a scheme as he was concocting would be an outrage on all the sacred principles of good neighborhood — an outrage only to be justified by military necessity. All the way to Butts's, hurried as he was, his hands were ramming his trousers-pockets, after his fashion of groping there for a solution of his difficulties. It was perhaps the carrying over into other affairs the habitual research which the hunter makes for bullets, caps, patching, or jackknife to meet the exigencies of the forest.

Arrived at the unpainted, new frame-house, which, being two feet longer and one foot broader than any other in the neighborhood, was the particular pride of the Butts family, he noted that all the lights were out, and after hesitating whether to capture the horse by stealth or by strategy, he went to the front door and rapped. The head of the proprietor came out of one of the lower windows with an abrupt "Who 's there?" spoken with that irritation a weary man is prone to express when awakened from his first nap to attend to some one else's wants.

"I say, Mr. Butts," said Bob, pushing his hands harder against the bottoms of his pockets, "kin I git the loan uv one uv your hosses un your leetle wagon to fetch the doctor? My ole woman 's purty bad; been sick ever sence the sun was 'n 'our high, un we can't git nothin' to do no good."

"What seems to be the matter?" said Butts, wishing to postpone an unpleasant decision.

Bob hesitated a moment: lying is a dangerous business unless it is carried on with circumspection. "Blamed 'f I know jest *what* it is. I suspicion it 's the *dys*pepsy."

The name of dyspepsia was new to the country at that day, though the complaint was ancient enough, no doubt. Just what *dys*pepsy might be Bob did not know, but he hit on it as the vaguest term he could recall and one that had a threatening sound. It would not have served his purpose to have repeated Mrs. McCord's diagnosis of her own case, that she was "feelin' kind-uh slarruppy like." "Whatever 't is, she don't think she kin git through till mornin' 'thout I git a doctor."

"Well, I doan know. The sorrel's lame; un I don't like to let the bay colt go noways, he 's sech a sperrited critter."

Butts drew his head in at this point to consult with Mrs. Butts as to how he could evade lending the cherished bay colt.

"Looky h-yer, Mr. McCord," presently called Mrs. Butts, keeping her nightcapped head well out of sight as she spoke, "you don't want no doctor nohow." Mrs. Butts had come by virtue of superior credulity to hold the position of neighborhood doctress, and she was not friendly to regular physicians. "You jest take along with you a bottle of my new medicine, 't I call the 'Scatter Misery.' It 's made out-uh roots an' yarbs, an' it 's the best thing I know fer mos' every kind of complaint. It 's good insides an' outsides. You rub the Scatter Misery onto the outsides un

give her a swaller now un then insides. It 'll fetch 'er 'roun' in an hour or two."

Bob felt himself fairly entangled in his own intrigue, but he gave his great fists another push into his trousers-pockets and said:

"I 'm much obleeged, Mrs. Butts, but my ole woman tole me ez I wuz n't to come back 'thout a doctor; un ef you hain't got no critter you kin len' me, I mus' be a-gittin' 'long down to Albaugh's mighty quick. That 's a powerful ways off, though. I wish I 'd gone there straight un not come over h-yer."

This last was uttered in a tone of plaintive disappointment as Bob turned away, walking slowly and giving the family council time to change its mind.

"Aw, well, Bob," called Butts, after a conference with his wife, "I don't like to disobleege a neighbor. You kin have the bay colt; but you must drive slow, Bob. He 's a young thing un the fidgetiest critter."

Bob would drive slow. He professed that he never drove faster 'n a slow trot, "nohows you can fix it." And he helped Butts to hitch up with no sense of exultation, but rather with a sneaking feeling of shame.

However, nothing troubled Bob long or deeply, and when he had passed the branch and taken in Zeke Tucker, and got out of the woods to the smooth prairie road beyond, he forgot his scruples and tried to find out just how much speed Butts's bay colt might have in him. Nor did he slacken pace even when he got into the village streets; but remembering how near it was to Jake's time, he held the horse swiftly on till he reached an alley-way behind some village stores. Telling Tucker to tie the horse, he got over the fence and laid hold of a rusty crowbar that he had long kept his mind fixed on. Putting this on his shoulder, he was soon at the jail.

"Tom!" he called, in a smothered voice, at the grated window on the east side. But all within was as silent as it was dark. For a moment Bob stood perplexed. Then he went to the grating at the back of the jail — the window that opened into the passage-way at the end opposite to the front door.

"Tom, where air you?" he called, putting his hands up on each side of his mouth, that his words might not be heard in the street.

"In the dungeon." Tom's voice sounded remote.

Bob spent no time in deliberating, but thrust the crowbar between the cross-bars of the iron grating. His first difficulty was similar to that of Archimedes, he could not get a fulcrum; or, as he expressed it less elegantly to Zeke, "he could n't git no purchase onto the daud-blasted ole thing." But by persistently ramming the point of the crowbar against the stone-work at the side of the window he succeeded at length in picking out a little mortar and bracing the tip of the crowbar against a projecting stone. He had great confidence in his own physical strength, but the grating at first was too much for him; the wrought-iron cross-bar of the window bent under the strain he put upon it, but it would not loosen its hold on the masonry. At this rate it would take more time than he could hope to have to push the bars apart enough to admit even Zeke's thin frame, and he could not hope to bend them far enough to let his own great body through. He therefore changed his mode of attack. Withdrawing his crowbar from the grating, he felt for a seam in the stones at the base of the window and then drove the point of the bar into this over and over again, aiming as well as he could in the dark and taking the risk of attracting the attention of some wakeful villager by the sound of his ringing blows. At length, by drilling and prying, he had loosened the large stone which was in some sort the key to the difficulty. This accomplished, he made haste to insert the bar again into the grating, bracing its point as before in the seam he had already opened in the stone-work at the side of the window. Then, with his feet against the wall of the jail, he crouched his great frame and put forth the whole of his forces, thrusting his mighty strength against the crowbar, as blind Samson in his agony tugged at the pillars of the Philistine temple. In some colossal work of Michael Angelo's I have seen a tremendous figure so contorted, writhing in supreme effort. The mortar broke, some of the stones gave way at length, and one bar of the grating was wrenched reluctant from its anchorage in the wall below. Then, letting the crowbar fall, Bob seized the rod now loosened at one end and tore it quite out, and then threw it from him in a kind of fury. The process had to be repeated with each separate bar in the grating, though the breaking up of the wall about the window made each rod come more easily than the preceding one. When all had been removed he squeezed through the window-opening, feet first, and felt his way down the passage to the door of the dungeon, where Tom was anxiously waiting for his deliverer. Bob made what a surgeon would call a "digital examination" of the dungeon door, and found its strength to be such that to break it down would require the rest of the night, if, indeed, there was any hope of achieving it at all in a dark hallway, too narrow to admit of a free use of the crowbar.

"Dern the luck!" said Bob, pausing a moment.

"What 's the matter, Bob?" asked Tom anxiously.

But Bob did not seem to hear the question. "We must git a cole-chisel," was all he said; and he hastened to creep back out of the broken-up window.

"Whach yeh go'n' to do?" asked the waiting Zeke, as Bob emerged.

But Bob only said, "Come on, quick!" and started off in a swinging trot toward the village blacksmith shop, a low, longish, wooden building, barely visible in the darkness. He pulled at the door, but it was firmly closed with a padlock. Then he felt his way along the side of the building to a window-sash, which was easily taken out of its place.

"Heap uh use uh lockin' the door," he muttered, as he climbed in. "Blow up the belluses there un see ef you kin make a light."

Zeke, who had followed his leader, pumped away on the bellows in vain, for the fire in the forge had quite gone out, though the ashes were hot to Zeke's touch. Both of the men set to work to find a blacksmith's cold-chisel, feeling and fumbling all over the disorderly shop. As it often took the smith half an hour to find this particular tool, it would have been a marvel for two strangers to find it at all in the darkness.

"We 'll have to gin up the c'nundrum," said Bob, with his hands again in his pockets. "Did n' you say as you 'lowed the sher'f was expectin' Jake?"

"Yes," answered Zeke. "Jake 's got a kind-uv a secret urrangement weth Plunkett's brother-in-law. They hain't to be shootin'-work on nary side, but on'y jist a-plenty uv thunderin' loud talk fer the looks uv the thing. Jake 's to make the derndest kind uv a row, un the sher'f 's to talk about dyin' 'n 'is tracts un all that, you know. That 's some weeks ago 't the sher'f 's brother-in-law fixed all that up, un Jake, he tole us they would n' be no danger."

"Turn your coat wrong sides out," said Bob, turning his own. "Now tie your han'kercher acrost yer face, so 's to kiver all below yer eyes."

When these directions had been carried out Bob climbed out of the window, and stopped to put his hands into his pockets again and consider.

"Whach yeh go'n' to do?" asked Zeke.

But Bob only asked, "What 'll we do fer pistols?" and with that set himself to feeling all about the ground in front of the smith's shop, picking up and rejecting now a bit of a dead bough from the great sycamore under the friendly shade of which the smith did all his horse-shoeing, now a bit of a board, and again a segment of a broken wagon-tire, and then a section of a felloe. At last Bob came upon the broken wheel of a farmer's wagon, leaning against the side of the shop in waiting for repairs to its wood-work and a new tire. From this he wrenched two spokes and gave one of them to Zeke.

"There 's your pistol, Zeke. Put it jam up agin Plunkett's head un tell him to hole still ur die. We 've got to play Jake Hogan onto 'im un git the keys. Th' ain't nary nuther way."

As Bob passed the jail in going towards the sheriff's house he took along the crowbar. Plunkett lived in a two-story frame dwelling on the eastern margin of the village. Bob sent Zeke to run around it and pound on the back door and bang on every window with his wagon-spoke and his fists, while Bob himself dealt rousing blows on the front door with his crowbar. When Zeke had made the circuit of the house, Bob put the crowbar under the door.

"We must n't wait fer him to open, he 'll see how few we air," he whispered. "Prize away on this yer." Then, while Zeke lifted up on the bar, Bob hurled his whole bull weight against the door. The staple of the lock held fast, but the interior facing of the door-jamb was torn from its fastenings and fell with a crash on the floor, letting the door swing open. Not to lose the advantage of surprise, Bob and Zeke pushed up the stairway, guided by the noise made by some one moving about. By the time they reached Plunkett's sleeping-room the latter had struck a light with steel and flint, and had just lighted a tallow candle, which was beginning to shed a feeble glimmer on the bed, the rag-carpeted floor, the shuck-bottom chairs, and the half-dressed man, when Bob, coming up quickly behind him, blew the light out, and seizing Plunkett with the grip of a bear crowded him down to the floor with a smothered oath.

"Don't kill me, boys," said the sheriff in a hoarse whisper; for this rough usage frightened him a little, notwithstanding his good understanding with the mob.

"Say one word un you 're a dead man," said Zeke Tucker, pressing the cold muzzle of his wagon-spoke close to the sheriff's head. These melodramatic words were, I am glad to say, a mere plagiarism. In the absence of anything better, Zeke repeated the speech of a highwayman in an old-fashioned novel he had heard Mrs. Britton read on Sunday afternoons. Then he added on his own account: "We won't have no tricks; d' yeh h'yer?"

"They 's mor' 'n forty uv us," said Bob, "un we want them air keys right straight."

"If I had half a chance I 'd ruther die than give 'em up,"—this was all that Plunkett could remember of the defiant speech he was to have made on this occasion,—"but there they air, at the head of my bed"; and a cold

shudder went over him as Zeke again touched him ominously with the end of the wagon-spoke.

The sheriff's wife, though she had every assurance of the secret friendliness of the mob, now began to weep.

"Not a word!" said Bob, who was continually scuffling his feet, in order, like Hannibal and other great commanders, to make his forces seem more numerous than they were. "We won't hurt you, Mrs. Plunkett, ef you keep still; but ef you make a noise while we 're gone, the boys outside might shoot."

The woman became silent.

"Some of our men 'll be left to guard your house till our business is finished," said Bob to the sheriff, who lay limp on the floor, growing internally angry that the Broad Run boys should not show more respect for his dignity. "Don't you move ur make any soun', fer yer life," added Bob when he reached the top of the stairs, down which he descended with racket enough for three or four.

As they left the house with the keys, Bob and Zeke gave orders in a low voice to an imaginary guard at the door.

All that Tom had made out was that the irruption of Bob McCord into the jail signified imminent danger to himself, and when Bob had gone out again, Tom's heart failed him. He stood still, with his fingers on the iron grating in the dungeon door. For this last night the sheriff had taken the additional precaution of leaving Tom's manacles on when he had locked him in the dungeon, and the lack of the free use of his hands added much to his sense of utter helplessness in the face of deadly peril. He could not see any light where he stood, gripping the bars and staring into the passage-way; but he could not endure to leave this position and go back into the darker darkness behind him. Confinement and anxiety had sapped the physical groundwork of courage. When he heard Bob and Zeke come past the jail on their return from the blacksmith shop he had made out nothing but the sound of feet, whether of friends or foes he did not know; and when the sounds died away, a horror of deadly suspense fell upon him. All black and repulsive possibilities became imminent probabilities in the time that he waited. Over and over again he heard men and horses coming, and then discovered that he was hearkening to the throbbing of his own pulse. At last he heard the key turning in the lock of the front door, and was sure that the enemy had arrived. It was not till Bob said, when he had got into the hall and was trying the keys in the dungeon door, "Quick, Tom, fer God A'mighty's sake!" that his spirit, numb with terror, realized the presence of friends.

"What 's the matter?" asked Tom, his teeth chattering with reaction from the long suspense.

"Jake Hogan 'll be h-yer in less 'n no time"; and with that Bob, having got the door open, almost dragged the poor fellow out, taking time, however, to shut the front door and lock it, and taking the keys with him, "fer fear somebody might git in while we 're away," as he said, laughing.

Once the jail was cleared, a new perplexity arose. Until this moment it had not occurred to Bob to consider what disposal he should make of the prisoner.

"What am I goin' to do weth you, Tom?" he demanded, when they stood concealed in the thick obscurity under an elm-tree on the side of the court-house opposite to the jail. "I wonder 'f you had n' better light out?"

"Not without Abra'm says so," answered Tom, still shivering and feeling a strong impulse to run away in the face of all prudence.

"Looky h-yer, Tom; when I got the keys from the sher'f, I brought them all along. They 's the big key to the jail, un the key to the dungeon. Now, h-yer, I 've got two more. It seems like as ef one uv 'em had orter onlock the east room of the jail, un liker 'n not t' other 's the court-house key. S'pose 'n I put you in there; they 'll never look there in the worl'."

"I s'pose so," said Tom, "if you think it 's safe." But in his present state he shuddered at the idea of being left alone in the dark. "If Abra'm thinks I 'd better not clear out, I 'll be where I 'm wanted in the morning, and they can't say I have run off," he added.

So Tom was locked in the court-house and left to feel his way about in the dark. He found, at length, the judge's bench, the only one with a cushion on it, and lay down there to wait for daylight, listening with painful attention to every sound in the streets. When at length he heard the tramp of horses and conjectured that Jake's party were actually looking for him, he could not overcome the unreasonable terror that weakness and suspense had brought upon him. He groped his way up the stairs and slunk into one of the jury rooms above for greater security.

XXV.

LIKE A WOLF ON THE FOLD.

BARBARA, at her uncle's house, had not been able to go to bed. Tom's fate, she knew, would be decided the next day, and whatever of hope there might be for him was hidden in the mind of his lawyer. Mrs. Grayson had involuntarily fallen into a slumber, and the anxious Barbara sat by her in the darkness,

wishing for the coming of the day, whose coming was nevertheless dreadful to her. The sound of a wagon rattling in another street startled her; she went to the window and strained her eyes against the darkness outside of the glass. Though she could not suspect that in the wagon was Bob McCord hurrying to the rescue of Tom, she was yet full of vague and indistinct forebodings. She wished she might have passed the night in the jail. A little after midnight she thought she heard a sound as of horses' feet: again she went to the window, but she could not see or hear anything. Then again she heard it: there could be no mistake now; she could make out plainly the confused thudding of many hoofs on the unpaved road. Presently, from sound rather than from sight, she knew that a considerable troop of horsemen were passing in front of her uncle's house. She left the room quietly, and spoke to her uncle as she passed his door; but without waiting for him she went out into the street and ran a little way after the horsemen, stopping, hearkening, turning this way and that in her indecision, and at length, after groping among the trees and stumps in the public square, reached the jail.

Jake Hogan had sent forward two men to watch the prison, while he with his main force surrounded Plunkett's house. The sheriff had obediently kept his place where Bob had laid him, in the middle of the floor, until he got into a chill. Then, as he heard no sound outside of the house, his courage revived, and he crept back into bed.

Jake had come prepared to play the bully, according to agreement, in order to save Plunkett's reputation for courage and fidelity, but he was disconcerted at finding the door of the house wide open: he had not expected that things would be made so easy. After stumbling over the fallen door-facing, he boldly mounted the stairs with as much noise as possible. Entering Plunkett's bedroom, he cried out in what he conceived to be his most impressive tones:

"Gin up the keys of that ar jail, ur your time has come."

"What air you up to now?" cried the sheriff, angry at this second visit. "You knocked me down and got the keys nigh on to an hour ago. Now what in thunderation does this hullabaloo mean, I want to know."

"Wha' choo talkin'?" said Jake. "We hain't on'y jest got yer."

"Only just got here?" said the sheriff, rising up in bed. "Only just come? Then there 's another crowd that must 'a' done the business ahead of you. There was more 'n forty men surrounded this house awhile ago, and beat down my door, and come upstairs here in this room, and knocked me down and choked me black and blue and went off with the keys. I guess they 've hung Tom and gone before this."

"Looky h-yer now, we don't want no more uv your tricks. We 're the on'y party out to-night, sartin shore, un we 're boun' to have them air keys ur die," said Jake, tragically. "You might 's well gin 'em up fust *as* last, Hank Plunkett, un save yourself trouble."

"Well, if you want 'em, you 'll have to look 'em up," said the sheriff. "I have n't got 'em, and I 'll be hanged if I know who has. I was knocked down and nearly killed by a whole lot of men. Kill me, if you 've got a mind to, but you won't find the keys in this house. So there now." And he lay back on his pillow.

"Come on, boys; we 'll s'arch the jail. Un ef we 've been fooled weth, Hank Plunkett 'll have to pay fer it."

With that the Broad Run boys departed and the sheriff got up and dressed himself. There was a mystery about two lynching parties in one night; and there might be something in it that would affect his bond or his political prospects if it were not looked into at once. He resolved to alarm the town.

At the jail door Hogan encountered Barbara piteously begging the men to spare her brother's life.

"Looky h-yer," he said, in a graveyard voice, "this ain't no kind uv a place fer women folks. You go 'way."

"No, I won't go away. I 'm Tom's sister and I won't leave him. You must n't shoot him. He did n't kill George Lockwood."

"You mus' go 'way, ur you 'll git shot yer own self," said Jake.

"Well, shoot me — d' you think I care? I 'd rather die with Tom. I know your voice, Jake Hogan; and if you kill Tom you 'll be a murderer, for he is n't."

"Take her away, boys," said Jake, a little shaken by this unexpected appeal to his sympathies. But nobody offered to remove Barbara. All of these rude fellows were touched at sight of her tears. It had not occurred to them to take into account the sister or the mother when they thoughtlessly resolved to hang Tom. But the path of the reformer is always beset by such thorns.

"Down weth that ar door!" cried Jake, not to be baffled in his resolution, and convinced by Barbara's solicitude that Tom was certainly within. There was reason for haste too, for the villagers were already stirring, and there might be opposition to his summary proceedings. But pompous commands have not much effect on heavy doors, and Jake found that this one would not down so easily as he hoped. Jake began pounding on it with the poll of

an ax borrowed from a neighboring woodpile, and meanwhile dispatched two men to break open the blacksmith shop and fetch a sledge-hammer. But some of his men, on their own motion, went around to the back of the jail with the purpose of trying the window. Finding it as Bob had left it, with the grating torn out, they entered the jail and penetrated to the dungeon, coming back presently to tell Jake that they had found the window out, the dungeon door open, and Tom "clean gone."

"Thunder!" said Jake, dropping his ax. "Who could they be? The shuruff says they wuz more 'n forty on 'em; so they could n't be rescuers. They hain't ten men in the wide worl' 'at thinks Tom 's innercent. Like 's not it 's a lot uv fellers f'um the south-east of the k-younty, down to*wards* Hardscrabble, whar Lockwood had some kin. They 've hung him summers. Let 's ride 'roun' un see ef we kin fin' any traces. Un ef Hank Plunkett has played a trick, we 'll git squar' some day, ur my name hain't Jake Hogan."

The men mounted and rode off. Barbara, who stood by in agony while Jake beat upon the door, and who had heard the report that Tom was gone, could not resist the despairing conclusion that he must have suffered death. In her broken-hearted perplexity she could think of nothing better than to go to the tavern where Hiram Mason was a boarder. Half the people of the village were by this time in the streets, running here and there and saying the most contradictory things. Mason had been awakened with the rest, and by the time Barbara reached the tavern door, she encountered him coming out.

"W'y, Barbara! for goodness' sake, what brought you out? What *has* happened?" he said.

"O Mr. Mason! I 'm afraid Tom 's dead. I ran after Jake Hogan and his men when I heard them pass, and begged Jake to let Tom off. They tried to drive me away, but I staid; and when they got into jail, Tom was n't there. Jake said that the sheriff said he had been taken away and lynched by more than forty men. Oh, if they have killed the poor boy!"

"Maybe it is n't so bad," said Hiram, as he took her left hand in his right and led her, as he might have led a weeping child, along the dark street towards her uncle's house. "Don't cry any more, Barbara!"

"I should n't wonder," he said, after a while, "if Bob McCord knows something of this."

"But we left him at home to-night," said Barbara; and then she began to weep again, and to say over and over in an undertone, "O my poor Tom!"

Mason could not say any more. He only grasped her hand the more firmly in his and walked on. Presently a wagon came across the walk just in front of them, issuing from an alley.

"That 's Butts's wagon, and that 's his bay colt, I do believe," said Barbara, looking sharply at the dark silhouette of the horse. "I know the way that horse carries his head. I wonder if Butts has been mean enough to have anything to do with this wicked business."

What Barbara saw was Zeke Tucker hastening to replace the horse in the stable, while Bob remained in town to keep a furtive watch over the court-house till morning. Mason thought he saw some one moving in the alley, and a detective impulse seized him.

"Stay here a moment, Barbara," he said, and letting go of her hand he ran into the alley and came plump upon the burly form of Bob McCord.

"It 's all right, Mr. Mason," chuckled Bob. "Tom 's safe 'n' soun' where they 'll never find him. By thunder!" And Bob looked ready to explode with laughter; the whole thing was to him one of the best of jokes.

"Come and tell Barbara," said Mason.

Bob came out of the alley to where Barbara was standing near the white-spotted trunk of a young sycamore, and recounted briefly how he had fooled Butts, and how he had got the keys from Plunkett. His resonant laughter grated on Barbara's feelings, but she was too grateful to him to resent the rudeness of his nature.

"Where is Tom?" Barbara asked.

"Oh! I 'm a-playin' Abe Lincoln," said Bob in a whisper. "The fewer that knows, the better it 'll be. Tom says he won't light out, unless Abra'm says to. Speak'n' of Abe Lincoln," he said, "I don't want to be seed weth him to-night. You go back, Mr. Mason, un tell Abe 't Tom 's safe. Ef he thinks Tom's chances is better to stan' trial, w'y, he 'll find 'im in the court-house to-morry when the court wants 'im, shore as shootin'. He 's on'y out on bail to-night," said Bob, unwilling to lose his joke. "But ef Abe thinks Tom hain't got no chance afore a jury, let 'im jest wink one eye, kind-uh, un 'fore daybreak I 'll have the boy tucked into a bear's hole 't I know of, un he kin lay there safe fer a week un then put out for Wisconsin, ur Missouri, ur the Ioway country. You go 'n' let Abe know, un I 'll see Barb'ry safe home — she won't gimme the mitten to-night, I 'low." And Bob chuckled heartily; life was all so droll to this man, blessed with a perfect digestion and not worried by any considerable sense of responsibility.

Mason went up to Lincoln's room and awakened him to tell him the story of the night. The lawyer's face relaxed, and at length he broke into a merry but restrained laughter. He saw almost as much fun in it as Bob McCord had, and Mason felt a little out of pa-

tience that he should be so much amused over such a life-and-death affair.

"Tom does n't want to be an outlaw," said Lincoln very gravely, when the question of Tom's going or staying was put to him. "I don't believe he could escape; and if he did, life would hardly be worth the having. There is only just one chance of proving his innocence, but I think he 'd better stay and take that. Maybe we 'll fail; if we do, it may yet be time enough to fall back on Bob and his bear's hole. By the way, where has Bob stowed Tom for the night?"

"Bob won't tell," said Mason. "He says he's playing Abe Lincoln; and the fewer that know, the better."

Lincoln laughed again, and nodded his head approvingly. "So he brings Tom to court in good time," he said.

Mason went out and encountered Bob in the street, and gave him Lincoln's decision. Then Hiram went and told Barbara about it, and sat with her and her mother until morning. A while before daybreak, finding the town free from any person disposed to molest Tom, Bob came to Barbara and had her make a cup of coffee and give him a sandwich or two. These he took out of the back gate of the Grayson garden and left them with Tom in the court-house.

The next morning at half-past 6 o'clock the lawyers of the circuit took their seats at the breakfast-table in the meagerly furnished, fly-specked dining-room of the tavern, the windows of which were decorated with limp chintz curtains, and the space of which was entirely filled with the odors of coffee and fried ham, mingled with smells emitted by the rough-coat plastering and the poplar of the woodwork: this compound odor of the building was a genius of the place. The old judge, who sat at the end of the table opposite to that occupied by the landlady, spread his red silk handkerchief across his lap preparatory to beginning his meal, and looked up from under his overhanging brows at Lincoln, who was just taking his seat.

"What 's this, Lincoln? I hear your client was carried off last night by a mob of forty or fifty men and probably hanged. And you don't even get up early to see about it."

"My client will be in court this morning, Judge," said the lawyer, looking up from his plate.

"What!"

"I am informed that he is in a safe place, and he will be ready for trial this morning."

"Where is he?" asked the judge, looking penetratingly at Lincoln.

"I should be glad to tell your Honor; but the fact is, I can't manage to find out myself."

Then one of the other lawyers spoke up. "Lincoln, from what you say, I suppose the first mob took Grayson to save him from the second. But I don't see how the Old Boy you raised forty men on your side. I would n't have believed that the poor devil had so many friends."

"I? I did n't raise any men. I was sound asleep, and did n't know a word about it until the row was all over."

After breakfast there was much discussion of the case among the lawyers standing in a group in the bar-room. What would Lincoln do? Why had he not moved for a change of venue? Why had he subpœnaed no witnesses? Would he plead necessary self-defense, or would Tom plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the governor?

The sheriff was very active in the latter part of the night in telling his story and in making a display of zeal. It was he who had taken time by the forelock by telling the judge all about the events of the night; how his door had been beaten in by a great mob; how he had been rudely knocked down and choked until he was almost insensible; and how pistols had been cocked and placed against his head. Then he told of the coming of the second mob. He did not know which way Tom had been taken, or whether he had been hanged or not, but he had sent a deputy to make inquiries.

In making an examination of the prison after daylight, Sheriff Plunkett found the keys of the jail inside of the hallway, as though they had been thrown in at the broken-down window. When he went to force the court-house door, the key belonging to it was found lying on the doorstep; and when on opening the door he saw Tom with his manacles on, awaiting him, his surprise was complete.

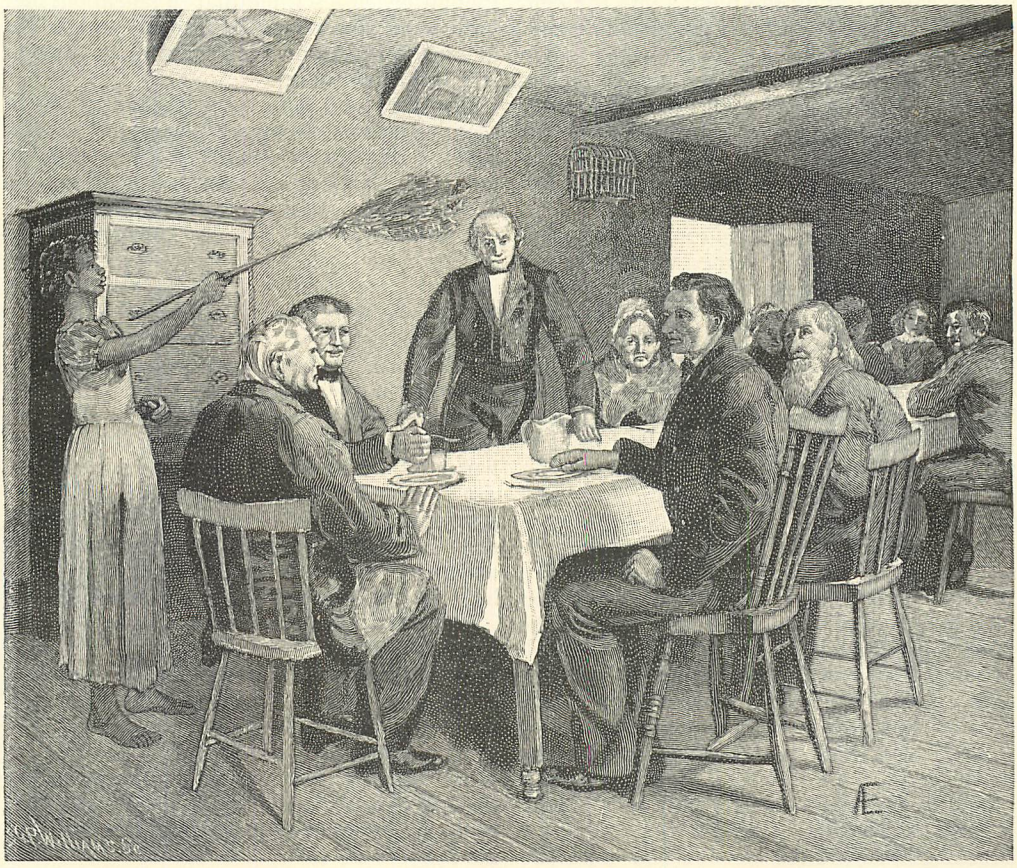
"I thought you 'd been hung," he said.

"Not yet," said Tom, grimly.

"Say, where did that mob come from that got you out?"

"You can't question me," said Tom. "I 'm not a witness to-day; I 'm a prisoner."

Many of the excited people, moved by the restive longings of a vague curiosity, had followed the sheriff into the court-room, and the news of Tom's presence there soon spread throughout the village. There were already all sorts of contradictory and exciting rumors in the streets about the events of the preceding night; women let their breakfast coffee boil over while they discussed the affair across back fences; men almost forgot to eat anything in their eagerness for news; country people were flocking in by all the roads and listening to all sorts of contradictory tales told by the villagers. When it became known that Tom was alive and awaiting his trial there was a gen-



"'WHERE IS HE?' ASKED THE JUDGE."

eral rush to secure seats, and the court-room was filled long before the bell in its belfry had announced the hour for the trial to begin.

XXVI.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

At last the sheriff's new deputy went up the court-house stairs, and pulled away on the rope that rattled the bell in the belfry — a bell that uttered its notes in irregular groups, now pausing for breath, and now sending one hurried stroke clattering hard on the heels of another. Its clanking had no more dignity than the words of a gossip eagerly tattling small news. While the bell was yet banging, Judge Watkins's iron-gray head and stooped shoulders appeared; he pushed his way slowly through the press, his brows contracted in impatience at finding even the physical progress of the court obstructed by the vulgar. The people squeezed themselves as nearly flat as possible in the endeavor to make way for his Honor, of whom they were as much in awe as school-boys of a stern master. Bob McCord, erect in the aisle, was an island in the very channel, and the most serious obstacle to the judge's passage; nor did it help things for Bob to turn sidewise, for he was equally obtrusive in all his dimensions. The judge was a good deal ruffled in his endeavors to pull by him.

"I wish I *wuz* littler, Jedge," said Bob, with a fearless laugh that startled the bystanders, "but I can't seem to take myself in another eench."

The dyspeptic judge was not without a sense of humor. It would be a derogation from his dignity to say that he smiled at Bob's apology; but certainly there was a little relaxation of his brows, and a less severe set to his lips, when he finally edged past and left the crowd to close around Big Bob again.

The judge began the session by ordering the sheriff to bring in the grand jury. This in turn was no easy task; but at length that body succeeded in descending the stairs, defiling through the aisle, and getting into the jury box. In a few words, precise and tart, the judge charged the grand jurymen to inquire into two lawless attacks that had been made

on the sheriff during the night; into the conduct of the sheriff; and into the evidently insecure condition of the county jail. Then, when the members of the grand inquest had reluctantly made their painful way up the stairs to their room overhead, the judge called the case of *The People of the State of Illinois* versus *Thomas Grayson, Junior*, and there was a hush in the crowded court-room.

Tom sat regarding the crowd with such feelings as a gladiator doomed to mortal combat might have had in looking on the curious spectators in the Coliseum. Mrs. Grayson and Barbara had been provided with chairs within the bar; but on his mother and sister Tom did not dare to let his eyes rest. He saw, however, without looking directly at them, that little Janet was standing by Barbara, and that his uncle sat with crestfallen face by his mother's side, and that his Aunt Charlotte had not come at all. Just outside of the bar, but immediately behind Mrs. Grayson, so as to form one of the group, stood Hiram Mason, erect and unblushing. One of the landmarks on which Tom's gaze rested oftenest was the burly form and round, ruddy face of Big Bob McCord, half way between the judge and the door. And at one of the open windows there presently appeared the lank countenance of Jake Hogan, who had climbed up from the outside, with the notion that he was somehow bound to supervise the administration of public justice. He managed with difficulty to get perching-room on the window-sill. Into two of the raised back seats a group of women had squeezed themselves to their last density, and among them, singular and conspicuous as she always was, sat Rachel Albaugh. Tom's was not the only eye that observed her; the lawyers from other counties were asking one another who she was, and she had even attracted the attention of the judge himself; for a gallant interest in good-looking women lingers late in a Virginia gentleman, no matter how austere his mold. At a pause in the preliminary proceedings the judge spoke to the clerk, sitting just below and in front of him, at a raised desk.

"Magill, who is that girl?" he asked.

"Which one, Judge?" queried Magill, pretending to be in doubt.

"You need n't look so innocent. Of course I mean the one a modest man can't look at without being a little ashamed of himself. You know her well enough, I 'm sure."

"I s'pose yer Honor manes John Albaugh's daughter," said Magill. "She 's the one that 's at the bottom of all this row, they say."

As soon as the judge heard that Rachel's beauty had something to do with the case in hand he fell back into his official reserve, as though he felt a scruple that to talk about her, or even to take note of her beauty, might be, in some sort, a receiving of evidence not properly before the court.

The jury was very soon impaneled, for in that day entire ignorance of the matter in hand was not thought indispensable to a wise decision. Lincoln made no objection to any of the names drawn for jurymen except that of Abijah Grimes, of Broad Run Township. The exclusion of Bijy's open countenance from the jury box was another blow to Jake Hogan's faith in the institutions of the land. His brow visibly darkened; here was one more sign that a rich man's nephew could not be punished, and that a poor man had n't no kind uv a chance in sech a dodrotted country. No time was spent in an opening speech; the preliminary oratory, by which our metropolitan barristers consume the time of an indulgent court and make a show of earning their preposterous fees, was rarely indulged in that simpler land and time. The fees paid, indeed, would not have justified the making of two speeches.

No portion of the crowd tucked into the four walls of the Moscow court-house showed more interest in the trial than the members of the bar. The unsolved mystery that hung about Lincoln's line of defense, the absence of any witnesses in Tom's behalf, the neglect of all the ordinary precautions, such as the seeking of a change of venue, produced a kind of flurry of expectation inside of the bar; and the lawyers in their blue sparrow-tail coats with brass buttons, which constituted then a kind of professional uniform, moved about with as much animation as uneasy jay-birds, to which the general effect of their costume gave them a sort of family likeness. Their attention was divided, it is true; for when a member of the bar did succeed in settling himself into a chair, which he always canted back on its hind legs, he was pretty sure to get into a position that would enable him to get a glance now and then at the face of Rachel Albaugh, who was interesting, not only for her beauty, but on account of her supposed relation to the case actually before the court. Never had Rachel's lustrous eyes seemed finer, never had her marvelous complexion shown a tint more delicious; her interest in the case lent animation to her expression, and her attitude of listening set off the graceful turn of her features.

The prosecuting attorney called Henry Miller to prove that Tom had been irritated with Lockwood at Albaugh's, but Henry did what he could for Tom, by insisting that it did n't "amount to anything" as a quarrel; it was "only a huff," he said. The next witness called was the nervous young man who had stood

balancing himself on the threshold of Wooden & Snyder's store when Tom had threatened Lockwood, in paying back the money borrowed to discharge his gambling debt. He was a habitual gossip, and the story lost nothing from his telling. He did not forget to mention with evident pleasure that Rachel Albaugh's name had been used in that quarrel. At this point Rachel, finding too many eyes turned from the witness to the high seat at the back of the room, lowered her green veil.

Then the carpenter who had bought a three-cornered file on the morning of Tom's outburst against Lockwood also swore to the details of that affair as he remembered them, and the villager who had come in to buy nails to repair his garden fence gave a third version of the quarrel; but Snyder, the junior proprietor of the store, told the incident as it was colored by his partisanship for Lockwood and in a way the most damaging to Tom. He swore that Lockwood was really afraid of Tom, and that at Lockwood's suggestion he had himself got Blackman to speak to Tom's uncle about it. The young men followed who had heard Tom say, as he left town after his break with his uncle, that George Lockwood was the cause of all his troubles, and that Lockwood "had better not get in his way again, if he knew what was good for him."

Lincoln sat out the hours of that forenoon without making a note, without raising an objection, without asking the witnesses a question, and without a book or a scrap of paper before him. He did not break silence at all, except to waive the cross-examination of each witness. The impression made in Tom's favor by his voluntary appearance at the trial, when he might perhaps have got away, was by this time dissipated, and the tide set now overwhelmingly against him; and to this tide his self-contained lawyer had offered not the slightest opposition. It was a serious question even among the lawyers whether or not Lincoln had given up the case. But if he had given up the case, why did he not fight on every small point, as any other lawyer would have done, for the sake of making a show of zeal? To Allen, the public prosecutor, there was something annoying and ominous in Lincoln's silence; something that made him apprehensive of he knew not what.

When the court took its noon recess Barbara and her mother were in utter despondency. It seemed to them that Lincoln was letting the case go by default, while the prosecuting attorney was full of energetic activity.

"Abra'm," said Mrs. Grayson, intercepting Lincoln as he passed out of the bar with his hat drawn down over his anxious brows, "ain't ther' nothin' you kin do for Tom? Can't you show 'em that he never done it?"

"I 'll do whatever I can, Aunt Marthy, but you must leave it to me." So saying, he quickly left her and pushed out of the door, while his learned brethren gathered into a group within the bar, and unanimously agreed in condemning his neglect of every opportunity to break the force of the evidence against Tom. Why had he not objected to much of it, why had he not cross-questioned, why did he not ask for a change of venue yesterday?

When the sheriff and his deputy, at the close of this forenoon session, passed out of the court-house with Tom, there was a rush of people around and in front of them. Men and boys climbed up on wagons, tree stumps, and whatever afforded them a good view of the criminal. For the most part the people were only moved by that heartless curiosity which finds a pleasurable excitement in the sight of other people's woes, but there was also very manifest an increasing resentment toward Tom, and not a little of that human ferocity which is easily awakened in time of excitement and which reminds us of a sort of second cousinship that subsists between a crowd of men and a pack of wolves — or between a pack of men and a crowd of wolves.

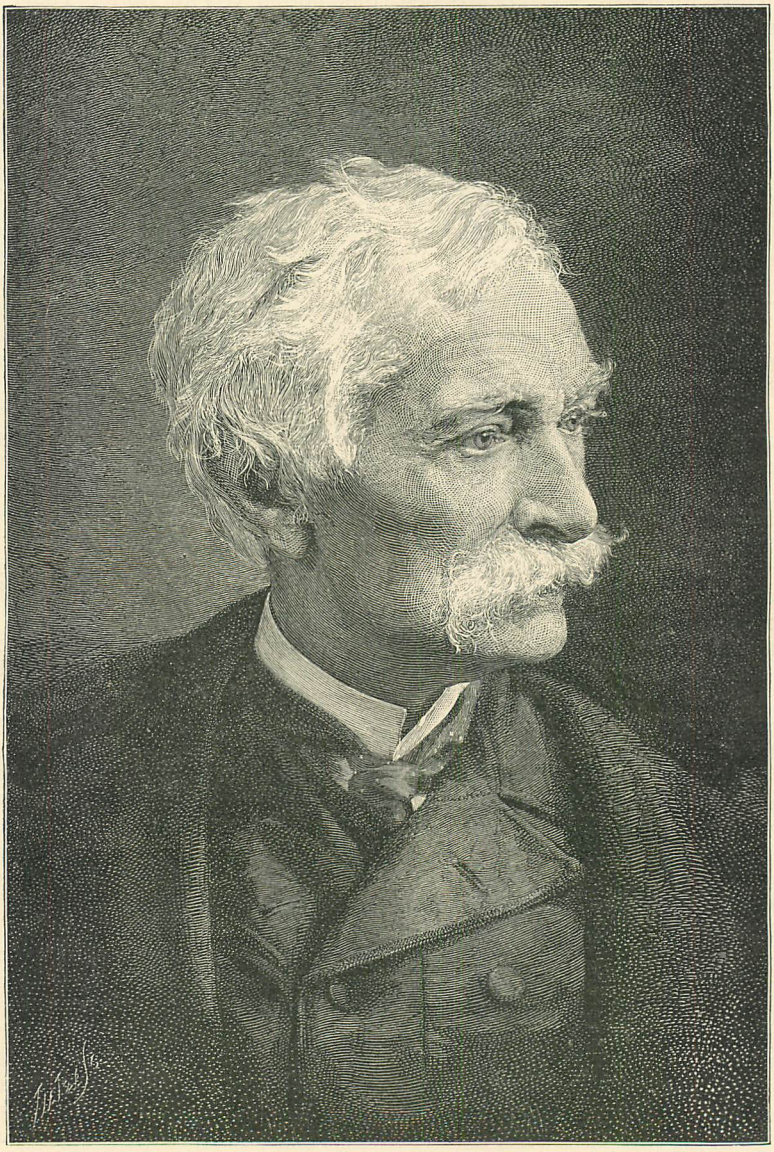
When Tom found himself at length landed within the friendly prison walls, out of sight and hearing of the unfeeling crowd, he was in the deepest dejection. For what, indeed, that could happen now would be sufficient to turn back such a tide of popular condemnation? Barbara came to him presently with a dinner more relishable than that which the sheriff was accustomed to serve to prisoners, and all the way to the jail idle people had strolled after her; and though no one treated her with disrespect, she could hear them saying, "That 's his sister," and their voices were neither sympathetic nor friendly. When she set down the tray on one of the stools in front of Tom, she kept her eyes averted from his, lest he should detect the despondency that she knew herself to be incapable of hiding. On his part, Tom made a feint to eat the food, for Barbara's sake. But after examining first one tid-bit and then another, essaying to nibble a little first at this and then at that, he got up abruptly and left the whole.

"'T is n't any use, Barb," he said, huskily. "I can't eat."

And Barbara, knowing how much need her brother had for all his self-control, did not trust herself to speak, but took up the tray and went out again, leaving Tom, when the deputy had locked the door, sitting alone on the bench, with his head between his hands.

(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.



R. M. Johnston

AT the second of the recent Authors' Readings in Washington in aid of the cause of international copyright, Dr. Edward Eggleston, introducing one of the readers, said:

"A few years ago there began to appear in the magazines stories in dialect by an unknown writer. These were so full of quaint humor and individuality as to mark the arrival of a new man in our literature. I thought I saw here the hand of a vigorous young man destined to make a name in our literature, and to push us old fellows off the board, when once he should have reached his maturity. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you that promising young man, Colonel R. M. Johnston."

Richard Malcolm Johnston was born in Hancock County, Georgia, March 8, 1822. His grandfather was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and a Virginian, of Charlotte County, who emigrated to Georgia when it was

comparatively new ground. On the side of his mother, who was Catharine Davenport of the same county, his ancestors were also Virginians.

His father was a large planter, for that part of the country. He began with a farm of 500 acres, which, by gradual purchase, he increased to 2500. The early years of the boy were spent upon this farm; and here he received the impressions which have determined his tastes for life.

This region, called middle Georgia, was a strip of country about 100 miles long, from east to west, and 60 broad, with the city of Augusta as its metropolis. When settled, it was a mere oasis of civilization in the midst of a desert of barbarism. The country round about was either uninhabited or occupied by Indian tribes, which were forced back on all sides as the settled region gradually and slowly enlarged its borders. The life here was almost as circumscribed as it would have been in a desert island. These conditions may account in part for its rugged independence and charming provincialism.

As society settled and clarified, the classes naturally separated. Since no violence marked this separation, there was nothing of the strained relation so often found in our American society. Master and servant were brought into direct relation, without the intervention of the hated overseer. The plantation was usually not too large for the owner to take direct supervision of it,—to know his servants personally, and to visit the "quarters," which were not very far from the "big house." The perfect healthfulness of the climate made life possible all the year round on the plantations,—for white master as well as negro servant. In many parts of the South the arable land lay in river bottoms, low sea coasts, or swampy land, almost the counterpart of the country where the African race had been acclimated for thousands of years, but which was death to the white race. In these low-ground plantations the master had very little in his relations with his slaves that was personal. The races naturally grew apart. Many of the large planters did not even know all of their own slaves by sight, and their welfare was intrusted to an overseer. Of course, under these conditions, there was very little chance that the negroes, huddled together, and away from the helpful association with their masters, should rise much above their old heathenism and barbarism. Though in the main fairly well fed, well clothed, and well housed,—from interest, if from no better motive,—they were lamentably ignorant. Such plantations were very hot-beds, where voodooism and witchcraft flourished mightily.

In the middle Georgia region, in which Richard Johnston was growing up and taking his earliest impressions, everything was the reverse of this. On his father's farm the field hands were on the kindliest terms with the white members of the family, especially with the children, who delighted to visit the quarters, to hear the stories and to feast upon the crackling bread and roast sweet potatoes, that never seemed quite so perfect anywhere else.

The children, black and white, grew up together, getting into the same scrapes, talking the same patois, riding double in going to mill for the weekly grinding of meal—sometimes the white boy in front, but quite as often the other way. The institution of slavery existed here in its mildest form; it was, in the main, the patriarchal institution of the Bible, buying and selling being the exception, not the rule. Servants and their families descended from father to son, or were sometimes willed away, the servant being given, within limits, his choice of a master.

The relations between the field hands and their owners were here very much the same as they were, in other parts of the South, between the household servants and their masters.

Here no impassable chasm shut off the "po' whites," completely ostracizing them, as was the case in many parts of the Southern States. Life was almost archaic in its simplicity. The poorer classes were treated by their neighbors of the better class with the confidence and respect that their sturdy uprightness and self-respect commanded. They were a simple, unlettered folk, full of hardihood and loyalty. They "did what they pleased with the king's English, but were true to the behests of all honor": the men were brave and the women were virtuous. This is utterly unlike the picture that has been so often drawn of the Georgia "cracker."

Among the children of this gentle-hearted, simple-minded people, Richard Johnston grew up, forming friendships which colored all his future life, and furnish the key-note to that life and work. In the midst of the anomalous conditions of this society a group of character writers, unsurpassed by any others, have arisen, led on by Judge Longstreet in his rude but graphic pictures of the wholesome, jovial life of its earlier days, followed by Joel Chandler Harris, in his inimitable *Uncle Remus*, and Richard Malcolm Johnston, in his equally inimitable stories of cracker life. The reason is not far to seek, why just here this school of realistic literature took rise—because the material was here, and the writers were an integral part of the life they undertook to depict, in a sense true of perhaps no other region of the South. The school lacks the ideal-

ism of Cable and Page, though Page's realism is exquisitely well balanced with the ideal; but that the conditions were not destructive of the growth of an ideal genius perhaps needs nothing more than the mention of one name, reverently honored wherever it is known — Sidney Lanier came also from this same middle Georgia country.

Until he was eight years old, Richard Johnston lived in the midst of this simply happy, untrammeled life, absorbing its characteristics day by day, and being molded by its influences. For four years he attended what is known in some regions of the South as an "old field school." Some poor, broken-down farmer, or business man, at the end of his resources, would betake himself to teaching. For a mere pittance he would undertake to impart to the children of the neighborhood his small store of knowledge; reading, writing, and ciphering was usually the limit. The teacher did not possess knowledge enough to hurt the sturdy little lads and lassies who came to be taught, and who managed between times to learn many a lesson in kindliness and courtesy, especially the boys in helping and guarding the girls, of whom less was required, both in scholarship and behavior, than was asked of the sterner sex.

"The Goose-pond School," the first story in the earliest series of "The Dukesborough Tales," is a genuine picture of the old field school, touched with the quaint humor of its writer. No one can read the story without feeling the warm-hearted, loving recognition of all that is good as well as a full appreciation of all its absurdities. The uncouthness of the master, his brutality and craven cowardice, were exceptional but not impossible, and they serve to bring out into clearer relief the system, the school, and the "scholars" than a more commonplace and peaceable teacher would have done.

In 1830, when the boy was eight years old, Mr. Johnston moved first to Crawfordville, then to Powelton, the "Dukesborough" of the tales. This he did to give his younger children the benefit of better schools than they could find in the country. At this time Powelton was a finished town of never more than one hundred and fifty inhabitants. It is to-day not larger than it was then, while Chicago, at that date a smaller town than Powelton, has in the mean time gone up to — Heaven and the census takers alone know where.

Powelton, however, possessed a school which was a successful rival of the town proper; it had over one hundred and fifty pupils, besides teachers, other officials, and servants. For many years this school was carried on by excellent teachers, usually from the New England States. Here the boys and girls — for it was a mixed school — were prepared for college, or were "finished," as the case might be.

At this school Mr. Johnston's children entered and began serious study. "At thirteen," Colonel Johnston said, in talking over these old times, "I was madly, hopelessly, intensely, bottomlessly in love with a young lady of twenty-six, one of my teachers. The four years that must elapse before, according to my notions, I should be eligible to marry her, I thought of as I would now think of four thousand standing between me and the consummation of my highest earthly hope."

A curious friendship had existed for some time between the boy of thirteen and a whimsical bachelor of forty — a neighbor of the Johnston family. To this friend the boy confided the secret of his passionate attachment for his mature lady-love, with all its attendant thrills and hopes, woes and despairs. His friend received the confidence with the utmost gravity and sympathy, and advised him to confide in his mother — a piece of advice which he religiously followed. After pouring out the whole matter in her sympathetic ear, she said, with a curious, suppressed smile:

"My son, I would advise you, whatever you do, not to let your father know the state of your affections. He would assuredly give you a thrashing."

This suggestion is used in a very amusing way in "The Early Majority of Mr. Thomas Watts," one of the first series of "The Dukesborough Tales."

The youthful lover's hopes were dashed by his inamorata's marrying some one else. After the proper interim of desolation and dark despair over his crushed hopes, the lady teacher of twenty-six had a successor in the person of a young girl of fifteen. One is irresistibly reminded of David Copperfield and the eldest Miss Larkins in this experience.

These early and ardent love affairs, as intense and serious as any later experience could possibly be, were very characteristic of the Southern boy of the past. They sometimes ended in a temporary eclipse of the youthful lover in desperation and impenetrable gloom, and sometimes in them lay the germ of a happy married life. They were as different from the objectionable flirtations and fastness, so often seen among the children of the present day, as the light is different from darkness: full of ardent dreams of self-immolation, of daring courage, of tender protection, of reverent adoration for his lady-love, worthy of any knight of chivalry — beautiful they were and touching in spite of their absurd unreality.

After leaving the Powelton school the boy

went to college, where he was graduated in 1841. He taught two years, and then began the practice of law with Linton Stephens, a younger brother of Alexander H. Stephens, as his partner. For ten years he continued at the bar, in the northern and middle circuits of Georgia.

A lawyer's life, in those days, when the country was so thinly settled that no one small district afforded sufficient litigation to support a single lawyer, was a peculiar one. A bevy of practitioners following the court in its sessions made a peripatetic society for themselves. The scenes in court were sometimes irresistibly funny; the peculiarities of the people, the incongruity of setting, all supplied material for uproarious mirth in the symposium that followed each day's work.

The dialect, so familiar to these men in their childhood, became indelibly engraven on their memories by repetition in the stories they told, and their native gifts as *raconteurs* found an admirable field for development in these days filled with court experience and the nights filled equally with laughter.

In answer to the question, "How is it that you never 'slip up' in the dialect of the crackers?" Colonel Johnston replied, "Slip up in my vernacular! How could I? I talked it when I was a boy with the other boys. I often, now, find myself dropping unconsciously into it. When a middle Georgia man gets 'mad,' I assure you he does not use the stately anathemas of the Charlestonian or Savannese; he just 'cusses' roundly in the cracker 'lingo,' and gets an immense amount of satisfaction out of it."

I have often heard native Georgians drop in the most charming way into this dialect, when they were in a light or tender mood, particularly when talking to little children.

In 1844 Mr. Johnston was married to Miss Frances Mansfield, of the same county (Hancock), whose father was from the State of Connecticut. Twenty-two was quite a sober age for those days, but his wife was only fifteen. Marriages used to be contracted at absurdly early ages, especially in the Southern States. There was something besides climate to account for this. Housekeeping there was such a very simple affair. If, as often chanced to be the case, the youthful lovers belonged to families whose plantations adjoined, a slice was taken from each, a modest house was built, sometimes of the timber on the place and by domestic carpenters, and with the overflow of household goods from the homesteads the arrangements were easily and cheaply made, and the young couple were married and took possession, and began a simple happy life like that from which they had detached themselves. Their homes were very full of comfort, their needs, beyond the inevitable education, especially the college course for the boys, made no heavy drain upon the family resources, and by the time the boys were old enough for that the means were there.

Certain of the household servants from one or other of the parent homes went with the young people, and they, with their children, formed an integral part of the new household, and grew up and grew old with it.

After ten years of this life at the bar, Mr. Johnston was offered three positions almost at the same time — a judgeship of the northern circuit, the presidency of one college, and a professorship in another. This latter offer, as being most congenial, he accepted, and was made professor of *belles-lettres* in the State University, Md., a position which he held for four years, and then he opened a boys' school at his plantation near Sparta. There he carried on a very flourishing school in connection with his farm till 1867. In this year a sad domestic bereavement, the death of a daughter just grown up, made old places and associations unbearable. Giving up a school of 60 pupils, of whom he took 40 with him, he returned to Maryland, intending to form a school there. This he did a few miles outside of Baltimore. Since that time he has been teaching, lecturing, and writing.

His first story appeared under the nom de plume Philemon Perch, in the "Southern Magazine," a periodical, largely eclectic, which was published in Baltimore. In this, as in all his other stories, he went back to the old home life of his early childhood. With the tendency to classical allusion so dear to the Southern heart, he says: "Of all places on earth, it is the dearest to me. The academy grove seems to me now more beautiful than anything in Tempe or Arcadia could possibly be."

This love for old associations, old places, old times, shines through all his work; it qualifies the fun in every description. No touch of ridicule or shade of contempt for the primitive simplicity of living, the clumsy laboring after expression, the narrowness of thought that marked that intensely provincial life, ever mars his work. A loving, tender light shines through the quaint humor; it plays over every incident, and irradiates every homely detail of life he depicts, lifting it above all touch of sordidness.

The merit of his work received almost immediate recognition. No one was so surprised as its author at the success of this his first literary venture; other stories followed, but it did not seem to occur to Colonel Johnston to seek a wider field for his work, or to think of his writing as a source of income, for he had contributed the early stories without asking

remuneration. In 1879, however, his dear and valued friend Sidney Lanier persuaded him to submit a story to "Scribner's Magazine," now THE CENTURY. When this was accepted Mr. Lanier's delight was unbounded, both because the writer was his friend, and because the life so vividly depicted was sweet in his memory.

This story, "Mr. Neelus Peeler's Conditions," forms the point from which Colonel Johnston dates his literary career. It is a remarkable fact that an author who has deservedly attained such wide recognition for the freshness, broadness, and humor of his work should have been over fifty years of age before he attempted it, and that he should date his literary life from his fifty-seventh year.

From the beginning Colonel Johnston has loved his work and been faithful and conscientious in it. He does not write rapidly, nor please himself easily. The stories that have such an easy, impromptu air have sometimes been written over and over again. Speaking of the principal female character in his novel "Old Mark Langston," he said: "I meant to make her mean, like her father; but before I had written fifty lines about her, she just turned herself out of my hands" [with a very graphic gesture], "and there she was before me; she seemed to say: 'Don't make me mean! I am a woman. You never knew a woman mean like that'; and I had to stop. I just could not do it. I cannot, somehow, be rough with my women; they always seem to reproach me. I cannot forget the reverence due to their feminity." After a pause, "No, I cannot do it."

There is no plot in his stories carefully devised; it is not so much a story he has to tell as a life he has to depict. The nucleus of each sketch is not a thing, but a person. He takes a character or two, perhaps; as he writes, they become defined and grow into roundness and reality under his hand. The incidents are for the sake of the characters, not the characters for the sake of the incidents.

The *mise en scène* is always photographically accurate; every detail is true. "As long as the people in my stories have no fixed surroundings, they are nowhere to me; I cannot get along with them at all."

Colonel Johnston has it in view to write a story of the higher village life about Powelton, which he says was equal in refinement, culture, and charm to any society he has ever known, and somewhat peculiar. It is, however, always difficult, after following a certain vein, to work out of it. The demand for short stories is much greater than for novels, either as books or serials. In consequence he has been rather crowded into the short story direction, and especially in the delineation of the cracker type.

Five books from his pen have been published besides "The Dukesborough Tales"—"Old Mark Langston"; "Two Gray Tourists," a book of sketches of travel; "Mr. Absalom Billingsbee and Other Georgia Folk"; and, in conjunction with William Hand Brown, a history of English literature, and the Life of Alexander H. Stephens.

In speaking of his future work, Colonel Johnston said: "In going back to my past life, and in attempting to make a worthy record of the limited provincial life in the midst of which my childish days were passed, I have drawn a sweet solace for the sadness of my exile, of being so far from old places, old friends, even old graves. The stories are all imaginary, but they are in harmony with what I have seen and of which I have sometimes been a part. I loved this people and this district, and in doing so have loved many of the most gifted and most cultured and most distinguished men in dear old Georgia."

Sophie Bledsoe Herrick.

LOVE ASLEEP.

I FOUND Love sleeping in a place of shade,
And as in some sweet dream his sweet lips smiled;
Yea, seemed he as a lovely, sleeping child.
Soft kisses on his full, red lips I laid,
And with red roses did his tresses braid;
Then pure, white lilies on his breast I piled,
And fettered him with woodbine fresh and wild,
And fragrant armlets for his arms I made.
But while I, gazing, yearned across his breast,
Upright he sprang, and from swift hand, alert,
Sent forth a shaft that lodged within my heart.
Ah! had I never played with Love at rest,
I still had lived, who die now of this hurt,
He had not wakened — had not cast his dart.

Philip Bourke Marston.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE ADVANCE.

SECESSION sophistry about oppression and subjugation was sufficiently answered by the practical logic of the Southern States in collecting armies and uniting in military leagues. Military necessity, not political expediency, was now the unavoidable rule of action. The Washington authorities had long foreseen that merely filling the National capital with Northern regiments would not by itself give security to the Government buildings and archives. The presidential mansion, the Capitol, and the various department offices all lay within easy reach of rebel batteries which might rise in a single night at commanding points on the southern bank of the Potomac, and from which hostile shot and shell could speedily reduce the whole city to ruins. As early, therefore, as the 3d of May, Scott instructed General Mansfield, the local commander, to seize and fortify Arlington Heights. Various causes produced a postponement of the design, urgent as was the necessity; but finally the needed reënforcements arrived. Under plans carefully matured, the Union forces commanded by Brigadier-General Irvin McDowell on the morning of May 24 made their advance across the Potomac River and entered Virginia. Here was begun that formidable system of earth-works, crowning every hill in an irregular line for perhaps ten miles, extending from the river-bend above Georgetown to the bay into which Hunting Creek flows, below Alexandria, which constituted such an immense military strength, and so important a moral support to the Army of the Potomac, and, indeed, to the Union sentiment of the whole country during the entire war.

Three other movements of troops were begun about the same time. General Butler was transferred from Baltimore to Fort Monroe to collect nine or ten regiments for aggressive purposes. General Robert Patterson, who was organizing the Pennsylvania militia, assembled the contingent of that State with a view to a movement against Harper's Ferry. And General George B. McClellan, appointed to organize the contingent from the State of Ohio, had his earliest attention directed toward a movement into western Virginia.

Prompted by many different shades of feeling, there now arose throughout the North a demand for military action and military success. Assuming the undeniable preponderance of men and means in the free States, public opinion illogically also assumed that they could be made immediately victorious. Under bold head-lines a leading newspaper kept "The nation's war cry" standing in its columns: "Forward to Richmond! Forward to Richmond! The rebel Congress must not be allowed to meet there on the 20th of July. By that date the place must be held by the National army!"† Though this was but a single voice, it brought responsive echoes from all parts of the North.

Two months of the first three-months' enlistment of the militia called into service were already gone; it seemed desirable that the remaining third of their term should be utilized in an energetic movement. General Scott's original idea had been that this energetic movement should occur at Harper's Ferry; but Johnston's evacuation of that place, and Patterson's over-caution and defensive strategy, frustrated the design. Under the increasing political pressure, the most promising alternative was thought to be a direct advance from Washington against Manassas Junction, the strategical importance of which the Confederates had instinctively recognized, especially its relation to Harper's Ferry. Colonel Cocke had written to Lee, May 15:

> These two columns, one at Manassas and one at Winchester, could readily coöperate and concentrate upon the one point or the other; either to make head against the enemy's columns advancing down the valley, should he force Harper's Ferry, or in case we repulse him at Harper's Ferry, the Winchester supporting column could throw itself on this side of the mountains to coöperate with the column at Manassas.

On the 29th of June President Lincoln called his Cabinet and principal military officers to a council of war at the Executive Mansion, to discuss a campaign against the rebels at Manassas. General Scott took occa-

† "New York Tribune," June 20, 1861.

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sion to say that he was not in favor of such a movement. "He did not believe in a little war by piecemeal. But he believed in a war of large bodies." He adhered to the "anaconda" policy, and a decisive campaign down the Mississippi River in the autumn and winter. "We were to go down, fight all the battles that were necessary, take all the positions we could find and garrison them, fight a battle at New Orleans and win it, and thus end the war."* But being overruled by the President and Cabinet in favor of an immediate movement, the old soldier gracefully yielded his preference, and gave his best counsel and cooperation to the new enterprise. He caused to be read the plan matured by General McDowell and approved by himself.

McDowell's plan stated that the secession forces then at Manassas Junction, under command of General Beauregard, and its dependencies, were estimated at twenty-five thousand. When threatened they would call up all reënforcements within reach.

> If General J. E. Johnston's force is kept engaged by Major-General Patterson, and Major-General Butler occupies the force now in his vicinity, I think they will not be able to bring up more than ten thousand men. So we must calculate on having to do with about thirty-five thousand men. . . . Leaving small garrisons in the defensive works, I propose to move against Manassas with a force of 30,000 of all arms, organized into 3 columns, with a reserve of 10,000. . . . After uniting the columns this side of it, I propose to attack the main position by turning it, if possible, so as to cut off communications by rail with the South. †

Before, however, the preparation for this advance had even been completed, the first campaign of the war, though not an extensive one, was already finished with a decided success to the Union arms.

When the Richmond convention by the secret secession ordinance of the 17th of April, and a few days later by a military league with Jefferson Davis, literally kidnapped Virginia and transferred her, bound hand and foot, to the rebel government at Montgomery, the western half of the State rose with an almost unanimous protest against the rude violation of self-government, and resolved to secede from secession. A series of popular meetings was held, with such success that on the 13th of May delegates from twenty-five counties met for consultation at Wheeling, and agreed on such further action and coöperation as would enable them to counteract and escape the treason and alienation to which they had been committed without their consent. The leaders made their designs known to President Lincoln at Washington, and to General McClellan at Cincinnati, commanding the Department of the Ohio, and were not only assured of earnest sympathy, but promised active help from the Ohio contingent of three-months' volunteers, whenever the decisive moment of need should arrive. In conformity with this understanding, an expedition under McClellan's orders moved against and dispersed a little nucleus of rebel troops at Philippi, in a secluded mountain valley about fifteen miles south of Grafton.

Under shelter and encouragement of this initial military success, the political scheme of forming a new State proceeded with accelerated ardor. As early as June 11 a delegate convention, representing about forty counties lying between the crest of the Alleghanies and the Ohio River, met and organized at Wheeling. On the 13th of June, after reciting the various treasonable usurpations of the Richmond convention and Governor Letcher, it adopted a formal declaration that all the acts of the convention and the executive were without authority and void, and declared vacated all executive, legislative, and judicial offices in the State held by those "who adhere to said convention and executive." On the 19th of June an ordinance was adopted creating a provisional State government, under which F. H. Peirpoint was appointed governor, to wield executive authority in conjunction with an executive council of five members. A legislature was constituted by calling together such members-elect as would take a prescribed oath of allegiance to the United States and to the restored government of Virginia, and providing for filling the vacancies of those who refused. A similar provision continued or substituted other State and county officers. After adding sundry other ordinances to this groundwork of restoration, the convention on the 25th took a recess till August. The newly constituted legislature soon met to enact laws for the provisional government; and on July 9 it elected two United States senators, who were admitted to seats four days later.

So far the work was simply a repudiation of secession and a restoration of the government of the whole State which had been usurped. But the main motive and purpose of the counter-revolution was not allowed to halt nor fail. In August the Wheeling convention reassembled, and on the 20th adopted an ordinance creating the new State of Kanawha (afterward West Virginia) and providing for a popular vote to be taken in the following October on the question of ratification.

The Richmond government had no thought of surrendering western Virginia to the Union without a struggle. Toward the end of June

* Committee on Conduct of the War.

† McDowell to Townsend, June, 1861. War Records.

they sent General Garnett to oppose the Federal forces. He took position in a mountain-pass at Laurel Hill with 3 or 4 regiments, and stationed Colonel Pegram in another pass at Rich Mountain, 17 miles south, with a regiment and 6 guns. Early in July, General McClellan, learning the weakness of the rebels, resolved to drive them from their positions. He sent General Morris with 5 or 6 regiments against Garnett, and himself moved with some 7 regiments upon Pegram's intrenched camp. General Rosecrans, commanding McClellan's advance, was fortunate enough to obtain a Union mountaineer, thoroughly familiar with the locality, who led a detachment of 1900 men to the rear of the rebel position, where they easily dispersed an outpost of 300 men with 2 guns stationed near the summit. This victory made Pegram's position untenable; and, hastily abandoning his intrenched camp and guns, he sought to join Garnett at Laurel Hill by a northward march along the mountain-top. Garnett, however, was already retreating; and Pegram, unable to escape, surrendered his command of between 500 and 600 to McClellan on the morning of the 13th of July.

A difficult route of retreat to the northward still lay open to Garnett, and he made diligent efforts to impede the pursuit, which was pushed with vigor. About noon of July 13 Captain Benham with three Union regiments came up with the rebel wagon train at Carrick's Ford, one of the crossings of Cheat River, twenty-six miles north-west of Laurel Hill. Here Garnett deployed his rear-guard of a regiment with three guns to protect his train; but by a sharp attack the Union forces drove the enemy, capturing one of the guns. In a desultory skirmish a little farther on Garnett himself was killed by a sharpshooter, and that incident terminated the pursuit. The Unionists secured the wagon train, and the remnant of rebels successfully continued their farther retreat.

Large political and military results followed this series of comparatively slight encounters. They terminated the campaign for the possession of western Virginia, and the movement for the establishment of a separate State thereafter went on unchecked. The most important result was upon the personal fortunes of General McClellan. These were the first decided Union victories of the war, and they were hailed by the North with a feeling of triumph altogether disproportionate to their real magnitude. When on the following day McClellan summed up in a single laconic dispatch* the scattered and disconnected incidents of three different days, happening forty miles apart, the impression, without design on his part, was most naturally produced upon the authorities and the country that so sweeping and effective a campaign could only be the work of a military genius of the first order. McClellan was the unquestioned hero of the hour. The *éclat* of this achievement soon called him to Washington, and in a train of events which followed had no insignificant influence in securing his promotion, on the 1st of November following, without further victories, to the command of all the armies of the United States.

BULL RUN.†

IT had been arranged that McDowell's advance against the enemy at Manassas should begin on July 9: by dint of extraordinary exertions he was ready and issued his marching orders on July 16.‡ But his organization was very imperfect and his preparations were far from complete. Many of his regiments reached him but two days before, and some only on the day he moved. He started with barely wagons enough for his ammunition and hospital supplies; tents, baggage, and rations were to follow.§ The utmost caution was enjoined to avoid another Vienna or Big Bethel disaster. Three things, his marching orders said, would be held unpardonable: *First*, to come upon a battery or a breastwork without knowledge of its position. *Second*, to be surprised. *Third*, to fall back. His army being a new, untried machine, his men unused to the fatigues and privations of a march, progress was slow. With a cumbersome movement it felt its way toward Fairfax Court House and Centreville, the outposts of the enemy having sufficient time to retire as it advanced. Tyler commanded his first division, of 4 brigades; Hunter the second division, of 2 brigades; Heintzelman the third division, of 3 brigades; and Miles the fifth division, of 2 brigades. The fourth division, under Runyon,

* HUNTSVILLE, VA., July 14, 1861.

COLONEL TOWNSEND: Garnett and forces routed; his baggage and one gun taken; his army demoralized; Garnett killed. We have annihilated the enemy in western Virginia, and have lost 13 killed and not more than 40 wounded. We have in all killed at least 200 of the enemy, and their prisoners will amount to at least 1000. Have taken seven guns in all. I still look for the capture of the remnant of Garnett's army by General Hill. The troops defeated are the crack regiments of eastern Virginia, aided by Georgians, Tennesseeans, and Carolinians. Our success is complete and secession is killed in this country.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

[War Records.]

† For a more detailed account of the battle of Bull Run, see Nicolay, "The Outbreak of Rebellion," pp. 169–197.

‡ War Records.

§ Committee on Conduct of the War.

was left behind to guard his communications. His total command embraced an aggregate of 34,320 men; his marching column proper consisted of a little less than 28,000 men, including artillery, a total of 49 guns, and a single battalion of cavalry.

When, on the morning of July 18, Tyler reached Centreville, he found that the enemy had everywhere retired behind the line of Bull Run, a winding, sluggish stream flowing southeasterly toward the Potomac, about thirty-two miles south-east of Washington. While it is fordable in many places, it generally has steep and sometimes precipitous and rocky banks with wooded heights on the west. Three miles beyond the stream lies Manassas Junction on a high, open plateau. Here the railroads, from Richmond on the south and the Shenandoah Valley on the west, come together. To protect this junction the rebels had some slight field-works, armed with 14 or 15 heavy guns, and garrisoned by about 2000 men. Beauregard, in command since the 1st of June, had gathered an army of nearly 22,000 men and 29 guns. The independent command of Holmes, called up from Aquia Creek, augmented his force to a little over 23,000 men and 35 guns. Instead of keeping this about the Manassas earth-works he had brought it close down to the banks of Bull Run and posted it along a line some eight miles in length, extending from the Manassas railroad to the stone bridge on the Warrenton turnpike, and guarding the five intermediate fords.

The enemy retired from Centreville as Tyler approached that place; and taking a light detachment to make a reconnaissance, he followed their main body toward the crossing of Bull Run at Blackburn's Ford, near the center of Beauregard's extended line. Tyler was under express orders to observe well the roads, but not to bring on an engagement.* Apparently lured on, however, by the hitherto easy approach, his reconnaissance became a skirmish, and calling up support, the skirmish became a preliminary battle. Before he was well aware of it 60 men had fallen, 2 exposed field-pieces had been with difficulty extricated, 1 regiment had retreated in confusion, and 3 others were deployed in line of battle, to make a new charge. At this point Tyler remembered his instructions and called off his troops. This engagement at Blackburn's Ford, so apparently without necessity or advantage, greatly exasperated the men and officers engaged in it, and seriously chilled the fine spirit in which the army started on its march. The attacking detachment did not then know that the enemy had suffered equal loss and demoralization.†

McDowell began his campaign with the purpose of turning the flank of the enemy on the south; but the examinations made on the 18th satisfied him that the narrow roads and rough country in that direction made such a movement impracticable. When, in addition, he heard Tyler's cannonade on the same day, he hurried forward his divisions to Centreville; and the report of that day's engagement also seemed to prove it inexpedient to make a direct attack.† That night McDowell assembled his division commanders at Centreville and confidentially informed them that he had changed his original plan, and resolved to march northward and turn Beauregard's left flank.† All of Friday, the 19th, and Saturday, the 20th, were spent in an effort of the engineers to find an unfortified ford over Bull Run in that direction; and thus the main battle was postponed till Sunday, July 21. During those two days, while McDowell's army was refreshed by rest and supplied with rations, the strength of the enemy in his front was greatly increased.

McDowell's movement was based upon the understanding and promise that Patterson should hold Johnston in the Shenandoah Valley, and General Scott made every exertion to redeem this promise. On the 13th he directed Patterson to detain Johnston "in the valley of Winchester"; and as the critical time approached, and hearing no official report from him for three whole days, he sent him a sharp admonition: "Do not let the enemy amuse and delay you with a small force in front, whilst he reënforces the [Manassas] Junction with his main body."‡ And still more emphatically on the 18th, while the engagement of Blackburn's Ford was being fought by McDowell's troops: "I have certainly been expecting you to beat the enemy. If not, to hear that you had felt him strongly, or at least had occupied him by threats and demonstrations. You have been at least his equal, and, I suppose, superior in numbers. Has he not stolen a march and sent reënforcements toward Manassas Junction? A week is enough to win victories."§ Patterson was touched by the implied censure, and answered restively: "The enemy has stolen no march upon me. I have kept him actively employed, and by threats and reconnaissances in force have caused him to be reënforced."‖ But the facts did not bear out the assertion. He had been grossly outwitted, and the enemy was at that moment making the stolen march which Scott feared, and of which

* McDowell to Tyler, July 18, 1861. War Records.
† War Records.
‡ Scott to Patterson, July 17, 1861. War Records.
§ Scott to Patterson. War Records.
‖ Patterson to Scott, July 18, 1861. War Records.

Patterson remained in profound ignorance till two days later.

Since the 9th of July his readiness to "offer battle," or to "strike" when the proper moment should arrive, had oozed away. He became clamorous for reënforcements, and profuse of complaints. Making no energetic reconnaissance to learn the truth, and crediting every exaggerated rumor, he became impressed that he was "in face of an enemy far superior in numbers." Understanding perfectly the nature and importance of his assigned task, and admitting in his dispatches that "this force is the key-stone of the combined movements"; ambitious to perform a brilliant act, and commanding abundant means to execute his plan, his courage failed in the trying moment. "To-morrow I advance to Bunker Hill," he reported on July 14, "preparatory to the other movement. If an opportunity offers, I shall attack."* Reaching Bunker Hill on the 15th, he was within nine miles of the enemy. His opportunity was at hand. Johnston had only 12,000 men all told; Patterson, from 18,000 to 22,000. All that and the following day he must have been torn by conflicting emotions. He was both seeking and avoiding a battle. He had his orders written out for an attack. But it would appear that his chief of staff, Fitz-John Porter, together with Colonels Abercrombie and Thomas, at the last moment persuaded him to change his mind. Making only a slight reconnaissance on the 16th, he late that night countermanded his orders, and on July 17 marched to Charlestown — nominally as a flank movement, but practically in retreat. Johnston, the Confederate commander, was at Winchester, in daily anticipation of Patterson's attack, when at midnight of July 17 he received orders to go at once to the help of Beauregard at Manassas. By 9 o'clock on the morning of the 18th his scouts brought him information that Patterson's army was at Charlestown. Relieved thus unexpectedly from a menace of danger which otherwise he could neither have resisted nor escaped, he lost no time. At noon of the same day he had his whole effective force of 9000 men on the march; by noon of Saturday, July 20, 6000 of them, with 20 guns, were in Beauregard's camp at Bull Run, ready to resist McDowell's attack.

The Union army lay encamped about Centreville; from there the Warrenton turnpike ran westward over a stone bridge, crossing Bull Run to Gainesville, several miles beyond. Unaware as yet that Johnston had joined Beauregard, McDowell desired to seize Gainesville, a station on the railroad, to prevent such a junction. The stone bridge was thought to be defended in force, besides being mined, ready to be blown up. The engineers, however, late on Saturday, obtained information that Sudley Ford, two or three miles above, could be readily carried and crossed by an attacking column.

On Saturday night, therefore, McDowell called his officers together and announced his plan of battle for the following day. Tyler's division was ordered to advance on the Warrenton turnpike and threaten the stone bridge; while Hunter and Heintzelman, with their divisions, should make a circuitous and secret night march, seize and cross Sudley Ford, and descending on the enemy's side of Bull Run should carry the batteries at the stone bridge by a rear attack, whereby Tyler would be able to cross and join in the main battle.

Beauregard, on his part, also planned an aggressive movement for that same Sunday morning. No sooner had Johnston arrived than he proposed that the Confederates should sally from their intrenchments, cross the five fords of Bull Run they were guarding, march by the various converging roads to Centreville, and surprise and crush the Union army in its camps. The orders for such an advance and attack were duly written out, and Johnston, as ranking officer, signed his approval of them in the gray twilight of Sunday morning. But it proved wasted labor. At sunrise Tyler's signal guns announced the Union advance and attack. The original plan was thereupon abandoned, and Beauregard proposed a modification — to stand on the defensive with their left flank at the stone bridge, and attack with their right from the region of Blackburn's Ford. This suggestion again Johnston adopted and ordered to be carried out. There had been confusion and delay in the outset of McDowell's march, and the flanking route around by Sudley Ford proved unexpectedly long. Tyler's feigned attack at the stone bridge was so feeble and inefficient that it betrayed its object; the real attack by Hunter and Heintzelman, designed to begin at daylight, could not be made until near 11 o'clock. The first sharp encounter took place about a mile north of the Warrenton turnpike; some five regiments on each side being engaged. The rebels tenaciously held their line for an hour. But the Union column was constantly swelling with arriving batteries and regiments. Tyler's division found a ford, and crossing Bull Run a short distance above the stone bridge, three of its brigades joined Hunter and Heintzelman. About 12 o'clock the Confederate line, composed mainly of Johnston's troops, wavered and broke, and was swept back across and out of the valley of the Warrenton turnpike, and down the road

* Patterson to Townsend, July 14, 1861. War Records.

running southward from Sudley Ford to Manassas Junction.

The commanders and other officers on both sides were impressed with the conviction that this conflict of the forenoon had decided the fortunes of the day. Beauregard's plan to make a counter-attack from his right flank against Centreville had failed through a miscarriage of orders; and leaving Johnston at headquarters to watch the entire field, he hastened personally to endeavor to check the tide of defeat. Jackson, afterward known by the sobriquet of "Stonewall," had already formed his fresh brigade, also of Johnston's army, on the crest of a ridge half a mile south of the Warrenton turnpike. Other regiments and batteries were hurried up, until they constituted a semicircular line of 12 regiments, 22 guns, and 2 companies of cavalry, strongly posted and well hidden in the edge of a piece of woods behind the screen of a thick growth of young pines.

At half-past 2 o'clock in the afternoon, McDowell attacked this second position of the enemy with an immediately available force of about 14 regiments, 24 guns, and a single battalion of cavalry. Here the advantages of position were all strongly against him. The enemy was posted, concealed, and his artillery concentrated, while McDowell's brigades were at the foot of the hill; not only where the ascent must be made in open view, but where the nature of the ground rendered a united advance impossible. A series of successive and detached assaults followed. Two batteries were lost by mistaking a rebel for a Union regiment; and because of the lax organization and want of discipline in the raw volunteer regiments, the strength of McDowell's command melted away in a rapid demoralization and disintegration. The scales of victory, however, yet vibrated in uncertainty, when at 4 in the afternoon the remainder of Johnston's army arrived, and seven fresh rebel regiments were thrown against the extreme right and partly in rear of the Union line.

This heavy numerical overweight at a decisive time and place terminated the battle very suddenly. The abundant rumors that Johnston was coming to the help of Beauregard seemed verified; and the Union regiments, ignorant of the fact that they had been successfully fighting part of his force all day, were now seized with a panic, and began by a common impulse to move in retreat. The suddenness of their victory was as unexpected to the rebel as to the Union commanders. Jefferson Davis, who had come from Richmond, arriving at Manassas at 4 o'clock, was informed that the battle was lost, and was implored by his companions not to endanger his personal safety by riding to the front. Nevertheless he persisted, and was overjoyed to find that the Union army had, by a sudden and unexplained impulse, half marched, half run from the field. The rebel detachments of cavalry hung about the line of retreat, and by sudden dashes picked up a large harvest of trophies in guns and supplies, but they dared not venture a serious attack; and so unconvinced were they as yet of the final result, that that night the rebel commanders set a strong and vigilant guard in all directions against the expected return, and offensive operations, by McDowell next morning. The precaution was needless, for the Union army was so much demoralized that the commanders deemed it unsafe to make a stand at Centreville, where the reserves were posted; and a rapid though orderly retreat was continued through the night, and until all organized regiments or fragments reached their old camps within the fortifications on the Potomac, and the scattered fugitives made their way across the river into the city of Washington.

McDowell's defeat was wholly due to Patterson's inefficiency. He was charged with the task of defeating or holding Johnston in the Shenandoah Valley; he had a double force with which to perform his task. Had he done so, McDowell, who in that case would have been superior in numbers to Beauregard, and whose plans were in the main judicious, could easily have conquered. It was Johnston's army, which Patterson had permitted to escape, that principally fought the battle of Bull Run and defeated McDowell.* Nor is there any good sense in that criticism which lays the blame upon General Scott and the Administration for not having first united the two Federal armies. The Administration furnished a superior force against Beauregard at Bull Run, and an overwhelming force against Johnston at Winchester, and assured victory in each locality by the only reliable condition — other things being equal — an excess of numbers. Had Patterson held his foe, as he might, and McDowell defeated Beauregard, as he would have done, the capture of Johnston's force between the two Federal armies was practically certain, as General Scott intended.†

* The following analysis of the forces engaged in the main and decisive phases of the actual fighting shows it conclusively:

	JOHNSTON'S ARMY.		BEAUREGARD'S ARMY.	
	Regs.	*Guns.*	*Regs.*	*Guns.*
Battle of the morning	4	4	1	2
Battle of the afternoon	9	16	3	6
Final flank attack which created the panic	3	4	4	..
	16	24	8	8

† Scott to McClellan, July 18, 1861. War Records.

Scott was aware of the danger which Patterson's negligence had created. "It is known that a strong reënforcement left Winchester on the afternoon of the 18th, which you will also have to beat," he telegraphed McDowell on the day of the battle, which it was then too late to countermand.* He also promised him immediate reënforcements. The confidence of the General-in-Chief remained unshaken, and he telegraphed McClellan: "McDowell is this forenoon forcing the passage of Bull Run. In two hours he will turn the Manassas Junction and storm it to-day with superior force." †

It may well be supposed that President Lincoln suffered great anxiety during that eventful Sunday; but General Scott talked confidently of success, and Lincoln bore his impatience without any visible sign, and quietly went to church at 11 o'clock. Soon after noon copies of telegrams began to come to him at the Executive Mansion from the War Department and from army headquarters. They brought, however, no certain information, as they came only from the nearest station to the battle-field, and simply gave what the operator saw and heard. Toward 3 o'clock they became more frequent, and reported considerable fluctuation in the apparent course and progress of the cannonade. The President went to the office of General Scott, where he found the general asleep, and woke him to talk over the news. Scott said such reports were worth nothing as indications either way — that the changes in the currents of wind and the variation of the echoes made it impossible for a distant listener to determine the course of a battle. He still expressed his confidence in a successful result, and composed himself for another nap when the President left.

Dispatches continued to come about every ten or fifteen minutes, still based on hearing and hearsay. But the rumors grew more cheering and definite. They reported that the battle had extended along nearly the whole line; that there had been considerable loss; but that the secession lines had been driven back two or three miles, some of the dispatches said, to the Junction. One of General Scott's aides now also came, bringing the telegram of an engineer, repeating that McDowell had driven the enemy before him, that he had ordered the reserves to cross Bull Run, and wanted reënforcements without delay.‡

The aide further stated substantially that the general was satisfied of the truth of this report, and that McDowell would immediately attack and capture the Junction, perhaps to-night, but certainly by to-morrow noon. Deeming all doubt at an end, President Lincoln ordered his carriage, and went out to take his usual evening drive.

He had not yet returned when, at 6 o'clock, Secretary Seward came to the Executive Mansion, pale and haggard. "Where is the President?" he asked hoarsely of the private secretaries. "Gone to drive," they answered. "Have you any late news?" he continued. They read him the telegrams which announced victory. "Tell no one," said he. "That is not true. The battle is lost. The telegraph says that McDowell is in full retreat, and calls on General Scott to save the capital. Find the President and tell him to come immediately to General Scott's." Half an hour later the President returned from his drive, and his private secretaries gave him Seward's message — the first intimation he received of the trying news. He listened in silence, without the slightest change of feature or expression, and walked away to army headquarters. There he read the unwelcome report in a telegram from a captain of engineers: "General McDowell's army in full retreat through Centreville. The day is lost. Save Washington and the remnants of this army. . . . The routed troops will not re-form." § This information was such an irreconcilable contradiction of the former telegram that General Scott utterly refused to believe it. That one officer should report the army beyond Bull Run, driving the enemy and ordering up reserves, and another immediately report it three miles this side of Bull Run, in hopeless retreat and demoralization, seemed an impossibility. Yet the impossible had indeed come to pass; and the apparent change of fortune had been nearly as sudden on the battle-field as in Washington.

The President and the Cabinet met at General Scott's office, and awaited further news in feverish suspense, until a telegram from McDowell confirmed the disaster. ‖ Discussion was now necessarily turned to preparation for the future. All available troops were hurried forward to McDowell's support; Baltimore was put on the alert; telegrams were sent to the recruiting stations of the nearest Northern States to lose no time in sending all their organized regiments to Washington; McClellan was ordered to "come down to the Shenandoah Valley with such troops as can be spared from western Virginia." ¶ A great number of

* Scott, Testimony, Committee on Conduct of the War.
† Scott to McClellan, July 21, 1861. War Records.
‡ Wendell to Thomas, July 21, 1861, 4 P. M. War Records.
§ Alexander, July 21, 1861. War Records.
‖ McDowell to Townsend, July 21, 1861. War Records.
¶ Scott to McClellan, July 21, 1861. War Records.

civilians, newspaper correspondents, and several senators and representatives had followed McDowell's army to Centreville; one of the latter, Mr. Ely of New York, went to the battle-field itself, and was captured and sent for a long sojourn to Libby Prison in Richmond. Such of these non-combatants as had been fortunate enough to keep their horses and vehicles were the first to reach Washington, arriving about midnight. President Lincoln had by this time returned to the Executive Mansion, and reclining on a lounge in the Cabinet room he heard from several of these eye-witnesses their excited and exaggerated narratives, in which the rush and terror and unseemly stampede of lookers-on and army teamsters were altogether disproportionate and almost exclusive features. The President did not go to his bed that night; morning found him still on his lounge in the Executive office, hearing a repetition of these recitals and making memoranda of his own comments and conclusions.

As the night elapsed, the news seemed to grow worse. McDowell's first dispatch stated that he would hold Centreville. His second, that "the larger part of the men are a confused mob, entirely demoralized"; but he said that he would attempt to make a stand at Fairfax Court House.* His third reported from that point that "many of the volunteers did not wait for authority to proceed to the Potomac, but left on their own decision. They are now pouring through this place in a state of utter disorganization. . . . I think now, as all of my commanders thought at Centreville, there is no alternative but to fall back to the Potomac."† Reports from other points generally confirmed the prevalence of confusion and disorganization. Monday morning the scattered fugitives reached the bridges over the Potomac, and began rushing across them into Washington. It was a gloomy and dismal day. A drizzling rain set in which lasted thirty-six hours. Many a panic-stricken volunteer remembered afterward with gratitude, that when he was wandering footsore, exhausted, and hungry through the streets of the capital, her loyal families opened their cheerful doors to give him food, rest, and encouragement.

One of the principal reasons which prevented McDowell's making a stand at Centreville or Fairfax Court House was the important fact that the term of service of the three-months' militia, organized under President Lincoln's first proclamation, was about to expire. "In the next few days," says McDowell in his report, "day by day I should have lost ten thousand of the best armed, drilled, officered, and disciplined troops in the army."‡ This vital consideration equally affected the armies at other points; and bearing it, as well as the local exigency, in mind, the President and the Cabinet determined on several changes of army leadership. McDowell was continued in command on the Virginia side of the Potomac, with fifteen regiments to defend and hold the forts. McClellan was called to Washington to take local command, and more especially to organize a new army out of the three-years' regiments which were just beginning to come in from the various States. Patterson was only a three-months' general, appointed by the governor of Pennsylvania; his time expired, and he was mustered out of service. Banks was sent to Harper's Ferry to succeed him. Dix was put in command at Baltimore, and Rosecrans in western Virginia.

By noon of Monday the worst aspects of the late defeat were known; and especially the reassuring fact that the enemy was making no pursuit; and so far as possible immediate dangers were provided against. The War Department was soon able to reply to anxious inquiries from New York:

> Our loss is much less than was at first represented, and the troops have reached the forts in much better condition than we expected. We are making most vigorous efforts to concentrate a large and irresistible army at this point. Regiments are arriving. . . . Our works on the south bank of the Potomac are impregnable, being well manned with reënforcements. The capital is safe. §

On the following day Lincoln in person visited some of the forts and camps about Arlington Heights, and addressed the regiments with words of cheer and confidence.

Compared with the later battles of the civil war, the battle of Bull Run involved but a very moderate loss || in men and material. Its political and moral results, however, were widespread and enduring. The fact that the rebel army suffered about equal damage in numbers of killed and wounded, and that it was crippled so as to be unable for months to resume the offensive, could not be immediately known. The flushed hope of the South magnified the achievement as a demonstration of Southern invincibility. The event of a pitched battle won gave the rebellion and the Confederate government a standing and a sudden respect-

* McDowell to Townsend, July 21, 1861. War Records.

† McDowell to Townsend, July 22, 1861.

‡ McDowell, Report, August 4, 1861. War Records.

§ Cameron to Stetson, Grinell, and others, July 22, 1861. War Records.

|| The official reports show a loss to the Union side in the battle of Bull Run of 25 guns (the Confederates claim 28), 481 men killed, 1011 men wounded, and 1460 (wounded and other Union soldiers) sent as prisoners to Richmond. On the Confederate side the loss was 387 killed, 1582 wounded, and a few prisoners taken.—War Records.

ability before foreign powers it had hardly dared hope for. With the then personal government of France, and with the commercial classes whose influence always rules the government of England, it gained at once a scarcely disguised active sympathy.

Upon the irritated susceptibilities, the wounded loyalty, the sanguine confidence of the North, the Bull Run defeat fell with a cruel bitterness. The eager hopes built on the victories of western Virginia were dashed to the ground. Here was a fresher and deeper humiliation than Sumter or Baltimore. But though her nerves winced, her will never faltered. She was both chastened and strengthened in the fiery trial. For the moment, however, irritation and disappointment found vent in loud complaint and blind recrimination. One or two curious incidents in this ordeal of criticism may perhaps be cited. A few days after the battle, in a conversation at the White House with several Illinois members of Congress, in the presence of the President and the Secretary of War, General Scott himself was so far nettled by the universal chagrin and fault-finding that he lost his temper and sought an entirely uncalled-for self-justification. "Sir, I am the greatest coward in America," said he. "I will prove it. I have fought this battle, sir, against my judgment; I think the President of the United States ought to remove me to-day for doing it. As God is my judge, after my superiors had determined to fight it I did all in my power to make the army efficient. I deserve removal because I did not stand up, when my army was not in a condition for fighting, and resist it to the last." The President said, "Your conversation seems to imply that I forced you to fight this battle." General Scott then said, "I have never served a President who has been kinder to me than you have been." Richardson, who in a complaining speech in Congress related the scene, then drew the inference that Scott intended to pay a personal compliment to Mr. Lincoln, but that he did not mean to exonerate the Cabinet; and when pressed by questions, further explained: "Let us have no misunderstanding about this matter. My colleagues understood that I gave the language as near as I could. Whether I have been correctly reported or not I do not know. If I did not then make the correct statement, let me do it now. I did not understand General Scott, nor did I mean so to be understood, as implying that the President had forced him to fight that battle."* The incident illustrates how easily history may be perverted by hot-blooded criticism. Scott's petulance drove him to an inaccurate statement of events; Richardson's partisanship warped Scott's error to a still more unjustifiable deduction, and both reasoned from a changed condition of things. Two weeks before, Scott was confident of victory, and Richardson chafing at military inaction. The exact facts have already been stated. Scott advised against an offensive campaign into Virginia, but consented — was not forced — to prepare and direct it. He made success as certain as it ever can be made in war; but the inefficiency of Patterson foiled his plan and preparation. Even then victory was yet possible and probable but for the panic, against which there is no safeguard, and which has been fatal to armies in all times and in all countries.

Historical judgment of war is subject to an inflexible law, either very imperfectly understood or very constantly lost sight of. Military writers love to fight over the battles of history exclusively by the rules of the professional chess-board, always subordinating, often totally ignoring, the element of politics. This is a radical error. Every war is begun, dominated, and ended by political considerations; without a nation, without a government, without money or credit, without popular enthusiasm which furnishes volunteers, or public support which endures conscription, there could be no army and no war — neither beginning nor end of methodical hostilities. War and politics, campaigns and statecraft, are Siamese twins, inseparable and interdependent; and to talk of military operations without the direction and interference of an Administration is as absurd as to plan a campaign without recruits, pay, or rations. Applied to the Bull Run campaign, this law of historical criticism analyzes and fixes the relative responsibilities of government and commanders with easy precision. When Lincoln, on June 29, assembled his council of war, the commanders, as military experts, correctly decided that the existing armies could win a victory at Manassas and a victory at Winchester. General Scott correctly objected that these victories, if won, would not be decisive; and that in a military point of view it would be wiser to defer any offensive campaign until the following autumn. Here the President and the Cabinet, as political experts, intervened, and on their part decided, correctly, that the public temper would not admit of such a delay. Thus the Administration was responsible for the forward movement, Scott for the combined strategy of the two armies, McDowell for the conduct of the Bull Run battle, Patterson for the escape of Johnston, and Fate for the panic; for the opposing forces were equally raw, equally undisciplined, and as a whole fought the battle with equal courage and gallantry.

* "Globe," July 24 and Aug. 1, 1861, pp. 246 and 387.

But such an analysis of causes and such an apportionment of responsibilities could not be made by the public, or even by the best-informed individuals beyond Cabinet circles, in the first fortnight succeeding the Bull Run disaster. All was confused rumor, blind inference, seething passion. That the public at large and the touch-and-go newspaper writers should indulge in harsh and hasty language is scarcely to be wondered at; but the unseemly and precipitate judgments and criticisms of those holding the rank of leadership in public affairs are less to be excused. Men were not yet tempered to the fiery ordeal of revolution, and still thought and spoke under the strong impulse of personal prejudice, and with that untamed and visionary extravagance which made politics such a chaos in the preceding winter. That feeling, momentarily quelled and repressed by the rebel guns at Sumter, was now in danger of breaking out afresh. In illustration we need only to cite the words of prominent leaders in the three parties of the North, namely: Stanton, late Buchanan's attorney-general, and destined soon to become famous as Lincoln's War Secretary; Richardson, who had been the trusted lieutenant of Douglas, and now, since Douglas was dead, the ostensible spokesman of the faction which had followed that leader; and thirdly, Horace Greeley, exercising so prominent an influence upon the public opinion of the country through the columns of "The Tribune."

The Buchanan cabinet was still writhing under the odium which fell upon the late Administration, and much more severely upon the Breckinridge Democracy. Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet were eager to seize upon every shadow of self-justification, and naturally not slow to emphasize any apparent shortcoming of their successors. Stanton, with his impulsive nature, was especially severe on the new President and Administration. In his eyes the only hope of the country lay in the members of Buchanan's reconstructed Cabinet. Thus he wrote to his colleague Dix, on June 11, in language that resembled a stump speech of the presidential campaign:

> No one can imagine the deplorable condition of this city and the hazard of the Government, who did not witness the weakness and panic of the Administration, and the painful imbecility of Lincoln. We looked to New York in that dark hour as our only deliverance under Providence, and, thank God, it came. . . . But when we witness venality and corruption growing in power every day, and controlling the millions of money that should be a patriotic sacrifice for national deliverance, and treating the treasure of the nation as a booty to be divided among thieves, hope dies away: deliverance from this danger also must come from New York. . . . Of military affairs I can form no judgment. Every day affords fresh proof of the design to give the war a party direction. The army appointments appear (with two or three exceptions only) to be bestowed on persons whose only claim is their Republicanism—broken-down politicians without experience, ability, or any other merit. Democrats are rudely repulsed, or scowled upon with jealous and ill-concealed aversion. The Western Democracy are already becoming disgusted, and between the corruption of some of the Republican leaders and the self-seeking ambition of others some great disaster may soon befall the nation. How long will the Democracy of New York tolerate these things? . . . We hoped to see you here, especially after you had accepted the appointment of major-general. But now that the Administration has got over its panic, you are not the kind of man that would be welcome.*

This letter plainly enough shows Mr. Stanton's attitude toward the new Administration. His letter of the following day to ex-President Buchanan reveals the state of feeling entertained by Dix:

> The recent appointments in the army are generally spoken of with great disapprobation. General Dix is very much chagrined with the treatment he has received from the War Department, and on Saturday I had a letter declaring his intention to resign immediately.†

Again, July 16:

> General Dix is still here. He has been shamefully treated by the Administration. We are expecting a general battle to be commenced at Fairfax to-day, and conflicting opinions of the result are entertained.†

And once more, on July 26:

> The dreadful disaster of Sunday can scarcely be mentioned. The imbecility of this Administration culminated in that catastrophe: an irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace, never to be forgotten, are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy as the result of Lincoln's "running the machine" for five months. You perceive that Bennett is for a change of the Cabinet, and proposes for one of the new Cabinet Mr. Holt. . . . It is not unlikely that some change in the War and Navy Departments may take place, but none beyond these two departments until Jefferson Davis turns out the whole concern. The capture of Washington seems now to be inevitable: during the whole of Monday and Tuesday it might have been taken without any resistance. The rout, overthrow, and utter demoralization of the whole army is complete. Even now I doubt whether any serious opposition to the entrance of the Confederate forces could be offered. While Lincoln, Scott, and the Cabinet are disputing who is to blame, the city is unguarded and the enemy at hand. General McClellan reached here last evening. But if he had the *ability* of Cæsar, Alexander, or Napoleon, what can he accomplish? Will not Scott's jealousy, Cabinet intrigues, Republican interference, thwart him at every step? While hoping for the best, I cannot shut my eyes against the dangers that beset the Government, and especially this city. It is certain that Davis was in the field on Sunday, and the secessionists here assert that he headed in person the last victorious charge. General Dix is in Baltimore. After three weeks' neglect and insult he was sent there.†

While Stanton and Dix were thus nursing their secret griefs on behalf of one of the late

* Dix, "Memoirs of John A. Dix."

† "North American Review," November, 1879.

political factions, Richardson, as the spokesman of the Douglas wing of the Democracy, was indulging in loud complaints for the other. Charging that the division of the Democratic party at Charleston had brought the present calamity upon the Union, he continued:

> This organization of the Breckinridge party was for the purpose of destroying the Government. That was its purpose and its object. What do we see? Without the aid and coöperation of the men of the North that party was powerless. The men from the Northern States who aided and encouraged this organization which is in rebellion are at the head to-day of our army. Butler of Massachusetts, Dix of New York and Patterson of Pennsylvania, and Cadwalader — all of them in this movement to break down and disorganize the Democratic party and the country. Why is it? This Douglas party furnished you one-half of your entire army. Where is your general, where is your man in command to-day who belongs to that party? Why is this? Have you Republicans sympathized with this Breckinridge party? Are you sympathizing with them, and lending your aid to the men who lead our armies into misfortune and disgrace?*

Richardson was easily answered. A member correctly replied that these and other three-months' generals had been selected by the governors of various States, and not by the President; moreover, that Patterson had been specially recommended by General Scott, whom Richardson was eulogizing, and that there would be plenty of opportunity before the war was over for the Douglas men to win honors in the field. But all this did not soothe Richardson's temper, which was roused mainly by his revived factional jealousy.

Unjust fault-finding was to be expected from party opponents; but it is not too much to say that it was a genuine surprise to the President to receive from a party friend, and the editor of the most influential newspaper in the Union, the following letter, conveying an indirect accusation of criminal indifference, and proposing an immediate surrender to rebellion and consent to permanent disunion:

> NEW YORK, Monday, July 29, 1861.
> Midnight.
>
> DEAR SIR: This is my seventh sleepless night — yours, too, doubtless — yet I think I shall not die, because I have no right to die. I must struggle to live, however bitterly. But to business. You are not considered a great man, and I am a hopelessly broken one. You are now undergoing a terrible ordeal, and God has thrown the gravest responsibilities upon you. Do not fear to meet them. Can the rebels be beaten after all that has occurred, and in view of the actual state of feeling caused by our late, awful disaster? If they can,— and it is your business to ascertain and decide,— write me that such is your judgment, so that I may know and do my duty. And if they *cannot* be beaten,— if our recent disaster is fatal,— do not fear to sacrifice yourself to your country. If the rebels are not to be beaten,— if that is your judgment in view of all the light you can get,— then every drop of blood henceforth shed in this quarrel will be wantonly, wickedly shed, and the guilt will rest heavily on the soul of every promoter of the crime. I pray you to decide quickly and let me know my duty.
>
> If the Union is irrevocably gone, an armistice for 30, 60, 90, 120 days — better still for a year — ought at once to be proposed, with a view to a peaceful adjustment. Then Congress should call a national convention, to meet at the earliest possible day. And there should be an immediate and mutual exchange or release of prisoners and a disbandment of forces. I do not consider myself at present a judge of anything but the public sentiment. That seems to me everywhere gathering and deepening against a prosecution of the war. The gloom in this city is funereal,— for our dead at Bull Run were many, and they lie unburied yet. On every brow sits sullen, scorching, black despair. It would be easy to have Mr. Crittenden move any proposition that ought to be adopted, or to have it come from any proper quarter. The first point is to ascertain what is best that can be done — which is the measure of our duty, and do that very thing at the earliest moment.
>
> This letter is written in the strictest confidence, and is for your eye alone. But you are at liberty to say to members of your Cabinet that you *know* I will second any move you may see fit to make. But do nothing timidly nor by halves. Send me word what to do. I will live till I can hear it at all events. If it is best for the country and for mankind that we make peace with the rebels at once and on their own terms, do not shrink even from that. But bear in mind the greatest truth: "Whoso would lose his life for my sake shall save it." Do the thing that is the highest right, and tell me how I am to second you.
>
> Yours, in the depths of bitterness,
> HORACE GREELEY.†

These few citations are noteworthy, because of the high quarters whence they emanated and the subsequent relations some of their authors bore to the war. They give us penetrating glimpses of how the Bull Run disaster was agitating the public opinion of the North. But it must not be hastily inferred that such was the preponderant feeling. The great tides of patriotism settled quickly back to their usual level. The army, Congress, and the people took up, a shade less buoyantly, but with a deeper energy, the determined prosecution of the war, and soon continued their cheerful confidence in the President, Cabinet, and military authorities. The war governors tendered more troops and hurried forward their equipped regiments; the Administration pushed the organization of the long-term volunteers; and out of the scattered débris of the Bull Run forces there sprang up that magnificent Army of the Potomac, which in a long and fluctuating career won such historic renown.

Meanwhile, in this first shadow of defeat, President Lincoln maintained his wonted equipoise of manner and speech. A calm and resolute patience was his most constant mood; to follow with watchfulness the details of the

* Richardson, Speech in House of Representatives, July 24, 1861.

† Unpublished Autograph MS.

accumulation of a new army was his most eager occupation. He smiled at frettings like those of Scott, Dix, and Richardson; but letters like that of Greeley made him sigh at the strange weakness of human character. Such things gave him pain, but they bred no resentment, and elicited no reply. Already at this period he began the display of that rare ability in administration which enabled him to smooth mountains of obstacles and bridge rivers of difficulty in his control of men. From this time onward to the end of the war his touch was daily and hourly amidst the vast machinery of command and coördination in Cabinet, Congress, army, navy, and the hosts of national politics. To still the quarrels of factions, to allay the jealousies of statesmen, to compose the rivalries of generals, to soothe the vanity of officials, to prompt the laggard, to curb the ardent, to sustain the faltering, was a substratum of daily routine underlying the great events of campaigns, battles, and high questions of state.

On the night following the battle of Bull Run, while Lincoln lay awake on a sofa in the Executive office, waiting to gather what personal information he could from the many officers and prominent civilians who were arriving at Washington after their flight from the battle-field, he already began sketching a pencil memorandum of the policy and military programme most expedient to be adopted in the new condition of affairs. This memorandum sketch or outline he added to from time to time during the succeeding days. On the 27th of July he seems to have matured his reflections on the late disaster, and with his own hand he carefully copied his memorandum in this completed form:

JULY 23, 1861.

1. Let the plan for making the blockade effective be pushed forward with all possible dispatch.
2. Let the volunteer forces at Fort Monroe and vicinity, under General Butler, be constantly drilled, disciplined, and instructed without more for the present.
3. Let Baltimore be held as now, with a gentle but firm and certain hand.
4. Let the force now under Patterson or Banks be strengthened and made secure in its position.
5. Let the forces in western Virginia act till further orders according to instructions or orders from General McClellan.
6. General Frémont push forward his organization and operations in the West as rapidly as possible, giving rather special attention to Missouri.
7. Let the forces late before Manassas, except the three-months' men, be reorganized as rapidly as possible in their camps here and about Arlington.
8. Let the three-months' forces who decline to enter the longer service be discharged as rapidly as circumstances will permit.
9. Let the new volunteer forces be brought forward as fast as possible; and especially into the camps on the two sides of the river here.

JULY 27, 1861.

When the foregoing shall have been substantially attended to,

1. Let Manassas Junction (or some point on one or other of the railroads nearest it) and Strasburg be seized, and permanently held, with an open line from Washington to Manassas, and an open line from Harper's Ferry to Strasburg — the military men to find the way of doing these.
2. This done, a joint movement from Cairo on Memphis; and from Cincinnati on east Tennessee.*

FRÉMONT.

MISSOURI had been saved from organized rebellion, but the smell and blackness of insurrectionary fire were strong upon her. While Governor Jackson and General Price, flying from the battle of Boonville as fugitives, were momentarily helpless, they nevertheless had reasonable hope of quick support. Whatever of latent rebellion and secret military preparation existed were set in motion by the governor's proclamation of June 12 and his order dividing the State into nine military districts and issuing commissions to a skeleton army under the provisions of the military bill passed by his rebel legislature before their expulsion from the capital by Lyon. Thus every one inclined to take up arms against the Union had the plausible excuse of authority and the guidance of a designated commander and rendezvous, and a simultaneous movement toward organization long preconcerted immediately began. Missouri is a large State. She had over 68,000 square miles of territory, and a population of over a million souls; a trifling percentage would yield a formidable force. The spirit and impulse of revolution were at fever heat, and all the fire of the Border-Ruffian days smoldered along the frontier. The governor's brigadier-generals designated camps, and the hot-blooded country lads flocked to them, finding a charm of adventure in the very privations they were compelled to undergo. For half a year disloyalty had gone unpunished; the recent reports of march and battle served rather to sharpen their zeal.

Three railroads radiated from St. Louis — one toward the west, with its terminus at Sedalia; one toward the south-west, with terminus at Rolla; one toward the south, with terminus at Ironton. The first of these reached only about three-fourths, the last two scarcely half-way, across the State. Western Missouri, therefore, seemed beyond any quick reach of a military expedition from St. Louis. General Price, proceeding westward from Boonville, found one of these camps at Lexington; the governor, proceeding southward, was attended by a little remnant of fugitives from the bat-

* Lincoln, Autograph MS.

tle of Boonville. With such following as each could gather both directed their course toward the Arkansas line, collecting adherents as they went. Their pathway was not entirely clear. Before leaving St. Louis, Lyon had sent an expedition numbering about twenty-five hundred, commanded by Sweeny, a captain of regulars, by rail to Rolla and thence by a week's march to Springfield, from which point he had advanced a part of his force under Sigel to Carthage, near the extreme south-western corner of the State. Jackson and Price, having previously united their forces, thus found Sigel directly in their path. As they greatly outnumbered him, by the battle of Carthage, July 5,— a sharp but indecisive engagement,— they drove him back upon Springfield, and effected a junction with the rebel force gathered in the north-western corner of Arkansas, which had already assisted them by demonstrations and by capturing one of Sigel's companies.

Delayed by the need of transportation, Lyon could not start from Boonville on his south-western march until the 3d of July. The improvised forces of Jackson and Price, moving rapidly, because made up largely of cavalry, or, rather, unorganized horsemen, were far in advance of him, and had overwhelmed Sigel before Lyon was well on his way. Nevertheless he pushed ahead with energy, having called to him a detachment of regulars from Fort Leavenworth, and volunteers from Kansas numbering about 2200. These increased his column to about 4600 men. By July 13 he was at Springfield, and with the forces he found there was at the head of an aggregate of between 7000 and 8000 men.

The Confederate authorities had ambitious plans for the West. They already possessed Arkansas; the Indian Territory was virtually in their grasp; Missouri they looked upon with somewhat confident eyes; even the ultimate conquest of Kansas seemed more than a remote possibility. Nor were such plans confined to mere speculation. Major-General Polk was stationed at Memphis early in July to command the Mississippi region. The neutrality policy in Kentucky for the moment left the Tennessee contingent idle. Being appealed to by Governor Jackson, Polk made immediate preparations for a campaign in Missouri. On July 23 he reported to the Confederate government his purpose to send two strong columns into that State — one under McCulloch, of about 25,000 men, against Lyon at Springfield; another, under Pillow and Hardee, to march upon Ironton in south-east Missouri, where he estimated they would collect a force of 18,000. He wrote:

> They are directed to pass in behind Lyon's force by land, or to proceed to St. Louis, seize it, and, taking possession of the boats at that point, to proceed up the river Missouri, raising the Missourians as they go; and at such point as may appear most suitable to detach a force to cut off Lyon's return from the west. . . . If, as I think, I can drive the enemy from Missouri with the force indicated, I will then enter Illinois and take Cairo in the rear on my return.*

He was obliged a few days later to curtail this extravagant programme. Governor Jackson, he learned, to his chagrin, had exaggerated the available forces fully one-half.† Although he had already sent Pillow to New Madrid, he now "paused" in the execution of his plan; and the rivalry of the various rebel commanders seems soon to have completely paralyzed it. The "neutrality" attitude of the governors of both Missouri and Kentucky greatly delayed the progress of the war in the West. The middle of June came before Lyon chased the rebels from Jefferson City, and in Kentucky open and positive military action was deferred till the first weeks of September. Meanwhile, however, it was felt that the beginning of serious hostilities was only a question of time. The Mississippi River was blockaded, commerce suspended, Cairo garrisoned and fortified, gun-boats were being built, regiments were being organized and sent hither and thither, mainly as yet to keep the neighborhood peace. In the East the several Virginia campaigns were in progress, and General Scott's "anaconda" plan was well understood in confidential circles.

This condition of affairs made the whole Mississippi Valley sensitive and restless. The governors of the North-west met, and, by memorial and delegation, urged the Administration to make the Ohio line secure by moving forward and occupying advanced posts in Kentucky and Tennessee. Especially did they urge the appointment of a competent commander who could combine the immense resources of the West, and make them effective in a grand campaign southward to open the Mississippi.

Almost universal public sentiment turned to John C. Frémont as the desired leader for this duty. He was about forty-eight years of age. As student, as explorer, as a prominent actor in making California a State of the Union, he had shown talent, displayed energy, and conquered success in situations of difficulty and peril. As senator for a brief term, his votes proved that the North could rely on his convictions and principles. As the presidential candidate of the Republican party in 1856, his name had broadened into national representative value. The post of honor then had brought him defeat. He might well claim the post of duty for a chance to win a victory.

* Polk to Walker, July 23, 1861. War Records.
† War Records.

The dash of romance in his career easily rekindled popular enthusiasm; political sagacity indicated that he should be encouraged to change this popularity into armies, and lead them to military success in aid of the imperiled nation. The inclination of the Administration coincided with the sentiment of the people. Seward had proposed him for Secretary of War, and Lincoln mentioned him for the French mission; but in the recent distribution of offices no place at once suitable to his abilities and adequate to his claims had been found available. This new crisis seemed to have carved out the work for the man.

He had passed the previous winter in France, but upon the outbreak of rebellion at once returned to his country. On his arrival in the city of New York, about the 1st of July, President Lincoln appointed him a major-general in the regular army, and on the 3d created the Western department, consisting of the State of Illinois and all the States and Territories between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, and placed it under his command, with headquarters at St. Louis.

For a man whose genius could have risen to the requirements of the occasion it was a magnificent opportunity, an imperial theater. Unfortunately, the country and the Administration had overrated Frémont's abilities. Instead of proceeding at once to his post of duty, he remained in New York, absorbed largely in his personal affairs. Two weeks passed before he sent his letter of acceptance and oath of office. "Please proceed to your command without coming here," telegraphed General Scott, two days later. Postmaster-General Blair testified:

> As soon as he was appointed, I urged him to go to his department. . . . The President questioned me every day about his movements. I told him so often that Frémont was off, or was going next day, according to my information, that I felt mortified when allusion was made to it, and dreaded a reference to the subject. Finally, on the receipt of a dispatch from Lyon by my brother, describing the condition of his command, I felt justified in telegraphing General Frémont that he must go at once. But he remained till after Bull Run; and even then, when he should have known the inspiration that would give the rebels, he traveled leisurely to St. Louis.*

When, on July 25, he finally reached his headquarters, and formally assumed command, he did not find his new charge a bed of roses. The splendid military strength of the North-west was only beginning its development. Recruiting offices were full; but commanders of departments and governors of States quarreled over the dribblets of arms and equipments remaining in the arsenals, and which were needed in a dozen places at once.

* Committee on Conduct of the War.

The educated and experienced officers and subalterns of the old regular army, familiar with organization and routine, did not suffice to furnish the needed brigadier-generals and colonels, much less adjutants, commissaries, quartermasters, and drill-sergeants. Error, extravagance, delay, and waste ensued. Regiments were rushed off to the front without uniforms, arms, or rations; sometimes without being mustered into service. Yet the latent resources were abundant in quantity and excellent in quality, and especially in the qualities of mind, ambition, earnestness, and talent competent through practical service to rise to every requirement of duty and sacrifice — genius which could lead, and patriotic devotion ready to serve, suffer, and die. What magnificent capabilities in those early Western volunteers; what illustrious talent in those first regiments found by Frémont and coming at his call! — Lyon, Grant, Blair, McClernand, Pope, Logan, Schofield, Curtis, Sturgis, Palmer, Hurlbut, and a hundred others whose names shine on the records of the war, to say nothing of the thousands who, unheralded, went gloriously to manful duty and patriotic death.

The three weeks loitered away in New York already served to quadruple Frémont's immediate task. Lyon had taken the field, and Blair had gone to Washington to take his seat in the special session of Congress as representative. The whole service immediately felt the absence from headquarters of these two inspiring and guiding leaders. At three points in Frémont's new department matters wore a threatening aspect. The plentiful seeds of rebellion sown by Governor Jackson throughout Missouri were springing up in noxious rankness. Amidst dominant loyalty existed a reckless and daring secession minority, unwilling to submit to the control of superior sentiment and force. Following the battle of Boonville there broke out in many parts of the State a destructive guerrilla warfare, degenerating into neighborhood and family feuds, and bloody personal reprisal and revenge, which became known under the term of "bushwhacking." Houses and bridges were burned, farms were plundered, railroads were obstructed and broken, men were kidnapped and assassinated. During the whole period of the war few organized campaigns disturbed the large territory of the State; but disorder, lawlessness, crime, and almost anarchy were with difficulty repressed from beginning to end.

The local administration charged with the eradication of these evils was greatly embarrassed and often thwarted through the unfortunate jealousy and rivalry between the

factions of radicals and conservatives, both adherents of the Union. Equally loyal, equally sincere in their devotion to the Government, they paralyzed each other's efforts by a blind opposition and recrimination. As events progressed these factions increased in their animosity toward each other, and their antagonistic attitude was continued throughout the whole war period. This conflict of local sentiment — personal, political, and military — produced no end of complications requiring the repeated direct interference of President Lincoln, and taxed to the utmost his abounding forbearance. Neighborhood troubles were growing in northern Missouri before Frémont left New York; and Lyon's adjutant selected Brigadier-General Pope to take command there and restore order. Frémont gave the permission by telegraph; and when he reached St. Louis, General Pope had eight Illinois regiments employed in this duty.*

Frémont's second point of difficulty was the strong report of danger to Cairo. The rebel general Polk, at Memphis, was in the midst of his preparations for his Missouri campaign, already mentioned. About the time of Frémont's arrival Pillow had just moved six thousand Tennesseeans to New Madrid, and reported his whole force "full of enthusiasm and eager for the 'Dutch hunt.'" News of this movement, and the brood of wild rumors which it engendered, made General Prentiss, the Union commander at Cairo, exceedingly uneasy, and he called urgently for assistance. Cairo, the strategic key of the whole Mississippi Valley, was too important to be for a moment neglected; and in a few days after his arrival Frémont gathered the nearest available reënforcements, about eight regiments in all, and, loading them on a fleet of steamboats, led them in person in a somewhat ostentatious expedition to Cairo; and the demonstration, greatly magnified by rumor, doubtless had much influence in checking the hopes of the rebel commanders for an early capture of Missouri and Illinois.

The reënforcement of Cairo was very proper as a measure of precaution. It turned out, however, that the need was much less urgent than Frémont's third point of trouble, namely, the safety of Lyon at Springfield, in southwestern Missouri. When Lyon left St. Louis he had conceived this campaign to the southwest, not merely to control that part of the State and to protect it against invasion, but also with the ultimate hope of extending his march into Arkansas. For this he knew his force in hand was inadequate; but he believed that from the troops being rapidly organized in the contiguous free States he would receive the necessary help as soon as it was needed. We have seen that he reached Springfield with an aggregate of about 7000 or 8000 men. It was, for those early days, a substantial, compact little army, somewhat seasoned, well commanded, self-reliant, and enthusiastic. Unfortunately it also, like the armies at every other point, was under the strain and discouragement of partial dissolution. The term of enlistment of the three-months' militia regiments, raised under the President's first proclamation, was about to expire. In every detachment, army, and at every post, throughout the whole country, there occurred about the middle of July, 1861, the incident of quick succession of companies and regiments going out of the service. Many of these corps immediately reorganized under the three-years' call; many remained temporarily in the field to take part in some impending battle. But despite such instances of generous patriotism, there was at all points a shrinkage of numbers, an interval of disorganization, a paralysis of action and movement.

On the whole, therefore, Lyon found his new position at Springfield discouraging. He was 120 miles from a railroad; provisions and supplies had not arrived as expected; half his army would within a brief period be mustered out of service; McClellan† was in western Virginia, Frémont in New York, Blair in Washington. He scarcely knew who commanded, or where to turn. The rebels were in formidable force just beyond the Arkansas line. The dispatches at this juncture take on an almost despairing tone.

> All idea of any farther advance movement, or of even maintaining our present position, must soon be abandoned, unless the Government furnish us promptly

* General Pope, under date of August 3, makes a graphic statement of the methods of the bushwhackers: "The only persons in arms, so far as I could learn, were a few reckless and violent men in parties of twenty or thirty, who were wandering about, committing depredations upon all whose sentiments were displeasing, and keeping this whole region in apprehension and uneasiness. . . . So soon as these marauders found that troops were approaching, which they easily did, from the very persons who ask for protection, they dispersed, each man going to his home, and, in many cases, that home in the very town occupied by the troops. . . . When troops were sent out against these marauders, they found only men quietly working in the field or sitting in their offices, who, as soon as the backs of the Federal soldiers were turned, were again in arms and menacing the peace." [Pope to Sturgeon, August 3, 1861. War Records.]

† While McClellan was yet at Cincinnati, organizing the Ohio contingent of three-months' men, Missouri had been temporarily attached to his department. Beyond a few suggestions by telegraph, however, he did not give it any attention in detail, because his hands were already full of work. His Virginia campaign soon required his presence and entire time.

with large reënforcements and supplies. Our troops are badly clothed, poorly fed, and imperfectly supplied with tents. None of them have as yet been paid.*

Two days later Lyon wrote:

If it is the intention to give up the West, let it be so; it can only be the victim of imbecility or malice. Scott will cripple us if he can. Cannot you stir up this matter and secure us relief? See Frémont, if he has arrived. The want of supplies has crippled me so that I cannot move, and I do not know when I can. Everything seems to combine against me at this point. Stir up Blair.†

Lyon's innuendoes against the Administration and against General Scott were alike unjust. Both were eager to aid him, but there was here, as elsewhere, a limit to possibilities. It was Frémont who needed stirring up. Appointed by the President on July 1, he had not even sent his official acceptance till the 16th, the day before Lyon wrote this appeal; and, after final and emphatic urging by Postmaster-General Blair, it was the 25th before he entered on his duties at St. Louis. Three special messengers from Lyon awaited him on his arrival, and repeated the tale of need and of danger. But Fremont listened languidly and responded feebly. Urgent calls indeed came to him from other quarters. As already stated, Cairo was represented to be seriously threatened, and he had chosen first to insure its safety. He had the means, by a judicious rearrangement of his forces, to have aided effectually both these exposed points. Under the critical conditions fully pointed out to him, he could at least have recalled Lyon and assisted his safe withdrawal to his railroad base at Rolla. But he neither recalled him nor substantially reënforced him. Two regiments were set in motion toward him, but it proved the merest feint of help. No supplies and no troops reached Lyon in season to be of the slightest service. Lyon's danger lay in a junction of the various rebel leaders just beyond the Arkansas line. The Confederate government had sent Brigadier-General McCulloch to conciliate or conquer the Indian Territory as events might dictate, and had given him three regiments — one from Louisiana, one from Texas, and one from Arkansas — for the work. Finding it bad policy for the present to occupy the Indian Territory, he hovered about the border with permission to move into either Kansas or Missouri.

Even before Polk's ambitious programme was found to be impracticable, McCulloch made haste to organize a campaign on his own account. On July 30 he reported that he was on his way toward Springfield with his own brigade of 3200 troops, the command of General Pearce, with 2500 Arkansas State troops, and the somewhat heterogeneous gathering of Missourians under Price, which he thought could furnish about 7000 effective men, generally well mounted, but badly commanded, and armed only with common rifles and shotguns. It was the approach of this large force which had given Lyon such uneasiness, and with good cause. Moving steadily upon him, they soon approached so near that his position became critical. His own command had dwindled to less than five thousand effective men; the combined enemy had nearly treble that number of effectives, and probably more than three to one, counting the whole mass. If he remained stationary, they would slowly envelop and capture him. If he attempted to retreat through the 120 miles of barren mountainous country which lay between him and Rolla, they would follow and harass him and turn his retreat into a rout. Counting to the last upon reënforcements which did not come, he had allowed events to place him in an untenable position.

As a final and desperate resource, and the only one to save his army, he resolved to attack and cripple the enemy. As at Bull Run, and as so often happens, both armies, on the evening of August 9, were under orders to advance that night and attack each other. Some showers of rain in the evening caused McCulloch temporarily to suspend his order; but Lyon's little army, moving at nightfall, marched ten miles south of Springfield to Wilson's Creek. At midnight they halted for a brief bivouac. Dividing into two columns they fell upon the enemy's camp at daylight, Sigel, with 1200 men and a battery, marching against their right flank, in an endeavor to get to the rear, while Lyon in person led the remaining 3700 men, with two batteries, to a front attack against their left center. The movement was a most daring one, and the conflict soon became desperate. Sigel's attack, successful at first, was checked, his detachment put to flight, and 5 of his 6 guns captured and turned against Lyon.

Lyon, on the contrary, by an impetuous advance, not only quickly drove the enemy out of their camp, but gained and occupied a strong natural position, which he held with brave determination. His mixed force of regulars and volunteers fought with admirable coöperation. McCulloch, confident in his overwhelming numbers, sent forward line after line of attack, which Lyon's well-posted regular batteries threw back. The forenoon was already well spent when a final unusually heavy assault from the enemy was thus repulsed, largely by help of the inspiriting per-

* Schofield to Harding, July 15, 1861. War Records.
† Lyon to Harding, July 17, 1861. War Records.

sonal example of Lyon himself, who led some fragments of reserves in a bayonet charge. The charge ended the conflict; but it also caused the fall of the commander, who, pierced by a ball, almost immediately expired. It was his fourth wound received in the action. Though the battle was substantially won, Sturgis, upon whom the command devolved, deemed it too hazardous to attempt to hold the field, and a retreat to Springfield was agreed upon by a council of officers. An unmolested withdrawal was effected in the afternoon, and upon further consultation a definite retreat upon Rolla was begun the following day. As Lyon had anticipated, the enemy was too much crippled to follow. The Union forces had 223 killed, 721 wounded, and 291 missing. The Confederate loss was 265 killed, 800 wounded, and 30 missing.

The battle of Wilson's Creek, the death of Lyon, and the retreat of the army to Rolla turned public attention and criticism sharply upon Frémont's department and administration, and that commander was suddenly awakened to his work and responsibility. He now made haste to dispatch reënforcements to Rolla, and sent urgent telegrams for help to Washington and to the governors of the neighboring free States. His new energy partook a little too much of the character of a panic. He declared martial law in the city of St. Louis, and began an extensive system of fortifications; which, together with directions to fortify Rolla, Jefferson City, and several other places, pointed so much to inaction, and a defensive policy, as to increase rather than allay public murmur.

His personal manners and methods excited still further and even deeper dissatisfaction. A passion for display and an inordinate love of power appeared to be growing upon him. He had established his headquarters in an elegant mansion belonging to a wealthy secessionist; his personal staff consisted largely of foreigners, new to the country, and unfamiliar with its language and laws. Their fantastic titles and gay trappings seemed devised for show rather than substantial service. He organized a special body-guard. Sentinels and subordinates unpleasantly hedged the approach to his offices. Instead of bringing order into the chaotic condition of military business, he was prone to set method and routine at defiance, issuing commissions and directing the giving out of contracts in so irregular a way as to bring a protest from the proper accounting officers of the Government. Though specially requested by the President to coöperate with the provisional governor, he continued to ignore him. A storm of complaint soon arose from all except the little knot of flatterers who abused his favor and the newspapers that were thriving on his patronage. The Unionists of Missouri became afraid that he was neglecting the present safety of the State for the future success of his intended Mississippi expedition, and wild rumors even floated in the air of a secret purpose to imitate the scheme of Aaron Burr and set up an independent dictatorship in the West.*

Reports came to President Lincoln from multiplied sources, bringing him a flood of embarrassment from the man to whom he had looked with such confidence for administrative aid and military success. It was his uniform habit, when he had once confided command and responsibility to an individual, to sustain him in the trust to the last possible degree. While he heard with pain the cumulating evidence of Frémont's unfitness, instead of immediately removing him from command, he sought rather to remedy the defect. In this spirit he wrote the following letter to General Hunter, which letter peculiarly illustrates his remarkable delicacy in managing the personal susceptibilities of men:

> My Dear Sir: General Frémont needs assistance which it is difficult to give him. He is losing the confidence of men near him, whose support any man in his position must have to be successful. His cardinal mistake is that he isolates himself, and allows nobody to see him; and by which he does not know what is going on in the very matter he is dealing with. He needs to have by his side a man of large experience. Will you not, for me, take that place? Your rank is one grade too high to be ordered to it; but will you not serve the country and oblige me by taking it voluntarily? †

With this letter of the President, Postmaster-General Blair — hitherto Frémont's warm personal friend — and Meigs, the quartermaster-general of the army, went to St. Louis, to make a brief inspection and report of matters, and to give friendly advice and admonition to the commander of the Department of the West. While they were on their way, Mrs. Frémont was journeying toward Washington, bearing her husband's reply to a letter from the President sent him by special messenger about a week before.

Her mind was less occupied with the subject of the missive she bore than with the portent of a recent quarrel which the general had imprudently allowed to grow up between Colonel Frank Blair and himself. Blair had finally become convinced of Frémont's incapacity, and in public print sharply criticised his doings. Indeed, the quarrel soon progressed so far that Frémont placed him under arrest; then Blair preferred formal charges against the general for maladministration, and

* Meigs, Diary. MS.

† Lincoln to Hunter, Sept. 9, 1861. Unpublished MS.

the general in turn entered formal countercharges against Blair.

Arrived at her destination Mrs. Frémont took the opportunity, in her interview with Mr. Lincoln, to justify General Frémont in all he had done, and to denounce his accusers with impetuous earnestness. She even asked for copies of confidential correspondence concerning her husband's personal embroilment. In these circumstances it was no light task for Mr. Lincoln to be at once patient, polite, and just; yet the following letter will testify that he accomplished even this difficult feat:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12, 1861.

MRS. GENERAL FRÉMONT.

MY DEAR MADAM: Your two notes of to-day are before me. I answered the letter you bore me from General Frémont, on yesterday, and not hearing from you during the day, I sent the answer to him by mail. It is not exactly correct, as you say you were told by the elder Mr. Blair, to say that I sent Postmaster-General Blair to St. Louis to examine into that department and report. Postmaster-General Blair did go, with my approbation, to see and converse with General Frémont as a friend. I do not feel authorized to furnish you with copies of letters in my possession, without the consent of the writers. No impression has been made on my mind against the honor or integrity of General Frémont, and I now enter my protest against being understood as acting in any hostility towards him. Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.*

It will be interesting to read in addition a graphic, verbal recapitulation of these incidents, made by President Lincoln in a confidential evening conversation with a few friends in the Executive office a little more than two years afterward, and which one of his secretaries recorded:

The Blairs have to an unusual degree the spirit of clan. Their family is a close corporation. Frank is their hope and pride. They have a way of going with a rush for anything they undertake; especially have Montgomery and the old gentleman. When this war first began they could think of nothing but Frémont; they expected everything from him, and upon their earnest solicitation he was made a general and sent to Missouri. I thought well of Frémont. Even now I think well of his impulses. I only think he is the prey of wicked and designing men, and I think he has absolutely no military capacity. He went to Missouri the pet and protégé of the Blairs. At first they corresponded with him and with Frank, who was with him, fully and confidentially, thinking his plans and his efforts would accomplish great things for the country. At last the tone of Frank's letters changed. It was a change from confidence to doubt and uncertainty. They were pervaded with a tone of sincere sorrow and of fear that Frémont would fail. Montgomery showed them to me, and we were both grieved at the prospect. Soon came the news that Frémont had issued his emancipation order, and had set up a bureau of abolition, giving free papers, and occupying his time apparently with little else. At last, at my suggestion, Montgomery Blair went to Missouri to look at and talk over matters. He went as the friend of Frémont. He passed, on the way, Mrs. Frémont, coming to see me. She sought an audience with me at midnight, and tasked me so violently with many things, that I had to exercise all the awkward tact I have to avoid quarreling with her. She surprised me by asking why their enemy, Montgomery Blair, had been sent to Missouri. She more than once intimated that if General Frémont should decide to try conclusions with me, he could set up for himself.†

MILITARY EMANCIPATION.

NOT only President Lincoln, but the country at large as well, was surprised to find, in the newspapers of August 30, a proclamation from the commander of the Department of the West of startling significance. The explanations of its necessity and purpose were altogether contradictory, and its mandatory orders so vaguely framed as to admit of dangerous variance in interpretation and enforcement. Reciting the disturbed condition of society, and defining the boundaries of army occupation, it contained the following important decrees:

Circumstances, in my judgment of sufficient urgency, render it necessary that the commanding general of this department should assume the administrative powers of the State. . . . In order, therefore, to suppress disorder, to maintain as far as now practicable the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend and declare established martial law throughout the State of Missouri. . . . All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared freemen. . . . The object of this declaration is to place in the hands of the military authorities the power to give instantaneous effect to existing laws, and to supply such deficiencies as the conditions of war demand. But this is not intended to suspend the ordinary tribunals of the country, where the law will be administered by the civil officers in the usual manner, and with their customary authority, while the same can be peaceably exercised.‡

Despite its verbiage and confusion of subjects, it was apparent that this extraordinary document was not a measure of military protection, but a political manœuvre. Since the first movement of the armies the slavery question had become a subject of new and vital contention, and the antislavery drift of public opinion throughout the North was unmistakably manifest. There was no room for doubt that General Frémont, apprehensive about his loss of prestige through the disaster to Lyon and the public clamors growing out of his mistakes and follies in administration, had made this appeal to the latent feeling in the public mind as a means of regaining his waning popularity. Full confirmation was afforded by his immediately convening under his

* Unpublished MS.
† Unpublished MS.
‡ Frémont, Proclamation. War Records.

proclamation a military commission to hear evidence, and beginning to issue personal deeds of manumission to slaves.* The proceeding strongly illustrates his want of practical sense: the delay and uncertainty of enforcement under this clumsy method would have rendered the theoretical boon of freedom held out to slaves rare and precarious, if not absolutely impracticable. As soon as an authentic text of the proclamation reached President Lincoln, he wrote and dispatched the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 2, 1861.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRÉMONT.

MY DEAR SIR: Two points in your proclamation of August 30 give me some anxiety:

First. Should you shoot a man, according to the proclamation, the Confederates would very certainly shoot our best men in their hands in retaliation; and so, man for man, indefinitely. It is, therefore, my order that you allow no man to be shot under the proclamation without first having my approbation or consent.

Second. I think there is great danger that the closing paragraph, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberating slaves of traitorous owners, will alarm our Southern Union friends and turn them against us; perhaps ruin our rather fair prospect for Kentucky. Allow me, therefore, to ask that you will, as of your own motion, modify that paragraph so as to conform to the first and fourth sections of the act of Congress entitled, "An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved August 6, 1861, and a copy of which act I herewith send you.

This letter is written in a spirit of caution, and not of censure. I send it by special messenger, in order that it may certainly and speedily reach you.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.†

It was the reply to the above which the general sent to Washington by the hand of Mrs. Frémont, and which contained a very lame apology for the dictatorial and precipitate step he had taken. He wrote:

Trusting to have your confidence, I have been leaving it to events themselves to show you whether or not I was shaping affairs here according to your ideas. The shortest communication between Washington and St. Louis generally involves two days, and the employment of two days in time of war goes largely towards success or disaster. I therefore went along according to my own judgment, leaving the result of my movements to justify me with you. And so in regard to my proclamation of the 30th. Between the rebel armies, the Provisional Government, and home traitors, I felt the position bad and saw danger. In the night I decided upon the proclamation and the form of it. I wrote it the next morning and printed it the same day. I did it without consultation or advice with any one, acting solely with my best judgment to serve the country and yourself, and perfectly willing to receive the amount of censure which should be thought due if I had made a false movement. This is as much a movement in the war as a battle, and in going into these I shall have to act according to my judgment of the ground before me, as I did on this occasion. If, upon reflection, your better judgment still decides that I am wrong in the article respecting the liberation of slaves, I have to ask that you will openly direct me to make the correction. The implied censure will be received as a soldier always should the reprimand of his chief. If I were to retract of my own accord, it would imply that I myself thought it wrong, and that I had acted without the reflection which the gravity of the point demanded. But I did not. I acted with full deliberation, and upon the certain conviction that it was a measure right and necessary, and I think so still. In regard to the other point of the proclamation to which you refer, I desire to say that I do not think the enemy can either misconstrue or urge anything against it, or undertake to make unusual retaliation. The shooting of men who shall rise in arms against an army in the military occupation of a country is merely a necessary measure of defense, and entirely according to the usages of civilized warfare. The article does not at all refer to prisoners of war, and certainly our enemies have no ground for requiring that we should waive in their benefit any of the ordinary advantages which the usages of war allow to us.‡

Frémont thus chose deliberately to assume a position of political hostility to the President. Nevertheless Mr. Lincoln, acting still in his unfailing spirit of dispassionate fairness and courtesy, answered as follows:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 11, 1861.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. FRÉMONT.

SIR: Yours of the 8th in answer to mine of the 2d instant is just received. Assuming that you, upon the ground, could better judge of the necessities of your position than I could at this distance, on seeing your proclamation of August 30 I perceived no general objection to it. The particular clause, however, in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves appeared to me to be objectionable in its nonconformity to the act of Congress passed the 6th of last August upon the same subjects; and hence I wrote you, expressing my wish that that clause should be modified accordingly. Your answer, just received, expresses the preference on your part that I should make an open order for the modification, which I very cheerfully do. It is therefore ordered that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held, and construed as to conform to, and not to transcend, the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress entitled, "An act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved August 6, 1861, and that said act be published at length, with this order.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.§

As might have been expected, Frémont's proclamation of military emancipation, and Lincoln's order revoking it, produced a fresh and acrimonious discussion of the slavery question. The incident made the name of Frémont a rallying cry for men holding extreme anti-slavery opinions, and to a certain extent raised him to the position of a new party leader. The vital relation of slavery to the rebellion was making itself felt to a degree which the great body of the people, so long trained to a legal tolerance of the evil, could not yet bring themselves to acknowledge. Men hitherto conservative and prudent were swept along by the relentless logic of the nation's calamity

* "Rebellion Record."

† War Records.

‡ Frémont to Lincoln, Sept. 8, 1861. War Records.

§ War Records.

to a point where they were ready at once to accept and defend measures of even the last necessity for the nation's preservation.

With admirable prudence Lincoln himself added nothing to the public discussion, but a confidential letter written to a conservative friend who approved and defended Frémont's action will be found of enduring interest.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 22, 1861.

HON. O. H. BROWNING.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 17th is just received; and coming from you, I confess it astonishes me. That you should object to my adhering to a law, which you had assisted in making, and presenting to me, less than a month before, is odd enough. But this is a very small part. General Frémont's proclamation, as to confiscation of property, and the liberation of slaves, is *purely political*, and not within the range of *military* law or necessity. If a commanding general finds a necessity to seize the farm of a private owner, for a pasture, an encampment, or a fortification, he has the right to do so, and to so hold it, as long as the necessity lasts; and this is within military law, because within military necessity. But to say the farm shall no longer belong to the owner, or his heirs forever, and this, as well when the farm is *not* needed for military purposes as when it is, is purely political, without the savor of military law about it. And the same is true of slaves. If the general needs them he can seize them and use them, but when the need is past, it is not for him to fix their permanent future condition. That must be settled according to laws made by lawmakers, and not by military proclamations. The proclamation in the point in question is simply "dictatorship." It assumes that the general may do *anything* he pleases — confiscate the lands and free the slaves of *loyal* people, as well as of disloyal ones. And going the whole figure, I have no doubt, would be more popular, with some thoughtless people, than that which has been done! But I cannot assume this reckless position, nor allow others to assume it on my responsibility.

You speak of it as being the only means of saving the Government. On the contrary, it is itself the surrender of the Government. Can it be pretended that it is any longer the Government of the United States — any government of constitution and laws — wherein a general or a president may make permanent rules of property by proclamation?

I do not say Congress might not, with propriety, pass a law on the point, just such as General Frémont proclaimed. I do not say I might not, as a member of Congress, vote for it. What I object to is, that I, as President, shall expressly or impliedly seize and exercise the permanent legislative functions of the Government.

So much as to principle. Now as to policy. No doubt the thing was popular in some quarters, and would have been more so if it had been a general declaration of emancipation. The Kentucky legislature would not budge till that proclamation was modified; and General Anderson telegraphed me that on the news of General Frémont having actually issued deeds of manumission, a whole company of our volunteers threw down their arms and disbanded. I was so assured as to think it probable that the very arms we had furnished Kentucky would be turned against us. I think to lose Kentucky is nearly the same as to lose the whole game. Kentucky gone, we cannot hold Missouri, nor, as I think, Maryland. These all against us, and the job on our hands is too large for us. We would as well consent to separation at once, including the surrender of this capital. On the contrary, if you will give up your restlessness for new positions, and back me manfully on the grounds upon which you and other kind friends gave me the election, and have approved in my public documents, we shall go through triumphantly.

You must not understand I took my course on the proclamation *because* of Kentucky. I took the same ground in a private letter to General Frémont before I heard from Kentucky.

You think I am inconsistent because I did not also forbid General Frémont to shoot men under the proclamation. I understand that part to be within military law, but I also think, and so privately wrote General Frémont, that it is impolitic in this, that our adversaries have the power, and will certainly exercise it, to shoot as many of our men as we shoot of theirs. I did not say this in the public letter, because it is a subject I prefer not to discuss in the hearing of our enemies.

There has been no thought of removing General Frémont on any ground connected with his proclamation, and if there has been any wish for his removal on any ground, our mutual friend Sam. Glover can probably tell you what it was. I hope no real necessity for it exists on any ground. . . .

Your friend, as ever,
A. LINCOLN.*

The reader will not fail to note that the argument of this letter seems diametrically opposed to the action of the President, when, exactly one year later, he issued his preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation, as well as to that of the final one, on the first day of January, 1863. Did Mr. Lincoln change his mind in the interim? The answer is two-fold. He did not change his mind as to the principle; he did change his mind as to the policy of the case.

Rightly to interpret Mr. Lincoln's language we must imagine ourselves in his position, and examine the question as it presented itself to his mind. Congress, by the act of August 6, 1861, had authorized him to cause property used or employed in aid of insurrection to be "seized, confiscated, and condemned"; providing, however, that such condemnation should be by judicial proceeding. He saw that Frémont by mere proclamation assumed to confiscate all property, both real and personal, of rebels in arms, whether such property had been put to insurrectionary use or not, and, going a step further, had annexed a rule of property, by decreeing that their slaves should become free. This assumption of authority Lincoln rightly defined as "simply dictatorship," and as being, if permitted, the end of constitutional government. The case is still stronger when we remember that Frémont's proclamation began by broadly assuming "the administrative powers of the State"; that its declared object was mere individual punishment, and the measure a local police regulation to suppress disorder and maintain the peace; also that it was to operate throughout Missouri, as well within as without the

*MS. Also printed in "Proceedings of Illinois Bar Association, 1882," pp. 40, 41.

portions of the State under his immediate military control. Military necessity, therefore, could not be urged in justification. The act was purely administrative and political.

The difference between these extra-military decrees of Frémont's proclamation and Lincoln's acts of emancipation is broad and essential. Frémont's act was one of civil administration, Lincoln's a step in an active military campaign; Frémont's was local and individual, Lincoln's national and general; Frémont's partly within military lines, Lincoln's altogether beyond military lines; Frémont's an act of punishment, Lincoln's a means of war; Frémont's acting upon property, Lincoln's acting upon persons. National law, civil and military, knew nothing of slavery, and did not protect it as an institution. It only tolerated State laws to that effect, and only dealt with fugitive slaves as "persons held to service." Lincoln did not, as dictator, decree the abrogation of these State laws; but in order to call persons from the military aid of the rebellion to the military aid of the Union, he, as Commander-in-Chief, armed by military necessity, proclaimed that persons held as slaves within rebel lines should on a certain day become free unless rebellion ceased.

Thus no real distinction of principle exists between his criticism of Frémont's proclamation and the issuing of his own. On the other hand, there is a marked and acknowledged change of policy between the date of the Browning letter and the date of his preliminary Emancipation Proclamation. In September, 1861, he stood upon the position laid down in the Chicago platform; upon that expressed in the constitutional amendment and indorsed in his inaugural; upon that declared by Congress in July, in the Crittenden resolution, namely: that the General Government would not interfere directly or indirectly with the institution of slavery in the several States. This policy Lincoln undertook in good faith to carry out, and he adhered to it so long as it was consistent with the safety of the Government. His Browning letter is but a reaffirmation of that purpose. At the time he wrote it military necessity was clearly against military emancipation, either local or general. The revocation of Frémont's decree saved Kentucky to the Union, and placed forty thousand Kentucky soldiers in the Federal army. But one year after the date of the Browning letter, the situation was entirely reversed. The Richmond campaign had utterly failed; Washington was menaced; the country was despondent; and military necessity now justified the policy of general military emancipation.

Whatever temporary popularity Frémont gained with antislavery people by his proclamation was quickly neutralized by the occurrence of a new military disaster in his department. The battle of Wilson's Creek and the retreat of the Union army to Rolla left the Confederate forces master of south-west Missouri. The junction of rebel leaders, however, which had served to gain that advantage was of short duration. Their loosely organized and badly supplied army was not only too much crippled to follow the Union retreat, but in no condition to remain together. Price, as major-general of Missouri State forces, had only temporarily waived his rank and consented to serve under McCulloch, holding but a brigadier-general's commission from Jefferson Davis. Both the disagreement of the leaders and the necessities of the troops almost immediately compelled a separation of the rebel army. General Pearce with his Arkansas State forces returned home, and General McCulloch with his three Confederate regiments also marched back into Arkansas, taking up again his primary task of watching the Indian Territory. General Price held his numerous but heterogeneous Missouri followers together, and, busying himself for a time in gathering supplies, started back in a leisurely march northward from Springfield toward the Missouri River. The strong secession feeling of south-western Missouri rapidly increased his force, liberally furnished him supplies, and kept him fully informed of the numbers and location of the various Union detachments. There were none in his line of march till he neared the town of Lexington, on the Missouri River. The rebel governor, Jackson, had recently convened the rebel members of his legislature here, but a small Union detachment sent from Jefferson City occupied the place, dispersing them and capturing their records, and the great seal of the State, brought by the governor in his flight from the capital. About the 1st of September the Union commander at Jefferson City heard of the advance of Price, and sent forward the Chicago Irish Brigade under Colonel Mulligan to reënforce Lexington, with directions to fortify and hold it. Mulligan reached Lexington by forced marches, where he was soon joined by the Union detachment from Warrensburg retreating before Price. The united Federal force now numbered 2800 men, with 8 guns Price pushed forward his cavalry, and made a slight attack on the 12th, but was easily repulsed and retired to await the arrival of his main body, swelled by continual accessions to some 20,000 with 13 guns; and on the 18th he again approached and formally laid siege to Lexington.

Mulligan made good use of this interim,

gathering provisions and forage, casting shot, making ammunition for his guns, and inclosing the college building and the hill on which it stood, an area of some fifteen acres, with a strong line of breastworks. Price began his attack on the 18th, but for two days made little headway. Slowly, however, he gained favorable positions; his sharp-shooters, skilled riflemen of the frontier, drove the Federals into their principal redan, cut off their water supply by gaining and occupying the river shore, and finally adopted the novel and effective expedient of using movable breastworks, by gradually rolling forward bales of wet hemp. On September 20, after fifty-two hours of gallant defense, Mulligan's position became untenable. The reënforcements he had a right to expect did not come, his water cisterns were exhausted, the stench from dead animals burdened the air about his fort. Some one at length, without authority, displayed a white flag, and Price sent a note which asked, "Colonel, what has caused the cessation of the fight?" Mulligan's Irish wit was equal to the occasion, and he wrote on the back of it, "General, I hardly know, unless you have surrendered." The pleasantry led to a formal parley; and Mulligan, with the advice of his officers, surrendered.*

The uncertainty which for several days hung over the fate of Lexington, and the dramatic incidents of the fight, excited the liveliest interest throughout the West. Newspaper discussion soon made it evident that this new Union loss might have been avoided by reasonable prudence and energy on the part of Frémont, as there were plenty of disposable troops at various points, which, during the slow approach and long-deferred attack of Price, could have been hurried to Mulligan's support. There were universal outcry and pressure that at least the disaster should be retrieved by a prompt movement to intercept and capture Price on his retreat. Frémont himself seems to have felt the sting of the disgrace, for, reporting the surrender, he added:

"I am taking the field myself, and hope to destroy the enemy, either before or after the junction of forces under McCulloch. Please notify the President immediately."

"Your dispatch of this day is received," responded General Scott. "The President is glad you are hastening to the scene of action; his words are, 'he expects you to repair the disaster at Lexington without loss of time.'"

This hope was not destined to reach a fulfillment. Price almost immediately retreated southward from Lexington with his captured booty, among which the pretentious great seal of the State figures as a conspicuous item in his report. On September 24 Frémont published his order, organizing his army of five divisions, under Pope at Boonville, McKinstry at Syracuse, Hunter at Versailles, Sigel at Georgetown, Asboth at Tipton. On paper it formed a respectable show of force, figuring as an aggregate of nearly 39,000; in reality it was at the moment well-nigh powerless, being scattered and totally unprepared for the field. Frémont's chronic inattention to details, and his entire lack of methodical administration, now fully revealed themselves. Even under the imperative orders of the general, nearly a month elapsed before the various divisions could be concentrated at Springfield; and they were generally in miserable plight as to transportation, supplies, and ammunition. Amidst a succession of sanguine newspaper reports setting forth the incidents and great expectations of Frémont's campaign, the convincing evidence could not be disguised that the whole movement would finally prove worthless and barren.

Meanwhile, acting on his growing solicitude, President Lincoln directed special inquiry, and about the 13th of October the Secretary of War, accompanied by the Adjutant-General of the Army, reached Frémont's camp at Tipton. His immediate report to the President confirmed his apprehension. Secretary Cameron wrote:

> I returned to this place last night from the headquarters of General Frémont at Tipton. I found there and in the immediate neighborhood some 40,000 troops, with 1 brigade (General McKinstry's) in good condition for the field and well provided; others not exhibiting good care, and but poorly supplied with munitions, arms, and clothing. I had an interview with General Frémont, and in conversation with him showed him an order for his removal. He was very much mortified, pained, and, I thought, humiliated. He made an earnest appeal to me, saying that he had come to Missouri, at the request of the Government, to assume a very responsible command, and that when he reached this State he found himself without troops and without any preparation for an army; that he had exerted himself, as he believed, with great energy, and had now around him a fine army, with everything to make success certain; that he was now in pursuit of the enemy, whom he believed were now within his reach; and that to recall him at this moment would not only destroy him, but render his whole expenditure useless. In reply to this appeal, I told him that I would withhold the order until my return to Washington, giving him the interim to prove the reality of his hopes as to reaching and capturing the enemy, giving him to understand that, should he fail, he must give place to some other officer. He assured me that, should he fail, he would resign at once.
>
> It is proper that I should state that after this conversation I met General Hunter, who, in very distinct terms, told me that his division of the army, although then under orders to march, and a part of his command actually on the road, could not be put in proper condition for marching for a number of days. To a question I put to him, "whether he believed General Frémont fit for the command," he replied that he did not think

* "Rebellion Record."

that he was; and informed me that though second in command, he knew nothing whatever of the purposes or plans of his chief.*

The opinion of another division commander, General Pope, was freely expressed in a letter of the previous day, which Hunter also exhibited to the Secretary:

I received at 1 o'clock last night the extraordinary order of General Frémont for a forward movement of his whole force. The wonderful manner in which the actual facts and condition of things here are ignored stupefies me. One would suppose from this order that divisions and brigades are organized, and are under immediate command of their officers; that transportation is in possession of all; that every arrangement of supply trains to follow the army has been made; in fact, that we are in a perfect state of preparation for a move.

You know, as well as I do, that the exact reverse is the fact; that neither brigades nor divisions have been brought together, and that if they were there is not transportation enough to move this army one hundred yards; that, in truth, not one solitary preparation of any kind has been made to enable this advance movement to be executed. I have never seen my division, nor do I suppose you have seen yours. I have no cavalry even for a personal escort, and yet this order requires me to send forward companies of pioneers protected by cavalry. Is it intended that this order be obeyed, or rather, that we try to obey it, or is the order only designed for Washington and the papers? . . . . I went to Jefferson City, the last time I saw you, for the express purpose of getting transportation for my division, and explained to General Frémont precisely what I have said above. How in the face of the fact that he knew no transportation was furnished, and that Kelton has none, he should coolly order such a movement, and expect it to be made, I cannot understand on any reasonable or common-sense hypothesis.

Another letter to the President from a more cautious and conservative officer, General Curtis, exercising a local command in St. Louis, gave an equally discouraging view of the situation:

Your Excellency's letter of the 7th inst., desiring me to express my views in regard to General Frémont frankly and confidentially to the Secretary of War, was presented by him yesterday, and I have complied with your Excellency's request. . . . Matters have gone from bad to worse, and I am greatly obliged to your Excellency's letter, which breaks the restraint of military law, and enables me to relieve myself of a painful silence. In my judgment General Frémont lacks the intelligence, the experience, and the sagacity necessary to his command. I have reluctantly and gradually been forced to this conclusion. His reserve evinces vanity or embarrassment, which I never could so far overcome as to fully penetrate his capacity. He would talk of plans, which, being explained, only related to some move of a general or some dash at a shadow, and I am now convinced he has no general plan. Forces are scattered and generally isolated without being in supporting distance or relation to each other, and when I have expressed apprehension as to some, I have seen no particular exertion to repel or relieve, till it was too late. I know the demand made on him for force everywhere is oppressive; but remote posts have improperly stood out, and some still stand, inviting assault, without power to retreat, fortify, or reënforce. Our forces should be concentrated, with the rivers as a base of operation; and these rivers and railroads afford means for sudden and salutary assaults on the enemy. . . . The question you propound, "Ought General Frémont to be relieved from or retained in his present command?" seems easily answered. It is only a question of manner and time. Public opinion is an element of war which must not be neglected. . . . It is not necessary to be precipitate. A few days are not of vast moment, but the pendency of the question and discussion must not be prolonged. Controversies in an army are almost as pernicious as a defeat. †

Thus the opinions of three trained and experienced army officers, who had every means of judging from actual personal observation, coincided with the general drift of evidence which had come to the President from civilian officials and citizens, high and low. Frémont had frittered away his opportunity for usefulness and fame; such an opportunity, indeed, as rarely comes to men. He had taken his command three months before with the universal good-will of almost every individual, every subordinate, every official, every community in his immense department. In his brief incumbency he not only lost the general public confidence, but incurred the special displeasure or direct enmity of those most prominent in influence or command next to him, and without whose friendship and hearty coöperation success was practically impossible.

Waiting and hoping till the last moment, President Lincoln at length felt himself forced to intervene. On the 24th of October, just three months after Frémont had assumed command, he directed an order to be made that Frémont should be relieved and General Hunter be called temporarily to take his command. This order he dispatched by the hand of a personal friend to General Curtis at St. Louis, with the following letter:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24, 1861.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. R. CURTIS.

DEAR SIR: On receipt of this, with the accompanying inclosures, you will take safe, certain, and suitable measures to have the inclosure addressed to Major-General Frémont delivered to him with all reasonable dispatch, subject to these conditions only, that if, when General Frémont shall be reached by the messenger,—yourself or any one sent by you,—he shall then have, in personal command, fought and won a battle, or shall then be actually in a battle, or shall then be in the immediate presence of the enemy in expectation of a battle, it is not to be delivered, but held for further orders. After, and not till after, the delivery to General Frémont, let the inclosure addressed to General Hunter be delivered to him.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.‡

It will be seen that the conditions attending the delivery of this order were somewhat peculiar. If General Frémont had just won a battle, or were on the eve of fighting one,

* Cameron to Lincoln, Oct. 14, 1861. Unpublished MS.

† Curtis to Lincoln, Oct. 12, 1861. MS.

‡ War Records.

then both justice to himself, and more especially the risk or gain to the Union cause, rendered it inexpedient to make a sudden change in command. But the question also had another and possibly serious aspect. Amid all his loss of prestige and public confidence, Frémont had retained the clamorous adhesion and noisy demonstrative support of three distinct elements. First, a large number of officers to whom he had given irregular commissions, issued by himself, "subject to the approval of the President." These commissions for the moment gave their holders rank, pay, and power; and to some of them he had assigned extraordinary duties and trusts under special instructions, regardless of proper military usage and method. The second class was the large and respectable German population of St. Louis, and other portions of Missouri, forming the nucleus of the radical faction whose cause he had especially espoused. The third class comprised the men of strong antislavery convictions throughout the Union who hailed his act of military emancipation with unbounded approval. The first class composed about his person a clique of active sycophants, wielding power and dispensing patronage in his name; the other two supplied a convenient public echo. Out of such surroundings and conditions there began to come a cry of persecution and a vague hum of insubordination, coupled with adulations of the general. Some of his favorites talked imprudently of defiance and resistance to authority; * occasional acts of Frémont himself gave a color of plausibility to these mutterings. He had neglected to discontinue the expensive fortifications and barracks when directed to do so by the Secretary of War. Even since the President ordered him to modify his proclamation, he had on one occasion personally directed the original document to be printed and distributed. Several of his special appointees were stationed about the city of St. Louis, "so they should control every fort, arsenal, and communication, without regard to commanding officers or quartermasters." † Suspicions naturally arose, and were publicly expressed, that he would not freely yield up his command; or, if not actually resisting superior authority, that he might at least, upon some pretext, temporarily prolong his power.

There was, of course, no danger that he could successfully defy the orders of the President. The bulk of his army, officers and soldiers, would have spurned such a proposition. But the example of delay or doubt, any shadow of insubordination, would have had an extremely pernicious effect upon public opinion. General Curtis therefore sent a trusted bearer of dispatches, who, by an easy stratagem, entered Frémont's camp, gained a personal audience, and delivered the official order of removal. Duplicates of the President's letters were at the same time, and with equal care, dispatched to the camp of General Hunter, at a considerable distance, and he traveled all night to assume his new duties. When he reached Frémont's camp, on the following day, he learned that ostensible preparations had been made and orders issued for a battle, on the assumption that the enemy was at Wilson's Creek advancing to an attack. Taking command, Hunter sent a reconnaissance to Wilson's Creek, and obtained reliable evidence that no enemy whatever was there or expected there. Frémont had been duped by his own scouts; for it is hardly possible to conceive that he deliberately arranged this final bit of theatrical effect.

The actual fact was that while Price, retreating southward, by "slow and easy marches," ‡ kept well beyond any successful pursuit, his army of twenty thousand which had captured Lexington dwindled away as rapidly as it had grown. His movement partook more of the nature of a frontier foray than an organized campaign: the squirrel-hunters of western Missouri, whose accurate sharp-shooting drove Mulligan into his intrenchments to starvation or surrender, returned to their farms or their forest haunts to await the occasion of some new and exciting expedition; the whole present effort of General Price, now at the head of only 10,000 or 12,000 men, being to reach an easy junction with McCulloch on the Arkansas border, so that their united force might make a successful stand, or at least insure a safe retreat from the Union army.

President Lincoln, however, did not intend that the campaign to the south-west should be continued. Other plans were being discussed and matured. With the order to supersede Frémont he also sent the following letters, explaining his well-considered views and conveying his express directions:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24, 1861.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. R. CURTIS.

MY DEAR SIR: Herewith is a document — half letter, half order — which, wishing you to see, but not

* To remove Mr. Frémont will be a great wrong, as the necessary investigation following it will prove. It will make immense confusion, and require all his control over his friends and the army to get them to do as he will,— accept it as an act of authority, not of justice,— but in time of war it is treason to question authority. To leave him here without money, without the moral aid of the Government, is treason to the people. I cannot find smoother phrases, for it is the death struggle of our nationality, and no time for fair words. [Mrs. Frémont to Lamon, St. Louis, Oct. 20, 1861. Unpublished MS.]

† Curtis to Lincoln, Nov. 1, 1861. MS.

‡ Price, Official Report. War Records.

to make public, I send unsealed. Please read it, and then inclose it to the officer who may be in command of the Department of the West at the time it reaches him. I cannot now know whether Frémont or Hunter will then be in command.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.*

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24, 1861.

TO THE COMMANDER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST.

SIR: The command of the Department of the West having devolved upon you, I propose to offer you a few suggestions. Knowing how hazardous it is to bind down a distant commander in the field to specific lines and operations, as so much always depends on a knowledge of localities and passing events, it is intended, therefore, to leave a considerable margin for the exercise of your judgment and discretion.

The main rebel army (Price's) west of the Mississippi is believed to have passed Dade County in full retreat upon north-western Arkansas, leaving Missouri almost freed from the enemy, excepting in the south-east of the State. Assuming this basis of fact, it seems desirable, as you are not likely to overtake Price, and are in danger of making too long a line from your own base of supplies and reënforcements, that you should give up the pursuit, halt your main army, divide it into two corps of observation, one occupying Sedalia and the other Rolla, the present termini of railroad; then recruit the condition of both corps by reëstablishing and improving their discipline and instructions, perfecting their clothing and equipments, and providing less uncomfortable quarters. Of course both railroads must be guarded and kept open, judiciously employing just so much force as is necessary for this. From these two points, Sedalia and Rolla, and especially in judicious coöperation with Lane on the Kansas border, it would be so easy to concentrate and repel any army of the enemy returning on Missouri from the south-west that it is not probable any such attempt to return will be made before or during the approaching cold weather. Before spring the people of Missouri will probably be in no favorable mood to renew for next year the troubles which have so much afflicted and impoverished them during this. If you adopt this line of policy, and if, as I anticipate, you will see no enemy in great force approaching, you will have a surplus of force, which you can withdraw from these points and direct to others, as may be needed, the railroads furnishing ready means of reënforcing their main points, if occasion requires. Doubtless local uprisings will for a time continue to occur, but these can be met by detachments and local forces of our own, and will ere long tire out of themselves. While, as stated in the beginning of the letter, a large discretion must be and is left with yourself, I feel sure that an indefinite pursuit of Price, or an attempt by this long and circuitous route to reach Memphis, will be exhaustive beyond endurance, and will end in the loss of the whole force engaged in it.

Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.*

The change of command occasioned neither trouble nor danger. Frémont himself acted with perfect propriety. He took leave of his army in a brief and temperate address, and returned to St. Louis, where he was welcomed by his admirers with a public meeting and eulogistic speeches. The demonstration was harmless and unimportant, though care had been taken to send authority to General Curtis to repress disorder, and specially to look to the safety of the city and the arsenal.†

In accordance with the policy outlined by the President, General Hunter soon drew back the Federal army from Springfield to Rolla, and the greater part of it was transferred to another field of operations. Hearing of this retrograde movement, McCulloch rapidly advanced, and for a season occupied Springfield. One of the distressing effects of these successive movements of contending forces is described in a sentence of his report, "The Union men have nearly all fled with the Federal troops, leaving this place almost deserted."‡

* War Records.

† Townsend to Curtis, Nov. 6, 1861. War Records.

‡ McCulloch to Cooper, Nov. 19, 1861. War Records.

BY TELEPHONE.

IT was a suggestion of Hawthorne's — was it not? — that in these more modern days Cupid has no doubt discarded his bow and arrow in favor of a revolver. There are ladies of a beauty so destructive that in their presence the little god would find a Gatling gun his most useful weapon. It is safe to say that the son of Venus does not disdain the latest inventions of Vulcan for the use of Mars, and that he slips off his bandage whenever he goes forth to replenish his armory. Lovers are quick to follow his example, and the house of love has all the modern improvements. Nowadays the sighing swain may tryst by telegraph and the blushing bride must elope by the lightning-express; and if ever there were an Orlando in the streets of New York, he would have to carve his Rosalind's name on the telegraph poles.

If the appliances of modern science had been at the command of Cupid in the past as they are in the present, the story of many a pair of famous lovers would be other than it is. Leander surely would not have set out to swim to his mistress had international storm-warnings been sent across the Atlantic, which Hero could have conveyed to him by the

Hellespont Direct Cable Company. Paris might never have escaped scot-free with the fair Helen if the deserted husband and monarch had been able to pursue the fugitives at once in his swift steam yacht, the *Menelaus*. And had Friar Laurence been a subscriber to the Verona Telephone Association, that worthy priest would have been able to ring up Romeo and to warn him that the elixir of death which Juliet had taken was but a temporary narcotic, and then might Romeo find that

> Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

II.

As the centuries succeed one another, society becomes more complicated and science develops in all directions; thus is an equilibrium maintained, and the modern lover is aided by the appliances of science as he is hampered by the intricacies of society. Even the charity fair, that final triumph of the amateur swindler, and the telephone, that unpoetic adjunct of the shop and the office, can be forced to do love's bidding and to serve as instruments in the cunning hands of Cupid.

When the young ladies who were spending the summer at the seaside hotel at Sandy Beach resolved to get up a fair for the benefit of the Society for the Supply of Missionaries to Cannibal Countries, they had no more hearty helper than Mr. Samuel Brassey, a young gentleman recently graduated from Columbia College. He was alert, energetic, ingenious, and untiring; and when at last the fair was opened the young ladies declared that they did not know what they would have done without him. He it was who helped to decorate the ball-room, and to arrange it as a mart for the vending of unconsidered trifles. He it was who devised the Japanese tea-stall for Mrs. Martin, and suggested that this portly and imposing dame should appear in a Japanese dressing-gown. He it was who aided the three Miss Pettitoes, then under Mrs. Martin's motherly wing, to set up their stands — the Well, where Miss Rebecca drew lemonade for every one that thirsted; the Old Curiosity Shop, where Miss Nelly displayed a helter-skelter lot of orts and ends; and the Indian Wigwam, in the dark recesses of which Miss Cassandra, in the garb of Pocahontas, told fortunes.

To Miss Cassandra, who was the eldest and most austere of the three Miss Pettitoes, he suggested certain predictions for certain young men and maidens who were sure to apply to the soothsayer,— predictions which seemed to her sufficiently vague and oracular, but which chanced to be pertinent enough to excite the liveliest emotions when they were imparted to the applicants. For Miss Nelly he wrote out many autographs of many famous persons, from Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra to Queen Elizabeth and George Washington; the signatures of Shakspere, of which there were a dozen, he declared to be eminently characteristic, as no two were spelled alike; and the sign-manual of Confucius he authorized her to proclaim absolutely unique, as he had copied it from the only tea-chest in the hotel. To him also the sirens of the bazar owed their absolute conviction of the necessity of giving no change. Furthermore, he elaborated a novel reversal of the principle of a reduction on taking a quantity: the autographs at the Old Curiosity Shop, the glasses of attenuated lemonade at the well, and the little fans at the Japanese tea-stall were all twenty-five cents each, three for a dollar. This device alone stamped him as a young man with a most promising head for business; and so Mr. Martin declared him, after asking if the autographs were genuine and being promptly offered a "written guarantee from the maker."

From these details it will be seen that Mr. Samuel Brassey was on most friendly terms, not to say familiar, with Mrs. Martin and with her charges, the three Miss Pettitoes. He was equally frank and open with all the other young ladies in the hotel, except, it may be, with Miss Bessy Martin. In his relations with Mrs. Martin's handsome niece a persistent observer might have detected a constraint, often cast aside and often recurring. The rest of the girls met him with the sincerity and the unthinking cordiality which are marked characteristics of the young women of America, especially when they chance to be at a summer hotel. So indeed did Miss Martin,— but to her his bearing was different. Towards the others he was kindly. To her he was devoted and yet reserved at times, as though under duress. The least bashful of young men ordinarily, in her presence he found himself shy and not always able to compel his tongue to do his bidding. If she looked at him — and he was a pleasant-faced young fellow — he found himself wondering whether he was blushing or not. Out of her sight he was often miserable; and under her eyes he suffered an exquisite agony. He hovered about her as though he had words of the deepest import trembling on his tongue, but when he sat by her side on the piazza, or danced a Virginia reel opposite to her of a Saturday night, or walked with her to church of a Sunday morning, he had nothing to say for himself.

Whether or not Miss Martin had noted

these symptoms, or what her opinion of Mr. Brassey might be or her feelings towards him, no man might know; these things were locked in her breast. The face of a virgin before the asking of the question is as inscrutable as the visage of the Sphinx propounding its riddle. Miss Martin treated Sam as she treated the other young men. She allowed him to help her in the organization of the post-office department of the fair. She was to be the postmistress; and with Sam aiding and abetting, a letter was prepared for every person who could possibly apply for one,—a missive not lacking in spice, and not always shown about by the recipient.

At Sam Brassey's suggestion the post-office had been arranged as a public pay station of the Seaside Hotel Telephone Company — so a blue and white sign declared which hung over the corner of the ball-room where the letters were distributed. He had set up a toy telephone in the post-office with a line extending to a summer-house in the grounds about two hundred feet from the hotel. Any person who might pay twenty-five cents at the post-office was entitled to go to the summer-house and hold a conversation by wire. The questions which this casual converser might choose to put were answered promptly and pointedly, for Bessy Martin was a quick-witted and a keen-sighted girl.

So it happened that these telephone talks were a captivating novelty, and during the final evening of the fair the bell in the post-office rang frequently, and Miss Martin's conversation charmed many a quarter into the little box which Sam Brassey had contrived for her to store her takings.

Sam himself was constant in his attendance at the post-office. Although Mrs. Martin or the three Miss Pettitoes might claim his services, he returned to Bessy as soon as he could. Yet he did not seem altogether pleased at the continual use of the telephone. As the evening wore on, a shadow of resolution deepened on his face. It was as though he had made a promise to himself and thereafter was only biding his time before he should keep it.

About 10 o'clock the ball-room began to empty as the crowd gathered in the dining-room, where the drawing for the grand prize was to take place. The Committee of Management had decided, early in the organization of the fair, not to allow any lotteries. Nevertheless a "subscription" had been opened for a handsome pair of cloisonné vases which Mr. Martin had presented, and every subscriber had a numbered ticket; and now on the last evening of the fair there was to be a "casting of lots" to discover to whom the vases might belong. This much the Committee of Management had permitted. The interest in the result of the "casting of lots" was so intense that most of the ladies who had charge of stalls abandoned them for a while and deserted into the dining-room.

Then Sam Brassey stepped up to the window of the post-office.

"Are you going to see the drawing of the prize, Miss Bessy?" he asked.

"No," she answered; "I shall stick to my post."

"That 's all right!" he returned, and a smile lightened his face. "That 's all right. Then here 's my quarter."

So saying, he placed the coin before her and hurried away.

"But what 's it for?" she cried. There was no reply, as he had already left the house.

The ball-room was almost empty by this time. Mr. Harry Brackett, who had been writing most amusing letters from Sandy Beach to the "Gotham Gazette," was standing before the well and sipping a glass of lemonade for which he had just handed Miss Rebecca a two-dollar bill, receiving no change.

"How much of this tipple have you had?" he asked her.

"Two big buckets full," she answered. "Why?"

Mr. Brackett made no reply, but began to peer earnestly among the vines which formed the bower and draped the well.

"What are you doing?" asked Miss Rebecca.

"I was looking for the other half of that lemon," he replied.

Then he offered her his arm, and they went off together into the dining-room to see who should win the prize.

Miss Bessy Martin was left quite alone in her corner of the ball-room. She was counting up her gains when the telephone bell rang sharply. Before she could put the money down and go to the instrument, there came a second impatient ting-a-ling.

"Somebody seems to be in a hurry," she said, as she took her station before the box and raised the receiver to her ear.

Then began one of those telephonic conversations which are as one-sided as any discussion in which a lady takes part, and which are quite as annoying to the listener. The torture of Tantalus was but a trifle compared with the suffering of an inquisitive person who is permitted to hear the putting of a question and debarred from listening to the answer. Fortunately, there was no one left in the ball-room near enough to the post-office corner to hear even the half of the conversation now to be set down.

"Hello, hello!" was the obligatory remark

with which Bessy Martin began the colloquy across the wire.

Of course the response of her partner in the confabulation was as inaudible as he was invisible.

"Oh, it 's you, Mr. Brassey, is it?"

. . . . . ?

"Yes. I wondered why you had run off so suddenly."

. . . . . ?

"You have paid your quarter, and you can talk to me just two minutes."

. . . . . ?

"I like to listen to you too."

. . . . . ?

"Of course, I did n't mean *that!* You ought to know me better."

. . . . . ?

"What did you say?"

. . . . . ?

"Not lately."

. . . . . ?

"Yes, she had on a blue dress, and I thought she looked like a fright — did n't you?"

. . . . . ?

"Who *were* you looking at then?"

. . . . . ?

"At me? O Mr. Brassey!"

. . . . . ?

"No; they are not here now."

. . . . . ?

"There 's nobody here at all."

. . . . . ?

"Yes; I 'm *all* alone — there is n't a creature in sight."

. . . . . ?

"I love secrets! Tell me!"

. . . . . ?

"Tell me now!"

. . . . . ?

"Why can't you tell me now? I 'm just dying to know."

. . . . . ?

"I don't believe *you* 'll die."

. . . . . ?

"No, there is n't anybody here at all — nobody, nobody!"

. . . . . ?

"Besides, nobody can hear you but me."

. . . . . ?

"Of course, I 'm glad to talk; what girl is n't?"

. . . . . ?

"Well, it is lonely here, just now."

. . . . . ?

"I can't chat half as well through a telephone as I can face to face."

. . . . . ?

"Oh, thank you, sir. That was really very pretty indeed! If you could see me, I 'd blush!"

. . . . . ?

"Can you *really* see me in your heart?"

. . . . . ?

"How poetic you are to-night!"

. . . . . ?

"I just *doat* on poetry!"

. . . . . ?

"Well, I do love other things too."

. . . . . ?

"O Mr. Brassey!"

. . . . . ?

"You take me so by surprise!"

. . . . . ?

"You really have startled me so!"

. . . . . ?

"I never *thought* of such a thing at all!"

. . . . . ?

"You *do?*"

. . . . . ?

"Really?"

. . . . . ?

"Very much?"

. . . . . ?

"With your whole heart?"

. . . . . ?

"I don't know *what* to say."

. . . . . ?

"But I can't say 'yes' all at once!"

. . . . . ?

"Well — I won't say 'no.'"

. . . . . ?

"But I really must have time to *think!*"

. . . . . ?

"An hour? No, a month at least — or a week, certainly!"

. . . . . ?

"It 's cruel of you to want me to make up my mind all at once."

. . . . . ?

"No — no — *no!* I can't give you an answer right now."

. . . . . ?

"Don't be so unreasonable."

. . . . . ?

"Well — of course — I don't *hate* you!"

. . . . . ?

"Perhaps I do like you."

. . . . . ?

"Well — just a little, little, weeny, teeny bit."

. . . . . ?

"You are very impatient."

. . . . . ?

"Well, if you *must*, you can speak to Aunty."

. . . . . ?

"She 's somewhere about."

. . . . . ?

"Of course, she is n't going away all of a sudden."

. . . . . ?

"Yes, I 'll keep her if she comes here."

. . . . . ?

"Yes — yes — I 'm all alone still."

. . . . . ?

"Good-bye, Sam!"

Miss Bessy Martin hung up the receiver and turned away from the instrument. There was a flush on her cheeks and a light in her eyes. She recognized the novelty of her situation. She had just accepted an offer of marriage, and she was engaged to a young man whom she had not seen since he asked her to wed him. Her heart was full of joy — and yet it seemed as though the betrothal were incomplete. She was vaguely conscious that something was lacking, although she knew not what.

Before she could determine exactly what might be this missing element of her perfect happiness, Mr. Samuel Brassey rushed in through the open door, flew across the ball-room, and sprang inside the partition of the post-office. Ere she could say "O Sam!" he had clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

She said "O Sam!" once more; but she was no longer conscious of any lacking ingredient of an engagement.

A minute later a throng of people began to pour back from the dining-room, and there were frequent calls for "Mr. Brassey" and "Sam."

With a heightened color, and with an ill-contained excitement, Mr. Samuel Brassey came out of the post-office in answer to this summons.

He found himself face to face with Mr. Martin, who held out his hand and cried:

"I congratulate you, Sam!"

The scarlet dyed the countenances of both Bessy and Sam, as he stammered,

"How — how did you know anything about it?"

Before Mr. Martin could answer, the three Miss Pettitoes and Mr. Harry Brackett came forward. Mr. Brackett bore in his arms the pair of cloisonné vases for which there had just been a "casting of lots."

Then Sam Brassey knew why Mr. Martin had congratulated him.

"You have won the prize!" cried Harry Brackett.

"I have — for a fact!" Sam Brassey answered as he looked at Bessy Martin. Their eyes met, and they both laughed.

III.

"SOME Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps." Some he compels to sign the bond with pen and ink in black and white, and some he binds with a wire.

Brander Matthews.

KANSAS BIRD-SONGS.

A MOCKING-BIRD.

YON mocking-bird that whistling soars
Borrows his little music-scores,
And mimics every piping tone
By sylvan lovers lightly blown,
To make his morning-gladness known,—
Till down that molten silver pours,
Globule on globule, fast and faster:
Dare any blame the blithe tune-master,
Who counts all minstrelsy his own?

But daylight ended — then indeed,
As jet by jet a wound will bleed,
His very singing self breaks through!
Even so (lost Eden shut from view),
Some wildered soul, to sighing new,
When human lips first touched the reed —
Heart-pierced with rending love and sorrow —
Breathed notes too god-like sweet to borrow.
So, poet, shall it be with you.

THE THRUSH.

THROUGH half a June day's flight,
Upon the prairie, thirsting for the showers,
The cactus-blooms and prickly poppies white,
The fox-gloves and the pink-tinged thimble-flowers,
Drooped in the Lord's great light.
Now, suddenly, straight to the topmost spray
Of a wild plum-tree (I thereunder lying),
Darted a thrush and fifed his roundelay,
Whimsey on whimsey — not a stave denying.
Quoth I: "From regions measureless miles away
He hears the soughing winds and rain-clouds flying;
And, gathering sounds my duller ears refuse,
He sets the rills a-rush,
This way and that, to ripple me the news
(Right proud to have his little singing say!),
And brings the joy to pass with prophesying." . . .
So gladly trilled the thrush!

Soon was I made aware
Of his small mate, that from the Judas-tree
Dropped softly, flitting here and flitting there,
And would not seem to hear or seem to see.
He, in that upper air,
All mindful of her wayward wandering
(Primrose and creamy-petaled larkspur bending,
And yellow-blossomed nettle, prone to sting),
Shook out his red-brown wings as for descending,
But lightly settled back, the more to sing.
"O bird!" I sighed, "thy heedless love befriending
With that celestial song-burst — whirling swift
As Phaeton's chariot-rush! —
Should my dear angel's voice so downward drift,
Quick would my music-lifted soul take wing!" . . .
Now had earth's happiest song a heavenly ending —
Fled with his mate the thrush.

THE PURPLE FINCH.

WHILE lurked the coyote in his root-bound burrow,
Through haunts of the hare and the badger gray,
Where never the share of a plow turned furrow,
I, gathering silk-flowers, went my way.
Wide-rimmed were the trumpets of silver-blue,
Their slim tubes slipping out, wet with honey:
Thence blown by the winds through the spaces sunny,
White butterflies high as the elm-tops flew.

The ground-squirrel under the elders scampered,
Or wheeled to show me his gold-brown bars:
Not I with the eggs of the pedees tampered,
Nor caught the green beetles that blazed like stars.
The shy, scarlet birds, where the long boughs meet,
Looked out, and went on with their trolling merry,
Till down came the finch from the sun-burnt prairie,
And silenced them all with a chanson sweet.

So secret is he, not a boy discovers
That home he has built for the nestlings dear;
So softly he carols, the hawk that hovers,
Intent upon murder, can hardly hear.
Now trimming his crimson in coverts dim,
Now perching wherever his mood was suited,
He sang in the sumac velvet-fruited,
Or sprang to the oak of the twisted limb.

Till "Higher, mount higher," I cried, "dear pleader!
The sum of delights shall be granted thee."
Therewith, from the height of the one dead cedar,
The linnet sped out like a soul set free.
Ah, why need the souls of the blest fly far! —
Pure honey the humming-bird moth went sipping;
Pale gold was the sky where the sun was dipping;
Came out the new moon and a great white star.

CHEWINK.

SING me another solo, sweet —
I have learnt the one by rote;
The endless merry-go-round repeat
Of the tuneful, tender, teasing note:
"Che-wink, che-wink! —
Che-wink, che-wink!"
A moment's rest for the tired throat
(Just long enough for a heart to beat),
And at it again: "Che-wink, che-wink!"

O bird, dear bird with the outspread wings
And little to chant about! —
When death reaches over the wrecks of things
To stifle the soft, delighted shout:
"Che-wink, che-wink! —
Che-wink, che-wink!"
And, all unruffled by dread or doubt,
Your musical mite of a soul upsprings,
Will you still go crying: "Che-wink, che-wink"?

Little I know; but this I hold:
If the rushing stars should meet,—
Their crystal spheres into chaos rolled,—
Let only this one pure voice entreat:
"Che-wink, che-wink! —
Che-wink, che-wink!"
Great Love would answer the summons sweet,
And a universe fresh as the rose unfold.
So — at it again: "Che-wink, che-wink!"

Amanda T. Jones.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Reform in our Legislative Methods.

IT is a fact, universally admitted, that our laws are badly drawn, that our legislative work is usually slip-shod and defective, that our statute-books are full of contradictions because new laws are passed without reference to old, and that many of our laws are merely disguised schemes for public plunder.

The reason for this unsatisfactory condition of affairs, as has repeatedly been pointed out, is our present legislative system, which puts the delicate business of law-making into the hands of men who, as a rule, are wholly unfitted for it. Thus, in the lower house of Congress we make a complete change of membership every two years. We send home nearly all the men who have become possessed of a knowledge of the legislative business, and put in their places men who have no knowledge of it whatever. A few of them are lawyers, which is far from being an adequate qualification for the work before them, but the great mass are politicians, with no expert qualification whatever for their new duties. These men are divided up into committees, without sufficient reference to their fitness, and into their hands is put the task of making new laws and amending old ones. At Albany the case is much worse. We send to the Senate there a new lot of men every two years and to the Assembly a new lot every year. The ratio of intelligence, to say nothing of expert knowledge, is much smaller there than it is at Washington. The committees are divided up entirely on the basis of political influence. A man is chosen Speaker who has secured his election by promising committee chairmanships and positions in return for members' votes. The railway, insurance, and other corporations have usually taken a hand also and picked out in advance the chairmen for those committees which are to have corporate interests in charge. The result is that the Legislature is organized, not in the interest of the people, but against it. Thus organized, Congress and the Legislature proceed with a rush to the making of laws. They are poured into the committees in a great flood; they there receive little or no expert examination and criticism, because of the committee's incapacity, and they are returned to the House for action without ever having passed anything like an adequate scrutiny. The worst of them, those the defects and evils of which are so great as to be perceptible in even an ignorant assemblage, are held back till the closing hours of the session, with a good chance of being put through in the rush of unconsidered legislation which annually occurs then.

It is no wonder that under such a system we have defective laws. Most of the bills are not drawn by the men who present them, and at no time from the moment of their inception till they become laws do many of them come under the inspection of what could be called expert authority. There are, of course, in the United States Senate and House of Representatives, a few chairmen and committeemen who, through long experience, have become experts in law-making. These are invaluable public servants, but they are exceptions to the general rule. But even if we had better committees and better chairmen, we should still be in trouble with the great mass of local and private legislation which is thrown in, in almost illimitable mass, side by side with measures of the highest public importance, and has equal rights in demanding consideration. We attempt to legislate upon almost every subject in the universe, and to have the work done by men who have neither knowledge of the work nor fitness for it. Moreover, we try to do within a few months work which could not all be done well in as many years.

What is the remedy? Students of the problem who have given it most thought agree that the only adequate remedy to be found is in the application to American legislative methods of the principle which has operated successfully in English parliamentary procedure for half a century. This is the remedy which was very ably advocated by Simon Sterne of New York City, in a striking paper which he read before the American Bar Association in August, 1884; and he subsequently incorporated it in a report which he drew up for the New York City Bar Association, and which that body formally accepted in March, 1885. Under the English system all private bills are kept separate from public bills, and are subjected to a rigid expert scrutiny of so judicial a character as virtually to amount to a court inquiry, before coming to the committees of Parliament at all. Petitions for private bills have to be filed sixty days before the meeting of Parliament and ample notice given to all parties in any way interested, in order that they may file objections if they desire. A sufficient sum of money has to be deposited to defray all the expenses of this preliminary procedure. After they have passed this scrutiny they are referred to the committees of Parliament, and by them referred to joint-trial committees which are composed of experts in the technical elements of the subject-matter of the bills. When a bill finally comes from these bodies it is known to be correctly drawn, to harmonize rather than conflict with existing legislation, and to be desirable, as well as in proper form to become a law. As a result, the House usually adopts such bills without question. The fees required pay all the expenses of such legislation, the time of Parliament is left for the consideration of public measures solely, and the statute-books of England are models of clearness.

For the introduction of this reform in this country we should probably need amendments both to our national and State constitutions. Senator Edmunds and Speaker Carlisle, at the close of the session of Congress in 1885, spoke of the necessity for some method being adopted to relieve Congress of the burden of private legislation; and in his message to the Legislature in the same year, Governor Hill of New York recommended the appointment of a Counsel to the Legislature to act as an adviser in the drafting of bills. The Bar Association report, referred to above, recommended for New York State a Commission of

Revision, to be appointed by the governor, whose duty it should be to decide that the laws were properly drafted and were not inconsistent with existing laws. It also recommended the complete separation of private from public bills, and the adoption of the English principle of advance notice, examination, and fees. Something of this kind has been introduced in Massachusetts and is working satisfactorily. Constitutional amendments could be drawn to meet the case completely, and this is probably the source from which relief will have to come.

The American Flag for America.

INSTITUTIONS are to a people what habits are to the individual. They are born unperceived; they strengthen and ripen insensibly; but, in their ripened strength, they condition the people on every side, and are as completely characteristic of them, for good or evil, as habits are of the individual. They become an integral factor of the people's ways of thinking and acting; and they thus often influence or even control the thought and action of the mass of the people or of its parts, at every point of daily life, as well as in the great critical moments of national history.

It is important to bear in mind that the full meaning of the word "institutions" is very far from being covered by the mere word "laws." It is true that very many of the naturally developed institutions of a country are, in process of time, crystallized into laws and constitutions, and thus become tangible to the senses; but back of all laws and constitutions is the mass of customary and habitual thinking and acting, summed up in this convenient word "institutions," from which laws and constitutions derive all their working force. The Constitution of the United States would have been no better than a bit of waste paper in 1861 had it not been for the smoldering but intense popular feeling which was fanned into flame by the concrete act of "firing on the flag." In so far, the flag of the United States is even a more fundamentally American "institution" than the Constitution itself. If the American people in 1876–77 preferred to compromise an insolvable case rather than drift into war about it, and if they have met in a similar spirit other political problems upon which other systems have for centuries been stultifying themselves at every opportunity, it is because of the institutions which have come down to each American generation through centuries of consistent political thought and action. If all men are wiser than any one man, it is because the personal passions and prejudices of a multitude balance and neutralize one another, leaving, as the only safe guide, the institutions which are guaranteed by long experience. And if Americans are to have any such measure of success in the future, it behooves them to disdain any feeble leaning upon laws and constitutions alone, and to keep clear and full the institutional springs which feed our whole social and political system.

One may well agree, then, to compromise a difficulty in the case of the passage or interpretation of a law; he cannot too persistently cavil on the ninth part of a hair in the case of the smallest American institution. If it is worth while for the assailant to make a point of it, it is even more worth while for the American to make a point of it. Our forefathers, said Webster, "went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well-directed blow until they had extirpated and destroyed it to the smallest fiber." The principle of self-government by representatives had become an American institution in 1775; and the jealousy with which it was guarded, the intensity with which it was defended, by the men who then had to deal with it, may well stand as a lesson in political science to their descendants of all generations.

There remains, however, the difficulty that so large a percentage of the American people is no longer American, and has no fitting sense of the nature and dignity of the underlying American institutions; it no longer thinks and acts instinctively as Americans have habitually thought and acted. The figures submitted by Mayor Hewitt to the New York Board of Aldermen last winter, showing the large proportions of the alien-born population of New York city, seem to have excited an astonishment which is an evidence of an unfortunate lack of public interest in that fascinating and suggestive work, the "Compendium of the Tenth Census." Similar figures will be found in it for some fifty cities of the United States, and they are impressive. They are misleading as well, as figures often are. "Irish-born," "one or both parents Irish," "German-born," "one or both parents German," are misleading phrases when used under this head. Thousands, probably rather millions, whose parents were foreign-born, have breathed in the American spirit with every breath of their life, and are as intense, some would say as bigoted, in their American feeling, as any of those who fought at Concord or Bunker Hill. Even the phrase "foreign-born" is misleading. Were Alexander Hamilton or Richard Montgomery less American than Aaron Burr or Benedict Arnold? Figures, in this case, must be taken with a large margin of allowance, for they were meant to bear on entirely different questions. This question is not one of birth merely, but of feeling, of training, of habits, of institutions.

But on the general question, the mayor was right in maintaining the dignity of the American flag within the American jurisdiction. Every nation, as a member of the great family of nations, must show a proper and cordial respect for the emblems of other nationalities; and there is a peculiar propriety in the occasional exhibition, at private or unofficial gatherings, of the emblems of those nationalities which have gone to make up the American people. But the case is vitally different with every exhibition of a foreign flag or emblem which goes to show, or is intended to show, that the American people is still nothing more than a heterogeneous mass of jarring nationalities. In such a case, the public opinion, of adopted no less than of native citizens, should promptly and unequivocally condemn any attempt to substitute any foreign flag in the place

which belongs properly only to the American flag. The new generation, which has never known anything of the memories of armed conflicts, may disparage the importance of a bit of bunting; those who saw it through the smoke of war, or in the trials and triumphs of 1861–65, will not. It is the right of the American people to enjoy a monopoly for their own flag within their own jurisdiction; it is the right, and should be the duty, of those who follow other flags to follow them elsewhere.

The case becomes far stronger with the appeals to the Irish vote, or the German vote, or any other alien vote. What standing have such appeals in the United States? There should be no "Know-Nothingism" in this matter. It is the high privilege of those Americans who are foreign-born, or are the children of foreign-born parents, to empty the vials of American political wrath on the demagogues who undertake to rise by fostering anti-American classes. American institutions have made us what we are; the American spirit is as the breath of our life; and, though the republic is no longer menaced by open foes, there are enemies here against whom we may all vindicate our right to speak of the great American dead as our forefathers. It is our privilege, in Webster's phrase, to detect such enemies, to drag them forth from under their plausible disguises, to strike at them, and never to cease until we have extirpated and destroyed them to the smallest fiber.

Art Revival in American Coinage.

THE bill to secure an improvement in our coinage, which has been drawn in accordance with the views of Mr. Kimball, the Director of the Mint, and introduced simultaneously in the Senate and the House by Senator Morrill and Mr. Bland, is in the line of a reform which has constantly been urged by those intelligent in such matters. The United States does not issue to-day a single coin which possesses sound artistic merit, while most of the types are simply grotesque caricatures. The best of them, the so-called "buzzard dollar" of 1878, presents manifest crudities of design which public intuition perceived at once upon its appearance.

The responsibility for the ugliness of our coinage does not fall entirely upon the Mint. Some of the earlier types of American coins, seen, for instance, in the large copper cents of the end of the last century and the beginning of this, which still occasionally appear in circulation, are by no means devoid of excellence; but by the coinage act of 1873, the devices and designs of current coins were fixed by statute, and all power to change or modify them was thus removed from the authorities of the Mint.

The present bill authorizes the Director of the Mint to employ the best artists and to select new designs for all coins, with the approval in each case of the Secretary of the Treasury, and with a proviso against too frequent changes of design. The bill is clear and simple, and well adapted to secure the improvement sought, and to leave us free to make our coinage again, as was that of the ancients and the work of the Renaissance medalists, representative of the best art of our time. The hope that it may easily become thus representative is not chimerical. There are modern coins — as some of Cromwell, of Napoleon I., and of the French Republic — which are satisfactory examples of their contemporary art. It has been urged that the intrinsic excellence of the wonderful coins of ancient Greece — as refined and dignified, many of them, as the Parthenon itself, and as graceful in design as the Praxitelean Hermes — lies in their high relief, which is incompatible with the convenient use of coins under modern requirements. But some of the most beautiful of Greek coins are in sufficiently low relief; and these are no more inferior to those in high relief than the Phidian frieze is inferior.

If ancient needs had required it, we may be sure that all Greek coins would have been in low relief, and that with no sacrifice of beauty; and now that American sculpture can show work in low relief so admirable as almost to constitute a new discovery in art, we shall have none but ourselves to blame if we fail to provide for ourselves coins of which even the Greeks need not have been ashamed.

Coins, from their great number, their enduring material, and their small size, are among the most lasting of human monuments; and those which to our regret we now have will, with those which under the new bill we may hope to produce, remain as memorials of America in our time when most of our other material records will have perished. We may well seek to redeem, in the eyes of our remote posterity, our reputation in æsthetics, which none could wish to rest on any piece of money which we use to-day.

OPEN LETTERS.

Mr. Arnold and American Art.

THE announcement of the sudden death of Mr. Matthew Arnold, at an age when one hoped he might still live many years in beneficial activity, must have brought a sense of personal bereavement to thousands. Arnold's writings, to a higher degree, perhaps, than those of any author of our time except Carlyle, Emerson, and Ruskin, are infused with that personal quality which excites an interest in the man no less than in his printed pages; and, like Emerson's and Carlyle's and Ruskin's writings, their influence has been both intellectual and moral. Upon many of the younger generation in America they have had an extraordinarily tonic, stimulating, illuminating effect — not merely furnishing the mind but opening the eyes of the soul. For my own part I rejoice in this opportunity to say that to no book in the world do I owe so much as to "Literature and Dogma," unless it be to the great Book with which it so largely deals.

Under these circumstances — with Mr. Arnold's recent death in mind, and the consciousness of our immense debt to him thereby made doubly vivid — it is not the most pleasant of tasks to find fault with any of his utterances, or to take him to task for any shortcomings in his methods of observation and exposition.

But if such words are to be spoken at all, they must be spoken at once; and it seems to me that the obligation to speak them, although made painful, is not removed by the fact of our fresh sorrow.

Remembering the severity of the strictures which Mr. Arnold passed upon the civilization of his own country, Americans surely need not resent the fact that in one of his last published articles* he denied to their civilization the quality of "interest" — more especially as interest is a quality which must always largely depend upon the eye of the observer as well as upon the essence of the things observed. Yet, while we need not protest against Mr. Arnold's general verdict, it is nevertheless worth while to say in how far he was mistaken in some of the special statements of fact by which he endeavored to sustain it. It is worth while, for example, briefly to review his dicta with regard to American art and to the conditions of American civilization as affecting art.

"Americans of cultivation and wealth visit Europe more and more constantly," writes Mr. Arnold, in a connection which explains that they do so in the search for æsthetic gratification. This is certainly true, just as it is true of the same class of persons in England with regard to continental travel. But it is a mistake to say that "American artists chiefly live in Europe." Many American artists live in Europe during their student years, some remain there permanently, and others make frequent visits after their return to America. But the sum total which results from these facts by no means justifies Mr. Arnold's "chiefly"; nor is it justified if we weigh by the quality of the work produced instead of by the numbers of its producers — I mean, of course, applying the standards of intrinsic excellence and not of that European reputation which as yet depends almost altogether upon European residence. Nor is the inference which Mr. Arnold draws from his statement more nearly correct than the statement itself. American conditions do not seem to all observers distinctly worse for the artist than those of all other civilized lands. If the *tu quoque* argument were not so disagreeable a one to use, I might cite many reasons — and feel sure of the agreement of many artists therein — why New York is a better place to-day for artists with high aims and serious ambitions than London. But it will perhaps be better to confine myself to a verdict of more general bearing, pronounced by an observer who cannot possibly be accused of partiality or of lack of insight into artistic matters. I met not long ago a Japanese gentleman who was an artist by instinct, as seem to be all the men of his race, an art-critic by profession, a profound student of æsthetic theories and of the artistic history of the Western as well as of the Eastern world, and the bearer of a commission from his Government to inquire into the present state of art in foreign lands. Arriving for the second time in America after a long stay in Europe, he said,— with the use, be it observed, of Mr. Arnold's own word,— "I find things more interesting here than in Europe." What he had in mind was not, of course, the comparative richness of Europe and America in the accumulated treasures of other days, but the comparative interest of the living issues of to-day — of the conditions which are influencing and molding art at this moment, and in which a prophecy of future developments may be read. It would have been too much to expect that Mr. Arnold should have seen things from this point of view as fully and clearly as this Japanese specialist; but we were surely justified in feeling disappointed that he did not recognize it as the right point of view from which to look. And this for his own sake as a philosophic observer much more than for our sake; for surely the vital significance of our civilization is missed by one who thinks the backward as important as the forward gaze — who fails to take great account of the youth of the country, to test the speed of its advance at the present hour, and to try at least to discern the true promise of the future. Had Mr. Arnold seen that this was the right point of view while he was in America, and after his return home had he asked a few questions of persons whose opportunities for observation in matters of art and whose preparation for passing judgment upon them had been greater than his own — then, I believe, his verdict would not have been that we had as yet produced "very little" of the "really beautiful," or that our conditions were such as to discourage hopeful prophecies. It would have been well, for example, had he asked the most famous manufacturer of stained-glass in France what he thought of American stained-glass as compared with French, or English, or German; had he asked the proprietors of the chief art-journal of Paris what they thought of American wood-engraving and of its influence upon foreign wood-engraving, and why they had sent their representatives to New York a few years ago to study methods of wood-cut printing; had he considered to how great a degree the success of our popular magazines in England has been due to the quality of their illustrations; had he compared the works of monumental sculpture in this country with those erected during the same space of time in England; had he looked into such books as André's "L'Art des Jardins" and Jaeger's "Gartenkunst," to see what their authors think of our success in the once preëminently English art of landscape-gardening, and asked himself how it happens that there is a popular journal in America largely devoted to this subject, while there is none in England, France, or Germany; and had he inquired of Parisian professors what are the aptitudes and the early productions of American as compared with other students. And, as regards that public appreciation of art which is largely synonymous with the conditions upon which the success of art depends, he might have asked Parisian dealers and critics what is the state of America as a market for the highest class of modern paintings. He would have found that the old sneer of the French artist, "Bon pour l'Amérique," is as out of date as the old sneer of the English author, "Who reads an American book?" If he had heard the words at all, it might well have been as meaning, "Too good to be kept in France."

Mr. Arnold's most definite dictum upon a question of art was pronounced, however, with regard to architecture; and of all his dicta it is the one which has the least support in facts. I may say once more that a really philosophic observer would have weighed to-day in America against to-day in England — not against that past which produced Somerset House and Whitehall. Yet there need be no objection on our part to admitting Somerset House and Whitehall as standards of comparison; for an observer with a keener artistic

* "Civilization in America." "Nineteenth Century," April, 1888.

sense than Mr. Arnold would assuredly grant that they at least among the old buildings of England have their equals in America — not their counterparts, which is what Mr. Arnold seems to have looked for, but their equals in buildings as commendable for all the essentials of architectural excellence. Such an observer would also have found something else to say of our country-houses than that they are often "original and very pleasing," but are "pretty and coquettish, not beautiful." He would have said, A great many of them are not even this, but many are a good deal more than this. Nor, assuredly, would he have cited our country-houses alone as witnesses to the interest of the recent renaissance of architectural art in America; nor, above all, would he have failed to remark the fact of this renaissance, to contrast the work of to-day as a whole with the work of twenty or thirty years ago as a whole, and to read in the contrast a most interesting promise for the future — a more interesting promise, I cannot but think, than he could read in any foreign land.

But the singularly limited field of observation and inquiry which Mr. Arnold must have thought sufficient to serve as a basis for emphatic speech is nowhere so distinctly shown as in the few lines which he devotes to Richardson. Premising that he was our one "architect of genius," he adds: "Much of his work was injured by the conditions under which he was obliged to execute it; I can recall but one building, and that of no great importance, where he seems to have had his own way, to be fully himself; but that is indeed excellent." It would be hard to condense into words so few a larger amount of misconception. It is probable that no architect in any land, in any age, ever expressed himself in so unfettered a way, was so little dominated by any outside influence, as Richardson. This is clear to every one who knows what individuality means in architecture and who has looked at Richardson's buildings, and it is doubly clear to every one who knew the man himself, the way in which he did his work, and the way in which he judged of the conditions under which it was done. If any of Richardson's buildings seem uncharacteristic, it is because they were built at a time when he had not yet discovered how he really wanted to express himself in art; they expressed his personality at the moment just as truthfully as his later buildings expressed the fully developed personality which to-day we recognize as his. He was never under the influence of the artistic creeds current in America or in foreign lands, and was never swayed by the example of other artists; and he was distinguished to a phenomenal degree by his power of persuading all persons with whom he came in contact to give him the chance to do what he wished to do.

If I seem to speak very confidently I may explain that I have spent many months in a careful study of Richardson's works and of the conditions under which each one of them was produced; and I may add that in the biography which has been the outcome of this study the two things which it seemed to me most important to make plain were, that his talent developed in an unfettered way to which the history of modern architecture offers no parallel, and that he gratefully realized the fact and was never tired of congratulating himself that he had been born to work in America and not in Europe. When, during the last years of his life, he visited Europe and saw the work of French and English architects, and the conditions amid which it was produced, his one thought was a thought of pity for men whose talents had no such free outlet as his own. "There is not one of them," I have heard him say of the friends of his student years in Paris, risen to the highest places in their profession,—"there is not one of them who can find out exactly what he wants most to do and then venture to do it. What might they not do if their opportunities were only as good as ours!" No one can have been so surprised at Mr. Arnold's description of Richardson and his opportunities as Richardson himself would have been — unless, indeed, it may be the English architects who, at the meeting of the Royal Institute, in 1884, discussed his work and American work, and American conditions in general.*

In conclusion, it is a somewhat curious question: What was the one unimportant building which to Mr. Arnold seemed really characteristic of this man of genius? In his smallest buildings the man of genius shows clearly, it is true, but in his more important buildings still more clearly; and if we were compelled to judge him by one alone we might well select the one which he himself declared he was most willing to be judged by — the largest of all, the Court-house in Pittsburg.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

"The Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten."

A GREAT step is taken for educational reform when public interest is aroused and stimulated by discussion and suggestion. THE CENTURY has taken this step, and we feel justified in calling the attention of your readers to a school which has as yet received no notice in your pages and which seems to us to invite special study from all who would further this great movement. The Workingman's School and Free Kindergarten has been in existence for eight years in the city of New York. As its name implies, it is intended for the children of the working-people who are too poor to pay for tuition; its pupils number about three hundred and seventy. Although a philanthropic scheme it aims at the same time to be a model and pioneer school, and it has already put to practical test many of the questions which are now forcing themselves upon the attention of our public educators. Its basis is the kindergarten, about which a few words may not be here amiss, for among Americans generally rather vague notions prevail in regard to the kindergarten. Most persons, even parents, look upon it as a place where they may send their children, to be amused and kept out of mischief, to play games and sing, and learn, perhaps, to fashion little shapes and fancies with their tiny fingers. The system has been almost universally adopted, and yet its profound psychological value and significance have been but little understood or appreciated.

It was Pestalozzi who insisted that the world must be made afresh for each fresh mind; the child must discover and explore it for himself, and make himself acquainted, not with the names of things, but with the things themselves, their properties and laws. Frœbel took a step further and affirmed that it is as natural and as necessary to create as to observe, and that from

* See "American Architecture in English Eyes," Topics of the Time, in this magazine for March, 1888.

infancy the creative faculty is latent within us, only waiting to be called out and exercised. The world is made for the child's use as well as for his study, and this very use, properly trained and directed, becomes mind-power, intellectual stimulus, and experience. Make the conditions right, the atmosphere and surroundings suitable, and like a plant the child will grow, putting forth flower and fruit. So Frœbel devised the kindergarten, and the child-world became a center of resource and activity and of beautiful joyous expression. Since Frœbel's time the kindergarten has been developed and perfected, but the organic and fundamental idea underlying it has been allowed to remain in embryo. The child steps out of this fresh, new field back again into the old routine track and methods of instruction. The Workingman's School is a notable attempt, the first of its kind, to carry the principles and practice of the kindergarten into the higher branches of education; to connect the development of the child with the development of the man and the woman, and to secure a complete and harmonious unfolding of the whole humanity. In such a school the workshop and the art-room are the salient features, for here are the tools and material as well as the field for production; here the child is trained, not to be a carpenter, a printer, a skilled mechanic, not to be ticketed with any particular trade,—although he will probably learn in this way what he is best fitted to do,—but to come to the full use and play of his faculties.

With this end in view manual training becomes an intimate and essential process of mind-culture. A system of work-instruction has been planned which aims to bring into constant correlation and interdependence these two usually distinct factors. Drawing is made, as it were, "the common denominator," the basis of instruction — mechanical drawing in the workshop, and free-hand drawing in the art-room. Through all the classes, and consistently with the intellectual progress, the drawing-exercises connect the work of the hand with the work of the brain. The pupil is made to draw the object which he afterwards reproduces from his own drawing. "Thus the work is the concrete representation of the drawing, the drawing is the abstract representation of the work," and both are the symbol and illustration of science and law. Treated in this way, the so-called dry and rigid sciences, mathematics, geometry, and the like, become plastic and instinct with life and form, while, on the other hand, manual labor is dignified and lifted upon the plane of intellectual achievement. In the art-room the analogy is obvious, for here is the true realm of expression. In the perception and reproduction of beautiful forms and the apprehension of harmony and design man's creative insight and freedom fully assert themselves, and spirit stands clearly revealed.

"Through the idea, lo, the immortal reality! Through the reality, lo, the immortal idea!"

To bring such advantages as we have described within reach of the poor — of the poorest — is a task of no small difficulty and magnitude, and one which we think should commend itself to the intelligent sympathy and attention of all who have at heart the better status and adjustment of society, for it is to this larger end that such a scheme finally points. Let us add, however, that it is the children of the rich who could profit most by these methods. Unhampered by sordid circumstance, they could respond more freely to the improved conditions and lightly lift themselves into better modes of thought and action. The special plea which we would make through these pages is for a wider, more liberal, and "disinterested" interest in education in general.

"Man cannot propose a higher object for his study than education and all that pertains to education." So says Plato; but in America, in spite of public schools and compulsory instruction, this would not seem to be the common verdict and attitude. Education has grown perfunctory, political. It has become one of the "machines" of the state and of an industrial society. Teaching is too often looked upon as a drudgery, a means of livelihood when all others fail. "Will it pay? Can one get a living by it?" This is the test to which many a high calling must descend in these days. With the poor it cannot be otherwise, for the stress is always upon them, and the cry is ever ringing in their ears. But the rich — have they no place to fill, and no duties to perform in this direction? If not actually within the ranks, why should they not take the lead as superior and commanding officers?

We have captains of industry and finance. Why have we not captains of education — men of leisure and culture, capable of enthusiasm and initiative, ready to throw themselves into such a cause and give it their earnest consideration, their generous and active support!

Among the Greeks, Plato, Socrates, and Epictetus were the teachers. Where shall we look for our great leaders, masters, patrons, even, who will see education in its true light, and force us to recognize teaching as one of the grandest of the arts — the art of arts, for it goes to the building up of the artist himself, and of ever nobler types of humanity?

* *

A Democratic Government in the Colleges.

THREE general systems of the government of college students are now practiced. One may be called the monarchical. It is the traditional and the more common system. Under it each student is the subject of certain rules, in the making of which he had no voice, and obedience to which is a condition of his remaining in college. A second system is the absence of any system. Under it the college abdicates all attempts at the personal supervision of the moral character and behavior of its students. It tacitly declares that its purpose is simply intellectual. When it has provided instruction and offered opportunities for examination, its duty is done. This view is a favorite of the German universities. A professor at Halle told the president of an American college that "the professors assume no responsibility for the personal character or behavior of students; they are employed to give lectures and not to govern students." The third system may, for the lack of a better term, be called the republican or democratic system. According to its provisions the student may have some voice in forming the college laws; if he breaks these laws, he may be judged by a jury of his peers; and he may exert a constant and strong influence upon the official action of the college Faculty.

That the monarchical system of college government is not well adapted to the present generation of students is evident. It is the product of a time when students were boys of the age of fifteen, and not men of nineteen, as they now are at the close of their freshman year. Its application is liable to result in the

"rebellions," the disorders, and the disturbances, either petty or serious, which characterize too many colleges. It is also evident that neither the college nor the parent is willing for the student to pass four years free from all guidance and restraint. The experience of the German universities in granting their members such liberty does not furnish a recommendation for its adoption in the American college. The republican system, however, appears to possess many and great advantages and few and slight defects.

As long ago as 1870 the students of the Illinois Industrial University, at the suggestion of its president, voted to try the experiment of self-government. They made laws regarding all those forms of disorder to which the colleges are generally subject. The penalties consisted of fines varying from a few cents to five dollars. Certain officers for the execution of these provisions were elected by the students, and others were appointed by the president. "Obstinate culprits," writes the president, "and those who refuse to pay the fines, were to be reported to the Faculty, who retained all power to suspend or expel a student." Several years ago Amherst College introduced a similar system into the government of its students. It is based upon the principle that a man admitted to the college "is received as a gentleman, and as such is trusted to conduct himself in truthfulness and uprightness, in kindness and respect, in diligence and sobriety, in obedience to law and maintenance of order, and regard for Christian institutions as becomes a member of a Christian college. The privileges of the college are granted only to those who are believed to be worthy of this trust, and are forfeited whenever this trust is falsified." This principle, so admirably conceived, resulted in granting to the students greater liberties than they had before enjoyed, and also allowed them to elect a representative body who should consult about such matters as the president might bring before it.

Although Williams College and Harvard have introduced no system of such elaborateness as are the methods just named, yet they have provided for a standing committee of the students which consults with the officers relative to questions of mutual interest. The Harvard body consists of twenty-four students, and, if its influence in fostering good order has not been great, the reason is that of late years the college has been free from many forms of disorder with which sister institutions are afflicted. The representative body of Williams' students is composed of three members chosen from each class. Selected at first to consult with the Faculty regarding a serious college disturbance, it has become at the present writing a permanent feature of the administration.

These systems of college democracy differ. Each possesses peculiar advantages and defects. An advantage common to all is that they tend to promote right feeling between the students and the officers. The general method tends to remove that misunderstanding which lies at the basis of most disturbances. It tends to dissipate that sentiment, which students so naturally entertain, of unjust treatment on the part of their officers. It tends to assure students that the Faculty chiefly desires their welfare. In the common relation of professor and student indifference gives way to regard, and perhaps antipathy to friendship. The system, also, is of special worth in fitting students for the responsibilities of active life. It fosters a proper spirit of independence. By it, moreover, the officers are relieved of many harassing cares and perplexities. The task of administration is greatly simplified and lightened. The greatest advantage, however, consists in the simple fact that the order and discipline of the college are promoted. President Seelye writes that "it is believed by all here that never before was there such good and healthy work done in college, nor such pleasant relations between the students and teachers, or among the students themselves, as since the new system was adopted."

A peril to which this system is liable lies in the danger of over-elaboration. It may be made so heavy as to fall of its own weight; so intricate that only an undue proportion of attention can secure its effective operation. To this peril the method as practiced in the Illinois Industrial University, after thirteen years of use, finally yielded. Other perils also might be pointed out; but the advantages are of so great weight that the system in some form should be applied in every one of the four hundred colleges of the United States.

Charles F. Thwing.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

An Attempted Division of California.

IN the History of Lincoln, in the last July (1887) number of this magazine, the authors say:

"Still, the case of the South was not hopeless, . . . there remained the possible division of California."

In this connection it may be of interest to your readers to recall a fact now generally forgotten, even by the oldest inhabitants of this State, that the "division of California" was actually attempted, and preliminary steps thereto consummated.

In "The Statutes of California, passed at the tenth session, begun on Monday, the 3d day of January, and ended on Tuesday, the 19th day of April, 1859," may be found an act, the title and first section of which read as follows:

"Chapter cclxxxviii: An act granting the consent of the Legislature to the formation of a different Government for the southern counties of this State.

"Approved April 18th, 1859.

"Be it enacted, etc.,

"*Section 1.*— That the consent of the Legislature of this State is hereby given, to the effect that all of that part or portion of the present territory of this State, lying all south of a line drawn eastward from the west boundary of the State, along the sixth standard parallel south of the Mt. Diabolo Meridian, east to the summit of the Coast Range; thence southerly, following said summit to the seventh standard parallel; thence due east on said standard, parallel to its intersection with the north-west boundary of Los Angeles County; thence north-east along said boundary to the eastern boundary of the State, including the counties of San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, and a part of Buena Vista, be segregated from the remaining portion of the State for the purpose of the formation by Congress, with the concurrent action of said portion,— the consent for the segregation of which is hereby granted,— of a territorial or other government, under the name of the 'Territory of Colorado,' or such other name as may be deemed meet and proper."

Under this statute the governor submitted the question to the people of the southern part of the State at the next election. The two-thirds vote required by the act was cast in favor of a division of the State, and this result was duly certified by the governor to the President of the United States.

Only the "southern portion" was allowed to vote, and there was the usual beautiful disregard of constitutions.

Why the scheme was carried no further, the history of subsequent events shows.

Leon F. Moss.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

NOTE.

SINCE the appearance of the paper on Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison, in this magazine for March, we have been informed that the address of one of the participants in the escape, Captain John Lucas, is Rowland, Limestone Co., Alabama.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Ole Settlers' Meetun.

BE'N to that ole settlers' meetun!
An' of all the reg'lar beatun
Times, I think 'at beat 'em holler!
I jist bust that paper collar
Into flinters — I jist laft
Till I thought I 'd go plum daft!
Who wus there? Now ast me that —
Tell ye who *wa'n't* there, right spat!
Ever' man I ever knowed
Come by the load.
Down ever' road!
Oh, the county fair
Wus jist nowhere!
I shuk hands, an' *shuk*, an' *shuk!*
Thought 't wus jist my ornry luck
To shake my hands off then an' there!
Blame sight harder 'n shuckun corn —
Biggest time sence I be'n born!

Well, ole Zenas Gumper thrum
Hoosierville, ye know, *he* come —
Ole Squire Truitt an' his darter —
Reason Brown, an' Increase Carter —
All the Jinkses! — ole Aunt Sue! —
Womern' childern, all come too! —
Amos Cockefair jist sailed in,
Pullun that long beard on his chin —
Then Nat Womsley — you know how:
Chawun the cood jist like a cow!
Well, I could n' name 'em thoo,
They wus jist a reg'lar sloo
Of the Hinkles, Potters, Skinners —
With their famblies an' their dinners!
An' them dinners 'd cure sore eyes:
Yaller-legged chickens 'n' punkun pies —
Dumpluns big 's a feller's head —
Honey, 'n' *ole salt-risun bread!*

Uncle Johnny tuk the cheer —
Did n't speak o' him? Don't keer,
You might *sposun* he was *som'ers* near!
Think I set the census down
Of the county or the town?
Talkun 'bout the census now,
Ole Squire Truitt ups an' 'low:
"I jist taken the fust 'at ever
Ware tuk on the Wabash River,
'Fore the ole canal ware dug,
When the Injuns come an' drug
Fellers jist right outen bed,
By the top ha'r o' their head,
Sculped 'em thar an' killed 'em dead!
Nothun like the ole times now —
Time goes back'ards anyhow!
Ole folks mostly passed away
With the good things o' their day,
When we all wore homespun clothes
Jist as happy, I suppose,
As the young folks air to-day,
Jist as peart, too, ever' way!

Schools ware better when we had
Jist log cabins an' a gad,
Winders jist a hole 'n the wall,
An' no dests or books at all!
Silver dollars then was scaice,
Blame sight bigger 'n full moon's face!
Whisky ware the rulun speart —
Coon-skins good, but nothun near 't, —
Run like worter at elections
An' house raisuns, in these sections!
Piety ware stronger then —
Seemed 'at hardships *mellered* men,
Made 'em more onselfish like —
Best uv neighbors you could strike —
Set on the fence a-whittlun sticks,
Talkun Scripter 'n' polutics —
An' they sometimes differed too,
An' I tell *you*
Air was sometimes middlun blue!
But they 'd smooth it out again,
'N' 'en swap hosses 'n' part like *men!*"

Uncle Johnny tuk the prize
As the oldest settler heur,
An' he dainced a hornpipe thur,
Right on the platform 'fore our eyes,
Yessir, 'n' 'at man knows more lies
'N any feller anywhur!
Killed more Injuns, wolves, an' bear —
Built first cabin, raised first corn,
Hilt first meetun, fit first fight,
Got up the first county fair —
Brung first circus 'n' side-show there,
His son Ben first Hoosier born,
Uncle Johnny 's jist a *sight!*
Jist to show ye — some un told
How they laid some wolves out cold:
Said one time they met a pack,
They jist whack 'em in the back
With the butt-eend uv their gun,
An' they killed 'em ever' one —
Well, they said,
Wus so many laid thar dead
Could n' count 'em — not one lef', —
They wus well nigh caved theirse'f!
Then Uncle Johnny *riz*, an' holler:
"'At 'ere yarn's too tough to swaller,
But *I* know one 'at air a fack!
Somp'm' lack
Forty yur back, my big dog
Fell in the worter off'n a log,
Jist up heur on Raccoon Crick —
Jist that quick
Fish as big as ary a whale
Grabbed that whelp jist by the tail —
Well, I *mistook* ef 't did n' swaller
That dog clean to its arn collar!
Fish swum off an' dog jist ye'pt —
I did n' see how 't could be he'pt!
Purty soon the dog got mad —
Fish ware feelun *middlun* bad!
What ye think that 'ere dog do?

Turned an' chawed 'at fish in two!
Then he struck out fur the shore—
Never gut him a-*fishun* no more!"

While the ole man wus a-tellun
'At 'ere tale the folks kep' yellun,
Till he put the cap-sheaf on,
'En he seen 'at he had gone
Leetle furder 'an he orter—
If ye 'd th'owed a st'eam of worter
On that crowd they would n' be'n
Any glummer 'n they wus then!
You 'd 'a' laft like anything
If you 'd 'a' heern ole Aunt Sue sing
Ole-time love-songs fur a prize—
Good 'eal smoother 'n you 'd surmise!
Cain't jist reecolleck—
I cain't carry a chune, nohow—
Make a mess uv it, I speck—
Try it though, I vow,
If 't breaks my neck!

"As I wus a-walking one morning in June,
Fur to view the fair fields an' the meadows in bloom,
I met a fair damsel, she looked like a queen,
With her costly fine robes an' her mantle uv green."
That 's as near as I can git—
Hearun her was funnier yit!
Then ole Uncle Johnny got
A feller—kindo heavy sot—
Majors was his name—to play
Fiddle-chunes the rest o' the day;
Played ole "Rye-Straw" an' "Gray Eagle."
'N' 'en the geurls commenced to giggle
When they called fur "Leather Britches,"
An' a string o' ole chunes sich as
That, an' then he let 'er loose
On "Lost Injun" an' "Wild Goose,"
"Big Piny," "Walls o' Jericho!"
Lord! our feet commenced to go
'Fore he 'd hardly drawed his bow!
Cur'us how a feller feels
Daincun them ole rattlun reels!
Wusht ye could 'a' seen them folks
Hoppun round an' crackun jokes,
Gray ole womern an' *ole men*
Jist as young 's they 'd ever be'n,
Rakun up the ole-time fun:
Apple-paruns 'n' quiltun-bees,
Spellun matches, an' times like these—
Never thinkun of the sun
Till they noticed it wus gone
An' the night wus comun on!
An' ole Johnny says to me,
As we started home, says 'e:
"Now, dog-on, ef 't did n' seem
Ole times come back in a dream!"

Richard Lew Dawson.

A Lost Opportunity.

"SHE comes!" I hear the murmur of
The leaves that rush to meet her,
The joyous carol of a thrush
That splits his throat to greet her.

Through Autumn's shimmering mist she comes,
That veil for Summer's dresses,
With Winter's diamonds at her throat,
And Spring flowers in her tresses.

The baby stars laugh out in glee,
The jasmine buds wax brightly,
The moonbeams dance about her feet,
The night-breeze fans her lightly.

Ah! well I know those cloudy skirts,
And laces that enfold her!—
That graceful poise of dainty head,
Those curves of cheek and shoulder!

With rapturous joy I think that I
Shall soon have held and kissed her—
. . . . . .
A spring—a clasp—a little shriek—
Confound it! 't was my sister!

G. Courtenay Walker.

To John Burroughs.

O GENIAL John! beneath the shade
Why do you grope and peer and creep so?
Aha! you seek the winsome maid,
The dainty, darling nymph, Calypso.

But vain your quest from east to west,
From Marblehead to Tallahassee;
For long agone I sought her, John,
And found, and wooed, and won the lassie.

She 's mine! she 's mine! and mine has been
More years than e'er she knew Ulysses.
For me she waits her bower within,
For me she keeps her ruby kisses.

In *Arbor vitæ's* deepest shade
With other fairy forms I found her.
The shamrock was her waiting-maid,
And *Hypnum splendens* nestled round her.

So coy, so pure, my word upon 't
Not e'en a humble-bee had kissed her—
But come in May-time to Vermont,
I 'll introduce you to her sister.

F. Blanchard.

PEACHAM, VERMONT.

June 21st.

SAID he: "Did you recollect, my dear,
That this is the longest day in the year,
And so happy a one, that I 'll never regret it?"
"I did know," said she, "but you made me forget it!"

George Birdseye.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

VICES, like misfortunes, seldom, if ever, come singly.

HE who has no enemies has no friends—that he can rely upon.

THE most economical man is the one who can spend the most money to advantage.

HUMOR is perennial, but a jest won't bear laughing at but once.

BEAUTY has no rules; or, rather, it has so many that no one can define them.

DEBT is a good deal like the old-fashioned wire mouse-trap—the hole to get in is four times as big as the one to get out at.

IF I could write three lines that could not be improved upon, I would limit my literary fame to them as long as time lasts.

Uncle Esek.

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PASTEUR AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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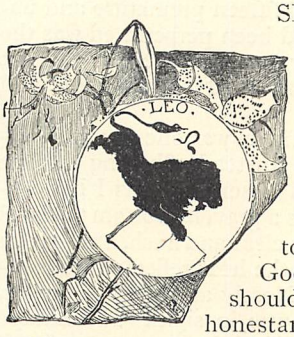
SINAI AND THE WILDERNESS.



SINCE more or less peril attends the long journey over the traditional route of the Israelites from the "Land of Goshen" to the "Mount of God," the first care should be to secure an honest and brave dragoman.

My trust was placed in Mohammed Achmed Effendi Hedayah of Alexandria. We left Cairo one morning in February and rode through the land of Goshen by rail. We arrived at Suez before dark, and took up our quarters in a street as curious as the Mouskee in Cairo. Our coming had been heralded by our body-servant Abdullah, who preceded us to take care of our camp equipage and to secure a boat for our passage across the Red Sea.

The sail was a lovely one of about two hours, including a halt at quarantine. Our camels awaited us at the Asiatic quay, and in an hour they had carried us to the "Wells of Moses." Only a small spring of brackish water was found at the foot of a palm, but, said our devout dragoman, "it is the very place where the Israelites first encamped." Moses here sang the song of deliverance, and here Miriam's sweet tones led the hearts of the Israelites away from their tribulations.

What an event in my life it was, that first night in the desert! Everything looked larger and farther off than usual, except the stars, which seemed to come down into the clear atmosphere like incandescent lights inside their globes. The pages of a new, great volume were turned over before me, presenting all the strange, vague images of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment with lifelike realism.

The Bedouin attendants had arranged their camels on the ground in semicircular groups. Against the inward-turned haunches of the beasts our camp luggage was placed for protection from marauders. In the center of each semicircle a fire of brush and twigs had been kindled. Around these fires the more idle of the swarthy fellows squatted, and toasted their bare shins while they spun their wondrous tales and waited for their evening meal of barley cakes to bake in the hot ashes. A few of the more industrious pounded beans in stone mortars for camel fodder. This weird night-scene was made to look all the more picturesque by the red glare caught upon the faces of the Arabs, and by the twinkling high-lights which played from one awkward, protruding camel-joint to another.

We dined at 6 o'clock P. M. Our first meal in the desert was like that which followed at the end of each day — soup, boiled chicken, mutton, beans, potatoes, lettuce, bread and butter, rice pudding, oranges, nuts, figs, mandarins, and Mocha coffee. Of course as the days went on the supply of delicacies became exhausted, but we always had food enough to satisfy our enormous appetites. Breakfast consisted of meat, potatoes, oatmeal, fruit, and coffee. At noon a halt was always made, a small tent pitched, and a cold lunch partaken of chicken, eggs, fruit, and tea sufficient to sustain life until a new camp was reached at the close of the day.

Our tents were supplied with Persian rugs, an iron bedstead, a small table, and a metal pitcher and basin.

Our first sleep under cover of the tent was undisturbed until daybreak, when the growling of the camels caused us to abandon all hope of further rest. An early start was made. When our caravan rose from the desert I could see the net result of Hedayah's care and tact

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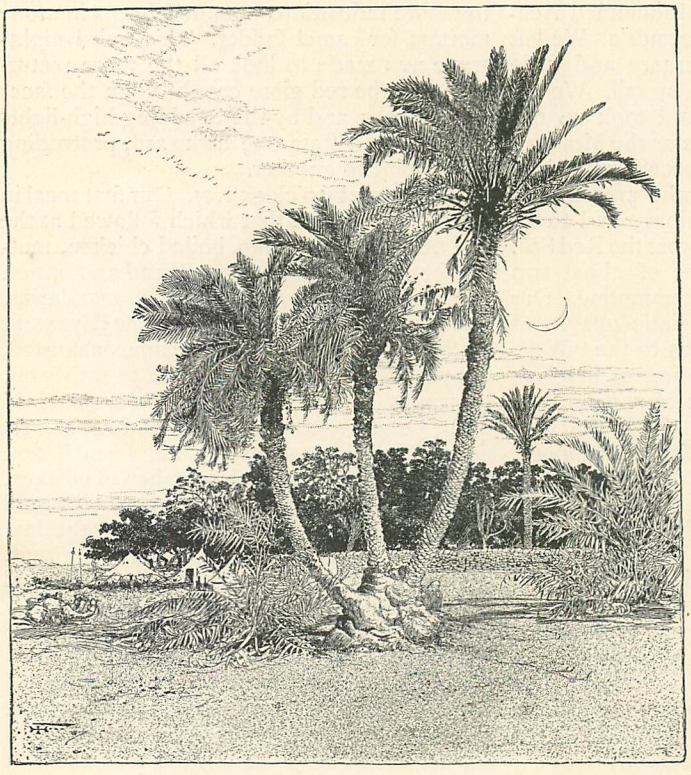
and enterprise. There were seventeen camels and twenty-one attendants.

When I first saw the camels, one foreleg of each was bent up and a strong cord tied around the joint, so that the beasts, thus hobbled, could not stray out of sight. When all was made ready for the march, these bands were loosened. Upon the camels' humps were tied our tents and tent poles; casks of water, padlocked to prevent the camel drivers from stealing the scanty fluid; great boxes of provisions; sacks of charcoal and a sheet-iron stove; crates of oranges and hampers with eggs and cooking-utensils; coops of live chickens, pigeons, and turkeys; beds and bedding; and twenty solid leather trunks of photographic plates. In the caravan went two live sheep to provide fresh mutton when wanted. Six riding-camels brought up the rear. These last were saddled for the four "howadji," Hedayah, and Abdullah, whenever, tired of walking, we chose to mount them. Each camel was attended by its driver, who was usually its owner also, and took good care that it was not overtaxed.

Every night all this "outfit" had to be taken apart, assorted, and shaped into the conveniences of camp. Every morning it had to be loaded for the day's travel amidst the growls of the camels, the screeches of the Bedouins, and the earnest commands of our dragoman. I never could decide which was the best camel or who the least profane of the Arabs. If I fixed upon one as my good camel, the next morning I would find him protesting against every pound placed upon his ugly hump. If I ventured to call Ali or Yusef my good boy, the next time we broke up camp I would find them trying to sneak off with a light load. Moreover, it cost me fifteen days of anxious watching to find the rooster whose crowing awakened me before light every morning. Each morning on hearing him outside my tent I quickly peered through the door and detected him. Abdullah was thereupon ordered to "off with his head" for the coming lunch. The next morning a cheerful voice greeted me as usual. Not until fifteen premature and unjust executions had been perpetrated was the correct chanticleer caught. He was the last of his company, and died because he could not take a hint.

The first day of travel was one of rare pleasures and surprises. Instead of having to plow knee-deep through desert sand, as I had anticipated, there was a gravelly bottom to travel upon. The air was clear and fresh, but the sun was merciless and the heat reflected from below was intense. Nearly all day the blue sea was in sight. The mirage lifted long groves of tall palm-trees, which seemed to beckon us to a welcome shade; but when we diverged a little from the track to see if they were real, the delusion disappeared and only the mountains of Tih, far over on the Egyptian side, were seen.



THE WELLS OF MOSES.

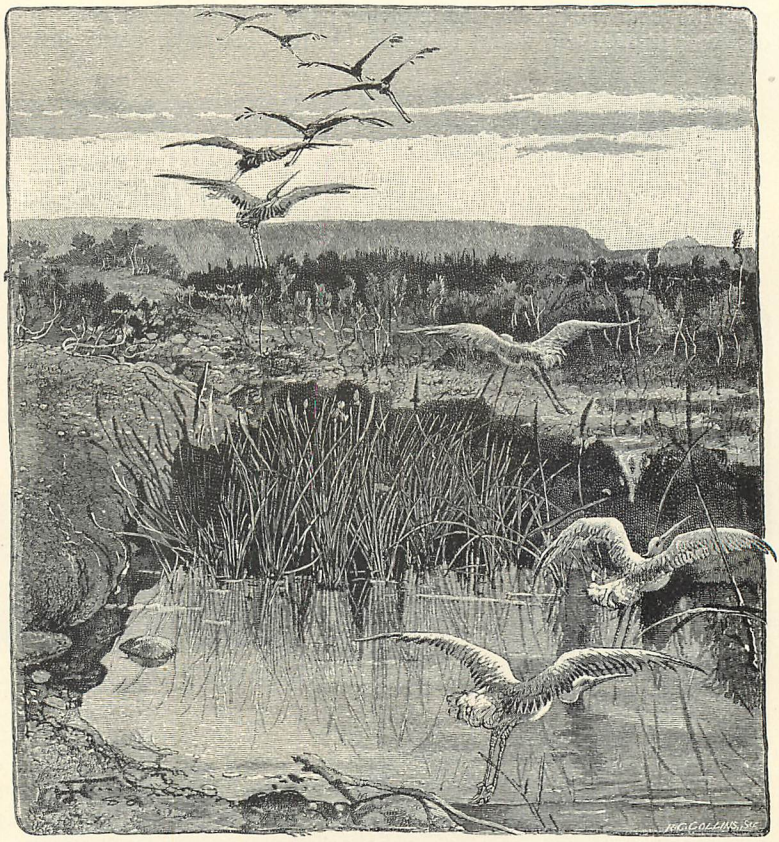
The second night we encamped at Wady Sürdür, where the bitter wells of Marah were visited. Only by digging in the sand could we find even salt water. But at Elim, "where were twelve wells of water and three-score and ten palm-trees," we found abundance of fresh water and a lovely spot upon which to pitch our tents for the third night. During the day we met a caravan of fifty Russian pilgrims returning to Suez from Mount Sinai. All but three were women, and all were mounted upon camels. They came from St. Petersburg. Halting,

they saluted us and commended us for our "holy zeal in undertaking the dangerous and difficult pilgrimage to the Mount of God."

They were in charge of a number of Bedouins, headed by Sheik Mousa, the king of all the Bedouins in the Sinai peninsula. He had been engaged as our escort and now joined us. How noble and patriarchal he looked seated upon his fleet dromedary! He was my ideal of a Bedouin chief. For forty-five days we were together, and I found him as kind and true as he had been represented to me. He came to our lunch tent at noon to plan for the journey, and after the usual time-absorbing salute had been made a presentation ceremony followed.

A rich scarlet robe of silk, lined with green, had been brought from Cairo as a gift to the Arab king, and it fell to my lot to make the presentation speech. At the close I was requested by the king first to try on the royal robe that he might for himself see how it looked. I was a little taller than he, and if the robe fitted me nicely, it would do for him. I assented, whereupon he promised me a brother's protection through the tribes of his kingdom, and agreed to intercede with the sheik at Akabah for our safe conduct to Petra.

This ceremony ended, a still more picturesque scene followed — the discussion of the journey to be taken. With his fingers Mousa drew upon the sand a map of the pear-shaped Sinai peninsula. A depression at the right was the Red Sea. A similar one on the left served for the Gulf of Akabah. An English walnut served to mark the locality of Mount Sinai, and the oases were indicated by chicken-bones. An egg-shell served for Akabah and an orange-peel stood for Petra, while bits of stones served to show where tribes of Bedouins were probably encamped. Winding lines were drawn in the sand to represent the wadies which led from one place to the other, the sand which rose at each side of the royal finger serving to mark the chains of mountains over which we must travel. Then the whole map, thus laid out, was discussed, and the chances of escape from unfriendly tribes were considered. The map I could readily understand, and the eloquent gestures of my two companions — for such they became — were not hard to interpret. It was finally decided to follow the coast where practicable, and at other times to keep to the wadies nearest to the sea.



THE WELLS OF ELIM.

After the consultation closed we moved on through Wady Gharandel to Elim. Each hour the country about us grew more and more picturesque. The red light of the setting sun shone upon some rocky cliffs in the distance near the sea, until, the sun gone, the Arabian moon changed them into silvery profiles. At about 8 P. M. we found our tents at Elim, with those of another American party pitched near them.

The hills about Elim are several hundred feet high. The oasis seems charming to one after having traveled over the dead desert for

several days. Groves of palm, acacia, juniper, tamarisk, and colocynth abound; and among the wells is one living, bubbling spring, from which we drank and took a fresh supply of "sweet water."

Here and there tiny wild-flowers were found. At every turn in the wady the hills grew more shapely, and lovelier in color. Elim is a lovely spot, the clear waters and shade-giving palms of which delight the desert traveler. On the way to the sea, south and east, two rivals to "the true Elim" were found. The first is but a flat, damp spot, scarcely worth mentioning; the second is a somewhat extensive oasis, and has a tiny stream running through it out into the wady and thence to the sea. But our unanimous vote accorded with tradition in believing that all the honors of Elim belong to the first oasis.

Now came a series of surprises. As we broke through the grove of palms, suddenly, like an immense wall, a great mountain range arose, and cast a grateful shadow over our pathway. It led us directly to the gorgeous colored side of Jebel Taiyibeh, whose cones and cliffs were built up of strata running diagonally from the sea, of brown, amber, orange, red, purple, white, gray, marl green, and black.

How glorious was the sight of so much water once more! We could not drink it, but it was cool and clean, and we could enjoy a bath in it. It united its hoarse bass notes with the plaintive treble of the tiny stream which near by gave up its individuality to the waves. Here the mountains seemed to halt and draw back. Passing them, we turned to the left and followed down the coast. Beyond a long line of naked peaks we caught the first glimpse of Mount Serbal. Over the sea, we could once more make out the Egyptian hills, just as the murmuring Israelites saw them when moving along this very shore.

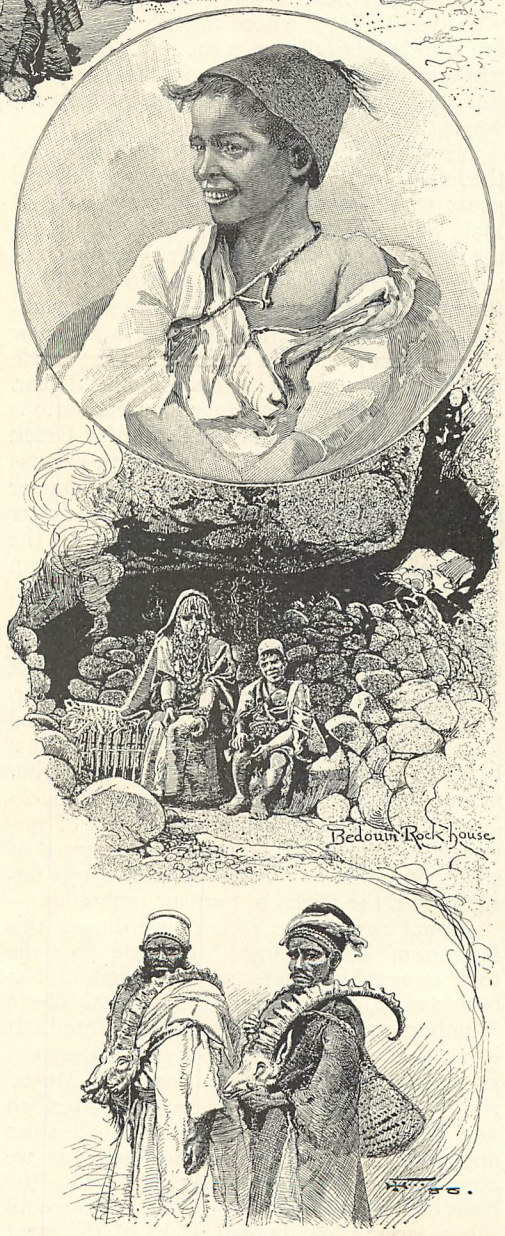
BY THE RED SEA.

BEDOUIN TYPES.

That night we also "encamped by the Red Sea," in "the very place," we were assured, "where the children of Israel encamped after leaving Elim." An extensive plateau is here, bounded on three sides by picturesque hills and on the west by the Red Sea. It is an enchanting spot. The colored hills resemble long rows of towers with pointed roofs, one tier reaching above another, while the peaks on the Egyptian side seemed then like faint gray clouds. It is truly a desert place compared with Elim. It proved much less friendly in its treatment of the stranger, for twice during the night it sent airy emissaries ashore to pull out my tent-pins from the conniving sand and to tumble my tent down upon my head.

Next morning the camera caught the choicest of the curious rock-pictures. Nature had been in a freakish mood — it was one of those efforts of hers which defy pen, palette, and photography. Sometimes the elevations seemed like the heaped-up refuse of a foundry; at other times as if the entire circuit had been undermined and thrown back by the searcher for gems as he delved into the mysteries of the mountain. The spaces between gave the shadows a chance to help bring out the admirable forms into bold relief. Sometimes the mountains fairly stepped into the sea, or had tumbled down great masses from their steep inclines to make it rougher for the pilgrim. The sea, too, presented some fine studies in iridescence. One moment the glistening water lies as calm and placid as a lake of ice; suddenly it is all in a quiver, and its broad expanse becomes broken up into belts of the most striking colors.

Towards midday we began to move in an easterly direction and our path ascended. Frequently we climbed to what resembled the crater of a volcano. Grouped together below was usually found a varied collection of forms



PEDDLING IBEX HEADS.

like spires, pinnacles, domes, and stalagmites of color reminding one of the scene within the awful throat of Mount Vesuvius.

Towards night the old-time Egyptian copper mines of Mäghära, in Wady Keneh, were reached. The ruins of an old temple near by bear the cartouches of Rameses II.

We encamped that night in a deep valley the surroundings of which reminded me of those of Crawford Notch, only the mountains were bare of all foliage, and there was no lake nor any tumbling cascade.

During the next day we passed through the "Written Valley," where Sinaitic inscriptions are found plentifully upon the rocks. In other respects the surrounding mountains are less interesting than those already passed on the way.

A small land-slide came tumbling down on the left. It was started by a line of sheep and goats which stood, with an amused sort of look, watching our caravan. Their shepherdess attempted to hide from our sight, but persuasive backsheesh induced her to submit to the ordeal of the camera. She refused to remove her face-veil, but permitted a full view of her trinkets. While posing her I made the following inventory of her neck and head gear. On the top of her head four trousers-buttons were united by cords in the form of a Greek cross. Near each temple was an iron harness ring, one and one-quarter inch in diameter and one-eighth inch thick, tied to the lower combination. From these rings down to the edges of the face-veil ran two pieces of iron and brass jack-chain. From the rear button, over the part in the hair, a cord ran backwards. Bunches of beads hung from the cords at her temples, and a lot of beads with a silver disk as large as a Bland dollar hung from each ear. Three bracelets of turquoise and amber graced each arm, and from one of them dangled a brass navy button. There were rings on her fingers and thumbs. Nineteen dazzling necklaces hung around her neck — some of turquoise, some of amber, while some were of silver, and one was made up of the iron ferrules from the sticks of tourists' umbrellas.

Mount Serbal was often seen during this afternoon. Before night we came to "the rock struck by Moses," as recorded in Exodus xvii. 6, and referred to so graphically in Numbers xx. 7–11. The rock is isolated. It is 20 feet wide by 12 feet high. A deep cut runs down its side — "the mark of Moses' rod" — whence flowed the waters of Meribah and Massah. The mountains on all sides appeared more and more impressive as we climbed the steep pass which led us to the oasis of Pharan, or Wady Feiran. Above all others we saw the jagged peaks of the giant Jebel Serbal — different in form and in color from its neighbors.

Here we came to a steep, narrow defile, and our carefully stepping camels were made more careful by the quick, sharp cries of their drivers — "Ooah! edock! hutta!" ("Look out! step carefully!") which admonition seemed to be repeated to us by the echoing peaks as though warning us not to approach. But the odor of apricot, orange, peach, and cherry persuaded us upward and onward. Soon we arrived at the oasis and heard the song of a tiny brook, and soon saw small gardens and rude stone houses. A lad met us and gave us some cherries which tasted like apples. The lovely bulbuls were flitting among the trees, and regaled us with their sweet, wild notes, and for the first time we heard the plaintive bleat of a baby camel. Our baggage camels had arrived before us and our tents had been pitched near the stream. My own tent door opened upon the wide, steep Wady Áleyát, which is lined by lofty peaks of gneiss, the varied colors and eccentric shapes of which reminded me of the fantastic trickery of the kaleidoscope.

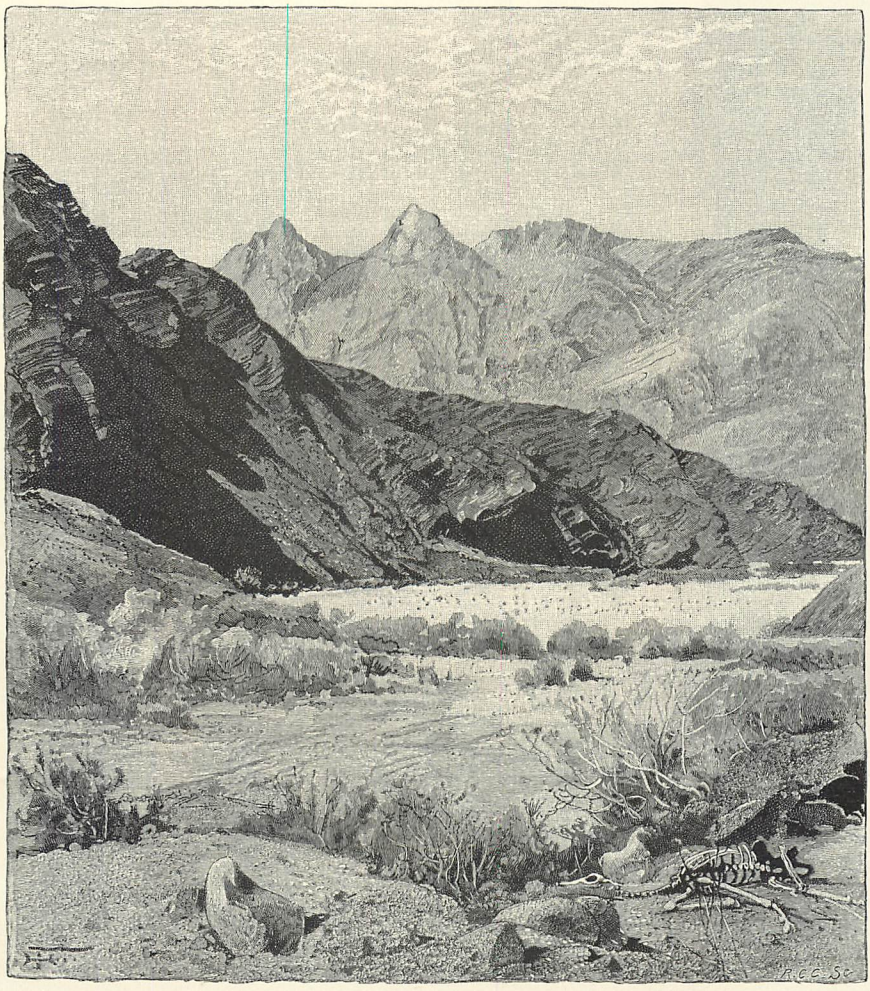
We were among the relics of the ancient city of Pharan, or Paran, and could see monastic ruins on nearly every mountain incline. Carefully irrigated palm groves, rice fields, and fruit orchards abounded, and all were in their spring-time glory. We saw a Bedouin gathering manna. We could see the very crags upon which the sentinels stood, whence, in olden times, when danger approached, they gave the alarm to their fellow-townsmen below. It was here that Mr. George Ebers placed the scene of his charming romance "Homo Sum."

In front of my tent, at the right, I could see the battle-field where Israel contested with Amalek for possession of the very stream which was singing to me at that moment. In the distance the five points of majestic Serbal rose far above the intervening mountains. I was "pitched in Rephidim," and remained four days. The points of interest there are almost as numerous as they are at Mount Sinai.

The ruined houses of ancient Pharan are all built closely together, and are of unquarried stone, except the doorways. Here dwelt the persecuted Christians and those who came here to shun the temptations of the world by hiding from them.

Near by, in the face of a neighboring jebel, or mountain, are the caves of the anchorites. In each of these numerous narrow excavations, sheltered only by the low stone roof, once dwelt, year after year, a man whose only bed was of dried herbs, and whose only garment was a sheepskin. Men who had grown tired of

the world came here to carry out their own independence and particular mode of penance without subjection to any other authority than their own conscience. Almost every rock has been an altar or has echoed the amens of an anchorite. From the fertile plateau an isolated hillock rises which, seen from a height, looks like an island in the oasis. On its top are the ruins of a church and of the "Oratorium." Lining the pathway leading to the church are several ruined chapels. This island, so to speak, is Jebel El Meharret — the "Mountain of Moses."



WADY FEIRAN, SITE OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN ISRAEL AND AMALEK.

Here Moses was stationed during the battle of Rephidim, and prayed for the success of Joshua against Amalek, while Aaron and Hur held up his hands. On all sides are remains of the walls constructed by the citizens of Pharan to fortify themselves against the attacks of the marauding Saracens. The summit of the mountain affords a magnificent view of the surrounding country. The wadies which encircle it are as level as a race-course. Joshua and Amalek could have pursued one another endlessly there but for the uplifted hands of Moses.

The whole battle could be witnessed by the great commander, no matter at which side of the mountain the skirmishes took place. The largest space, and therefore the most probable place, is on the side towards Mount Serbal. Close by, still full of life and health and good cheer, is "the innocent cause of the war," the lovely brook which waters the palm groves and gardens of Wady Feiran.

The climb to the highest peak of Mount Serbal is avoided by many tourists because they do not believe it is the true Sinai, or because it is too laborious. We started up the wady on camels, at 5:40 A. M. The nearly

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT SERBAL.

full moon was still shining, and bathed with a tender radiance the rugged cliffs. Two hours of slow winding and climbing over the porphyry-strewn path brought us to a deep ravine between two of the five peaks of the noble mountain. There we dismounted and continued the ascent on foot.

The ascent grew more and more difficult — sometimes almost perpendicular. After much hard work a crag was mastered that looked from below as though it reached the clouds; but beyond it was disclosed another height more difficult to gain and more dangerous than the first. Finally a narrowing of the gorge was reached, and we turned about to obtain a backward view. We could then overlook many of the points referred to, and see the whole line of the Wady Áleyát, up which we came on our camels. Beyond are hundreds of peaks, over whose granite shapes narrow lines of red porphyry creep like enormous serpents. At the left was a bare perpendicular cliff, fully

three thousand feet high, with not an inch friendly enough to offer a foothold. The sight was appalling. We now turned to our work again and clambered on, sometimes on all fours, resting wherever a hospitable rock offered us shade. Frequently we found small quantities of ice and snow, and made some iced tea.

At last the summit of the highest peak was gained. So clear was the atmosphere that we could overlook almost the whole of the Sinai peninsula. On the one side was the sea where Pharaoh's host wrestled with the returning waves. On the other, Solomon had sailed his fleets. On the south side the "Mountain of the Law" stood forth, and I know not how far one could see through the clear atmosphere beyond. There seemed to be hundreds of mountains in view sleeping at our feet. Among them crept the light serpentine wadies innumerable, including those we had traveled during our journey from Suez and the ones we must follow to reach Mount Sinai and Akabah. It was down towards the south where Moses lost his way.

To me the most expansive view seemed to be towards the west, where the line of the Red Sea glistened like a silver cord bordered by the mountains beyond, and fringed more roughly by a line on this side. We saw the two caravan routes which led through deep and stony gorges to the sea, and through which pilgrims for thousands of years had come to worship God; they were sometimes followed by natives of the peninsula who came to sacrifice to *their* gods — the sun, moon, and stars — upon the very peak where my camera was placed. Upon the same height great beacon-fires were often kindled to guide and warn the mariners of both seas. It is still called "El Madhawwa" (light-house) by the Arabs. Sinaitic inscriptions are plentiful upon the rocks.

Grand as the views are, they did not impress me as much as those obtained at the base of the perpendicular cliff during the ascent. Several hours were occupied with resting, work, and observation, and then, reluctantly, the perilous descent was undertaken. Sometimes a rock was started that would crash and split into a thousand pieces as it rolled. Hedayah called it "a good Roman road," but our attendants were nearer right when they named it "the road of the sweater." Just as we reached our waiting camels at the base, the sun was again playing upon the five points of Serbal. Then the light went out; the wady grew cool. With delight we hailed the rising moon, for then our sure-footed camels stepped with more confidence and we felt safer.

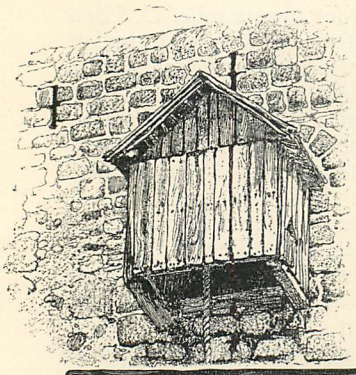
Next day, at 7:30 A. M., we broke camp at Wady Feiran. The gardens and groves of the oasis continued for over a mile. A fellah was seen irrigating the land with an Egyptian shadoof. Flocks of sheep and goats were numerous. Frequently the Sinai group could be seen for a moment, though far to the south. The day was so hot that we did not venture to pitch our lunch tent at noon. We ate and rested beneath the shadow of a great rock, much to the amazement of a Bedouin shepherdess who watched us on the sly.

Early in the afternoon we reached two perpendicular cliffs about sixty feet high and only a few feet apart. They form the "Gate of Sinai." About 6 P. M. we arrived at a point in Wady Hawá where we expected to find our tents ready for the night, but no tents were to be seen. Abdullah had misunderstood his master, and had camped in a more distant wady with a similar name. We were not lost, but our tents were, and it took three hours of tired riding to discover our camp.

We reached Nagb Hawá the next afternoon. (A nagb is a rough mountain pass, filled with rocky débris driven down by the torrents from the steep inclines on either side.) No one who has climbed it will ever complain that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Moreover, he will acknowledge that one of the greatest blessings accorded the murmuring children of Israel was that "their shoes waxed not old upon their feet." Frequently, while ascending this nagb, it was more comfortable for us to dismount and walk. It was more merciful to the camels too. The ascent of Mount Serbal was scarcely more difficult. At times the way seemed almost past finding out, and a "dead-lock" occurred. Trees had grown up among the rocks so as to form an impregnable wall in places. To flank these was the only way to advance.

At one point we found a tiny spring among the juniper bushes. There we quenched our thirst, lunched, and photographed the welcome little "fountain." Then the camels came, and drank the spring dry. Some of the camel drivers were indignant that we did not allow the camels to have all the water. Long before emerging from the nagb, while climbing its last ascent, the isolated group of mountains called the "true Sinai" loomed up in the distance.

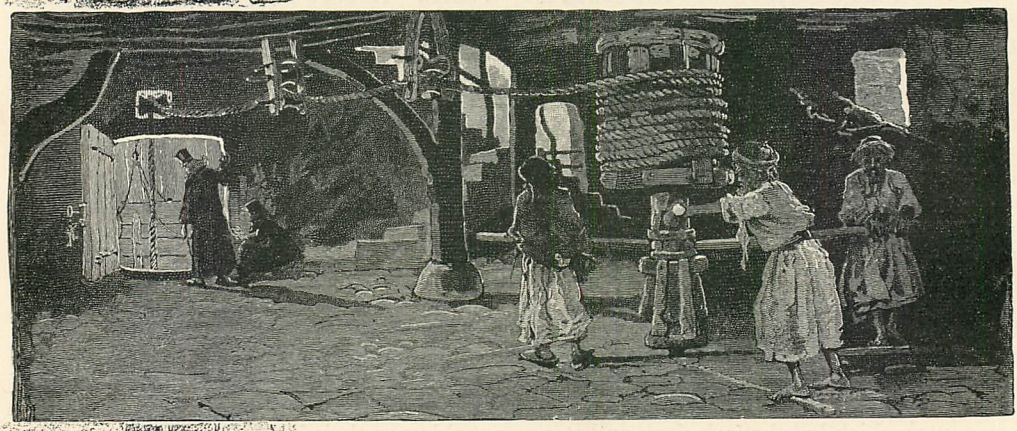
It does not seem high, because it was yet half hidden from our view by the intervening hill. As soon as this hill was mastered the plain of El Raha, or "Plain of Assemblage," came into full view, with the Sinai range at its southern extreme. The combination was satisfying — convincing. Here was the one great feature the want of which prevented Mount Serbal from contesting for the honors of Sinai. There is no plain in the vicinity of



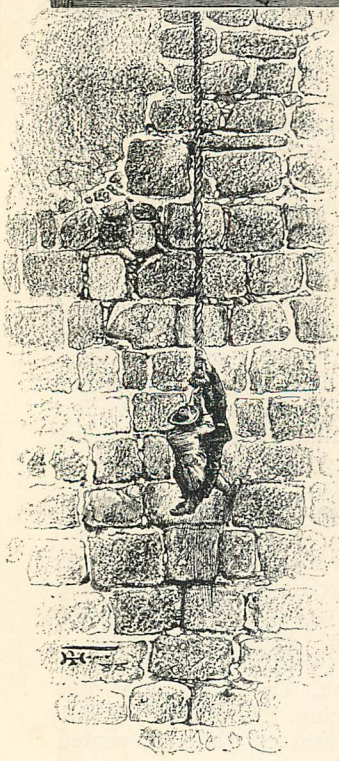
Serbal extensive enough to accommodate an assemblage as large as Moses led. But here is a vast plateau of sufficient extent, and, as we shall presently see when we view it from Mount Sinai summit, so located that Moses could overlook it all when he read the Law. This must be the "true Sinai,"—the very mountain upon which the glory of the Lord rested in the sight of the people. When facing its awful, stately grandeur, I felt as if I had come to the end of the world. How many pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to this very spot to reverence, to sacrifice, and to worship!

I dismounted to contemplate the sublime panorama, and Elihuel, my camel driver, sat down beside me. He hardly seemed to understand my actions, and at last interrupted my reverie by exclaiming, as he pointed to the lofty group, "Jebel Mousa—Tayeeb!" ("Mountain of Moses—good!") He also reverenced it, for he was a Mohammedan.

What impresses the American traveler most sensibly here is the fact that although mountains abound, and stream-beds are more plenty than in our own White Hills, a cascade or a waterfall is never heard. When the rains fall, the water rolls down these bare, rough diagonals uninterrupted, and empties into the wadies, which in turn impetuously roll the torrents into the sea with great speed, before the parched earth has time to absorb more than a mere surface supply.



WORKING THE ELEVATOR.



THE WAY INTO THE CONVENT IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

What a surprise, then, when, arrived at the highest ridge of the vast plateau of Er Raha, to see a bright oasis full of trees laden with the rich blossoms of spring, backed by the strange, contrasting, gloomy walls of the Convent of Saint Catherine. No location could be more charming—in the narrowing valley, nestled at the feet of the closely protecting mountains. Upon the highest ramparts are set both the cannon and the cross. It was both castle and convent we were approaching. More than once the inmates have been obliged to defend themselves against the marauder. At one time every monk was massacred. Since then more care has been exercised. We were obliged to prove our friendship before we could gain admittance. We could not even encamp in the neighborhood until our credentials were examined and approved.

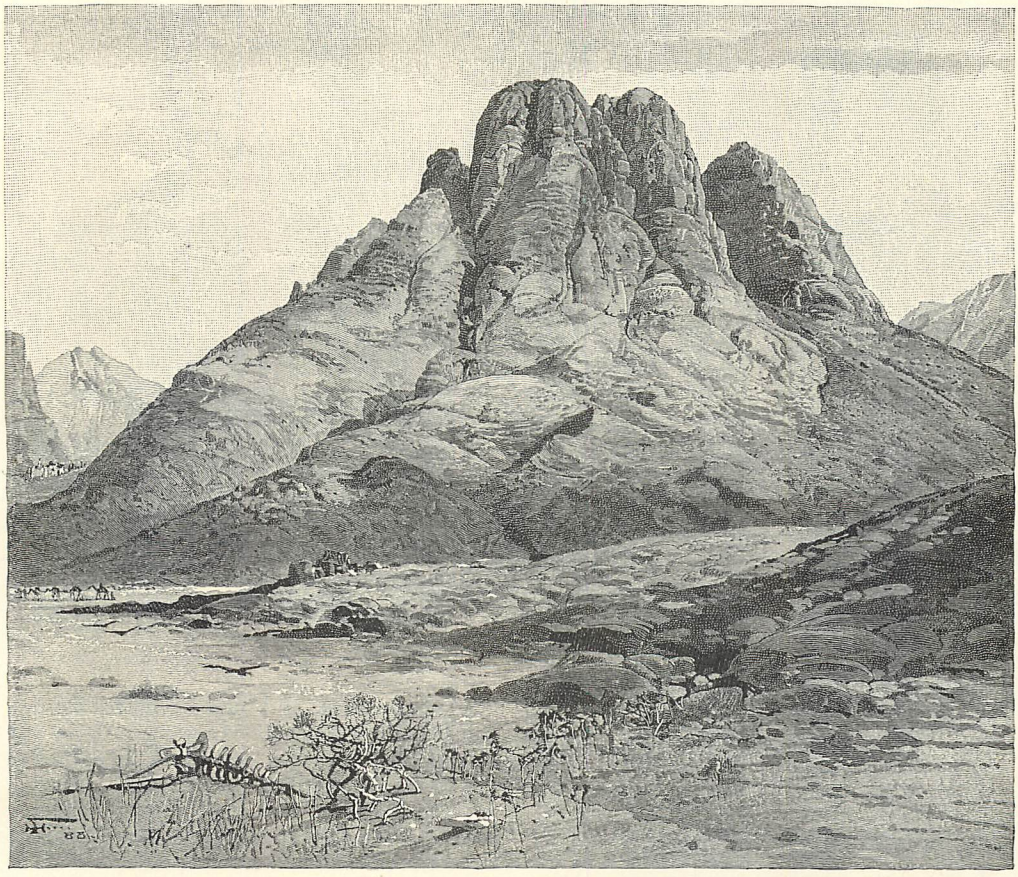
Arriving at the convent wall we sent up a shout to the top. In the course of time the voice of a monk sent down a squeaky response. To a point near the top of the wall a tiny structure shaped like a dog-kennel is attached. From this a small rope was let down, to which

we attached our firman, or letter of introduction, obtained at the branch institution at Suez. This was hauled up slowly and soon answered by a great noise in the aërial kennel. Then a thick cable was lowered to us and we were asked to "Get in and come up." But the low gate in the wall was swung open at that moment, and we chose to enter the convent by it rather than to go up by cable.

When we arrived at the quarters of the superior we saw that the cable was not let down hand over hand, but that a clumsy windlass, worked and turned by Bedouin serfs, was the power behind the throne. The combination is believed to be the first passenger elevator in the world.

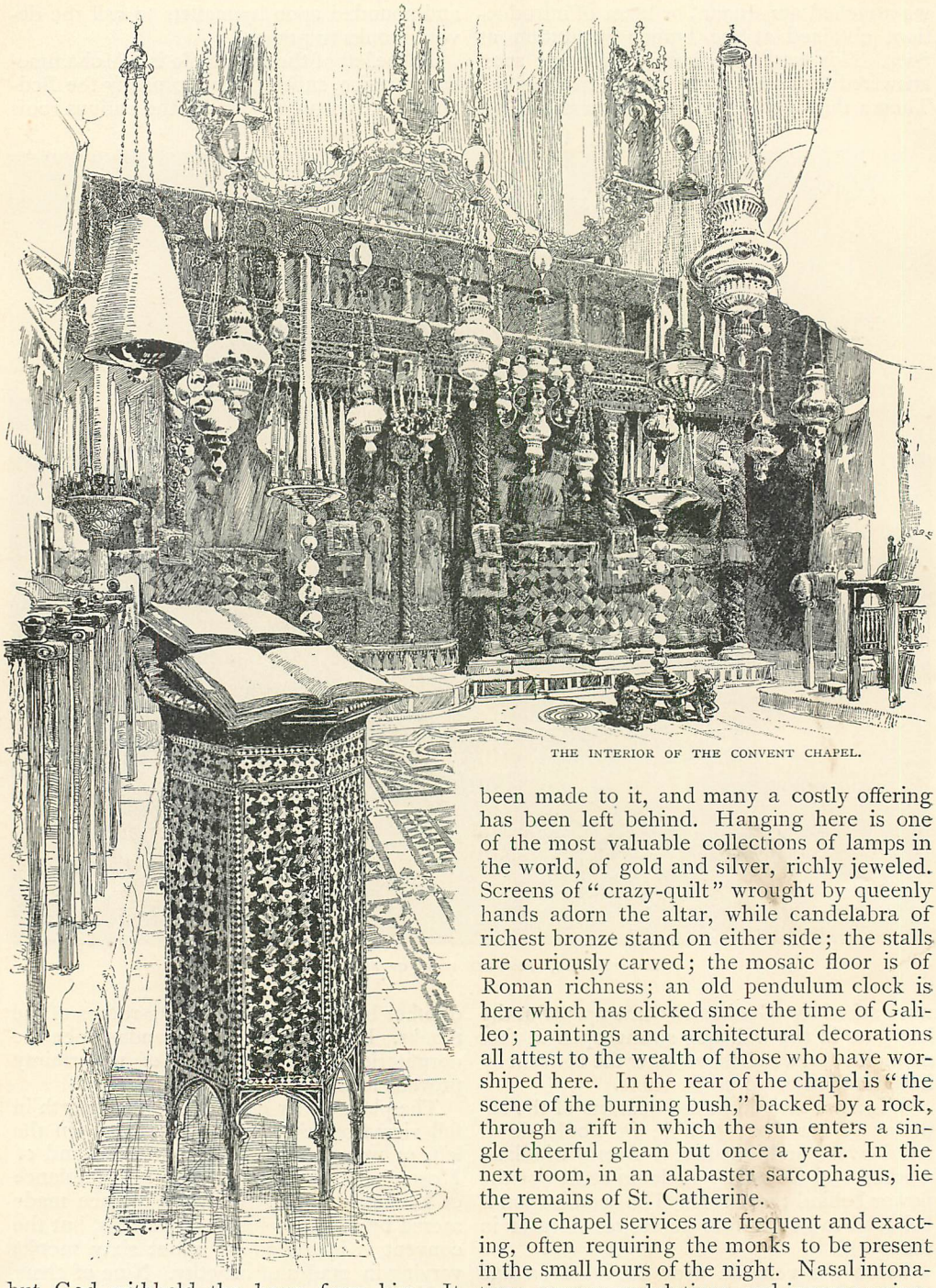
From the veranda near the "lift" a fine view of the convent buildings outside the walls was had. On the right is the chapel, with its lead roof, built more than 1300 years ago. Near it is a modern campanile, reminding one of Venice. Several bells hang in it, but their ringing irritates the Bedouins, so beams of hard, sonorous wood are swung from ropes and pounded upon by mallets to call the devout monks to prayer.

At the left of the campanile is a Mohammedan mosque, suffered here to pacify the Bedouins, but not used. Under the curious roofs of other buildings are the living-rooms of the monks. From the several verandas open the dormitories. A waggish sort of uncertainty prevails in the architecture.



RAS-SUFSAFEH, FROM THE PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE.

The plain of Er Raha lies on the north in full view from the superior's piazza. On the left, or west, is the "Mount of God and of Moses." It seems as though no semblance of humanity should remain in a place made sacred by so many holy associations, but the convent is inhabited by about sixty monks varying in grades of sanctity. Nine of them yielded to our camera. A beardless youth afforded us considerable amusement. Repeatedly he came to me, with tears in his eyes, and begged for some recipe to make his beard grow. He said that he would not be allowed to read chapel service until he had a beard; that nearly all the monks but him had beards,



THE INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT CHAPEL.

but God withheld the boon from him. It looked to me like a case of soap and water; but I desired to be charitable, and suggested a remedy, for which he gave me his benediction.

Few places are more interesting than the interior of the chapel of the convent. Ever since the time of Justinian royal pilgrimages have been made to it, and many a costly offering has been left behind. Hanging here is one of the most valuable collections of lamps in the world, of gold and silver, richly jeweled. Screens of "crazy-quilt" wrought by queenly hands adorn the altar, while candelabra of richest bronze stand on either side; the stalls are curiously carved; the mosaic floor is of Roman richness; an old pendulum clock is here which has clicked since the time of Galileo; paintings and architectural decorations all attest to the wealth of those who have worshiped here. In the rear of the chapel is "the scene of the burning bush," backed by a rock, through a rift in which the sun enters a single cheerful gleam but once a year. In the next room, in an alabaster sarcophagus, lie the remains of St. Catherine.

The chapel services are frequent and exacting, often requiring the monks to be present in the small hours of the night. Nasal intonations, uneasy undulations, and incense-swinging make up the cheerless performance.

Many valuable books and manuscript copies of the Scriptures are in the convent library. The superior has been very chary of these since Tischendorf got away the manuscript of the Codex Sinaiticus. I found a copy of

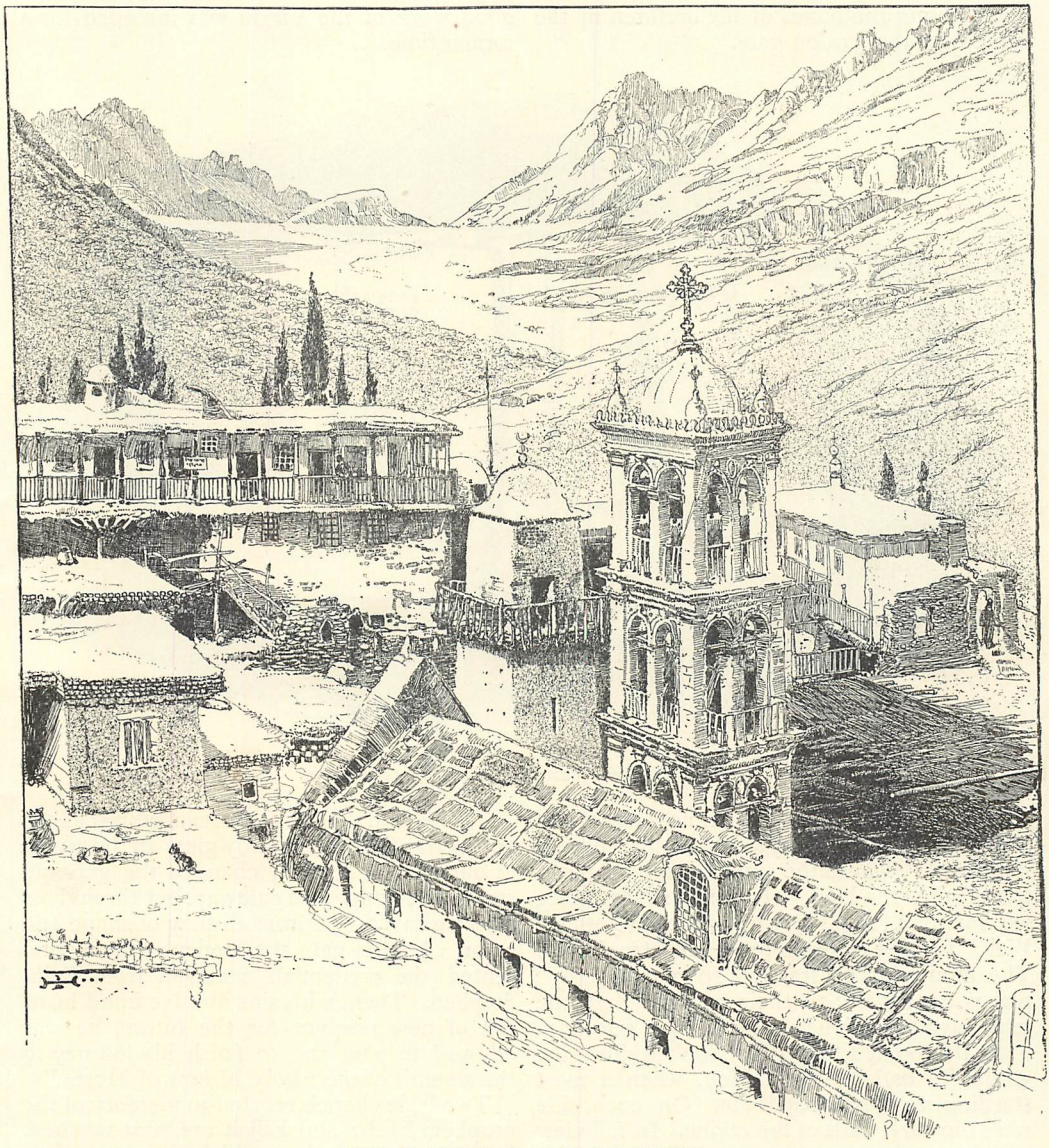
the famous "Book of the Gospels," dating from the time of Theodosius II., A. D. 766. The whole work was written in Greek letters with gold on parchment. The cover was of metal. Colored portraits of the apostles embellished it, with backgrounds of burnished gold. I asked the privilege of photographing some of the pages, but the superior said, "I cannot allow it to go out of my hands."

"Very well, then," I said; "bring it out into the light of the court and hold it in your hands while I photograph it."

He generously assented to this, and I thus secured two pages of the precious Codex Aureus.

The next thing to do was to ascend Mount Sinai. There are three or four routes, all of which are full of interest. We were led by one of the monks. The fraternity had constructed a rude stone stairway part of the distance, which out of respect for them we followed. The morning was glorious. We started early, that we might have the help of the clear, cool, sweet air in climbing the heights before the merciless Asiatic sun had so shortened the shadows as to deprive us of any protection by them.

After twenty minutes the old "Shrive Gate" was reached. Here in former days the pilgrims partook of the sacrament, received ab-



PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE, FROM THE CONVENT.

solution, and a certificate of church standing which enabled them to pass the second gate unchallenged. This shrive service was rendered for many years by an old monk whose devotion won for him the name of "Saint Stephen." His skeleton is preserved prominent among the bones of his brethren in the crypt near the garden gate.

party, during my stay in the neighborhood, preferred, "for the sake of novelty," to live in the convent rather than in tents. When they made their departure they assured me that they had had plenty of novelty, including a startling abundance that seemed to prove that the good work of the Virgin was intended for a former time.

"THE BOOK OF THE GOSPELS," KEPT IN THE CONVENT.

The crags and peaks which now came into view ahead and on every side were all the more impressive because the sun had not yet penetrated the shadows. In one shady place we found a small spring called "Jethro's Well," but not believed to be the "true" well. The monks have arranged so many "holy" places convenient to their convent that one may have the privilege of making a selection.

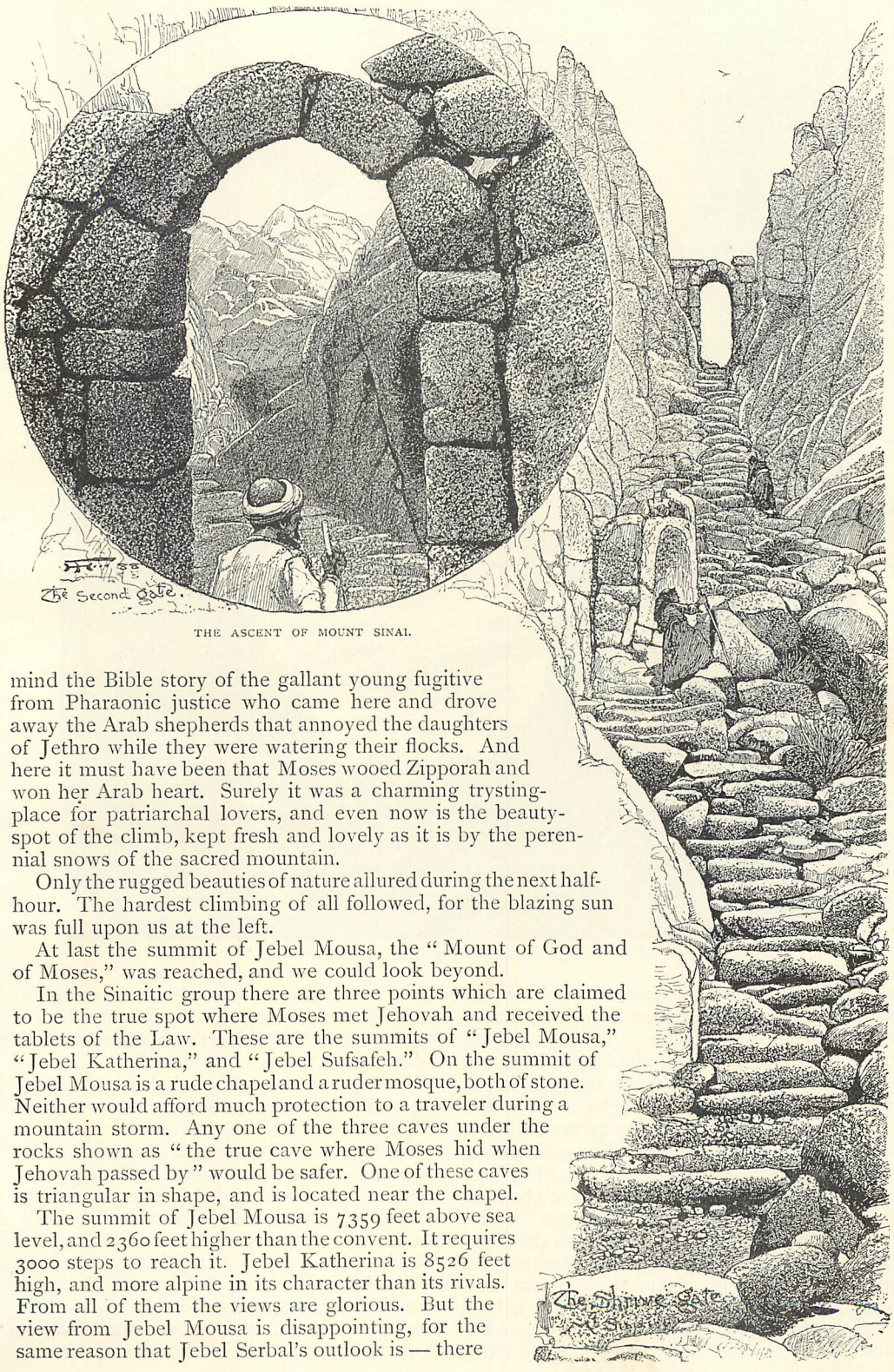
At this point I turned and looked down the gorge we had been climbing, when a most startling view rewarded me. On each side were the dark walls of the ravine. In full view below was the monastery, and the mountains east covered with the glory of the morning sun. The coloring was superb. I could not reproduce it by my art, but I caught the light and shade.

In a quarter of an hour the "Chapel of the Virgin" was reached. It is a small, homely structure of granite, and was erected by the grateful monks in honor of the occasion when the Virgin relieved the convent perpetually from a plague of fleas. Another American

The second gateway was reached just as the god of day flamed his ruddy glow up the ravine at our left. It scarcely changed the gray old stones of the massive gateway, but through its arch we saw a wondrous display of shape and color. At this gate the ancient pilgrim presented the credentials received from Saint Stephen. Then, with sins absolved and heart full of new resolves for the future, he was allowed to pass and to finish his journey to the summit of the "holy Mount of Moses."

Two little chapels erected in memory of the prophets Elisha and Elijah are next reached. In one the grotto where Elijah hid after he had slain the priests of Baal is shown. Near at hand is a depression in a rock, in shape resembling a camel's track. "It is the foot-mark of the camel of Mohammed, made when ascending to heaven with his master on his back."

Climbing on amidst the natural glories which surrounded us, we came to the "true well of Jethro." A tiny oasis surrounded it, where some flocks of sheep and goats were grazing. These made a realistic picture, and called to



THE ASCENT OF MOUNT SINAI.

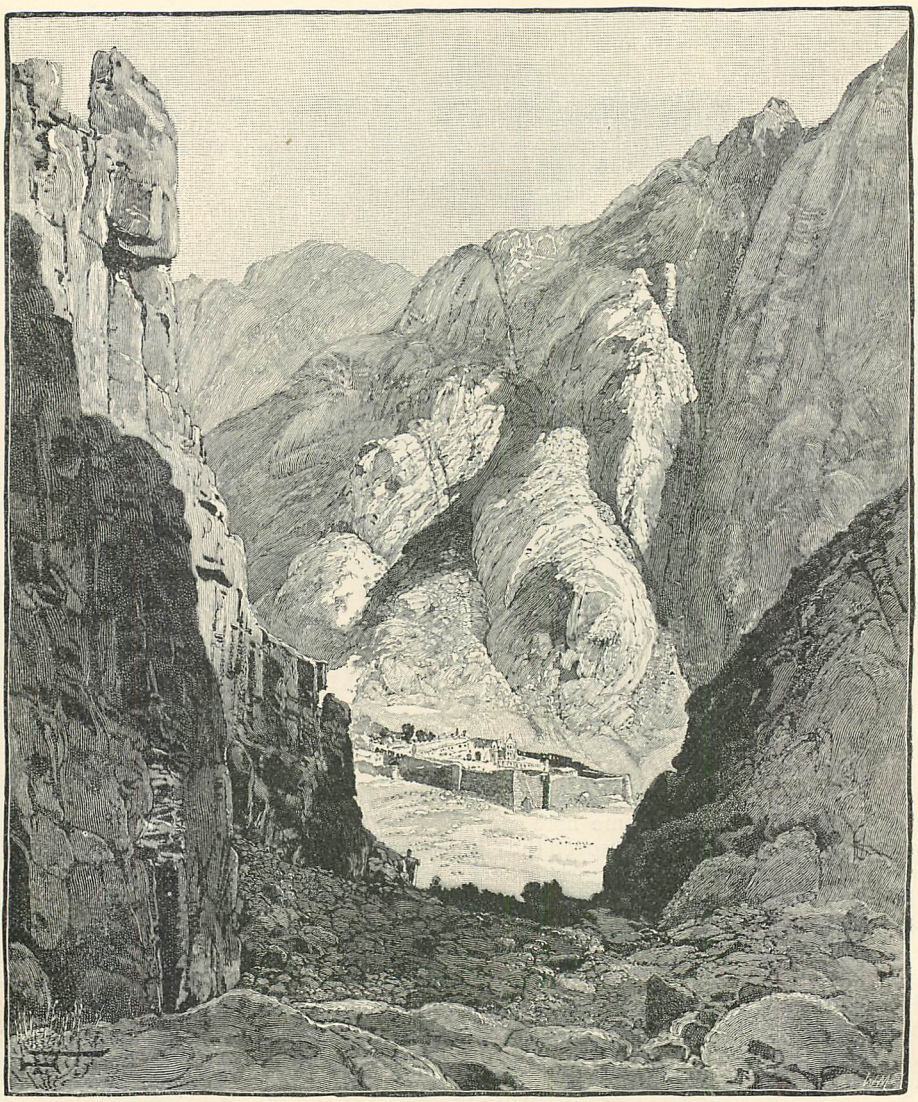
mind the Bible story of the gallant young fugitive from Pharaonic justice who came here and drove away the Arab shepherds that annoyed the daughters of Jethro while they were watering their flocks. And here it must have been that Moses wooed Zipporah and won her Arab heart. Surely it was a charming trysting-place for patriarchal lovers, and even now is the beauty-spot of the climb, kept fresh and lovely as it is by the perennial snows of the sacred mountain.

Only the rugged beauties of nature allured during the next half-hour. The hardest climbing of all followed, for the blazing sun was full upon us at the left.

At last the summit of Jebel Mousa, the "Mount of God and of Moses," was reached, and we could look beyond.

In the Sinaitic group there are three points which are claimed to be the true spot where Moses met Jehovah and received the tablets of the Law. These are the summits of "Jebel Mousa," "Jebel Katherina," and "Jebel Sufsafeh." On the summit of Jebel Mousa is a rude chapel and a ruder mosque, both of stone. Neither would afford much protection to a traveler during a mountain storm. Any one of the three caves under the rocks shown as "the true cave where Moses hid when Jehovah passed by" would be safer. One of these caves is triangular in shape, and is located near the chapel.

The summit of Jebel Mousa is 7359 feet above sea level, and 2360 feet higher than the convent. It requires 3000 steps to reach it. Jebel Katherina is 8526 feet high, and more alpine in its character than its rivals. From all of them the views are glorious. But the view from Jebel Mousa is disappointing, for the same reason that Jebel Serbal's outlook is — there



THE CONVENT, FROM MOUNT SINAI.

is no plain in sight where Israel could have had room to assemble. The view from Jebel Katherina is alike unsatisfactory. Let us make an observation from the summit of Jebel Sufsafeh. To obtain it we retraced our steps as far as Jethro's Well and then entered a wady to the left. Two small ravines were crossed when a third and deeper one was found, wherein a rude chapel stands, partly shaded by a small willow-tree. From this tree the peak we are about to ascend takes its name — Ras es Sufsafeh (the "Mount of the Willow"). Climbing the steep and rocky gorge ascending from the tree, we gained the summit of Sufsafeh. From that standpoint one mighty prospect of barren peaks is presented, bounded only by the desert and the seas; and there, at the foot of the mountain, lies a vast plateau — the plain of Er Raha. It must be the "Plain of Assemblage," and it must be that this is the "Mount of God and of Moses."

I could hear the voices of the natives living in the tiny oasis at the base, more than a mile away.

The beauty of the scene is very great. No accessories of snow or river or foliage are there, and none are needed — nor distance — to "lend enchantment to the view." Would that I could picture what I saw! The rugged "Rock of Moses" lay at my feet, as black as the shadow at its side. Across the plain, on each side, the crag-crowned mountains were glowing with streams of ruby color. Nature seemed preparing for some great spectacle.

The "Pass of the Winds."

PLAIN OF ASSEMBLAGE, FROM THE ROCK OF MOSES.

The horizon was submerged in a molten sea of flame, while the sea, now blue, now green, now golden, now as red as blood, was all in a tremor. Now gray veils of misty fabric began to rise from the shadowed plain, moving to and fro like specters. Then the solid amethyst of the western sky was rent, and stripes of turquoise were discovered between. There was not a sound. Quickly, as though by the deft turning of some mighty wheel, the glorious coloring disappeared. Not even the sea could be discerned. The lights went out. The metamorphosis was hastened, the after-glow was shortened, by the prompt appearance of the pale Arabian moon. Its soft light seemed to have no influence over the deeper hollows and shadows, for the blackness of night, now spread over them, was too closely set for such gentle persuasion.

But the glorious peaks about us were clothed in a new attire. Catching the mellow light as it arose, half their height was submerged by the fog. Like a sea of silver it caught the light, and reminded me of a tented field, or of tossing mounds of snow as I have seen them from Mount Washington in winter. Who wonders at the wild fancies of a people whose home is amidst such scenes?

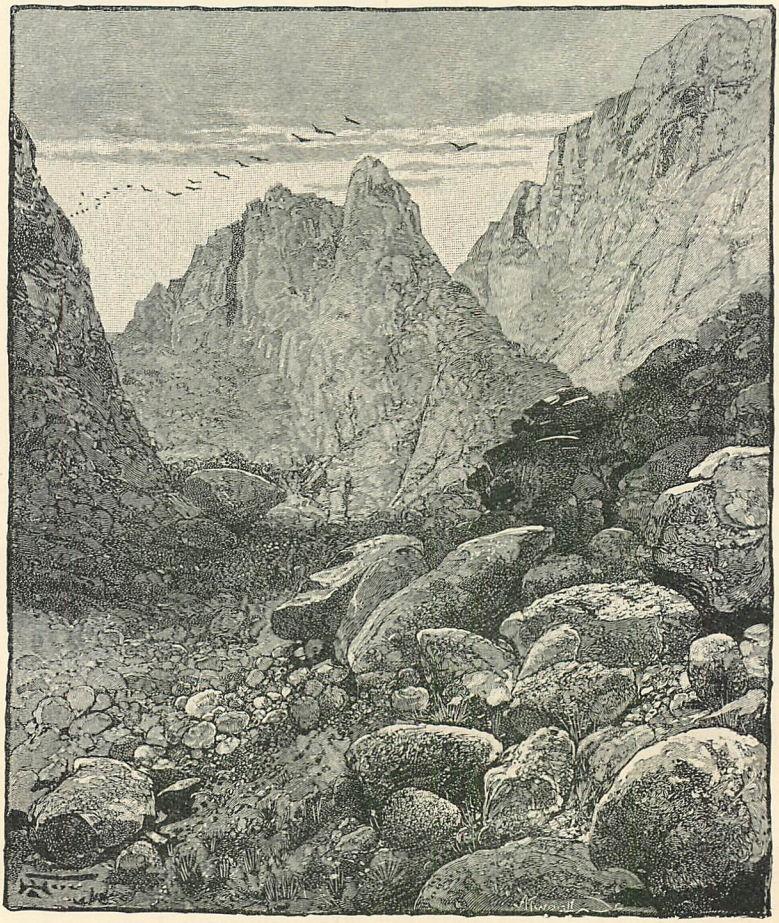
How reluctantly I gave up my seat on the "Rock of Moses!" Again and again I turned to look upon the glories surrounding, and then descended to my tent.

An after-visit was made to the willow-tree; and then, instead of descending by the monks' stone stairway, we followed the gorge down the side of Jebel Sufsafeh opposite to the one from which we saw the "Plain of Assemblage."

Then I secured an isolated view of the summit of Jebel Sufsafeh from its eastern side. This proved a prize. On the right of the foreground a great mass of rocky débris was caught, which had thundered down from the steep inclines, no one could tell me when. The monks say, "when the golden calf was broken." To the left, beneath a pile of huge rocks, is the largest spring in the Sinai district. It is also called "Jethro's Well." I found its brink fringed with a growth of maidenhair fern as

green and lovely as any I had ever gathered in the Colosseum or in the White Mountains.

In the distance is Jebel Sufsafeh. Between the two peaks is "the very ravine down which Moses and Joshua were picking their way when they heard the shouts of the worshipers of the golden calf come up from the base of the mountain." Joshua, soldier that he was, declared they were as the sounds of war. Moses, with a clearer knowledge of humanity, knew better, and was so overcome that he dashed the tablets of the Law upon the rocks.



RAS-SUFSAFEH, FROM AARON'S HILL.

The monks aver that it was at the very spring I have described that this scene of just and mighty wrath took place. Here the forked lightning flashed from the hands of Jehovah. It tore open the earth, twisted and turned the veins of steel-hard diorite as though they were but ribbons of green, fissured the great cliffs of granite and poured into them from the bursted arteries of rough, red porphyry, and sent the streams boiling and seething like hot lava to the base, where "Aaron's Hill," or the "Hill of the Golden Calf," is located. Without a single trumpet-blast to warn them, the noisy idolaters were destroyed by the torrents which came down, or were buried under the confusion of rocks which followed.

The monks tell us further that "Moses and Joshua were directed by Jehovah to stay beneath the great rocks which cover 'Jethro's Well' until his mighty wrath had subsided, and that since then the supply of water has not failed." To all of these places the ages of monks have had abundance of time to fasten some tradition. "Aaron's Hill" is also reverenced by the Bedouins, who come once a year to the little chapel on its summit to sacrifice a camel.

The Sinai mountains and their wild surroundings seem to be just as the Book describes them — as the Great Architect constructed them. No change appears to have taken place since the followers of Moses made their departure for the Promised Land.

Edward L. Wilson.

[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy," etc.

XXVII.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

THE people who had seats in the court-room were, for the most part, too wise in their generation to vacate them during the noon recess. Jake Hogan clambered down from his uncomfortable window-roost for a little while, and Bob McCord took a plunge into the grateful fresh air, but both got back in time to secure their old points of observation. The lawyers came back early, and long before the judge returned the ruddy-faced Magill was seated behind his little desk, facing the crowd and pretending to write. He was ill at ease; the heart of the man had gone out to Tom. He never for a moment doubted that Tom killed Lockwood, but then a sneak like Lockwood "richly desarved it," in Magill's estimation. Judge Watkins's austere face assumed a yet more severe expression; for though pity never interfered with justice in his nature, it often rendered the old man unhappy, and therefore more than usually irascible.

There was a painful pause after the judge had taken his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. It was like a wait before a funeral service, but rendered ten times more distressing by the element of suspense. The judge's quill pen could be heard scratching on the paper as he noted points for his charge to the jury. To Hiram Mason the whole trial was unendurable. The law had the aspect of a relentless boa-constrictor, slowly winding itself about Tom, while all these spectators, with merely a curious interest in the horrible, watched the process. The deadly creature had now to make but one more coil, and then, in its cruel and deliberate fashion, it would proceed to tighten its twists until the poor boy should be done to death. Barbara and the mother were awfully entwined by this fate as well, while Hiram had not a little finger of help for them. He watched Lincoln as he took seat in moody silence. Why had the lawyer not done anything to help Tom? Any other lawyer with a desperate case would have had a stack of law-books in front of him, as a sort of dam against the flood. But Lincoln had neither law-books nor so much as a scrap of paper.

The prosecuting attorney, with a taste for climaxes, reserved his chief witness to the last. Even now he was not ready to call Sovine. He would add one more stone to the pyramid of presumptive proof before he capped it all with certainty. Markham was therefore put up to identify the old pistol which he had found in Tom's room. Lincoln again waived cross-examination. Blackman felt certain that he himself could have done better. He mentally constructed the questions that should have been put to the deputy sheriff. Was the pistol hot when you found it? Did it smell of powder? Did the family make any objection to your search? — Even if the judge had ruled out such questions the jury would have heard the questions, and a question often has weight in spite of rulings from the bench. The prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case; he had come to his last witness and his great stroke.

"Call David Sovine," he said, wiping his brow and looking relieved.

"David Sovine! David Sovine! David Sovine!" cried the sheriff in due and ancient form, though David sat almost within whispering distance of him.

The witness stood up.

"Howld up your roight hand," said the clerk.

Then when Dave's right hand was up Magill rattled off the form of the oath in the most approved and clerkly style, only adding to its effect by the mild brogue of his pronunciation.

"Do sol'm swear 't yull tell th' truth, th' 'ole truth, en nuthin' b' th' truth, s' yilpye God," said the clerk, without once pausing for breath.

Sovine ducked his head and dropped his hand, and the solemnity was over.

Dave, who was evidently not accustomed to stand before such a crowd, appeared embarrassed. He had deteriorated in appearance lately. His patent-leather shoes were bright as ever, his trousers were trimly held down by straps, his hair was well kept in place by bear's oil or what was sold for bear's oil, but there

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was a nervousness in his expression and carriage that gave him the air of a man who has been drinking to excess. Tom looked at him with defiance, but Dave was standing at the right of the judge, while the prisoner's dock was on the left, and the witness did not regard Tom at all, but told his story with clearness. Something of the bold assurance which he displayed at the inquest was lacking. His coarse face twitched and quivered, and this appeared to annoy him; he sought to hide it by an affectation of nonchalance, as he rested his weight now on one foot and now on the other.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the prosecutor, with a motion of his head toward the dock.

"Yes, well enough"; but in saying this Dave did not look toward Tom, but out of the window.

"You 've played cards with him, have n't you?"

"Yes."

"Tell his Honor and the jury when and where you played with him."

"We played one night last July, in Wooden & Snyder's store."

"Who proposed to Tom to play with you?"

"George Lockwood. He hollered up the stove-pipe for Tom to come down an' take a game or two with me."

"What did you win that night from Tom?"

"Thirteen dollars, an' his hat an' coat an' boots, an' his han'ke'chi'f an' knife."

"Who, if anybody, lent him the money to get back his things which you had won?"

"George Lockwood."

Here the counsel paused a moment, laid down a memorandum he had been using, and looked about his table until he found another; then he resumed his questions.

"Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the 9th of August."

"Yes; I was."

"What did you see there? Tell about the shooting."

Dave told the story, with a little prompting in the way of questions from the lawyer, substantially as he had told it at the coroner's inquest. He related his parting from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty that Tom would not shoot him, and then Tom's shooting. In making these statements Dave looked at the stairway in the corner of the court-room with an air of entire indifference, and he even made one or two efforts to yawn, as though the case was a rather dull affair to him.

"How far away from Mason and Lockwood were you when the shooting took place?" asked the prosecutor.

"Twenty foot or more."

"What did Tom shoot with?"

"A pistol."

"What kind of a pistol?"

"One of the ole-fashion' sort — flint-lock, weth a ruther long barrel."

The prosecuting lawyer now beckoned to the sheriff, who handed down to him, from off his high desk, Tom's pistol.

"Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol."

"'T was just such a one as that. I can't say 't was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an' about as long in the barrel."

"What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?"

"Tom run off as fast as his feet could carry him, an' I went up towards George, who 'd fell over. He was dead ag'inst I could get there. Then purty soon the crowd come a-runnin' up to see what the shootin' was."

After bringing out some further details Allen turned to his opponent with an air of confidence and said:

"You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln."

There was a brief pause, during which the jurymen changed their positions on the hard seats, making a little rustle as they took their right legs from off their left and hung their left legs over their right knees, or vice versâ. In making these changes they looked inquiringly at one another, and it was clear that their minds were so well made up that even a judge's charge in favor of the prisoner, if such a thing had been conceivable, would have gone for nothing. Lincoln at length rose slowly from his chair, and stood awhile in silence, regarding Sovine, who seemed excited and nervous, and who visibly paled a little as his eyes sought to escape from the lawyer's gaze.

"You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?" the counsel asked.

"Yes." Dave was all alert and answered promptly.

"Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?"

"No, I was n't," said Dave, his suspicions excited by this mode of attack. It appeared that the lawyer, for some reason, wanted to make him confess to having been nearer to the scene and perhaps implicated, and he therefore resolved to fight off.

"Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?"

"I was more than twenty," said Dave, huskily.

"What had you and George Lockwood been doing together?"

"We 'd been — talking." Manifestly Dave took fresh alarm at this line of questioning.

"Oh, you had?"

"Yes."

"In a friendly way?"

"Yes, tubby shore; we never had any fuss."

"You parted from him as a friend?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the time Tom came up you 'd got — how far away? Be careful now."

"I 've told you twiste. More than twenty feet."

"You might have been mistaken about its being Tom then?"

"No, I was n't."

"Did you know it was Tom before he fired?"

"Tubby shore, I did."

"What time of night was it?"

"Long towards 10, I sh'd think."

"It might have been 11?"

"No, 't wus n't later 'n about 10." This was said doggedly.

"Nor before 9?"

"No, 't wus nigh onto 10, I said." And the witness showed some irritation, and spoke louder than before.

"How far away were you from the pulpit and meeting-place?"

"'Twixt a half a mile an' a mile."

"Not over a mile?"

"No, skiercely a mile."

"But don't you think it might have been a little less than half a mile?"

"No, it 's nigh onto a mile. I did n't measure it, but it 's a mighty big three-quarters."

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood he made a better impression than he did on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved. Tom listened with an attention painful to see, his eyes moving anxiously from Lincoln to Dave as he wondered what point in Dave's armor the lawyer could be driving at. He saw plainly that his salvation was staked on some last throw.

"You did n't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?"

"No!" said Dave, positively. For some reason this question disconcerted him and awakened his suspicion. "What should we have a candle for?" he added.

"Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?"

"No, of course not! What 'd they have candles for?"

"Where were the lights on the campground?"

"Closte by the preachers' tent."

"More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?"

"Anyway as much as three-quarters," said Dave, who began to wish that he could modify his previous statement of the distance.

"How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?"

"Twenty feet."

"You said 'or more' awhile ago."

"Well, 't wus n't no less, p'r'aps," said Dave, showing signs of worry. "You don't think I measured it, do yeh?"

"There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?"

"No," said the witness, the cold perspiration beading on his face as he saw Lincoln's trap opening to receive him.

"You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the preachers' tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away and in the woods?"

"No, of course not."

"How could you see Tom and know that it was he that fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?"

"Saw by moonlight," said Sovine, snappishly, disposed to dash wildly at any gap that offered a possible way of escape.

"What sort of trees were there on the ground?"

"Beech."

"Beech-leaves are pretty thick in August?" asked Lincoln.

"Ye-es, ruther," gasped the witness, seeing a new pitfall yawning just ahead of him.

"And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And you could see him shoot?"

"Yes."

"And you full twenty feet away?"

"Well, about that; nearly twenty, anyhow." Dave shifted his weight to his right foot.

"And you pretend to say to this court that by the moonlight that you got through the beech-trees in August you could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?"

"Ye-es." Dave now stood on his left foot.

"And you could see what kind of a pistol it was?" This was said with a little laugh very exasperating to the witness.

"Yes, I could," answered Dave, with dogged resolution not to be faced down.

"And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?" There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.

"Yes." This was spoken feebly.

"And you twenty feet or more away?"

"I 've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see," whined the witness, apologetically.

Here Lincoln paused and looked at Sovine, whose extreme distress was only made

the more apparent by his feeble endeavor to conceal his agitation. The counsel, after regarding his uneasy victim for a quarter of a minute, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat, and after a little needless fumbling drew forth a small pamphlet in blue covers. He turned the leaves of this with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was utterly silent. The members of the bar had as by general consent put their chairs down on all-fours, and were intently watching the struggle between the counsel and the witness. The sallow-faced judge had stopped the scratching of his quill, and had lowered his spectacles on his nose, that he might study the distressed face of the tormented Sovine. Mrs. Grayson's hands were on her lap, palms downward; her eyes were fixed on Abra'm, and her mouth was half open, as though she were going to speak.

Barbara found it hard to keep her seat, she was so eager for Lincoln to go on, and Tom was leaning forward breathlessly in the dock; his throat felt dry, and he choked when he tried to swallow; it seemed to him that he would smother with the beating of his heart. But it was worth while to turn away from these more interested parties to look for a moment at the ruddy face of Bob McCord, which was puckered to a kind of focus with an expression that was customary with him in a moment of supreme interest, as when he was drawing a sure bead on a bear or a deer. It was worth while to regard Rachel Albaugh, who had lifted the veil from her face radiant with interest. Lincoln appeared to be the only perfectly deliberate person in the room. He seemed disposed to protract the situation as long as possible. He held his victim on the rack and he let him suffer. He would turn a leaf or two in his pamphlet and then look up at the demoralized witness, as though to fathom the depth of his torture and to measure the result. At last he fixed his thumb firmly at a certain place on a page and turned his eyes to the judge.

"Now, your Honor," he said to the court, "this witness," with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine, "has sworn over and over that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood, near the Union camp-meeting on the night of the 9th of last August, and that he, the witness, was standing at the time twenty feet or more away, while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile distant from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are this witness's eyes that he even saw what kind of pistol the prisoner held in his hands, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson's as precisely like and probably the identical weapon." Here Lincoln paused and scrutinized Sovine. "All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot,— saw and observed them at 10 o'clock at night, by means of moonlight shining through the trees — beech-trees in full leaf. That is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in a beech woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods." Lincoln paused here, that the words he had spoken might have time to produce their due effect on the judge, and especially on the slower wits of some of the jury. Meanwhile he turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began once more: "But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the witness I would like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will here see that on the night of the 9th of last August, when this extraordinary witness"— with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down on a chair in exhaustion — "saw the shape of a pistol at twenty feet away, at 10 o'clock, by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past 1 in the morning."

Sovine had been gasping like a fish newly taken from the water while Lincoln uttered these words, and he now began to mutter something.

"You may have a chance to explain when the jury get done looking at the almanac," said the lawyer to him. "For the present you'd better keep silence."

There was a rustle of excitement in the court-room, but at a word from the judge the sheriff's gavel fell and all was still. Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman, an intelligent farmer. Countrymen in that day were used to consulting almanacs, and one group after another of the jurymen satisfied themselves that on the night of the 9th, that is, on the morning of the 10th, the moon came up at half-past 1 o'clock. When all had examined the page, the counsel recovered his little book.

"Will you let me look at it?" asked the judge.

"Certainly, your Honor"; and the little witness was handed up to the judge, who with habitual caution looked it all over, outside and in, even examining the title-page to make sure that the book was genuine and belonged to the current year. Then he took note on a slip of paper of the moon's rising on the night of August 9 and 10, and handed back the almanac to Lincoln, who slowly laid it face downward on the table in front of him, open at the place of its testimony. The audience in the court-room was utterly silent and expectant. The prosecuting attorney got half-way to his

feet to object to Lincoln's course, but he thought better of it and sat down again.

"Now, may it please the court," Lincoln went on, "I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional—a matter of life and death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to perjure himself? Why does he wish to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?" Lincoln stood still a moment, and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale about the lips. Then he went on, very slowly. "Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move, your Honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder."

These words, spoken with extreme deliberation and careful emphasis, shook the audience like an explosion.

The prosecutor got to his feet, probably to suggest that the motion was not in order, since he had yet a right to a re-direct examination of Sovine, but, as the attorney for the State, his duty was now a divided one as regarded two men charged with the same crime. So he waved his hand irresolutely, stammered inarticulately, and sat down.

"This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury," said the judge. "Sheriff, arrest David Sovine! This matter will have to be looked into."

The sheriff came down from his seat, and went up to the now stunned and bewildered Sovine.

"I arrest you," he said, taking him by the arm.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had lived for all these weeks had wrecked his self-control at last.

"God!" he muttered, dropping his head with a sort of shudder. "'T ain't any use keepin' it back any longer. I—did n't mean to shoot him, an' I would n't 'a' come here ag'inst Tom if I could 'a' got away."

The words appeared to be wrung from him by some internal agony too strong for him to master; they were the involuntary result of the breaking down of his forces under prolonged suffering and terror, culminating in the slow torture inflicted by his cross-examination. A minute later, when his spasm of irresolution had passed off, he would have retracted his confession if he could. But the sheriff's deputy, with the assistance of a constable, was already leading him through the swaying crowd in the aisle, while many people got up and stood on the benches to watch the exit of the new prisoner. When at length Sovine had disappeared out of the door the spectators turned and looked at Tom, sitting yet in the dock, but with the certainty of speedy release before him. The whole result of Lincoln's masterful stroke was now for the first time realized, and the excitement bade fair to break over bounds. McCord doubled himself up once or twice in the effort to repress his feelings out of respect for the court, but his emotions were too much for him; his big fist, grasping his ragged hat, appeared above his head.

"Goshamity! Hooray!" he burst out with a stentorian voice, stamping his foot as he waved his hat.

At this the whole court-roomful of people burst into cheers, laughter, cries, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in spite of the sheriff's sharp rapping and shouts of "Order in court!" And when at length the people were quieted a little, Mrs. Grayson spoke up, with a choking voice:

"Jedge, ain't you a-goin' to let him go now?"

There was a new movement of feeling, and the judge called out, "Sheriff, order in court!" But his voice was husky and tremulous. He took off his spectacles to wipe them, and he looked out of the window behind him, and put his handkerchief first to one eye, then to the other, before he put his glasses back.

"May it please the court," said the tall lawyer, who had remained standing, waiting for the tempest to subside, and who now spoke in a subdued voice, "I move, your Honor, that the jury be instructed to render a verdict of 'Not guilty.'" The judge turned to the prosecuting attorney.

"I don't think, your Honor," stammered Allen, "that I ought to object to the motion of my learned brother, under the peculiar circumstances of this case."

"I don't think you ought," said the judge, promptly, and he proceeded to give the jury instructions to render the desired verdict. As soon as the jury, nothing loath, had gone through the formality of a verdict, the sheriff came and opened the door of the box to allow Tom to come out.

"O Tom! they are letting you out," cried Janet, running forward to meet him as he came from the dock. She had not quite understood the drift of these last proceedings until this moment.

This greeting by little Janet induced another burst of excitement. It was no longer of any use for the judge to keep on saying

"Sheriff, command order in court!" All the sheriff's rapping was in vain; it was impossible to arrest and fine everybody. The judge was compelled to avail himself of the only means of saving the court's dignity by adjourning for the day, while Mrs. Grayson was embracing her Tommy.

As for Barbara, overcome by the reaction of feeling, she sat still in passive happiness which she did not care to show to this crowd, whose late unfriendly manifestations toward Tom she could not yet quite forgive. Hardly conscious of what was passing around her, she did not observe that her mother had presently let go her hold on Tom, and that Tom had come near and was standing in front of her. Her natural reserve made her wish to avoid a scene in public, but there are times when natural reserve is not a sufficient barrier. Tom gently put his hand on her shoulder and said "Barb," then all sense of the presence of others was obliterated in an instant. The only fact that she took note of was that her brother was there before her with unmanacled hands, free to go where he listed and forever delivered from the danger that had hung over him so imminently. Of what she did you must not expect a description; embraces and passionate kisses of joy on his cheeks would seem hysterical if set down here in black and white for readers of our time, who like the color washed out of human passion before it is offered to them. No! no! let us turn away — we do not like such things. But those hearty Illinois folk who looked on that scene between Barbara and Tom, and whose quick sympathies made them part of it, did not feel the slightest disapproval when they saw the faithful sister put her arms about Tom's neck; and every one of her kisses they seconded with clapping of hands and cheers, and some of the people were even foolish enough to shed tears.

XXVIII.

FREE.

THE lawyers presently congratulated Lincoln, Barbara tried to thank him, and Judge Watkins felt that Impartial Justice herself, as represented in his own person, could afford to praise the young man for his conduct of the case.

"Abr'am," said Mrs. Grayson, "d' yeh know I kind uv lost confidence in you when you sot there so long without doin' *any*thing." Then, after a moment of pause: "Abr'am, I 'm thinkin' I 'd ort to deed you my farm. You 've 'arned it, my son; the good Lord A'mighty knows you have."

"I 'll never take one cent, Aunt Marthy — not a single red cent"; and the lawyer turned away to grasp Tom's hand. But the poor fellow who had so recently felt the halter about his neck could not yet speak his gratitude. "Tom here," said Lincoln, "will be a help in your old days, Aunt Marthy, and then I 'll be paid a hundred times. You see it 'll tickle me to think that when you talk about this you 'll say: 'That 's the same Abe Lincoln that I used to knit stockings for when he was a poor little fellow, with his bare toes sticking out of ragged shoes in the snow.'"

Mrs. Grayson tried to say something more, but she could not.

Tom got his speech at length, when he saw the gigantesque form and big laughing red face of Bob McCord approaching him.

"Bob!" he said, "you dear old Bob! God A'mighty bless you, old fellow."

"I 'm that tickled," said Bob, rocking to and fro with amusement. "Tom, you 'd orto 'a' seed Jake Hogan's face. I watched it closte. Go to thunder! How it did git mixed about the time you wuz let out! I 'm a-goin' to find 'im un see how he feels agin this time"; and Bob let go of Tom's hand and moved off through the crowd to look for Jake.

Tom took mechanically all the congratulations offered to him. Rachel came with the rest; there were some traces of tears about her long lashes as she beamed on Tom the full effulgence of her beauty and friendliness. Tom gave a little start when he saw her; then he took her hand, as he did that of the others, in a half-unconscious way. He was everybody's hero in the reaction of feeling, but he had been so near to the gallows within an hour that he had difficulty yet in appreciating the change.

"You 'll come back into the office again, won't you, Tom?" said Blackman, in a spurt of good feeling.

"I don't know, Mr. Blackman. I must go home and rest, and be sure I 'm alive, before I know what I shall do."

Tom's uncle had been utterly surprised by the turn affairs had taken, for he had never really doubted Tom's guilt. Now he was, for the first time, almost effusive; he gave himself credit that he had stood by his nephew.

"We 'd like to have you back, Tom," he said; "and you 'd be a general favorite now."

"I want to go home first, Uncle Tom, and get the place out of debt, so mother and Barb 'll be easy in their minds. Then I don't know what I *shall* do. I don't feel as if I could ever come to town again without fetching mother with me. But I can't tell; I want to get out of this town; I hate the very sight of it. Come, Barb; do let 's get off. Where 's the horse? I want to get home, where I won't

see any more of this crowd, and where I can be alone with you and mother."

Before they had made their way to the front door of the court-house the multitude outside had got firm hold of the fact of Tom's acquittal and the manner of it, and when he appeared they set up a shout; then there were cheers and more cheers. But Tom only looked worried, and sought to extricate himself from the people who followed him. At length he managed to get away from the last of them.

"You have n't ate anything to-day," said Janet, who clung to his hand and danced along by his side. "Come to our house to supper. I expect we 'll have warm biscuits and honey."

"You dear little body!" said Tom. "I can't stop for supper to-night, Janet; I must go home with mother. I want to get out of the ugly town. I 'll come and see you sometimes, and I 'll have you out at the farm lots of times." He stopped to put his pale, trembling hand under her pretty chin; he turned her face up to his, he stooped and kissed her. But no entreaty could prevail on him to delay his departure. Not even the biscuits and honey on which Janet insisted. Hiram Mason helped him to hitch up old Blaze-face to the wagon. Then Tom turned to Hiram and grasped both his arms.

"You 're going with us," he said abruptly.

"Not to-night, Tom. I 'll come in a few days, when I 've finished my writing in the clerk's office. I 'll stop on my way home."

"I want to thank you, but I can't; confound it," said Tom.

"Never mind, Tom; I 'm almost happier than you are."

"I 'm not exactly happy, Mason," said Tom; "I 've got that plaguey feeling of a rope around my neck yet. I can't get rid of it here in Moscow. Maybe out at the farm I shall be able to shake it off. Janet, won't you run into the house and tell mother and Barbara to come out quick — I want to get away."

Tom had expected that Bob McCord would take a place in the wagon, but Bob was not so modest as to forego a public triumph. He first went and recovered the wagon-spoke from beneath the court-house steps, where he had hidden it the night before. This he put into the baggy part of his "wamus," or hunting-jacket — the part above the belt into which he had often thrust prairie-chickens when he had no game-bag. Then he contrived to encounter Jake Hogan in the very thick of the crowd.

"O Jake!" he called, "what 's the price uh rope? How 's the hangin' business a-gittin' along these days? Doin' well at it, ain't yeh?"

"Wha' joo mean?" asked Jake, as he half turned about and regarded Bob with big eyes.

"Seems like 's ef you 'd ort to be 'n ole han' by this time, Jake. You sot the time fer Tom's funeral three deffer'nt nights: wunst you wuz a-goin' to have it over 't Perrysburg, un wunst the Sunday night that Pete Markham throwed you off the track weth that air yarn about a wall-eyed man weth red whiskers, un wunst ag'in las' night. Ev'ry time you sot it they wuz some sort uv a hitch; it did n't seem to come off rightly. S'pose un you try yer hand on Dave Sovine awhile. They 's luck in a change."

"I hain't had no han' in no hangin's nor nuthin' uh that sort," snarled Jake.

"*You* hain't? Jest you go un tell that out on Broad Run, sonny. Looky h-yer, Jake. I 've got the evidence agin you, un ef you *dare* me I 'll go afore the gran' jury weth it. I jest dare you to dare me, *ef* you dare."

But Jake did not dare to dare him. He only moved slowly away toward his horse, the excited crowd surging after him, to his disgust.

"Looky h-yer, Jake," Bob went on, following his retreat. "I want to gin you some *ad*vice as a well-wishin' friend un feller-citizen. Barb'ry knowed your v'ice las' night, un Barb'ry Grayson hain't the sort uv a gal to stan' the sort uv foolin' 't you 've been a-doin' about Tom."

"Aw, you shet up yer jaw, now wonchoo?" said Jake.

"I say, Jake," said McCord, still pursuing the crestfallen leader of Broad Run, while the crowd moved about Big Bob as a storm center. "I say there, Jake; liker 'n not Barb'ry 'll stay in town to-night un go afore the gran' jury to-morry. Now ef I wuz you I 'd cl'ar the county this very *i*dentical night. Your ornery lantern-jawed face would n' look half 's han'some as Tom's in that air box in front uv the sher'f."

"You shet up!" said Jake.

"Come un shet me up, wonch you?" said Bob, rubbing his hands and laughing.

Jake had reached his horse now, and without another word he mounted and rode away. But Bob kept walking about with his fists in his pockets, his big elbows protruding, and his face radiant with mischief until Sheriff Plunkett came out of the court-house.

"I say, Sher'f," he called, "how many men 'd you say they wuz in that air fust mob?"

"Nigh onto forty, I should think," said Plunkett; "but of course I can't just exactly say." And he walked away, not liking to be catechised. There was something mysterious about that mob, and he was afraid there might be something that would count in the next election.

"They had pistols, did n't they?" Bob continued, following him.

"Yes, to be sure," said Plunkett, pausing irresolutely.

"Now looky h-yer, Sher'f; I know sumpin' about that air mob. They wuz n't but jest on'y two men in the whole thing. I don't say who they wuz"; and here Bob looked about on the crowd, which showed unmistakable signs of its relish for this revelation.

"Un as fer pistols, they did have 'em. I 've got one of 'em h-yer." Bob here pulled the wagon-spoke from the depths of his hunting-shirt. "That 's one of the *i*dentical pistols that wuz p'inted at your head las' night. Felt kind-uh cold un creepy like, did n't it now, Hank Plunkett, when its muzzle was agin yer head, un it cocked, besides? Ha-a! ha!"

The crowd jeered and joined in Bob's wild merriment.

"I 'll have you arrested," said the sheriff severely. "You 've confessed enough now to make the grand jury indict you."

"Fer what? Fer savin' the life uv a innercent man? That 'd be a purty howdy-do, now would n't it? Un it would be a lovely story to tell at my trial, that the sher'f uv this yere county gin up his keys to two men, *two lonesome men weth on'y wagon-spokes!* He-e! An' the wagon-spokes cocked! A wagon-spoke 's a mighty bad thing when it does go off, especially ef it 's loaded with buckshot."

Plunkett came close to McCord, and said in an undertone loud enough to be heard by others: "Ah, Bob, I knowed it wuz your voice, un I knowed your grip. They ain't any other man in this county that can put me down the way you did las' night. But don't you tell Jake ur any of his crowd about it"; and he winked knowingly at Bob.

"Aw, go to thunder, now!" said Bob, speaking loudly and not to be cajoled into giving up his fun. "Sher'f, you can't come no gum games on me. By jeementley crickets, you wuz skeered, un that 's all they is about it. You wilted so 't I wuz afeerd you 'd clean faint away afore I could git out uv yeh where the keys was. Why did n't you hide Tom summers? You wuz afeerd Broad Run 'd vote agin you, un you as good as tole Jake Hogan ut you would n' make no trouble when he come to lynch Tom."

"No, I did n't; I did n't have anything to say to Jake."

"Ef you take my case afore the gran' jury un I 'm tried, I 'll prove it on yeh. Now, Hank Plunkett, they 's two things that 'll never happen." Here Bob smote his right fist into his left palm. "One is 't you 'll ever fetch my case afore the gran' jury. That 's as shore 's you 're born. T' other is that you 'll ever be elected ag'in! Wha 'd joo turn off Pete Markham fer? Fer tryin' to save Tom, un to please Broad Run. Now you 're come up weth, ole hoss. Markham 'll be the nex' sher'f. You jest cut a notch in a stick to remember 't Big Bob McCord tole you so. Ef 't had n' been fer me 'n' Abe Lincoln, you 'n' Jake, 'twext and 'tween yeh, 'd 'a' hung the wrong feller. Now I jest want to see you fetch me afore the court wunst. Ef you pester me too much, I 'm derned 'f I don't go on m' own hook."

"You 've been drinking, Bob," said Plunkett, as he hurried away; but the people evidently sided with McCord, whose exploit of mobbing the sheriff almost single-handed had made him more than ever the champion of the county.

That night Jake Hogan, afraid of arrest, succeeded in trading his cabin, with the front door still unhinged, and his little patch of rugged ground for a one-horse wagon and some provisions. Over the wagon he stretched his only two bed-sheets of unbleached domestic for covering. Before noon the next day, he had passed safely out of the county. The raw-boned horse, the rickety wagon, the impoverished and unwilling cow tied on behind, the two yellow mongrel pups between the wagon wheels, and the frowsy-headed wife alongside of him were token enough to every experienced eye that here was a poor whitey on his travels. To all inquiries regarding his destination, Jake returned:

"I 'm boun' fer *Mes*souri. Yeh see they hain't no kind of a chance fer a poor man in this yer daudrautted Eelinoys country."

Once an example of migration had been set, his neighbors grew restless also, and in a year or two nearly all of them had obeyed their hereditary instinct and followed him to Pike County in Missouri. The most of the Broad Run neighborhood is now included in a great grazing farm; here a few logs, there some tumble-down ruins of a stick-chimney, and in another place a stone hearth, only remain to indicate the resting-place for a few years of a half-nomadic clan, whose members or their descendants are by this time engaged, probably, in helping to rid the Pacific coast of its unchristian Chinese. For the poor whitey can tolerate no heathens but those of his own sort.

XXIX.

THE CLOSE OF A CAREER.

DAVE SOVINE'S partial confession, which had served to acquit Tom, was sufficient at the next term of the court to condemn him, for no plea of accidental shooting could save him after he had tried to escape at the expense of another man's life. During his trial the motive for shooting Lockwood remained an inexplicable mystery. But when once Dave was con-

vinced that his execution was inevitable and there was an end to all the delights of deviltry, he proceeded to play the only card remaining in his hand, and to euchre Justice on her own deal. Like other murderers of his kind he became religious, and nothing could be more encouraging to criminals than the clearness and fervor of his religious experience, and his absolute certainty of the rewards of paradise. His superiority in wickedness had made him the hero of all the green goslings of the village; his tardy conversion and shining professions made him an object of philanthropic interest to sentimental people and gave him the consolations of conspicuity to the last.

It was during this lurid sunset period of his unnecessary existence that Dave made confessions. These were not always consistent one with another; the capacity for simple and direct truth-telling is a talent denied to men of Sovine's stamp, nor can it be developed in a brief season of penitence. It is quite probable that Sovine failed to state the exact truth even when narrating his religious experiences. But by a comparison of his stories, with some elimination of contradictory elements, the main facts regarding the death of George Lockwood were made out with passable clearness. Being of a thrifty turn of mind, Lockwood had, by a series of careful observations, detected one of the principal tricks employed by Dave to win the money of the unwary. It had been Lockwood's purpose to play the trick back on Dave at some favorable opportunity, but this he found quite impossible. To bring himself to Dave's proficiency in manipulation no end of assiduous practice would be needful. There remained one other way in which he might utilize his discovery. It was an established rule in that part of the country that he who detected his opponent in the very act of cheating at cards might carry off the stakes.

When Lockwood went to the camp-meeting he put into his pocket a bit of candle, in order to have a game with Dave; and when on encountering him Dave proposed the game, the two went out into the woods, remote from the meeting, Lockwood lighted his candle and they sat down on a log to play. Lockwood won at first and doubled the stakes at every game, until Dave, seeing that his pocket-money was running short, and the candle fast wasting in the breezes, concluded to sweep in the stakes with his favorite trick. George Lockwood exposed the cheat at the very instant, and put the stakes in his pocket. But Dave had received his education in its higher branches in the South-west of half a century ago, and he had no notion of suffering himself to be bankrupted so easily. He drew his pistol and demanded the stakes, following Lockwood with reiterated threats, until, in a moment of exasperation, he shot him. A crowd came quickly at the sound of the pistol, and Dave had the shrewdness not to run away and not to attempt to take any money from George Lockwood's person. Remembering Tom Grayson's threats, he declared, with his usual alertness in mendacity, that he had seen Grayson do the shooting and thus diverted attention from himself.

He had no further thought at the time than to get out of a present difficulty; it was his purpose to leave the country before the trial should come on. But he found himself watched, and he imagined that he was suspected. He saw no chance to move without making sure of his own arrest; he became alarmed and unfitted for decision by the sense of his peril; as the trial approached, his nerves, shaken by dissipations, were unstrung by the debate within him. He saw ghosts at night and his sleep almost entirely forsook him. This horror of a doom that seemed perpetually to hang over him was greatly enhanced by the cross-examination to which he was subjected; from the first he misdoubted that Lincoln had penetrated his whole secret and possessed the means of making it known. And when he heard himself charged publicly with the murder and as publicly arrested, he believed that some evidence against him had been found; he did not draw the line between the charge and the proof, and the half confession escaped him in the first breakdown produced by sudden despair.

But at the last he spoke edifyingly from the scaffold, and died with as much composure and more self-complacency than Tom would have shown had he fallen a victim to Dave's rascality. What becomes of such men in another world is none of my business. But I am rather pleased to have them depart, be it to paradise, or purgatory, or limbo, or any other compartment of the world of spirits. In some moods I could even wish them a prosperous voyage to the Gehenna of our forefathers, now somewhat obsolescent, if only they would begone and cease to vex this rogue-ridden little world of ours.

XXX.

TOM AND RACHEL.

When Tom rode home from the trial with his mother and Barbara, his emotions were not just what one might expect; the events of the day and the tremendous strain on his nerves had benumbed him. He was only conscious that it gave him a great pleasure to leave the village behind, and to get once more

upon the open prairie, which was now glorified by the tints and shadows of the setting sun. The fields of maize, with their tassels growing brown and already too ripe and stiff to wave freely, and with their long blades becoming harsh and dry, so that the summer rustle had changed to a characteristic autumnal rattling, seemed to greet him like old friends who had visibly aged in his absence. Tom found his mind, from sheer strain and weariness, fixing itself on unimportant things; he noted that the corn-silk which protruded from the shucks was black, and that the shucks themselves were taking on that sear look which is the sure token of the ripeness of the ear within the envelope. Now and then he marked an ear that had grown so long as to push its nose of cob quite beyond the envelope. The stretches of prairie grass too showed a mixture of green and brown; the September rains had freshened a part of the herbage, giving it a new verdure, but the riper stalks and blades had maintained their neutral colors. These things interested Tom in a general way, as marking the peaceful changes that had taken place in the familiar face of nature during his period of incarceration. What he felt in regarding these trifles was simply that he was alive and once more free to go where he pleased. He said little, and replied to the remarks of his mother and Barbara briefly, and he drove old Blaze-face at a speed quite unbecoming a horse at his time of life. The people whom he passed cheered him, or called out their well-meant congratulation, or their bitter remarks about Dave Sovine, but Tom on his part was not demonstrative; he even drove past Rachel Albaugh and her brother Ike with only a nod of recognition. To any remark of his mother and Barbara about Dave's villainy, and to any allusion to the case, he returned the briefest answers, giving the impression that he wished to get mentally as well as physically away from the subject. When he got home he asked for an old-fashioned country hoe-cake for supper, and he would have the table set out on the kitchen porch; he said it seemed so delightful to be permitted to go out-of-doors again. After supper he turned old Blaze into the pasture, with a notion that he too might prefer his liberty, and he sought the barnyard, where he patted the cows. Then, in the cool night air, he strolled up and down the road in front of the house, and at length, when Barbara besought him to come in, he only sat down on the front steps. It was after 10 o'clock when he persuaded Barbara to walk with him down the meadow-path to the brook, and at 11 he reluctantly consented to go to bed.

"It feels good to be free, Barb," he said, as he went upstairs. This was his only allusion to his feelings.

In reflecting on the events of the day, Barbara remembered with pleasure that Rachel had congratulated Tom. It made his vindication complete that the young woman who had refused his attentions when he was accused of nothing worse than foolish gambling had now taken pains to show her good-will in public. But when the question of a possible renewal of the relations between Tom and his old sweetheart came up in Barbara's mind, there was always a doubt. Not that there was anything objectionable about Rachel Albaugh. Barbara said to her mother over and over again, in the days that followed Tom's acquittal, that there was nothing against Rachel. If Rachel was not very industrious she was certainly "easy-tempered." In her favor it could be said that she had a beautiful face, and that she would be joint heiress with her brother to a large and well-improved prairie farm, to say nothing of her father's tract of timber-land.

After a while Barbara came to wish that Tom's old affection for Rachel might be kindled again. She did not like to see him so changed. He plodded incessantly at farm work, and he seemed to have lost his relish for society. If any one came to the house, he managed to have business abroad. He was not precisely gloomy, but the change in him was so marked that it made his sister unhappy.

"Why don't you go to see Rachel?" she asked, a week after the trial. Barbara was straining her eyes down the road, as she often did in those days. "Rachel would be glad to see you again, Tom, like as not."

"Maybe she would," answered Tom, as he picked up the pail and started to the spring for water by way of cutting off all further talk on the question.

The days went by without Tom's showing by any sign that he cared to see Rachel, and to Barbara's grief the days went by without Hiram Mason's promised arrival at the Graysons'. But there came presently a note from Hiram to Barbara, saying that he had been detained by the necessity he was under of finishing Magill's writing, and by the difficulty he found in getting his pay from the easy-going clerk for what he had done. But he hoped to stop on his way home in three or four days. This note was brought from Moscow by Bob McCord, who also brought Janet. The child had teased her father into letting her come out in Aunt Martha's wagon with Bob, whom she had seen driving past the house on his way in.

Janet spent her time in the country wholly

with Tom. She followed him afield, she climbed with him into the barn lofts, she sat on the back of old Blaze when Tom led him to water, she went into the forest when Tom went to fell trees for fire-wood, she helped him to pick apples, and she was as happy in all this as she would have been in the Elysian Fields.

"Cousin Tom," she said, the day after her arrival, as she leaned out of the high, open window of the hay-loft, "yonder 's a lady getting down on the horse-block at the house."

Tom climbed up from the threshing-floor to the mow, and, standing well back out of sight in the gloom of the loft, he recognized Rachel Albaugh's horse. Then he went back again to his wheat-fanning on the threshing-floor.

"Are n't you going to go and help her?" said Janet, when Tom stopped the noisy fanning-mill to shovel back the wheat and to rake away the cheat.

"Pshaw!" said Tom. "A country girl does n't need any help to get off a horse."

Rachel had come to call on Barbara, nor did she admit to herself that her visit had anything to do with Tom. But she found herself in an attitude to which she was unaccustomed. From the moment that Tom had been charged with murder her liking for him increased. The question of his guilt or innocence did not disturb her — except in so far as it jeoparded his life; he was at least a dashing fellow, out of the common run. And now that he had been acquitted, and was a hero of everybody, Rachel found in herself a passion that was greater than her vanity, and that overmastered even her prudence. She was tormented by her thoughts of Tom in the day, she dreamed of him at night. Tom would not come to her, and she felt herself at length drawn by a force she could not resist to go to him.

Barbara asked Rachel to stay to dinner, and promised that Tom would put away her horse as soon as he knew that she had come. This was but the common hospitality of the country, but Barbara hoped that Rachel's presence might evoke Tom's old buoyant self again. And so, while Barbara sat on the loom-bench weaving a web of striped linsey, Rachel sat by her side knitting. It appeared to Barbara that Rachel had undergone almost as great a change as Tom. She had lost her taciturnity. Her tongue kept pace with the click of her needles. She only broke the thread of her talk when she paused to take the end of one needle out of the quill of her knitting-case and put another in. Under color of sympathy for the Graysons in their troubles she talked of what was in her mind. How dreadful it must have been for Tom to be in jail! How anxious he must have been at the trial! How well he bore up under it all! How proud he must have been when he was acquitted! These and such remarks were web and woof of her talk, while Barbara was throwing her nimble shuttle to and fro and driving the threads home with the double-beat of her loom-comb.

By half-past 11 the early farm dinner was almost ready, and Mrs. Grayson blew a blast on the tin horn which hung outside of the door, to let Tom and Janet know that they were to come in.

When Tom heard the horn he went and led Rachel's horse to the stable, after perching Janet in the saddle; and then he delayed long enough to shuck out and give him eight or ten ears of corn. After this he came to the house and washed his hands and face in the country way, with much splash and spatter, in a basin that sat on a bench outside of the door, and Janet washed hers, imitating to the best of her ability Tom's splattering way of dashing the water about. Then the two used the towel that hung on a roller in the kitchen porch, and Tom entered the kitchen with his clothes soiled by labor and with that look of healthful fatigue which comes of plentiful exercise in the open air.

"Howdy, Rachel? All well 't your house?" This was the customary and almost invariable formula of country politeness, and it was accompanied by a faint smile of welcome and a grasp of her hand.

"Howdy, Tom?" said Rachel, cordially. "I hope you are well." Rachel regarded him a moment, and then let her eyes droop. Had Rachel discovered that her face was at its best when her long eyelashes were lowered in this fashion, or was the action merely instinctive?

"Oh, so-so!" answered Tom, uneasily, as he seated himself with the rest at the table. Rachel sat next to him, and he treated her with hospitable politeness, but she looked in vain for any sign of his old affection. She hardly once fairly encountered his eye during the meal. He seemed more indifferent to her attractions than she had ever known any man, old or young, to be. And yet she knew that her charms had lost nothing of their completeness. That very morning she had gone into the rarely opened Albaugh parlor and examined herself in the largest looking-glass in the house — the one that hung between the parlor windows, and that had a print of Mount Vernon in the upper panel of the space inclosed between the turned frames. Her fresh and yet delicate complexion was without a speck or flaw, her large eyes were as lustrous as

ever, and there was the same exquisite symmetry and harmony of features that had made her a vision of loveliness to so many men. But Tom seemed more interested in his cousin, whom he kept laughing with a little childish by-play while talking to his sister's guest. Rachel felt herself baffled, and by degrees, though treated cordially, she began to feel humiliated. When dinner was finished by a course of pumpkin pie and quince preserves, served with cream, Tom pushed back his chair and explained that he was just going to begin building some rail pens to hold the corn when it should be gathered and shucked, and that he could not allow himself the usual noon-time rest. The days were getting so short, you know. Would Rachel excuse him? Barbara would blow the horn so that he could put the saddle on Rachel's horse when she wanted it. But would n't she stay to supper?

Rachel declined to stay to supper, and she was visibly less animated after dinner than she had been before. The conversation flagged on both sides; Barbara became preoccupied with her winding-blades, her bobbins, and her shuttle, while Rachel was absorbed in turning the heel of her stocking. By half-past 1 o'clock the guest felt bound to go home; the days were getting shorter and there was much to be done at home, she remembered. The horn was blown, and Tom led her horse out to the block and helped her to mount. As he held her stirrup for her to place her foot, it brought to his memory, with a rush, her refusal to let him ride home with her from the Timber Creek school-house after the "singing." When he looked up he saw that Rachel's mind had followed the same line of association; both of them colored at this manifest encounter of their thoughts.

"I suppose I ought n't to have said 'no' that day at the school-house." Rachel spoke with feeling, moved more by the desperate desire she felt to draw Tom out than by any calculation in making the remark.

"Yes, you ought," said Tom. "I never blamed you."

Then there was an awkward pause.

"Good-bye, Tom," said Rachel, extending her hand. "Won't you come over and see us sometime?"

"I 'm generally too tired when night comes. Good-bye, Rachel"; and he took her hand in a friendly way. But this was one of those adieux that are aggravated by mental contrast, and Rachel felt, as she looked at Tom's serious and preoccupied face, that it was to her the end of a chapter.

Tom started up the pathway toward the house, but stopped half-way and plucked a ripe seed-pod from the top of a poppy-stalk, and rubbed it out between his two hands as he looked a little regretfully after Rachel until she disappeared over the hill. Then he turned and saw Barbara standing on the porch regarding him inquiringly.

"You are n't like yourself any more, Tom," she said.

"I know that," he answered, meditatively, at the same time filliping the minute poppy-seeds away, half a dozen at a time, with his thumb. "I don't seem to be the same fellow that I was three months ago. Then I 'd 'a' followed Rachel like a dog every step of the way home."

"She 's awfully in love with you, poor girl."

"Oh! she 'll get over that, I suppose. She 's been in love before."

"And you don't care for her any more?"

"I don't seem to care for anything that I used to care for. I would n't like to be what I used to be."

This sentence was rather obscure, and Barbara still looked at Tom inquiringly and waited for him to explain. But he only went on in the same inconsequential way, as he plucked and rubbed out another poppy-head. "I don't care for anything nowadays, but just to stay with you and mother. When a fellow 's been through what I have, I suppose he is n't ever the same that he was; it takes the *ambition* out of you. Hanging makes an awful change in your feelings, you know"; and he smiled grimly.

"Don't say that; you make me shiver," said Barbara.

"But I say, Barb," and with this Tom sowed broadcast in the dooryard all the poppy-seed in his hand, "yonder comes somebody over the hill that 'll get a warmer welcome than Rachel did, I 'll guarantee."

How often in the last week had Barbara looked to see if somebody were not coming over the hill! Now she found her vision obstructed by a "laylock" bush, and she came down the path to where her brother stood. As soon as she had made out that the pedestrian was certainly Hiram Mason, she turned and went into the house, to change her apron for a fresher one, and with an instinctive wish to hide from Mason a part of the eagerness she had felt for his coming. But when he had reached the gate and was having his hand cordially shaken by Tom, Barbara came back to the door to greet him; and just because she could n't help it, she went out on the porch, then down the steps and half-way to the gate to tell him how glad she was to see him.

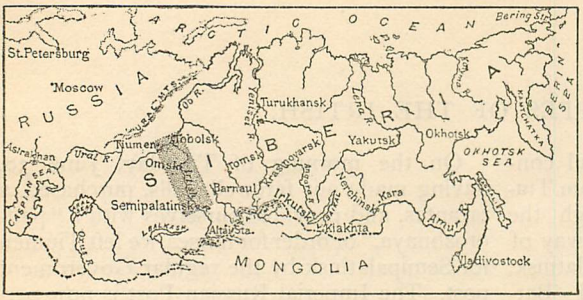
(To be continued.)

Edward Eggleston.

THE STEPPES OF THE IRTISH.

I DECIDED, after careful consideration, to proceed from Tiumen to Tomsk through the steppes of the Irtish by way of Omsk, Pavlodar, Semipalatinsk, Ust-Kamenogorsk, and Barnaul. This route would take us through the best agricultural part of the provinces of Tobolsk and Tomsk, as well as the districts most thickly settled by exiles; it would enable us to see something of the Mohammedan city of Semipalatinsk and of the great nomadic and pastoral tribe of natives known as the Kirghis; and finally it would afford us an opportunity to explore a part of the Russian Altai — a high, picturesque, mountainous region on the Mongolian frontier, which had been described to me by Russian army officers, in terms of enthusiastic admiration, as "the Siberian Switzerland." I had, moreover, another reason for wishing to keep as far away as possible from the regular through routes of travel. I supposed when we left St. Petersburg that we should be obliged to go from Tiumen to Tomsk either by steamer or over the great Siberian road. The Minister of the Interior understood that such would be our course, and he caused letters to be written to all the local officials along these routes, apprising them of our coming and furnishing them with such instructions concerning us as the circumstances seemed to require. What these instructions were I could never ascertain; but they anticipated us at every important point on the great Siberian road from Tiumen to the capital of the Trans-Baikal. In eastern Siberia the local authorities knew all about us months before we arrived. I first became aware of these letters and this system of official surveillance at Tiumen; and as they seemed likely to interfere seriously with my plans,— particularly in the field of political exile,— I determined to escape or elude them as far as possible, by leaving the regular through route and going into a region where the authorities had not presumably been forewarned of our coming. I had reason afterward to congratulate myself upon the exercise of sound judgment in making this decision. The détour to the southward brought us not only into the part of Siberia where the political exiles enjoy most freedom, and where it is easiest to make their acquaintance, but into a province which was then governed by a liberal and humane man.

On the morning of Tuesday, June 30, having made our farewell calls, purchased a tarantas, and provided ourselves with a "padorozhnaya," or order for horses, we left Tiumen for Semipalatinsk by the regular Government post. The Imperial Russian Post is now perhaps the most extensive and perfectly organized horse-express service in the world. From the southern end of the peninsula of Kamtchatka to the most remote village in Finland, from the frozen, wind-swept shores of the Arctic Ocean to the hot, sandy deserts of central Asia, the whole empire is one vast net-work of post routes. You may pack your portmanteau in Nizhni Novgorod, get a padorozhnaya from the postal department, and start for Petropavlovsk, Kamtchatka, seven thousand miles away, with the full assurance that throughout the whole of that enormous distance there will be horses, reindeer, or dogs ready and waiting to carry you on, night and day, to your destination. It must, however, be borne in mind that the Russian post route is a very different thing from the old English post route, and that the Russian horse express differs widely, not only from our own western "pony express," but from the horse expresses of most other countries. The characteristic feature of the west European and American systems is the stage-coach or diligence, which leaves certain places at certain stated hours, or, in other words, runs upon a prearranged time schedule. It is precisely this feature which the Russian system does not have. There are, generally speaking, no stage-coach lines in Russia; the vehicles which carry the mails do not carry passengers, and, away from the railroads, there is no such thing as traveling upon a fixed time schedule. You are never obliged, therefore, to wait for a public conveyance which leaves at a certain stated hour, and then go through to your destination in that conveyance, stopping when it stops and starting when it starts, without regard to your own health, comfort, or convenience. On the contrary, you may ride in your own sleigh or carriage, and have it drawn by post horses. You may travel at the rate of 175 miles in 24 hours, or 24 miles in 175 hours, just as you feel inclined. You may stop when you like, where you like, and for as long a time as you like, and when you are ready to move on, you have only to order out your horses and get into your vehicle. It makes no difference in what part of the empire you may happen to be, nor



SKETCH MAP OF SIBERIA, SHADED PORTION SHOWING ROUTE DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

to what part you may wish to go. Send your padorozhnaya to the nearest post station, and in twenty minutes you will be riding away at the rate of ten miles an hour, with your postal order in your pocket and a hundred relays of fresh horses distributed at intervals along your route.

The established rate of payment for transportation over the post routes of western Siberia seems to an American absurdly low. It amounts, including the compensation of the driver, to 1⅛ cents per mile for every horse, or 3⅜ cents per mile for the usual "troika," or team of three. In other words, two persons can travel in their own carriage with a team of 3 horses a distance of 20 miles for 68 cents, or 34 cents each. I used to feel almost ashamed sometimes to wake up a driver at a post station, in the middle of a stormy night, compel him to harness three horses and drive us 20 miles over a dark, miry, and perhaps dangerous road, and then offer him for this service the pitiful sum of 68 cents. Trifling and inadequate, however, as such compensation may seem, it is large enough to tempt into this field of enterprise hundreds of peasant farmers who compete with the Government post by furnishing what are known as "volni" or "free" horses, for the transportation of travelers from one village to another. As these free horses are generally better fed and in better condition than the over-driven animals at the post stations, it is often advantageous to employ them; and your driver, as you approach a village, will almost always turn around and inquire whether he shall take you to the Government post station or to the house of a "friend." Traveling with "drushki," or "friends," costs no more than traveling by post, and it enables one to see much more of the domestic life of the Siberian peasants than one could see by stopping and changing horses only at regular post stations.

The first part of our journey from Tiumen to Omsk was comparatively uneventful and uninteresting. The road ran across a great marshy plain, full of swampy lakes, and covered with a scattered growth of willow and alder bushes, small birch-trees, and scrubby firs and pines, which in every direction limited the vision and hid the horizon line. All this part of the province of Tobolsk seems to have been, within a comparatively recent geological period, the bottom of a great inland sea which united the Caspian and the sea of Aral with the Arctic Ocean, along the line of the shallow depression through which now flow the rivers Irtish and Ob. Everywhere between Tiumen and Omsk we saw evidences, in the shape of sand-banks, salt-marshes, beds of clay, and swampy lakes, to show that we were traveling over a partly dried up sea bottom.

About a hundred versts from Tiumen, just beyond the village of Zavodo-ukofskaya, we stopped for two hours early in the evening at the residence and estate of a wealthy Siberian manufacturer named Kolmakoff, to whom I had a letter of introduction from a Russian friend. I was surprised to find in this remote part of the world so many evidences of comfort, taste, and luxury as were to be seen in and about Mr. Kolmakoff's house. The house itself was only a two-story building of logs, but it was large and comfortably furnished, and its windows looked out over an artificial lake, and a beautiful garden, with winding walks, rustic arbors, long lines of currant and raspberry bushes, and beds of flowering plants. At one end of this garden was a spacious conservatory, filled with geraniums, verbenas, hydrangeas, cacti, orange and lemon trees, pine-apples, and all sorts of tropical and semi-tropical shrubs, and near at hand was a large hot-house, full of cucumbers and ripening cantaloupes. In the middle of the garden

ENLARGED MAP OF ROUTE COVERED BY THIS ARTICLE.

stood a square building, sixty feet long by forty or fifty feet wide, which was composed almost entirely of glass, which had no floor except the earth, and which served, Mr. Kolmakoff said, as a sort of winter garden and a place of recreation during cold or stormy weather. In this miniature Crystal Palace stood a perfect grove of bananas and young palms, through which ran winding walks bordered by beds of flowers, with here and there amidst the greenery a comfortable lounging-place or rustic seat. The trees, flowers, and shrubs were not planted in tubs or pots, but grew directly out of the earthen floor of the greenhouse, so that the effect was almost precisely that of a semi-tropical garden inclosed in glass.

"Who would have thought," said Mr. Frost, as he threw himself into one of the rustic seats beside a bed of blossoming verbenas, "that we should come to Siberia to sit under palm-trees and in the shade of bananas!"

After a walk through the spacious wooded park which adjoined the garden, we returned to the house, and were served with a lunch or cold supper consisting of caviar, pickled mushrooms, salmon, cold boiled fowl, white bread, sweet cakes, and wild strawberries, with vodka, two or three kinds of wine, and tea.

It had grown quite dark when, about 11 o'clock, the horses which we had ordered in the neighboring village arrived, and bidding our courteous host good-bye, we climbed into the tarantas and set out for a long, dark, and dreary night's ride. The road, which had never been good, was in worse condition than usual, owing to recent and heavy rains. Our driver urged four powerful horses over it at break-neck speed, and we were so jounced, jolted, and shaken that it was utterly impossible to get any sleep, and difficult enough merely to keep our seats in the vehicle. Early in the morning, sleepy, jaded, and exhausted, we reached the village of Novo Zaimskaya, entered the little log-house of our driver's "friend," threw ourselves on the bare floor, where half a dozen members of the friend's family were already lying, and for two or three hours lost consciousness of our aching spinal columns in the heavy dreamless slumber of physical exhaustion.

Throughout the next day and the following night we traveled, without rest, and of course without sleep, over a terribly bad steppe road, and at 6 o'clock Thursday morning arrived in a pelting rain-storm at the circuit town of Ishim. No one who has not experienced it can fully realize the actual physical suffering which is involved in posting night and day at high speed over bad Siberian roads. We made the 200 miles between Tiumen and Ishim in about 35 hours of actual travel, with only 4 hours of sleep, and were so jolted and shaken that every bone in our bodies ached, and it was with difficulty that we could climb into and out of our mud-bespattered tarantas at the post stations.

It had been our intention to make a short stop at Ishim, but the bad weather discouraged us, and after drinking tea at a peasant's house on the bank of the Ishim river, we resumed our journey. As we rode out of the town through a thin forest of birch-trees, we began to notice large numbers of men, women, and children plodding along on foot through the mud in the same direction that we were going. Most of them were common "muzhiks," with trousers inside their boots and shirt-flaps outside their trousers, or sun-burned peasant women in red and blue gowns, with white kerchiefs over their heads; but there were also a few pedestrians in the conventional dress of the civilized world, who manifestly belonged to the higher classes, and who even carried umbrellas.

About four miles from the town we saw ahead a great crowd of men and women marching towards us in a dense, tumultuous throng, carrying big three-armed crosses, white and colored banners, and huge glass lanterns mounted on long black staves. As they came nearer I could see that the throng was densest in the middle of the muddy road, under what seemed to be a large gilt-framed picture which was borne high in air at the end of a long, stout wooden pole. The lower end of this pole rested in a socket in the middle of a square framework which had handles on all four sides, and which was carried by six bare-headed peasants. The massive frame of the portrait was made either of gold or of silver gilt, since it was manifestly very heavy, and half a dozen men steadied, by means of guy ropes, the standard which supported it, as the bearers, with their faces bathed in perspiration, staggered along under their burden. In front of the picture marched a bare-headed, long-haired priest with a book in his hands, and on each side were four or five black-robed deacons and acolytes, carrying embroidered silken banners, large three-armed gilt crosses, and peculiar church lanterns, which looked like portable street gas-posts with candles burning in them. The priest, the deacons, and all the bare-headed men around the picture were singing in unison a deep, hoarse, monotonous chant as they splashed along through the mud, and the hundreds of men and women who surged around the standard that supported the portrait were constantly crossing themselves, and joining at intervals in the chanted psalm or prayer. Scores of

peasant women had taken off their shoes and stockings and slung them over their shoulders, and were wading with bare feet and legs through the black, semi-liquid mire, and neither men nor women seemed to pay the slightest attention to the rain, which beat upon their unprotected heads and trickled in little rivulets down their hard, sun-burned faces. The crowd numbered, I should think, four or five hundred persons, more than half of whom were women, and as it approached the town it was constantly receiving accessions from the groups of pedestrians that we had overtaken and passed.

Since entering Siberia I had not seen such a strange and medieval picture as that presented by the black-robed priest and acolytes, the embroidered banners, the lighted lanterns, the gilded crosses, and the great throng of bare-headed and bare-legged peasants, tramping along the black, muddy road through the forest in the driving rain, singing a solemn ecclesiastical chant. I could almost imagine that we had been carried back to the eleventh century and were witnessing the passage of a detachment of Christian villagers who had been stirred up and excited by the eloquence of Peter the Hermit, and were marching with crosses, banners, and chanting to join the great host of the crusaders.

When the last stragglers in the rear of the procession had passed, and the hoarse, monotonous chant had died away in the distance, I turned to Mr. Frost and said, "What do you suppose is the meaning of all that?"

"I have n't the least idea," he replied. "It is evidently a church procession, but what it has been doing out here in the woods, I can't imagine."

By dint of persistent questioning I finally succeeded in eliciting from our driver an intelligible explanation of the phenomenon. There was, it appeared, in one of the churches of Ishim, a very old ikon, or portrait of "the Mother of God," which was reputed to have supernatural powers and to answer the prayers of faithful believers. In order that the country people who were unable to come to Ishim might have an opportunity to pray to this miracle-working image, and to share in the blessings supposed to be conferred by its mere presence, it was carried once a year, or once in two years, through all the principal villages of the Ishim okrug, or district. Special services in its honor were held in the village churches, and hundreds of peasants accompanied it as it was borne with solemn pomp and ceremony from place to place. It had been on such a tour when we saw it and was on its way back to the church in Ishim where it belonged, and our driver had stated the fact in the simplest and most direct way when he said that "the Mother of God was coming home."

Rain fell at intervals throughout the day Thursday, but we pushed on over a muddy steppe road in the direction of Tiukalinsk, changing horses at the post stations of Borofskaya, Tushnolobova, Abatskaya, and Kamyshenka, and stopping for the night at a peasant's house in the village of Orlova. In the 60 hours which had elapsed since our departure from Tiumen we had traveled 280 miles, with only 4 hours of sleep, and we were so much exhausted that we could not go any farther without rest. The weather during the night finally cleared up, and when we resumed our journey on the following morning the sun was shining brightly in an almost unclouded sky, and the air was fresh, invigorating, and filled with fragrant odors.

Although the road continued bad, the country as we proceeded southward and eastward steadily improved in appearance, and before noon we were riding across a beautiful fertile and partly cultivated prairie, which extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach, with nothing to break the horizon line except an occasional clump of small birch-trees or a dark-green thicket of willow and alder bushes. The steppe was bright with flowers, and here and there appeared extensive tracts of black, newly plodded land, or vast fields of waving grain, which showed that the country was inhabited; but there was not a fence, nor a barn, nor a house to be seen in any direction, and I could not help wondering where the village was to which these cultivated fields belonged. My curiosity was soon to be satisfied. In a few moments our driver gathered up his muddy rope reins, braced himself securely in his seat, threw out behind and above his head the long heavy lash of his short-handled knout, and bringing it down with stinging force across the backs of his four horses shouted, in a high falsetto and a deep bass, "Heekh-ya-a-a!" The whole team instantly broke into a frantic, tearing gallop, which made me involuntarily hold my breath, until it was suddenly jounced out of me by a terrific jolt as the tarantas, going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, dropped into a deep rut and rebounded with tremendous force, throwing me violently out of my seat, and making my head and back throb with the shock of the unexpected concussion. I needed no further evidence that we were approaching a village. A Siberian team never fully shows what it can do until it is within half a mile of its destination, and then it suddenly becomes a living tornado of energy. I shouted to the driver, "Pastoi! Teeshei!" ["Hold on! Don't go so fast!"] but it was of no use. Both driver and horses knew that this was the final

THE RETURN OF THE MIRACLE-WORKING IKON.

spurt, and exerted themselves to the utmost, the horses laying back their ears and tearing ahead as if pursued by a prairie fire, while the driver lashed them fiercely with his heavy knout to an accompaniment of shrill, wild cries, whoops, whistles, and shouts of "Ya-a-a-va!" "Ay doorak!" "Noo-oo-oo!" (with a falling inflection) "Heekh-ya-a-a!" All that we could do was to shut our eyes, trust in Providence, and hold on. The tarantas was pelted with a perfect storm of mud from the flying hoofs of four galloping horses, and if, putting out my head, I opened my mouth to expostulate with the driver, I ran great risk of having it effectually closed by a teacupful of tenacious black mire, thrown like a semi-liquid ball from the catapult of a horse's hoof. In a moment we saw, barring the way ahead, a long wattled fence extending for a mile or more to the right and left, with a narrow gate at the point where it intersected the road. It was the fence which inclosed the pasture ground of the village that we were approaching. As we dashed, with a

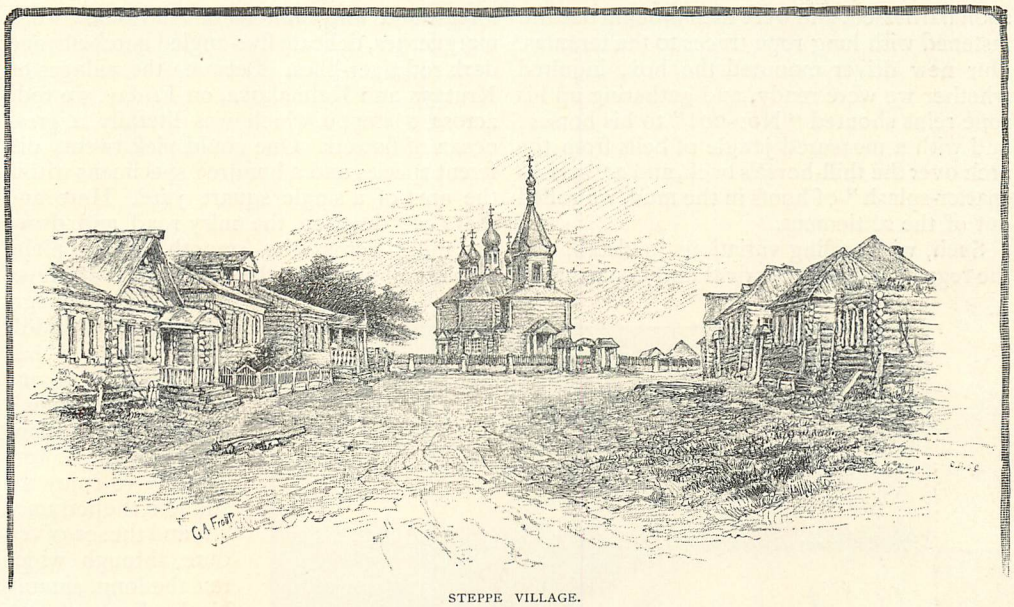
A COSSACK PEASANT GIRL.

wild whoop from our driver, through the open gateway, we noticed beside it a curious half-underground hut, roofed partly with bushes and partly with sods, out of which, as we passed, came the village gate-keeper — a dirty, forlorn-looking old man with inflamed eyes and a long white beard, who reminded me of Rip Van Winkle after his twenty-years' sleep. While he was in the act of bowing and touching the weather-beaten remains of what was once a hat, we whirled past and lost sight of him, with a feeling of regret that we could not stop and take a photograph of such a wild, neglected, picturesque embodiment of poverty and wretchedness clothed in rags. Just inside the gate stood an unpainted sign-post, upon the board of which had been neatly inscribed in black letters the words

VILLAGE OF KRUTAYA.
Distance from St. Petersburg, 2992 versts.
Distance from Moscow, 2526 versts.
Houses, 42. Male souls, 97.

Between the gate and the village there was a grassy common about half a mile wide, upon which were grazing hundreds of cattle and sheep. Here and there stood a huge picturesque windmill, consisting of a small gable-roofed house with four enormous wind-vanes mounted on a pivot at the apex of a pyramid of cross-piled logs. Beyond the windmills appeared the village, a small collection of gray, weather-beaten log-houses, some with roofs of boards, some with a roofing of ragged birch-bark held in place by tightly lashed poles, some thatched with straw, and some the flat roofs of which had been overlaid with black earth from the steppe and supported a thrifty steppe flora of weeds, buttercups, and wild mustard. Through this cluster of gray log-houses ran one central street, which had neither walks nor gutters, and which, from side to side and from end to end, was a shallow lake of black, liquid mud. Into this wide street we dashed at a tearing gallop; and the splattering of the horses' hoofs in the mud, the rumble of the tarantas, and the wild cries of our driver brought the whole population to the windows to see whether it was the governor-general or a special courier of the Tsar who came at such a furious pace into the quiet settlement. Presently our driver pulled up his reeking, panting horses before the court-yard gate of one of his friends and shouted, "Davai losheday!" ["Bring out the horses!"] Then from all parts of the village came, splashing and "thlupping" through the mud, idlers and old men to see who had arrived and to watch the changing of teams. Strange, picturesque figures the old men were, with their wrinkled faces, matted, neglected hair, and long stringy gray beards. Some were bare-headed, some bare-footed, some wore tattered sheepskin "shubas" and top-boots, and some had on long-tailed butternut coats, girt about the waist with straps or dirty colored sashes. While

A WEALTHY KIRGHIS.



STEPPE VILLAGE.

they assembled in a group around the tarantas, our driver climbed down from his high seat and began to unharness his horses. The owner of the house in front of which we had stopped soon made his appearance, and inquired whether we wished to drink tea or to go on at once. I replied that we desired to go on at once. "Andre!" he shouted to one of his sons, "ride to the pasture and drive in the horses." Andre sprang on a bare-backed horse which another boy brought out of the court-yard and galloped away to the village common. In the mean time the assembled crowd of idlers watched our movements, commented upon our "new-fashioned" tarantas, and tried to ascertain from our driver who we were and where we were going. Failing to get from that source any precise information, one of them, a bare-headed, gray-haired old man, said to me, "Bahrin! Permit us to ask — where is God taking you to?" I replied that we were going to Omsk and Semipalatinsk. "A-a-ah!" murmured the crowd with gratified curiosity.

"Where do you condescend to come from?" inquired the old man, pursuing the investigation.

"From America," I replied.

"A-a-ah!" breathed the crowd again.

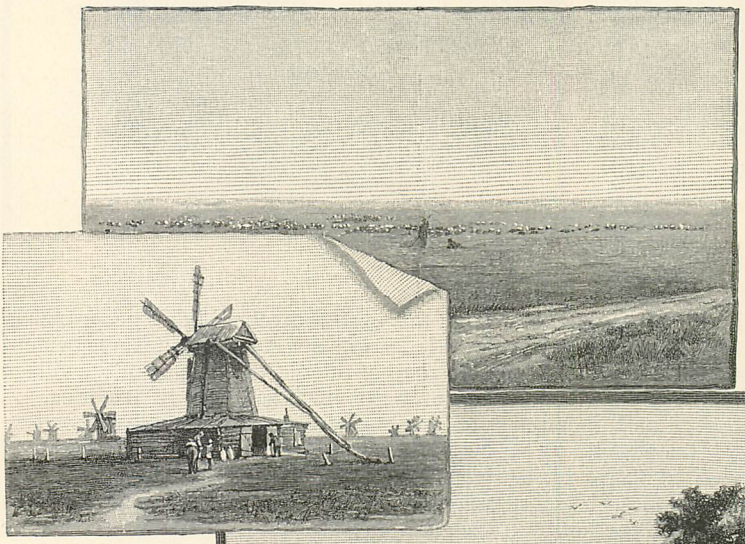
"Is that a Russian town?" persisted the old man.

"America is n't a town," shouted a bright-faced boy on the outskirts of the crowd. "It 's a country. All the world," he continued mechanically, as if reciting from a school-book, "is divided into five parts, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia. Russia occupies two-thirds of Europe and one-half of Asia." Beyond this even the school-boy's geographical knowledge did not extend, and it was evident that none of the old inhabitants of the village had even so much as heard of America. A young man, however, who had happened to be in Omsk when the bodies of the dead members of the *Jeannette* Arctic expedition were carried through that city, undertook to enlighten the crowd upon the subject of the Americans, who, he said, "were the wisest people that God had ever created, and the only people that had ever sailed into the great Icy Sea." One of the old inhabitants contended that Russian navigators had also penetrated the Icy Sea, and that although they might not be so "wise" as the Americans, they were quite as good sailors in icy waters. This gave rise to an animated discussion of polar exploration, in the midst of which the young fellow who had been sent after the horses came back with whistle and whoop, driving the animals before him into the court-yard, where they were

A KIRGHIS GIRL.

soon harnessed, and were then brought out and fastened with long rope traces to the tarantas. Our new driver mounted the box, inquired whether we were ready, and gathering up his rope reins shouted "Noo-oo!" to his horses; and with a measured jangle of bells from the arch over the thill-horse's back, and a "splash-spatter-splash" of hoofs in the mud, we rolled out of the settlement.

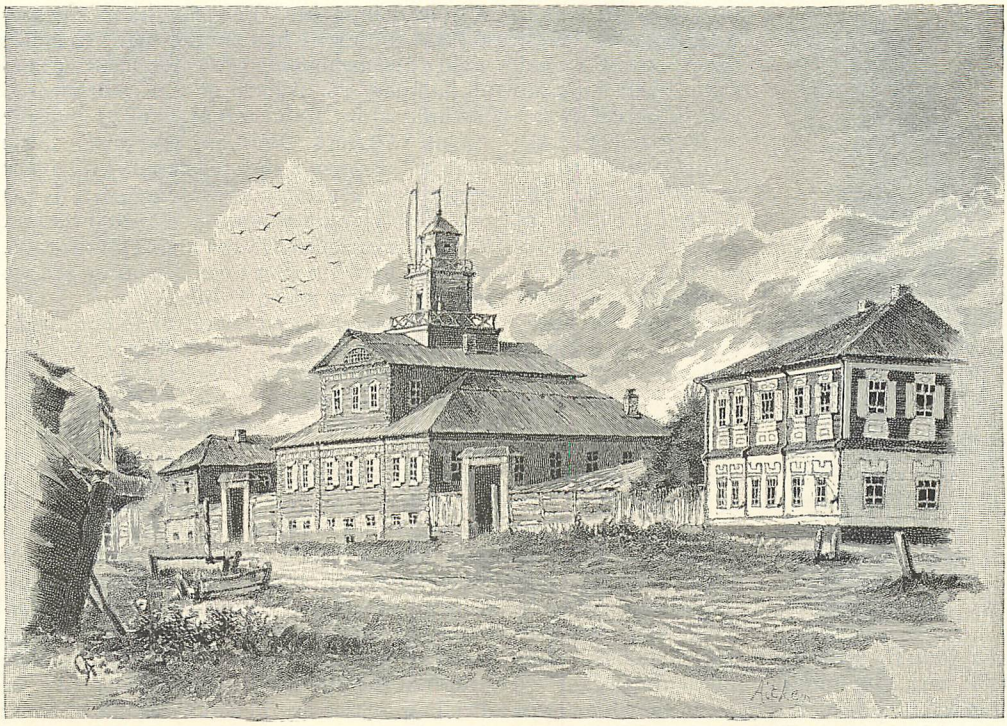
Such, with trifling variations in detail, was the regular routine of arrival and departure in all of the steppe villages where we changed horses between Tiumen and Omsk. The greater number of these villages were dreary, forlorn-looking places, containing neither yards, walks, trees, grass-plots, nor shrubbery, and presenting to the eye nothing but two parallel lines of gray, dilapidated log-houses and tumble-down court-yard walls rising directly out of the long pool of jet-black mud which formed the solitary street.



WINDMILL AND THE STEPPE.

AN OASIS IN THE IRTISH STEPPE.

It is with a feeling of intense pleasure and relief that one leaves such a village and rides out upon the wide, clean, breezy steppe where the air is filled with the fragrance of clover and the singing of birds, and where the eye is constantly delighted with great sweeps of smooth, velvety turf, or vast undulating expanses of high steppe grass sprinkled in the foreground with millions of wild roses, white marguerites, delicate five-angled harebells, and dark red tiger-lilies. Between the villages of Krutaya and Kalmakova, on Friday, we rode across a steppe which was literally a great ocean of flowers. One could pick twenty different species and a hundred specimens within the area of a single square yard. Here and there we deserted the miry road and drove for miles across the smooth, grassy plain, crushing flowers by the score at every revolution of our carriage-wheels. In the middle of the steppe I had our driver stop and wait for me while I alighted and walked away into the flowery solitude to enjoy the stillness, the perfumed air, and the sea of verdure through which ran the long, sinuous black line of the muddy highway. On my left, beyond the road, was a wide, shallow depression six or eight miles across, rising on the opposite side in a long, gradual sweep to a dark blue line of birch forest which formed the horizon. This depression was one smooth expanse of close, green turf dotted with grazing cattle and sheep, and broken here and there by a silvery pool or lake. Around me, upon the higher ground, the steppe was carpeted with flowers, among which I noticed splendid orange asters two inches in diameter, spotted tiger-lilies with strongly reflexed petals, white clover, daisies, harebells, spirea, astragalus, melilotus, and a peculiar flower growing in



POLICE STATION AND FIRE TOWER IN OMSK.

long, slender, curved spikes which suggested flights of miniature carmine sky-rockets sent up by the fairies of the steppe. The air was still and warm, and had a strange, sweet fragrance which I can liken only to the taste of wild honey. There were no sounds to break the stillness of the great plain except the drowsy hum of bees, the regular measured "Kate-did-Kate-did" of a few katydids in the grass near me, and the wailing cry of a steppe hawk hovering over the nest of some field-mice. It was a delight simply to lie on the grass amidst the flowers and see, hear, and breathe.

We traveled all day Friday over flowery steppes and through little log villages like those that I have tried to describe, stopping occasionally to make a sketch, collect flowers, or talk with the peasants about the exile system. Now and then we met a solitary traveler in a muddy tarantas on his way to Tiumen, or passed a troop of exiles in gray overcoats plodding along through the mud, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers; but as we were off the great through line of travel, we saw few vehicles except the telegas of peasants going back and forth between the villages and the outlying fields.

The part of the province of Tobolsk through which we traveled from Tiumen to Omsk is much more productive and prosperous than a careless observer would suppose it to be from the appearance of most of its villages. The four "okroogs," or "circles," * of Tiumen, Yalutorfsk, Ishim, and Tiukalinsk, through which our road lay, have an aggregate population of 650,000 and contain about 4,000,000 acres of cultivated land. The peasants in these circles own 1,500,000 head of live stock, and produce perhaps two-thirds of the 30,000,000 bushels of grain raised annually in the province. There are held every year in the four circles 220 town and village fairs or local markets, to which the peasants bring great quantities of products for sale. The transactions of these fairs in the circle of Yalutorfsk, for example, amount annually to $2,000,000; in the circle of Ishim, to $3,500,000; and in the whole

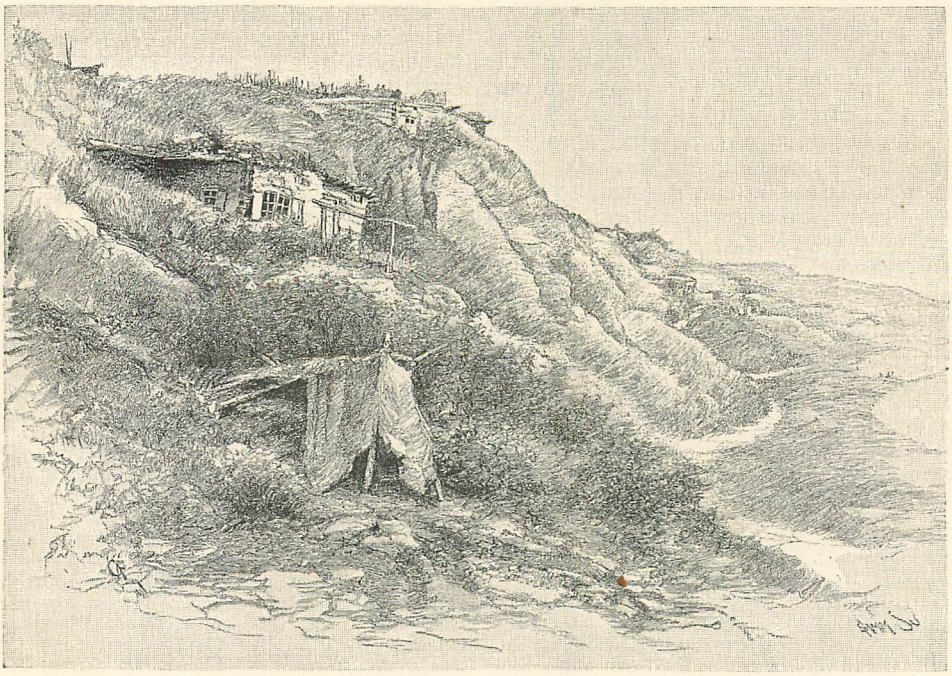
* An okroog, or circle, bears something like the same relation to a province that an American county bears to a State, except that it is proportionately much larger. The province of Tobolsk, with an area of 590,000 square miles, has only 10 okroogs, so that the average area of these subdivisions is about that of the State of Michigan. If all of the territory north of the Ohio River and the Potomac and east of the Mississippi were one State, and each of the existing States were a county, such State and counties would bear to each other and to the United States something like the same relation which the province and okroogs of Tobolsk bear to each other and to Siberia. The highest administrative officer in a Siberian province is the governor, who is represented in every okroog by an ispravnik.

A KIRGHIS BRIDE.

province, to about $14,000,000. From these statistics, and from such inquiries and observations as we were able to make along the road, it seemed to me that if the province of Tobolsk were honestly and intelligently governed, and were freed from the heavy burden of criminal exile, it would in a comparatively short time become one of the most prosperous and flourishing parts of the empire.

We drank tea Friday afternoon at the circuit town of Tiukalinsk, and after a short rest resumed our journey with four "free" horses. The road was still muddy and bad, and as we skirted the edge of the great marshy steppe of Baraba between Tiukalinsk and Bekisheva, we were so tormented by huge gray mosquitoes that we were obliged to put on thick gloves, cover our heads with calico hoods and horse-hair netting, and defend ourselves constantly with leafy branches. Between the mosquitoes and the jolting we had another hard, sleepless night; but fortunately it was the last one, and at half-past 10 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, July 4, our tarantas rolled into the streets of Omsk. Both we and our vehicle were so spattered and plastered with black steppe mud that no one who had seen us set out from Tiumen would have recognized us. We had been four days and nights on the road, and had made in that time a journey of 420 miles, with only 11 hours of sleep.

Omsk, which is a city of about 30,000 inhabitants, is the capital of the "oblast," or territory, of Akmolinsk, and the seat of government of the steppe provinces. It is an administrative rather than a commercial or a manufacturing town, and its population is largely composed of officials and clerks employed in the various Government bureaus and departments. It has a few noticeable public buildings, among which are the enormous white "cadet school," the house of the governor-general, the police station,— a rather picturesque log building surmounted by a fire-alarm tower,— and the "krepast," or fortress. The streets of the city are wide and unpaved; the dwelling-houses are generally made of logs; there is the usual number of white-walled churches and cathedrals with green, blue, or golden domes; and every building which would attract a traveler's attention belongs to the Government. If I were asked to charac-



EXILE HILL IN OMSK.

A KIRGHIS WOMAN.

terize Omsk in a few words, I should describe it as a city of 30,000 inhabitants, in which the largest building is a military academy and the most picturesque building a police station; in which there is neither a newspaper nor a public library, and in which one-half the population wears the Tsar's uniform and makes a business of governing the other half. The nature of the relations between the latter half and the former may be inferred from the fact that an intelligent and reputable citizen of this chinovnik-dominated city, who had been kind and useful to us, said to me when he bade me good-bye, "Mr. Kennan, if you find it necessary to speak of me by name in your book, please don't speak of me favorably."

"For Heaven's sake, why not?" I inquired.

"Because," he replied, "I don't think your book will be altogether pleasing to the Government; and if I am mentioned favorably in it, I shall be harried by the officials here more than I am now. My request may seem to you absurd, but it is the only favor I have to ask."*

We found little to interest us in Omsk except a small museum in the rooms of the Geographical Society, to which we were kindly taken by Colonel Pevtsof, and a wretched suburban colony of poor criminal exiles, living in half-underground huts on a steep hillside north of the river Om. I tried to find the ostrog, or prison, where the gifted Russian novelist Dostoyefski spent so many years of penal servitude and where he was twice flogged with the knout, but I was told that it had long before been torn down. I did not wonder that the Government should have torn down walls which had witnessed such scenes of misery and cruelty as those described in Dostoyefski's "Notes from a House of the Dead." There was one other building in Omsk which we greatly desired to inspect, and that was the Omsk prison; but we were treated with such contemptuous discourtesy by the governor of the province when we called upon him and asked permission to examine this prison, that we could only retire without even having taken seats in his High Excellency's office.

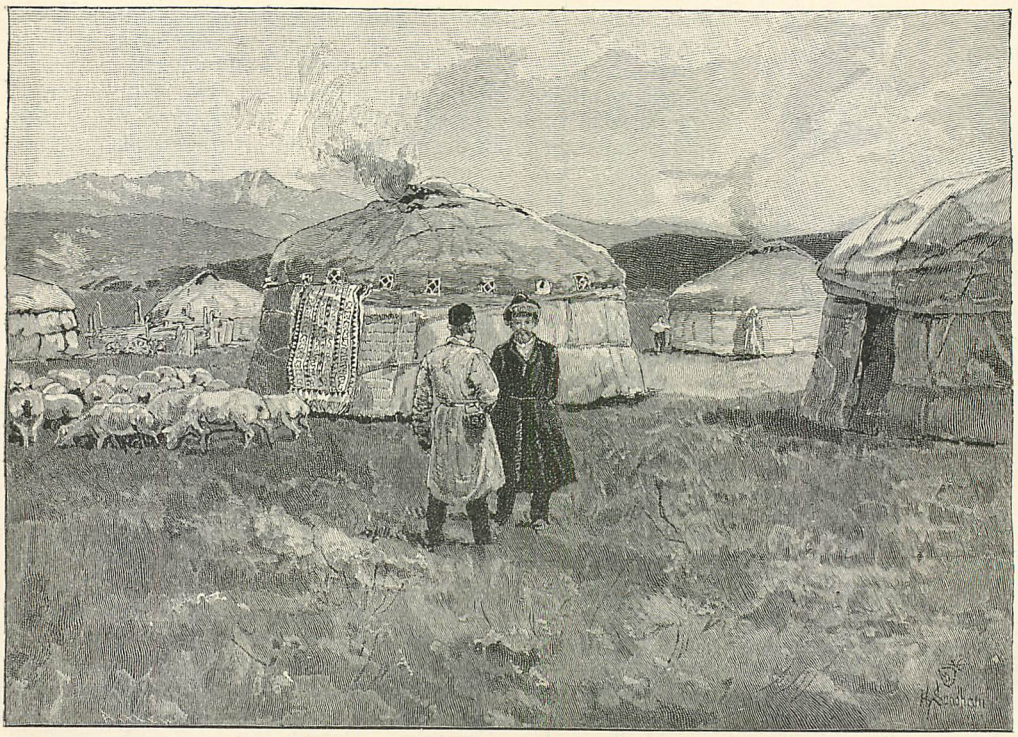
A MIDDLE-CLASS KIRGHIS.

On Wednesday, July 8, having fully recovered from the fatigue of our journey from Tiumen, we left Omsk with three post horses and a Cossack driver for Semipalatinsk. The road between the two cities runs everywhere along the right bank of the Irtish through a line of log villages not differing materially from those north of Omsk, but inhabited almost exclusively by Cossacks. Whenever the Russian Government desires to strengthen a weak frontier line so as to prevent the incursions of hostile or predatory natives, it forcibly colonizes along that line a few hundred or a few thousand families of armed Cossacks. During the last century it formed in this way the "armed line of the Terek," to protect south-eastern Russia from the raids of the Caucasian mountaineers, and the armed line of the Irtish, to hold in check the Kirghis. The danger which was apprehended from these half-wild tribes long ago passed away, but the descendants of the Cossack colonists still remain in the places to which their parents or their grandparents were transported. They have all the hardy virtues of pioneers and frontiersmen, are ingenious, versatile, and full of resources, and adapt themselves quickly to almost any environment. There are thirty or forty settlements of such Cossacks along the line of the Irtish between Omsk and Semipalatinsk, and as many more between Semipalatinsk and the Altai.

A JEBOGA.

Almost immediately after leaving Omsk we noticed a great change in the appearance of

* This was said to me upon our return from eastern Siberia in the following winter, and was called out by an account which I had given to Mr. X—— of our experience and the results of our observations. I should be glad to give some illustrations of the "harrying" to which Mr. X—— referred, if I could do so without disclosing his identity.



A KIRGHIS ENCAMPMENT.

the country. The steppe, which in the province of Tobolsk had been covered either with fresh green grass or with a carpet of flowers, here became more bare and arid, and its vegetation was evidently withering and drying up under the fierce heat of the midsummer sun. Flowers were still abundant in low places along the river, and we crossed now and then wide areas of grass which was still green, but the prevailing color of the high steppe was a sort of old gold — a color like that of ripe wheat. The clumps of white-stemmed birch-trees, which had diversified and given a park-like character to the scenery north of Omsk, became less and less frequent; cultivated fields disappeared altogether, and the steppe assumed more and more the aspect of a central Asiatic desert.

A few stations beyond Omsk, we saw and visited for the first time an "aoul," or encampment of the wandering Kirghis, a pastoral tribe of natives who roam with their flocks and herds over the plains of south-western Siberia from the Caspian Sea to the mountains of the Altai, and who make up more than three-fourths of the population of the steppe provinces. The aoul consisted of only three or four small "kibitkas," or circular tents of gray felt, pitched close together at a distance from the road in the midst of the great ocean-like expanse of dry, yellowish grass which stretched away in every direction to the horizon. There was no path leading to or from the encampment, and the little gray tents, standing alone on that boundless plain, seemed to be almost as much isolated, and as far removed from all civilized human interests, as if they were so many frail skin coracles floating in the watery solitude of the Pacific.

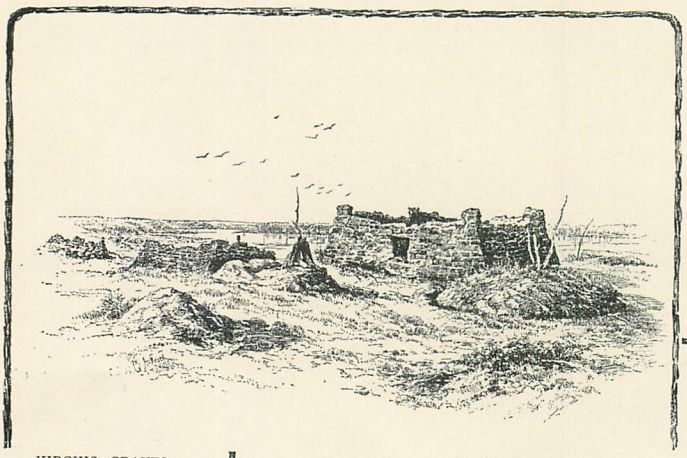
It was evident from the commotion caused by our approach that the encampment had not often been visited. The swarthy, half-naked children, who had been playing out on the grass, fled in affright to the shelter of the tents as they saw our tarantas coming towards them across the steppe; women rushed out to take a startled look at us and then disappeared; and even the men, who gathered in a group to meet us, appeared to be surprised and a little alarmed by our visit. A few words in Kirghis, however, from our Cossack driver reassured them, and upon the invitation of an old man in a red and yellow skull-cap, who seemed to be the patriarch of the band, we entered one of the kibitkas. It was a circular tent about fifteen feet in diameter and eight feet high, made by covering a dome-shaped framework of smoke-blackened poles with large overlapping sheets of heavy gray felt. The slightly curved rafters which formed the roof radiated like the spokes of a wheel from a large wooden ring in the center of the dome, and were supported around the circumference

INSIDE THE TENT.

of the tent by a skeleton wall of wooden lattice-work in which there was a hinged door. The ring in the center of the dome outlined the aperture left for the escape of smoke and the admission of air, and directly under this aperture a fire was smoldering on the ground inside a circle of flat stones, upon which stood a few pots, kettles, and other domestic utensils. The furniture of the tent was very scanty, and consisted of a narrow, unpainted bedstead opposite the door, two or three cheap Russian trunks of wood painted blue and decorated with strips of tin, and a table about four feet in diameter and eight inches high, intended evidently to be used by persons who habitually squatted on the ground. Upon the table

were a few dirty wooden bowls and spoons and an antique metal pitcher, while here and there, hanging against the lattice wall, were buckets of birch bark, a harness or two, a flint-lock rifle, a red, white, and golden saddle of wood with silver inlaid stirrups, and a pair of carpet saddle-bags.

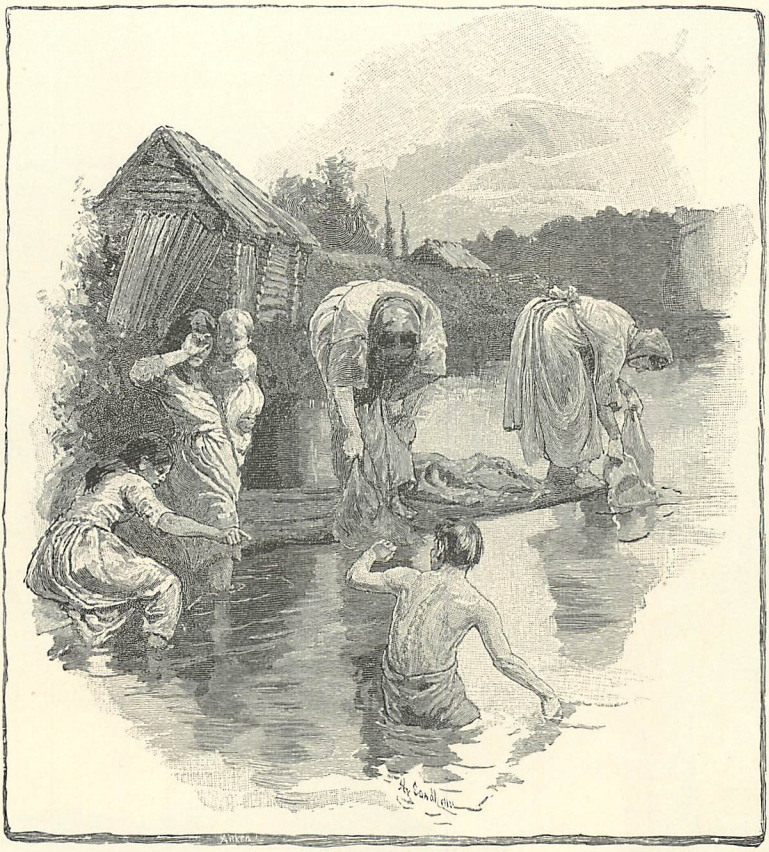
The first duty which hospitality requires of a Kirghis host is the presentation of koumiss to his guests, and we had no sooner taken seats on a sheet of gray felt beside the fire than one of the women went to the koumiss churn,—a large, black, greasy bag of horse-hide hanging against the lattice wall,—worked a wooden churn-dasher up and down in it vigorously for a moment, and then poured out of it into a greasy wooden bowl fully a quart of the great national Kirghis beverage for me. It did not taste as much like sour milk and soda-water as I expected that it would. On the contrary, it had rather a pleasant flavor; and if it had been a little cleaner and cooler, it would have made an agreeable and refreshing drink. I tried to please the old Kirghis patriarch and to show my appreciation of Kirghis hospitality by drinking the whole bowlful; but I underestimated the quantity of koumiss that it is necessary to imbibe in order to show one's host that one does n't dislike it and that one is satisfied with one's entertainment. I had no sooner finished one quart bowlful than the old patriarch brought me another; and when I told him that a single quart was all that I permitted myself to take at one time, and suggested that he reserve the second bowlful for my comrade, Mr. Frost, he looked so pained and grieved that in order to restore his serenity I had to go to the tarantas, get my banjo, and sing "There is a Tavern in the Town." Mr. Frost, meanwhile, had shirked his duty and his koumiss by pretending that he could not drink and draw simultaneously, and that he wanted to make a likeness of the patriarch's six-year-old son.



KIRGHIS GRAVES.

A STEPPE GRAVEYARD.

This seemed to be a very adroit scheme on Mr. Frost's part, but it did not work as well as he had expected. No sooner had he begun to make the sketch than the boy's mother, taking alarm at the peculiar, searching way in which the artist looked at his subject, and imagining perhaps that her offspring was being mesmerized, paralyzed, or bewitched, swooped down upon the ragged little urchin, and kissing him passionately, as if she had almost lost him forever, carried him away and hid him. This untoward incident cast such a gloom over the subsequent proceedings that after singing four verses of "Solomon Levi," in a vain attempt to restore public confidence in Mr. Frost, I put away my banjo and we took our departure. I should like to know what traditions are now current in that part of the Kirghis steppe with regard to the two plausible but designing Giaours who went about visiting the aouls of the faithful, one of them



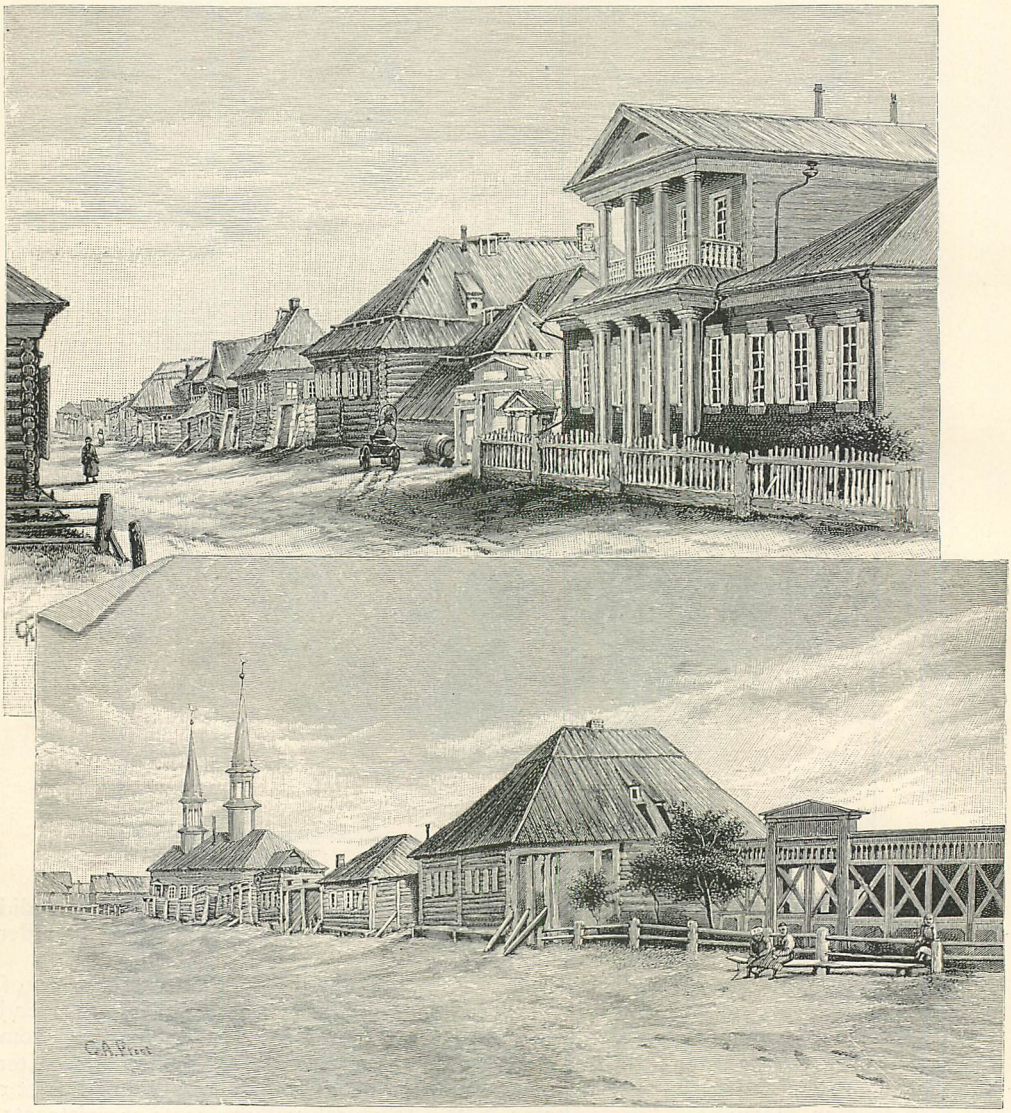
WASHING-DAY.

singing unholy songs to the accompaniment of a strange stringed instrument, while the other cast an "evil eye" upon the children, and tried to get possession of their souls by making likenesses of their bodies.

For four days and nights we traveled swiftly southward over a good road through the illimitable steppes of the Irtish, stopping now and then to pick snowy pond-lilies in some reed-fringed pool, to make a hasty sketch of a lonely, fort-shaped Kirghis grave, or to visit an aoul and drink koumiss with the hospitable nomads in their gray felt tents. Sometimes the road ran down into the shallow valley of the Irtish, through undulating seas of golden-rod and long wild grass whose wind-swept waves seemed to break here and there in foaming crests of snowy spirea; sometimes it made a long détour into the high, arid steppe back from the river, where the vegetation had been parched to a dull uniform yellow by weeks of hot sunshine; and sometimes it ran suddenly into a low, moist oasis around a blue steppe lake, where we found ourselves in a beautiful natural flower-garden crowded with rose-bushes, hollyhocks, asters, daisies, fringed pinks, rosemary, flowering pea, and splendid dark blue spikes of aconite standing shoulder high.

After we passed the little Cossack town of Pavlodar on Friday, the weather, which had been warm ever since our departure from Omsk, became intensely hot, the thermometer indicating ninety-one degrees Fahrenheit at 1 P. M. As we sat, without coats or waistcoats, under the sizzling leather roof of our tarantas, fanning ourselves with our hats, panting for breath, fighting huge green-eyed horseflies, and looking out over an illimitable waste of dead grass which wavered and trembled in the fierce glare of the tropical sunshine, we found it almost impossible to believe that we were in Siberia.

Many of the Cossack villages along this part of our route were situated down under the high, steep bank of the Irtish at the very water's edge, where the soil was moist enough to support a luxuriant vegetation. As the result of such favorable situation, these villages were generally shaded by trees and surrounded by well-kept vegetable and flower gardens. After a ride of twenty miles over an arid steppe in



A STREET IN SEMIPALATINSK.

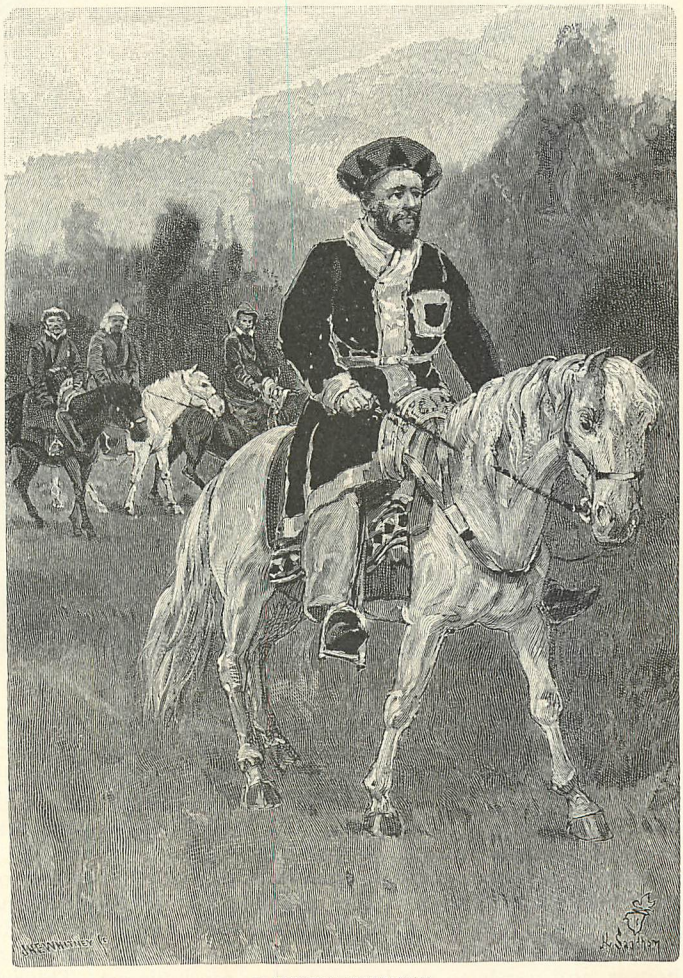
the hot, blinding sunshine of a July afternoon, it was indescribably pleasant and refreshing to come down into one of these little oases of greenery, where a narrow arm of the Irtish flowed tranquilly under the checkered shade of leafy trees; where the gardens of the Cossack housewives were full of potato, cucumber, and melon vines, the cool, fresh green of which made an effective setting for glowing beds of scarlet poppies; and where women and girls with tucked-up skirts were washing clothes on a little platform projecting into the river, while half-naked children waded and splashed in the clear, cool water around them.

We made the last stretches of our journey to Semipalatinsk in the night. The steppe over which we approached the city was more naked and sterile than any that we had crossed, and seemed in the faint twilight to be merely a desert of sun-baked earth and short dead grass, with here and there a ragged bush or a long, ripple-marked dune of loose, drifting sand. I fell asleep soon after midnight, and when I awoke at half-past 2 o'clock Sunday morning day was just breaking, and we were passing a large white building with lighted lanterns hung against its walls, which I recognized as a city prison. It was the "tiuremni zamok," or "prison castle" of Semipalatinsk. In a few moments we entered a long, wide, lonely street, bordered by unpainted log-houses, the board window-shutters of which were all closed, and

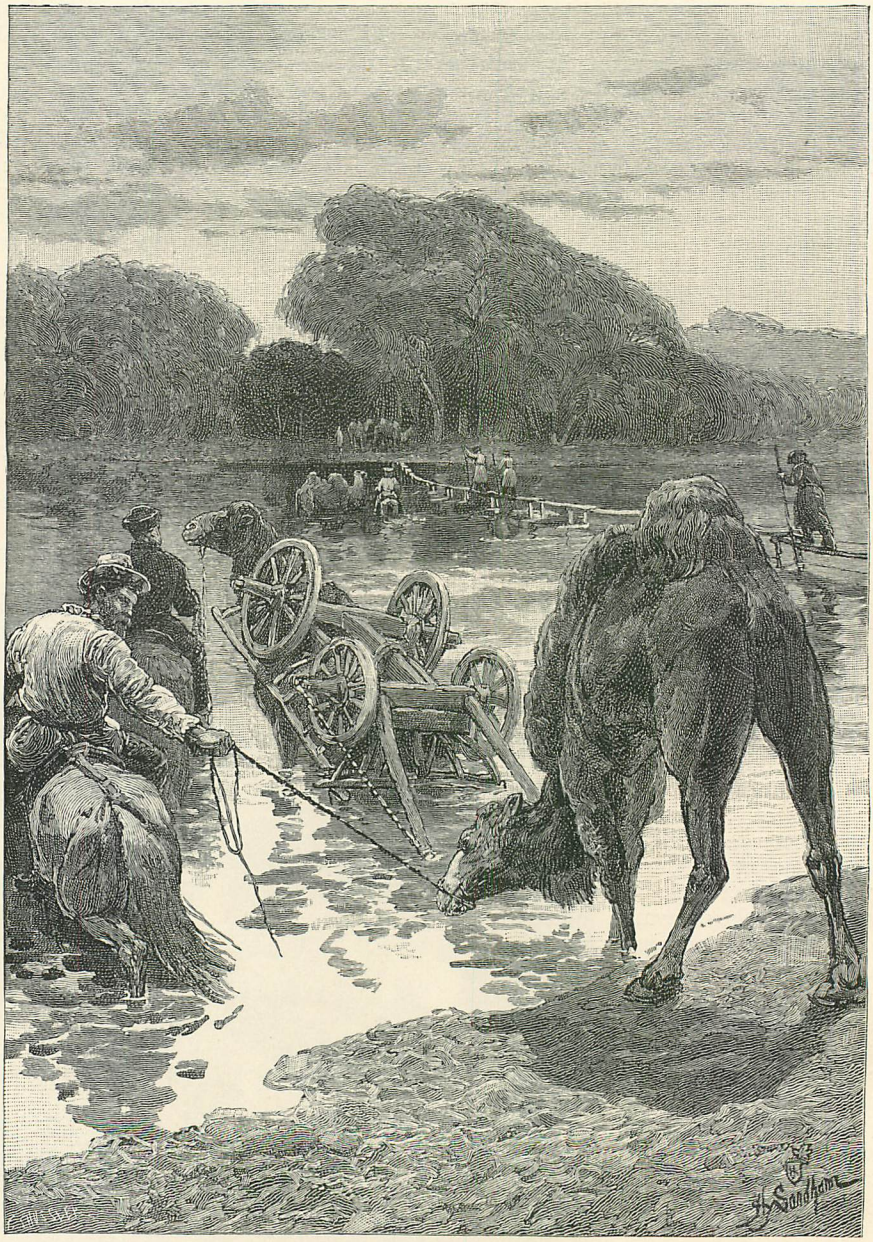
the steep, pyramidal roofs of which loomed high and black in the first gray light of dawn. The street was full of soft, drifted sand, in which the hoofs of our horses fell noiselessly, and through which our tarantas moved with as little jar as if it were a gondola floating along a watery street in Venice. There was something strangely weird and impressive in this noiseless night ride through the heart of a ghostly and apparently deserted city, in the streets of which were the drifted sands of the desert, and where there was not a sound to indicate the presence of life save the faint, distant throbbing of a watchman's rattle, like the rapid, far-away beating of a wooden drum. We stopped at last in front of a two-story building of brick, covered with white stucco, which our driver said was the hotel "Sibir." After pounding vigorously for five minutes on the front door, we were admitted by a sleepy waiter, who showed us to a hot, musty room in the second story, where we finished our broken night's sleep on the floor.

The city of Semipalatinsk, which has a population of about 15,000 Russians, Kirghis, and Tartars, is situated on the right bank of the river Irtish, 480 miles southeast of Omsk and about 900 miles from Tiumen. It is the seat of government of the province of Semipalatinsk, and is commercially a place of some importance, owing to the fact that it stands on one of the caravan routes to Tashkend and central Asia, and commands a large part of the trade of the Kirghis steppe. The country tributary to it is a pastoral rather than an agricultural region, and of its 547,000 inhabitants 497,000 are nomads who live in 111,000 kibitkas or felt tents, and own more than 3,000,000 head of live stock, including 70,000 camels. The province produces annually, among other things, 45,000 pounds of honey, 370,000 pounds of tobacco, 100,000 bushels of potatoes, and more than 12,000,000 bushels of grain. There are held every year within the limits of the province 11 commercial fairs, the transactions of which amount in the aggregate to about $1,000,000. Forty or fifty caravans leave the city of Semipalatinsk every year for various points in Mongolia and central Asia, carrying Russian goods to the value of from $150,000 to $200,000.

It is hardly necessary, I suppose, to call the attention of persons who think that all of Siberia is an arctic waste to the fact that honey and tobacco are not arctic products, and that the camel is not a beast of burden used by Eskimos on wastes of snow. If Mr. Frost and I had supposed the climate of south-western Siberia to be arctic in its character, our minds would have been dispossessed of that erroneous idea in less than twelve hours after our arrival in Semipalatinsk. When we set out for a walk through the city about 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon, the thermometer indicated eighty-nine degrees Fahrenheit in the shade with a north wind, and the inhabitants seemed to regard it as rather a cool and pleasant summer day. After wading around in the deep sand under a blazing sun for an hour and a half, we were



A KIRGHIS HORSEMAN.



A CAMEL TEAM CROSSING A FORD.

more than ready to seek the shelter of the hotel and call for refrigerating drinks. The city of Semipalatinsk fully deserves the nickname which has been given to it by the Russian officers there stationed, viz., "The Devil's Sand-box." From almost any interior point of view it presents a peculiar gray, dreary appearance, owing partly to the complete absence of trees and grass, partly to the ashy, weather-beaten aspect of its unpainted log-houses, and partly to the loose, drifting sand with which its streets are filled. We did not see in our walk of an hour and a half a single tree, bush, or blade of grass, and we waded a large part of the time through soft, dry sand which was more than ankle-deep, and which in places had been drifted, like snow, to a depth of four or five feet against the walls of the gray log-houses. The whole city made upon me the impression of a Mohammedan town built in the middle of a north African desert. This impression was deepened by the

Tartar mosques here and there with their brown candle-extinguisher minarets; by the groups of long-bearded, white-turbaned mullas who stood around them; and by the appearance in the street now and then of a huge two-humped Bactrian camel, ridden into the city by a swarthy, sheepskin-hooded Kirghis from the steppes.

Monday morning I called upon General Tseklinski, the governor of the province, presented my letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was gratified to find that he had apparently received no private instructions with regard to us and knew nothing whatever about us. He welcomed me courteously, granted me permission to inspect the Semipalatinsk prison, said he would send the chief of the police to go with us to the mosques and show us about the city, and promised to have prepared for us an open letter of recommendation to all the subordinate officials in the Semipalatinsk province.

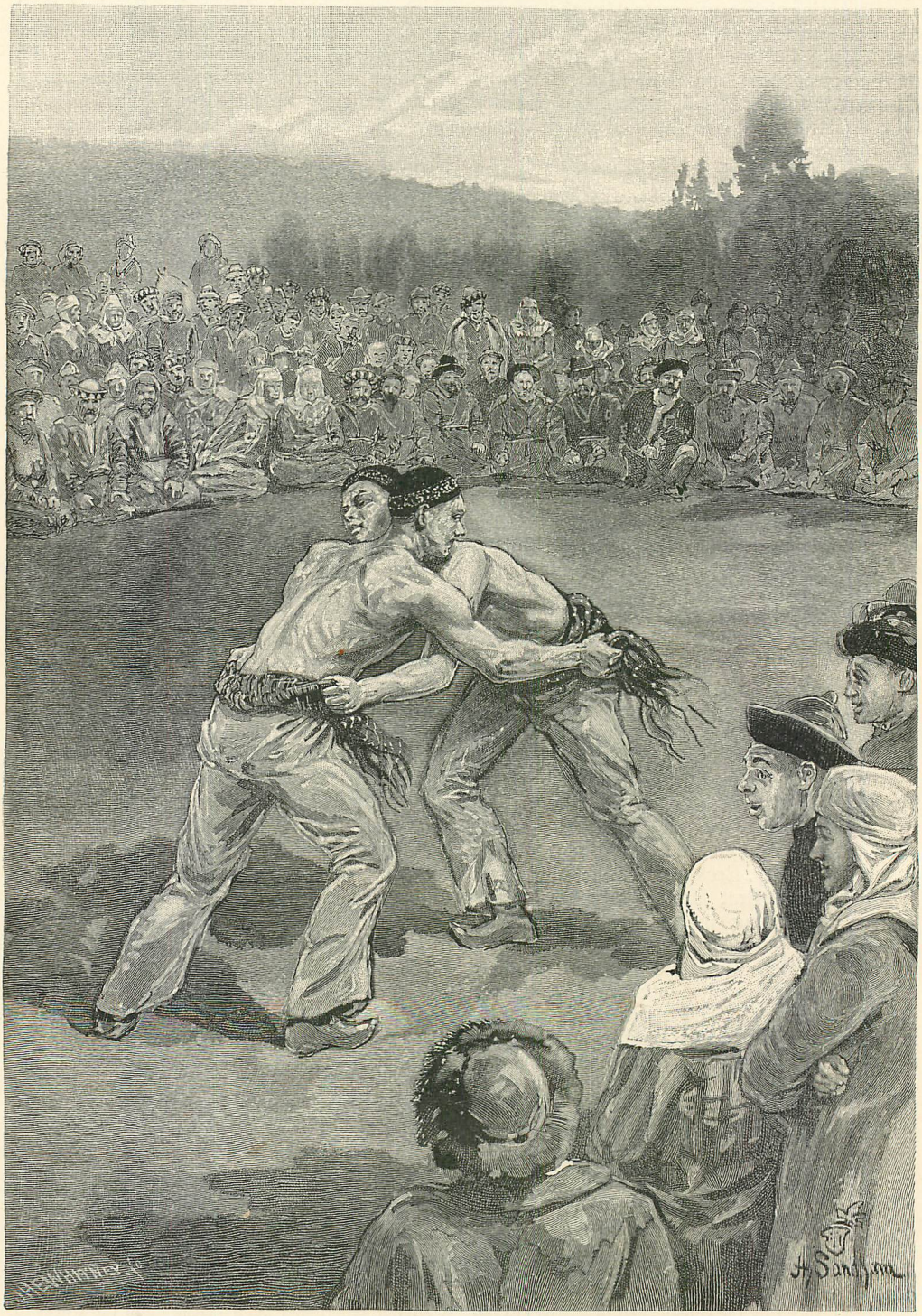
From the house of the governor I went, upon his recommendation, to the public library, an unpretending log-house in the middle of the town, where I found a small anthropological museum, a comfortable little reading-room supplied with all the Russian newspapers and magazines, and a well-chosen collection of about one thousand books, among which I was somewhat surprised to find the works of Spencer, Buckle, Lewes, Mill, Taine, Lubbock, Tylor, Huxley, Darwin, Lyell, Tyndall, Alfred Russel Wallace, Mackenzie Wallace, and Sir Henry Maine, as well as the novels and stories of Scott, Dickens, Marryat, George Eliot, George MacDonald, Anthony Trollope, Justin McCarthy, Erckmann-Chatrian, Edgar Allan Poe, and Bret Harte. The library was particularly strong in the departments of science and political economy, and the collection of books, as a whole, was in the highest degree creditable to the intelligence and taste of the people who made and used it. It gave me a better opinion of Semipalatinsk than anything that I had thus far seen or heard.*

From the library I strolled eastward along the bank of the Irtish to the pendulum ferry by which communication is maintained between Semipalatinsk and a Kirghis suburb on the other side of the river. The ferry-boat starts from a wooded island in mid-stream, which is reached either by crossing a footbridge, or by fording the shallow channel which separates it from the Semipalatinsk shore. Just ahead of me were several Kirghis with three or four double-humped camels, one of which was harnessed to a Russian telega. Upon reaching the ford the Kirghis released the draught camel from the telega, lashed the empty vehicle, wheels upward, upon the back of the grunting, groaning animal, and made him wade with it across the stream. A Bactrian camel, with his two loose, drooping humps, his long neck, and his preposterously conceited and disdainful expression of countenance, is always a ridiculous beast, but he never looks so absurdly comical as when crossing a stream with a four-wheeled wagon lashed bottom upward on his back. The shore of the Irtish opposite Semipalatinsk is nothing more than the edge of a great desert-like steppe which stretches away to the southward beyond the limits of vision. I reached there just in time to see the unloading of a caravan of camels which had arrived from Tashkend with silks, rugs, and other central Asiatic goods for the Semipalatinsk market.

Late in the afternoon I retraced my steps to the hotel, where I found Mr. Frost, who had been sketching all day in the Tartar or eastern end of the town. The evening was hot and sultry, and we sat until 11 o'clock without coats or waistcoats, beside windows thrown wide open to catch every breath of air, listening to the unfamiliar noises of the Tartar city. It was the last night of the great Mohammedan fast of Ramazan, and the whole population seemed to be astir until long after midnight. From every part of the town came to us on the still night air the quick staccato throbbing of watchmen's rattles, which sounded like the rapid beating of wooden drums, and suggested some pagan ceremony in central Africa or the Fiji Islands. Now and then the rattles became quiet, and then the stillness was broken by the long-drawn, wailing cries of the muezzins from the minarets of the Tartar mosques.

Tuesday morning when we awoke we found the streets full of Tartars and Kirghis in gala dress, celebrating the first of the three holidays which follow the Mohammedan Lent. About noon the chief of police came to our hotel, by direction of the governor, to make our acquaintance and to show us about the city, and under his guidance we spent two or three

* Most of the works of the scientific authors above named were expurgated Russian editions. Almost every chapter of Lecky's "History of Rationalism" had been defaced by the censor, and in a hasty examination of it I found gaps where from ten to sixty pages had been cut out bodily. Even in this mutilated form, and in the remote Siberian town of Semipalatinsk, the book was such an object of terror to a cowardly Government, that it had been quarantined by order of the Tsar and could not be issued to a reader without special permission from the Minister of the Interior. A similar taboo had been placed upon the works of Spencer, Mill, Lewes, Lubbock, Huxley, and Lyell, notwithstanding the fact that the censor had cut out of them everything that seemed to him to have a "dangerous" or "demoralizing" tendency.



A TARTAR WRESTLING MATCH.

hours in examining the great Tartar mosque and making ceremonious calls upon mullas and Tartar officials. He then asked us if we would not like to see a Tartar and Kirghis wrestling match. We replied, of course, in the affirmative, and were at once driven in his droshky to an open sandy common at the eastern end of the city, where we found a great crowd assembled and where the wrestling had already begun. The dense throng of spectators — mostly Kirghis and Tartars — was arranged in concentric circles around an open space twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter. The inner circle was formed by two or three lines of men, squatting on their heels; then came three or four lines of standing men, and behind the latter was a close circle of horsemen sitting in their saddles, and representing the gallery. The chief of police made a way for us through the crowd to the inner circle, where we took orchestra seats in the sand under a blazing sun and in a cloud of fine dust raised by the wrestlers. The crowd, as we soon discovered, was divided into two hostile camps, consisting respectively of Kirghis and Tartars. Ours was the Kirghis side, and opposite us were the Tartars. There were four masters of ceremonies, who were dressed in long green "khalats" and carried rattan wands. The two Tartar officials would select a champion in their corner, throw a sash over his head, pull him out into the arena, and then challenge the Kirghis officials to match him. The latter would soon find a man about equal to the Tartar champion in size and weight, and then the two contestants would prepare for the struggle. The first bout after we arrived was between a good-looking, smooth-faced young Kirghis, who wore a blue skull-cap and a red sash, and an athletic, heavily built Tartar, in a yellow skull-cap and a green sash. They eyed each other warily for a moment, and then clinched fiercely, each grasping with one hand his adversary's sash, while he endeavored with the other to get an advantageous hold of wrist, arm, or shoulder. Their heads were pressed closely together, their bodies were bent almost into right angles at their waists, and their feet were kept well back to avoid trips. Presently both secured sash and shoulder holds, and in a bent position backed each other around the arena, the Kirghis watching for an opportunity to trip and the Tartar striving to close in. The veins stood out like whip-cords on their foreheads and necks, and their swarthy faces dripped with perspiration as they struggled and maneuvered in the scorching sunshine, but neither of them seemed to be able to find an opening in the other's guard or to get any decided advantage. At last, however, the Tartar backed away suddenly, pulling the Kirghis violently towards him; and as the latter stepped forward to recover his balance, he was dexterously tripped by a powerful side-blow of the Tartar's leg and foot. The trip did not throw him to the ground, but it did throw him off his guard; and before he could recover himself, the Tartar broke the sash and shoulder hold, rushed in fiercely, caught him around the body, and, with a hip-lock and a tremendous heave, threw him over his head. The unfortunate Kirghis fell with such violence that the blood streamed from his nose and mouth and he seemed partly stunned; but he was able to get up without assistance and walked in a dazed way to his corner, amidst a roar of shouts and triumphant cries from the Tartar side.

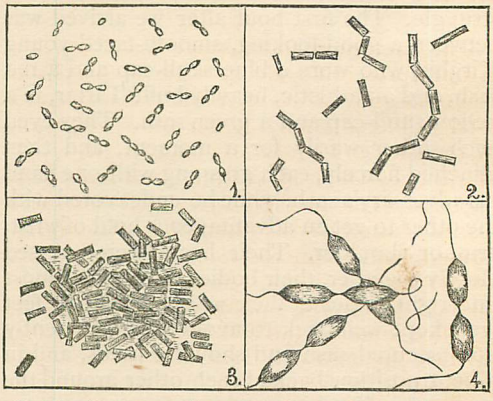
As the excitement increased new champions offered themselves, and in a moment two more contestants were locked in a desperate struggle, amidst a babel of exclamations, suggestions, taunts, and yells of encouragement or defiance from their respective supporters. The hot air was filled with a dusty haze of fine sand, which was extremely irritating to the eyes; our faces and hands burned as if they were being slowly blistered by the torrid sunshine; and the odors of horses, of perspiration, and of greasy old sheepskins, from the closely packed mass of animals and men about us, became so overpowering that we could scarcely breathe; but there was so much excitement and novelty in the scene, that we managed to hold out through twelve or fifteen bouts. Two police officers were present to maintain order and prevent fights, but their interference was not needed. The wrestling was invariably good-humored, and the vanquished retired without any manifestations of ill-feeling, and often with laughter at their own discomfiture. The Kirghis were generally overmatched. The Tartars, although perhaps no stronger, were quicker and more dexterous than their nomadic adversaries, and won on an average two falls out of every three. About 5 o'clock, although the wrestling still continued, we made our way out of the crowd and returned to the hotel, to bathe our burning faces and, if possible, get cool.

George Kennan.

DISEASE GERMS, AND HOW TO COMBAT THEM.*

AT the very confines of organic nature, the lowliest of the low among plants, comes a series of minute and simply formed bodies called bacteria. From them we receive great benefits, and from them also proceed some of our greatest evils. They are the active agents in producing that circulation of matter so essential to the continuance of organic life, since by the decompositions they effect the earth is freed from the dead matter which would otherwise encumber it, while the matter itself is turned into the great reservoir from which all life draws. In addition to this, recent experiments make it doubtful whether our seeds could germinate without their aid; and yet, it must be confessed that, as a class, they are not in good repute. They spoil our meats in warm weather, turn sour our milk, and vex the housewife by exciting revolt among her choicest preserves; and we are now in possession of facts which prove that some among them actually cause disease of an infectious nature. This is no longer inferential, but proved for at least half a dozen diseases; and the proof is positive and absolute in that number of cases, while in many others we need but a few more facts that we may be equally assured.

Taking a little filtered beef bouillon, clear as crystal to the eye, and showing under the microscope not a trace of life, let us place it in a glass flask and, boiling it repeatedly to destroy any germs it may contain, set it aside in a warm place with the mouth of the flask open. In a few days the liquid previously so limpid becomes very turbid. If we take a drop and magnify it 1000 diameters we shall see that the liquid is crowded with life, and the few ounces of bouillon contain a vaster population than our greatest city can boast. All is incessant activity; the whole field of the microscope is crowded with moving bodies, some shooting rapidly past in straight lines, others moving slowly backward and forward, while others twirl and spin during the whole time of observation. The sight itself is interesting, but the question that springs at once to the mind is still more so. Whence comes all this active life? It was here that the theory of spontaneous generation took its last stand; it was here that it made its most desperate resistance; here also it has been most signally defeated. Has the life sprung from some new arrangement of the complex principles in the broth? No. Science again reiterates the dictum that there can be no life without antecedent life. The broth has been contaminated by air germs, and from a few falling into it has come this prodigal life. Starting from no matter how complex a substance, once kill all the germs it contains and supply it with air freed from germs, and no life will ever appear. Here, then, is a test for the number of germs air or water may contain in seeing how much is required to start life in an infusion perfectly free from germs. On this principle the numbers presently to be stated have been obtained. We must clearly understand, lest we become needlessly alarmed, that the majority of bacterial life, as such, is perfectly harmless to man. Almost every fermentation and putrefaction has a special bacterium inducing it. The ripening of cheese is produced by bacteria and yet is perfectly harmless. What, then, does it signify to count bacteria in air and in water? It is useful simply because where harmless bacteria are found multiplying there we are assured conditions are generally favorable for the increase of harmful varieties too.

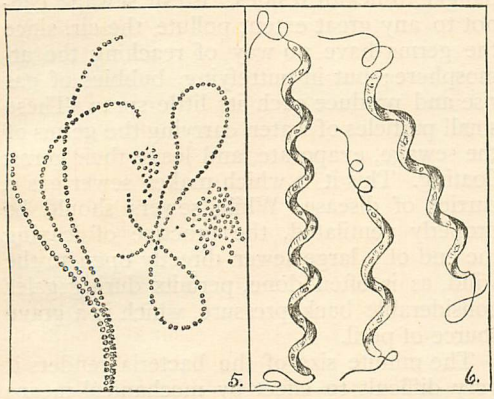


1. Bacterium Termo X 1000 Diameters. 2. Hay Bacillus X 1000 D. 3. Same (zoogloea) X 1000 D. 4. Bacterium Termo X 3000 D. (Dallinger.)

Returning to our infusions and microscope, let us look more closely at this lowly life. We have shown in Figure 1 the appearance of beef bouillon in which bacteria called "bacterium termo" are growing, while Figures 2 and 3 show a growth of what is called "hay bacillus," since the germs are very abundant in hay; and here, so our readers may not become

* When not otherwise credited, the drawings were made by the author directly from the microscope.

confused with the different names, we will say that bacteria are divided according to their *shape* into four classes: the micrococci (the word means little grains) are round, bacteria proper are very short cylinders, bacilli are longer, while the spirillum is shown in Figure 6. The micrococci, of which we show the species inhabiting the mouth in health (Figure 5), are always seen as small spherical bodies about $\frac{1}{20000}$ of an inch in diameter. Like all the bacteria, they are little masses of vegetable protoplasm surrounded by a thin cell wall. Their number in the mouth is almost incredible, but to human beings they are perfectly harmless; however, if we inoculate a few drops of saliva under the skin of a rabbit, in about two days it dies and we find its blood crowded with these minute cells.

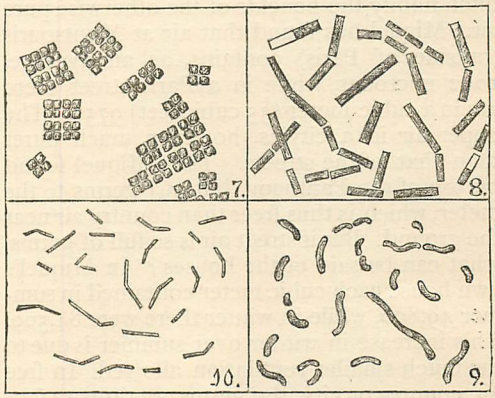


5. Micrococci from Mouth X 1000 D. 6. Spirillum Volutans X 500 D. (Cohn.)

The bacterium and the bacillus (Figures 1, 2, and 3) resemble one another, the bacterium being shorter, however, while the spirillum is totally different, much larger and twisted, and in the species figured attains a length of $\frac{1}{300}$ of an inch, which makes it a giant among the bacteria. The method by which these little plants multiply deserves notice. The chains formed by the micrococcus (Figure 5) first attract attention, and show a very common method of growth among the bacteria. This is called fission: the cell elongates and then divides, the new cell does likewise, and so a long string is formed, the micrococci under the microscope looking like minute pearls. Sometimes the division takes place in two directions, and we then have — what Figure 7 shows very plainly — a grouping in squares. The method which interests us most, however, is reproduction by spores, which are to the adult bacilli as seeds to a plant; and as the seed can survive what will kill the plant, so spores withstand degrees of heat, dryness, and disinfection fatal to full-grown bacteria: the spores forming in the bacilli look sometimes like peas in a pod, and escape through the cell wall.

Some of the bacteria are motionless; others seem to possess untiring activity, caused in some cases by flagellata, as shown in Figures 4 and 6.

Let us now pass to some of the forms accompanying disease. Those figured are the bacillus anthracis, causing splenic fever, in Figure 8; the comma bacillus, the probable cause of cholera, according to Koch, shown in Figure 9; the spirillum, causing relapsing fever, in Figure 11; while in No. 10 is seen the bacillus tuberculosis of consumption.



7. Sarcina Ventriculi X 1000 D. 8. Bacillus Anthracis X 1000 D. 9. Comma Bacillus (Cholera) X 1000 D. 10. Bacillus of Consumption X 1000 D.

It will be asked, How do these minute plants kill? In diseases like splenic fever their rapid multiplication actually fills and plugs the capillaries; in their life processes many of the disease germs evolve poisonous products. The mechanical effect of foreign matter in the blood must not be overlooked; and, as bacteria cannot grow without nutriment, all this must come from the fluids and the tissues of the body.

We have spoken of the methods of growth and must now mention its marvelous rapidity. Cohn has seen the hay bacillus in infusions at blood heat divide every twenty minutes. We have calculated this rate for twenty-four hours, and have found that at the end of the first day there would be as the descendants of a single bacillus 4,722,366,482,869,645,213,696 individuals; and though we can pack a trillion (1,000,000,000,000) in a cubic inch, this number would fill about 2,500,000 cubic feet. This is clearly not what they do, but simply what they are capable of for a short time when temperature and food supply are favorable.

Since the multiplication of bacteria is so favored by warmth, the summer season requires special sanitary precautions; but plants

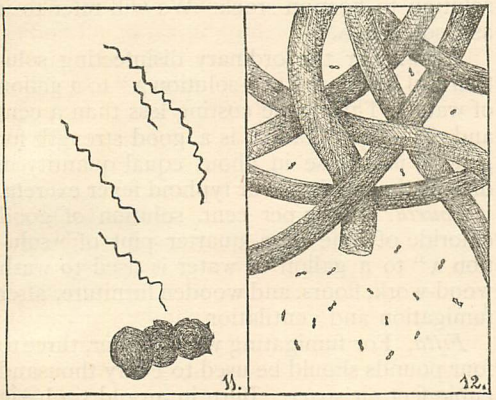
need soil as well as warmth, and the soil which best fosters these is an accumulation of vegetable or animal refuse. The longer such garbage is kept, the better for their growth and the worse for the neighborhood. In summer, therefore, it is of the first importance that garbage should be removed daily. A great step would be gained if garbage could be burned as soon as made; and as this is almost impossible in its wet state, we notice with pleasure an invention by which it is dried and then burnt, a water seal, it is claimed, preventing the escape of all odors in either operation. This is certainly a desideratum in country places with no garbage collection, where from this cause the immediate surroundings of a house often nullify the benefits of the otherwise pure air. Miquel has found that air at Montsouris (outside of Paris) contains, as an average, 1092 microbes, while in a Paris street there are in a cubic meter (35 cubic feet) 9750. The upper air in a city is, however, much purer than that of the streets. Thus Miquel found on top of the Pantheon but 364 germs to the meter, which is thus freer than country air near the ground. But if street air is so full of germs, what can be said of the houses? In Miquel's own house each cubic meter contained in summer 49,800, while in winter there were 84,500. This increase in winter over summer is due to the much smaller ventilation allowed. In free air, country or city, the germs are three to four times more numerous in summer than in winter. These figures help us to appreciate the necessity for thorough ventilation, especially in cases of infectious disease. Tightly closing the room to prevent the contagion from spreading will but add to its concentration and greatly increase the danger to the attendants. Doors and windows opening into halls or other rooms are wisely closed, but those communicating with outside air should be opened as widely as possible, and if the patient is in an upper room, much of the danger of infection is avoided. It would seem best, where hospitals are built in a thickly inhabited section of the city, to take the air supply used in ventilation, especially of the surgical wards, from a superior level by means of a tall chimney. With such air, and with walls of glazed brick instead of absorbent plaster, unfavorable results after operations, already so reduced in number by antiseptic methods, would be still further diminished.

That sunshine is a germicide as well as a tonic has but recently been proved: if we take two flasks containing the bacillus anthracis with spores, and keep one in the direct sunshine for a long time, while the other exposed to the same heat is kept from the sun, we find the sun-exposed spores have lost their virulence, while the others remain active. Is there need to further press so patent a lesson? As bacteria grow best in the presence of considerable moisture, we may expect to encounter them in greater abundance in water than in air. Rain water contains 60,000 to a quart, the Vanne four times as many, while the polluted Seine from 5,000,000 to 12,000,000.

Our readers will wish to know if sewage itself can be worse; but this, when fresh, contains 75,000,000 to a quart, and, allowed to stagnate, would soon show itself a hundred times as bad, since it contains an abundant food supply for the microbes. The necessity, therefore, for rapid and complete removal of all bodies entering the sewer becomes apparent: this is best effected by having the sewer of comparatively small size (which will admit of frequent flushing), of sufficient pitch, and as smooth as possible within. It is in putrefaction that the danger to health resides. Fresh sewage cannot to any great extent pollute the air, since the germs have no way of reaching the atmosphere; but in putrefying, bubbles of gas rise and produce each its little spray. These small particles of water, carrying the germs of the sewage, evaporate, and leave their germs floating. This it is which makes sewer gas a carrier of disease. While sewers should be properly ventilated, the practice of leaving the end of a large sewer directly open to the wind, as is often done, permits during gales considerable back pressure, which is a grave source of peril.

The minute size of the bacteria renders it very difficult to effect by mechanical means the purification of waters containing them. While strongly insisting upon the use of the purest water attainable, necessity may forbid a choice and compel the use of a doubtful supply. Two methods are then open for improvement — filtration and boiling. No disease-producing bacteria or spore can withstand a boiling temperature for an hour, so that it is advisable to boil all doubtful water. To the question whether filtration, which is much more convenient than boiling, and which also avoids the flat taste, will not purify, I would answer both yes and no. Yes, if done rightly; no, as generally effected. Figure 12 shows filter paper and bacteria submitted to the same magnification. The folly of using a small filter of some loose material to purify a large stream of water is at once apparent; it may stop off sand or straws, but not disease germs. A filter close grained enough properly to purify must be of good size to supply a family with drinking-water. Tiles of unglazed porous porcelain give by filtration water free from germs, but for an adequate quantity a good size must be used. Animal charcoal was formerly in good repute,

but porous iron has great oxidizing power, will last longer, and yields nothing, while charcoal yields much to the water. Small filters yielding a large amount of water are to be uniformly mistrusted; spongy iron, unglazed porcelain, and close-grained natural porous stones are among our best filtering agents, and all filter slowly. The filtering material, whatever the form used, should be accessible for cleaning, since in time all become fouled. If water is positively bad, boiling is the safer course.



11. Blood-Corpuscles and Spirilla Obermeyeri X 700 D. Relapsing Fever. (Koch.) 12. Filter Paper and Bacterium Termo X 500 D.

It is certainly fighting fire with fire to combat an infectious malady with its own contagium, but it has now been demonstrated past cavil that in splenic fever and fowl cholera, both due to specific germs, we can so mitigate the virus that by its inoculation animals and fowls may be protected against the original severe form. Mitigating virus is simply reducing the vital power of the bacteria by surrounding them with unfavorable conditions of growth. Oxygen is not congenial to some bacteria; hence Pasteur, in modifying the virus of fowl cholera, exposed cultures of this microbe to air for weeks and months. In the case of the bacillus anthracis of splenic fever, heat and antiseptic substances have both been used with success. Two vaccinations with varying strengths of this modified virus protect for at least a year against the acute form of the disease. As the virulence is diminished by unfavorable so will it return by cultivation under specially favorable circumstances. Unsanitary conditions may thus not only afford a suitable medium for multiplying the germs, but may also increase their virulence. In regard to hydrophobia, Pasteur, proceeding on the supposition of its germ origin, has endeavored to modify the virus by exposure to dry air. The results obtained, especially in his experiments on animals, go far to prove the supposition true and the mitigation real; but since the germ has not been differentiated nor obtained in pure cultures, we think the time for presenting the subject to the public among things proved in bacteriology is not yet come. Will protective inoculation become in the future our great safeguard against disease? We confess that we are not so sanguine as Pasteur, who, having contributed so much to our knowledge of the subject, is naturally enthusiastic at its promise. The most extensive experiments in this direction have been in protecting animals from splenic fever, which, successful in the majority of cases, has so far been accompanied by a percentage of deaths not altogether insignificant. There is thus the chance of the germ regaining its lost virulence and spreading the disease among unprotected animals, so that protection, while possible in anthrax, may not be so expedient as a vigorous warfare by means of isolation and thorough disinfection. The method will prove of value, we think, rather in special cases than as a universal safeguard.*

Not so, however, is it with disinfection and

* The life-history of Louis Pasteur belongs to the romance of science.

Born in the French town of Dolé in 1822, his father, the village tanner, had hopes and plans for his boy far beyond the common.

"He shall be a professor at Arbois," the father would say; and a professor he indeed became, but not for Arbois, a small provincial college, but in the faculty of the celebrated *École Normale*. Here it was that he attended as a scholar, devoting himself chiefly to chemistry, and accepting the position of assistant in that department in 1846. During the next few years Pasteur was occupied by investigations on tartaric acid, and at the age of thirty-two was made Dean of the *Faculté des Sciences* at Lille, one of the chief industries of which is the manufacture of alcohol. Desirous of rendering his course popular, Pasteur devoted his time to the study of fermentation, and henceforward his life was to be connected with that microscopic life which, according to its character, induces here a fermentation, there a putrefaction, and again a disease.

Studying first the ferment of lactic acid, Pasteur soon advanced to acetic fermentation — that by which vinegar is produced. Both of these he proved to be due to microscopic life, and his researches led not only to the overthrow of the old theories of fermentation, but also to practical improvements in the manufacture of vinegar. In 1857 Pasteur was called to Paris, and given a chair in the *École Normale*, and was soon in the thick of the fight concerning spontaneous generation, carrying off the prize offered in that subject by the Academy of Sciences.

Resuming his studies on fermentation, the diseases of wine were investigated and found to be caused by microbes, each special disease having its own germ, and the cause once known the remedy was not long in forthcoming.

The silk industries of France are so enormous that when an epidemic appeared among the silk-worms in 1849, and steadily increased, it became a national disaster. By the entreaties of Dumas, Pasteur was induced to study the disorder, and again microscope life was found at the root of the disease, again was a remedy indicated and the industry saved; but Pasteur

isolation. The latter needs no discussion; and while the value of disinfection is as universally admitted, its practice is in most cases exceedingly faulty. The policy of intimidation does not affect disease germs, and the smell of carbolic acid from a little in a saucer on the mantel does not so much frighten them as annoy us. The solutions and methods recommended are from actual experiments on germs by the American Public Health Association committee on disinfection. As to the many solutions and preparations sold in the pharmacies for disinfecting purposes, this committee reports that of fourteen such articles tried nine of them failed in a fifty per cent. solution, while of the five showing disinfecting power three owed their strength to corrosive sublimate, which, while a good disinfectant, is much cheaper to buy under its proper name. This disinfectant we recommend, but it is a powerful poison and must be kept out of children's reach. The high price, odor, and low germ-destroying power of carbolic acid accounts for its omission in the list of disinfectants, although as an antiseptic it may have considerable value. To the directions appended to this article we refer those who require the detailed information given; the more general reader we will not weary, but conclude by saying that as all germ diseases are contests for supremacy between the normal cells of the body and the foreign cells invading it, all that tends to heighten our vitality is of direct aid in enabling us to withstand the inception of these maladies. It is by depressing the system that fear operates so injuriously in epidemics. He who fears, therefore, in such crises more than the fear which is the parent of caution is simply surrendering to the enemy before being attacked. Looking to the future we can at least hope for the time when such a fear will be as impossible as it is now injurious — impossible because of the conquests made in the realm of preventable disease by our further study of microörganisms.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON DISINFECTION.

First. Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), sulphate of copper, and chloride of lime are among our best disinfectants, the first two being poisonous. At wholesale drug houses in New York single pounds can be obtained, mercuric chloride costing seventy-five cents, the others ten cents, a pound.

Second. A quarter of a pound of corrosive sublimate and a pound of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water makes a concentrated solution to keep in stock. We will refer to it as "solution A."

Third. For the ordinary disinfecting solution add half a pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water. This, while costing less than a cent and a half per gallon, is a good strength for general use. Use in about equal quantity in disinfecting choleraic or typhoid fever excreta.

Fourth. A four per cent. solution of good chloride of lime or a quarter pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water is used to wash wood-work, floors, and wooden furniture, after fumigation and ventilation.

Fifth. For fumigating with sulphur, three to four pounds should be used to every thousand cubic feet air space. Burn in an old tin basin floating in a tub of water; keep room closed twelve hours, to allow the fumes to penetrate all cracks. Then open a window from the outside and allow fumes to escape into air.

Sixth. Soak sheets, etc., in chloride of lime solution, wring out, and boil.

Seventh. Cesspools, etc., should be well covered on top with a mixture of chloride of lime with ten parts of dry sand.

Eighth. Isolate the patient in an upper room from which curtains, carpets, and stuffed furniture have been removed.

Ninth. The solution of mercuric chloride must not be placed in metal vessels, since the mercury would plate them.

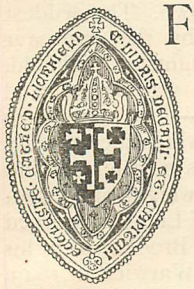
Lucius Pitkin.

himself, worn out by incessant work, was stricken by paralysis (October, 1868). Then came the war, and for several years, broken in health and crushed in spirits by his country's disasters, but little was done; but with returning strength work was again begun, and after a couple of years at his old favorite fermentation studies, the problem of contagious disease was attacked. Pasteur's paper on splenic fever was read in 1877, and since that time this department of research has absorbed all his energies. The later work on hydrophobia is well enough known through the newspapers, but before beginning this an exhaustive investigation of fowl cholera was made.

Pasteur was not the first to enter his later field, the German Koch having, in 1876, contributed a very remarkable paper on splenic fever, and since that time has been, so to speak, Pasteur's rival, the work of Koch on cholera and consumption being marked by the clearness and conclusiveness which were the prominent characteristics of Pasteur's earlier researches.

The *technique* of the German school of bacteriology differs considerably from the method in vogue in France, and commands greater confidence among scientific men. *The* important feature of Pasteur's later work has been his discovery of the mitigation of virus and its possible use as a "vaccine," which is briefly outlined in the article. Viewed both as to their scientific and their commercial value, the discoveries made and the results achieved by Pasteur rank very high. Professor Huxley is quoted as saying that the indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs paid to Germany is covered by the value to France of Pasteur's discoveries. But France alone has not been the gainer, nor indeed can the future prove less in value than the past. Concerning what has been done for humanity, it will be enough to say that the antiseptic system of Lister was, according to its author, based on the researches of Pasteur. For what of suffering has been saved to mankind by this improvement in surgery thanks must be given not only to Lister but also to Louis Pasteur.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.



SEAL OF THE SEE.

FROM the Norman cathedrals of the eastern counties it was a natural step to the cathedral of Salisbury, which explains the earliest Gothic style. From Salisbury it is as natural a step to Lichfield, where the next succeeding style, the Decorated Gothic, rules. But even if there were no such close historic sequence, memory would take us the same road. To think of the unequaled single spire at Salisbury is to think perforce of the unrivaled group of three at Lichfield; and to remember the majestic power, the great virility, which marks most of England's greatest churches means instinctively to recall in contrast the lovelier, more feminine grandeur of these two.

I.

LICHFIELD is neither a large, nor a busy, nor an attractive town. Its site shows no striking natural features, and the country through which we approach it pleases by placid greenness only. Nor is its history much more interesting than its aspect. The guide-book tells us, indeed, that it is "rich in associations with Samuel Johnson"; but this means little more than that he was born here, that we may see the house where the event took place, and find a monument to him in the market-square which for pure ugliness and artistic imbecility is the most extraordinary work in England. Those who really care about their Johnson can walk more closely with his spirit in London than in Lichfield; the same may be said of Garrick, who also chanced to be born here, and of Addison, who studied at the grammar-school; and the attractions of a dismal hostelry are not vividly enhanced by the information that it was the scene of Farquhar's play, "The Beau's Stratagem." In short, the literary associations of Lichfield are of a third-rate, musty sort; it never made dramatic appearance before the world except in the sieges of Cromwellian times; and these sieges concern the history of the cathedral, not of the town itself. The cathedral, and the cathedral only, makes Lichfield worth visiting or remembering. And the fact is curiously typified by the station of the church, which does not stand in the middle of the city but beside it, a broad stretch of water called the Cathedral Pool dividing its precincts from the torpid streets.

II.

LICHFIELD lay of old in the center of Mercia — the Middle Kingdom — and thus lies to-day in the very center of united England. As we find so frequently, a church first marked the site and then a town grew up around it. Tradition says that the name is derived from the Old-English *lic* (a dead body) and perpetuates the martyrdom of a thousand Roman or British Christians who suffered under Diocletian on the spot where the cathedral stands. But it is a far cry from Diocletian's time to the time when the light of actual history first falls on Lichfield and shows Christianity existing. The Middle Kingdom was slow to be converted after the heathen conquest; it was not until half a century later than the landing of St. Augustine that it had a baptized prince and a consecrated bishop. In 669 Ceadda, or St. Chad, a holy man of extensive fame, succeeded as fourth bishop to the still unlocated chair. He fixed his seat at Lichfield, and the cathedral church still bears his name conjointly with the Blessed Virgin's. In the eighth century the bishop of Lichfield was given archiepiscopal rank with jurisdiction over six sees, all but four being taken away from Canterbury. But another pope soon undid the act of his predecessor; and in the eleventh century fate took its reprisals, and Lichfield was left without even the episcopal name. The unprotected little town in the middle of its wide flat country seemed to William the Conqueror no proper center of a diocese. The first Norman bishop migrated to Chester, and the second moved again to Coventry — being attracted, it is said, by the riches of the monastery which had been founded by Godiva and her repentant earl. Lichfield, however, still preserved its prominence; its church seems to have been again considered the cathedral church in the earlier years of the twelfth century; and — apparently without special decree, by mere force of its central position — it gradually overshadowed Coventry until the latter's rôle in the diocese became nominal only. At the time of the Reformation the

bishops of the see still styled themselves "of Lichfield and Coventry," but for generations no one had questioned where their chair should stand.

Coventry's house was monastic, Lichfield's was collegiate, and there were hot jealousies between them. Just before the year 1200 Bishop Hugh determined to drive out the monks from Coventry and succeeded by force of arms, being wounded himself as he stood by the high-altar. A few years later they came back again, and jealousies grew to bitter quarrels, especially when a bishop's election befell. But the story of such wranglings grows duller in proportion to the growth of civilized manners; and dull, too, it must be confessed, is the story of most of the prelates who filled this chair. Walter Langton (1296–1321) led a stormily picturesque life as an outspoken enemy of Edward II.; Robert Stretton, a *protégé* of the Black Prince, had a certain queer prominence in his day as a bishop who could not read or write; and Rowland Lee is even yet remembered, because he assisted Cranmer at the marriage of Anne Boleyn, and as President of Wales secured the franchise for its inhabitants. But most of their fellows were inconspicuous at Lichfield, and only after the Reformation were many of them translated to more prominent chairs.

III.

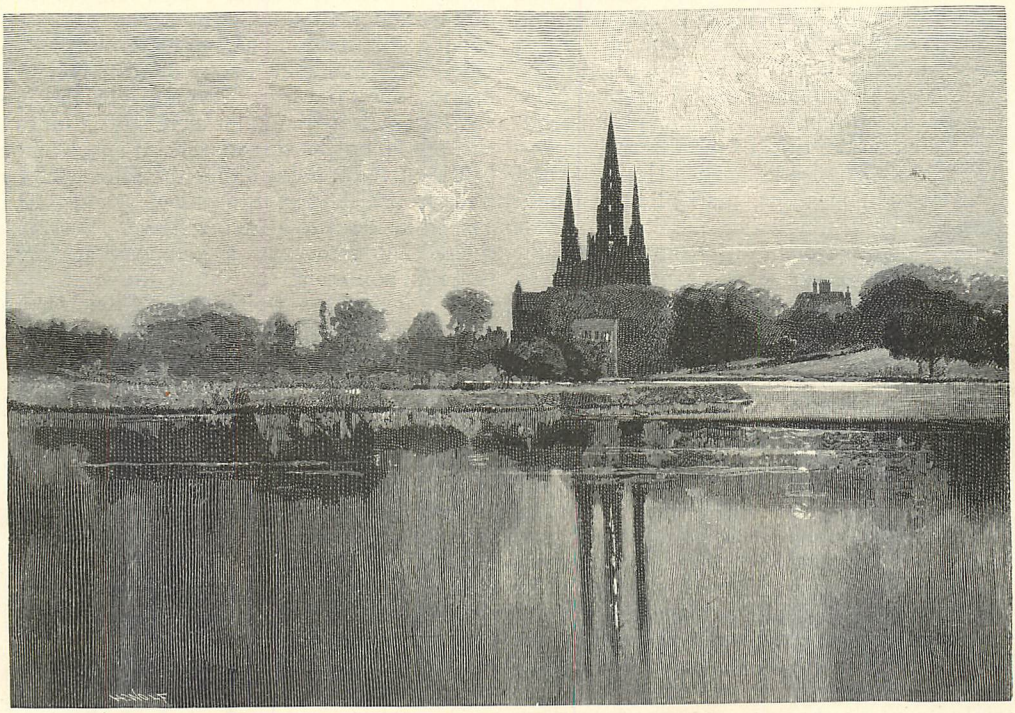
THE little church of St. Chad stood on the other side of the Pool, at some distance from the site of the present cathedral. When this site was first built upon we do not know, but a Norman church preceded the one we see to-day. No great catastrophe seems to have overtaken it; it was simply pulled down piece by piece until not a visible stone of its fabric remained. Eastward it ended in a semicircular apse. Beyond this apse a large chapel was erected in the Transitional period, and soon afterwards the Norman choir and apse were removed, and the whole east limb was brought into architectural concord. In the first half of the thirteenth century the transepts were reconstructed in the Lancet-Pointed style, and in the second half the nave and west-front in the Decorated. Then about 1300 another chapel was thrown out to the eastward; and finally the Transitional chapel, and for the second time the choir, were demolished and rebuilt. These last alterations also befell in the Decorated period, so that the whole longer arm of the cross illustrates this style — westward in its earlier, eastward in its later phases — while the shorter arm is still Early English. In the latest days of Gothic art Perpendicular windows were freely inserted in the choir and transepts, and the central tower was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, after the restoration of the monarchy.

IV.

DEPLORABLE indeed must have been the condition of the church when the second Charles came back to his own. The wildest havoc wrought elsewhere by the civil war was little to the ruin wrought at Lichfield. Bishop Langton — he who was so long at feud with King Edward II. — had seen fit to embattle the Close, around which the town lay flat and defenseless. But as a knight of old was sometimes slain by the weight of his protecting armor, so the walls of Lichfield worked its undoing. When Lord Brooke, with his Puritans, was coming from Warwick in 1643, the royalists threw themselves into the Close, manned the causeways across the Pool, pierced the ecclesiastical houses for cannon and musket-barrels, and made the church itself their chief redoubt. Brooke prayed fervently in front of his troops that God would assist him to destroy the House of God which man had now made a stronghold of tyranny as well as a haunt of superstition. His prayers were answered by a shot from the spire which ended his own life; but the next day the spire and tower fell into the church, and the next the Close was surrendered. Then for a month there was riot and ravage. Everything breakable was broken, everything valuable was purloined. The organ was shattered like the windows, the seats, the monuments, and even the floor, which had been curiously paved with lozenge-shaped blocks of cannel-coal and alabaster. In the tomb of a bishop some lucky thief found a silver cup and a crozier; and this meant, of course, that no other tomb remained unpilfered, no saint's ashes undisturbed. But in the midst of the sacrilegious revelry word came that Prince Rupert was near. Again there was a siege, this time lasting for ten days; again a surrender and an occupation by the royalist troops when King Charles tarried with them for a moment after his defeat at Naseby; and then a third and still longer siege and final possession by the Parliament army.

John Hacket was the first bishop after the Restoration. He found the roof of his cathedral almost altogether gone, its exterior scarred by iconoclastic axes and pock-marked by cannon-ball and musket-shot, and its interior a mass of rain-washed rubbish — piled with the fragments of the furniture and the great stones of the spire. Its piteous appeal for immediate action fell upon a sympathetic ear. The very next morning after his arrival Hacket set to

work, and the very first work was done by his episcopal fingers. From year to year he contributed generously in money too — some ten thousand pounds in all — while the canons gave up half their income, and King Charles sent timber from his forests. In eight years the whole work was done, including Sir Christopher's spire, and just before his death, in 1675, the doughty bishop joyfully reconsecrated his cathedral. The days of Romish consecrations were of course long since past; but even a Catholic may have rejoiced to see the havoc of the Puritan thus partly made good.



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL FROM THE EAST.

V.

THE essays of the great Renaissance architect with what we may call posthumous Gothic were not always successful; but his Lichfield spire is singularly good, and the church as he left it goes far to satisfy one's wish for an illustration of what the Decorated style could achieve in English hands.

It is not a style which interests us so much in England as those which came before and after — the Lancet-Pointed and the Perpendicular. It is not less beautiful; indeed, it is the most beautiful of all Gothic styles, the true, complete, and perfect Gothic; but it is less characteristically English, alike in the qualities which mark it and in the quantity of the work which it has left us.

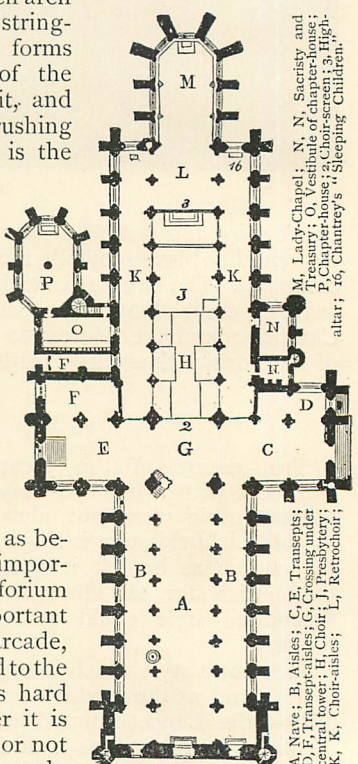
The lines of architectural effort ran pretty close together in all the north of Europe during the Norman period. Then for a while they diverged, Germany still clinging to her Romanesque and England developing her Lancet-Pointed manner, while France began at once to master the difficulties of full-blown traceried Gothic. Then they converged again, through the nearer approach of Germany and England to the ideas of France; and finally once more parted, England creating the Perpendicular and France the Flamboyant Gothic. The height of the Decorated style thus means in England the least individual manifestation of national taste. Lancet-Pointed and Perpendicular work we can study nowhere but here; pure full-blown Gothic we can study elsewhere, and, it must be confessed, to better advantage. France not only practiced it much longer, but in many ways more ambitiously and more beautifully. Her great superiority in figure-sculpture might alone almost suffice to give her the foremost place, and she had other superiorities to add to this.

Then, as has been said, the Decorated work of England seems somewhat deficient in quantity, even when we compare it, not with the same kind of work in France, but with work of other kinds at home. The era during

which it reigned — 1300 may stand as the central date — was not a great church-building era. Such an one had opened with the coming of the Norman and had lasted until the middle of the thirteenth century. By this time almost a sufficiency of great churches had been built — at least what seemed almost a sufficiency to a generation whose minds and purse-strings the Church no longer undisputedly controlled. It was the time of the first vague stirrings of Protestant sap, the time of the first strong consciousness of national unity and of its correlative — national independence. It was the time of the first Edward — the first truly English king since Harold — and of his two namesakes, marked by splendid wars, legislative innovations, and a half-revolt against the dictatorship of Rome. The military and the domestic spirit now began to play a greater part in determining architectural effort. Not since the reign of the Norman Williams had there been so great a castle-building reign as that of Edward I.; but it saw the founding of no cathedral churches, and the most prolific time of church alteration did not begin till later. A few cathedrals show more or less conspicuous portions in the Decorated style; but none comes so near to being wholly in this style as Lichfield, nor is there any Decorated non-cathedral church which rivals it save Beverley Minster in Yorkshire. This is quite as large as Lichfield Cathedral and, except for its lack of spires and its prosaic situation,— two very large exceptions,— it is perhaps more beautiful. Certainly its interior has a vaster, grander air, an air more in accord with the sound of the word cathedral.

VI.

LICHFIELD is the smallest of the English cathedrals — 115 feet shorter than Salisbury, for example, and some 50 feet less in the spread of its transepts. Outside it looks larger than it is, but inside still smaller. Even a length of 336 feet will still be enough, we imagine, to give great spaciousness and majesty. But on entering the west portal it is charm, not size, that strikes us. We see a beautiful, noble, dignified church, but the words immensity, power, magnificence, do not occur to us, and hardly the word cathedral in the sense which other sees have taught us to read into it. It takes us some time to realize how long a reach of choir lies beyond the crossing and the screen — a longer reach than that of the nave itself; and when we realize it, the structure still lacks majesty, for its breadth is only 66 feet and its height is barely 60. Then this height means, of course, merely the apex of a vault which thence curves steeply downward; and upon examination we find it is decreased to the eye by the character of the wall-design. The three stories of the nave of Lichfield are very beautiful stories, individually considered. On each side between the nave and aisles stretch eight somewhat sharply pointed arches, deeply cut, and encircled by many moldings borne on lovely clusters of slender shafts. Above each of these arches stand two in the triforium-gallery, still more richly molded, and subdivided into smaller lights by delicate columns bearing open traceries; and above each triforium-group is a triangular clere-story window, entirely filling the three-cornered space made by the curves of the vaulting and filled itself by traceries which form three circular lights, each cusped inside into a trefoil shape. Yet considered altogether, as a composition, these beautiful stories fail to satisfy the eye, especially if it has been trained upon French work with its wonderful feeling for proportion and for the organic interdependence of adjacent parts. The slender shafts which rise between the main arches from floor to cornice and support the chief ribs of the vaulting hardly suffice to bring the three superimposed ranges of openings into vital unity. Then there is not an inch of plain wall between these ranges; the apex of each arch touches the string-course which forms the support of the range above it, and an air of crushing and crowding is the result — an air as of an attempt to fit in features which are too large for their places. And finally there is no clear subordination of one story to another — no strong accentuation of one or of two as being of prime importance. The triforium seems too important for the main arcade, and with regard to the clere-story it is hard to say whether it is too important or not important enough. Given so low a main arcade, it might well



PLAN OF LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL. (FROM MURRAY'S "HAND-BOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND.")

THE CATHEDRAL BY MOONLIGHT.

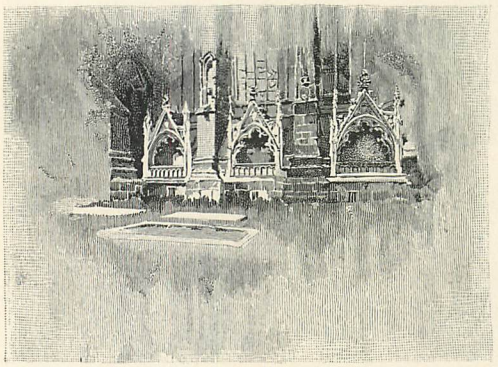
be more modest in expression; but given so noble a triforium, it ought to be much higher. In short, while no one could better have known what a beautiful feature should mean than the man who built this nave, we can hardly call him a great architect; for this name implies a stronger feeling for the architectural whole than for its parts, a keen appreciation of the virtues of accentuation and subordination, a frank acceptance of the chosen dimensions, and a knowledge of how to make the very most of them. Low as Lichfield is, it would not have seemed so low had a great master built its walls. As it stands we are glad to turn from a study of its proportions to a close examination of its lovely triforium-gallery, the richness of which is in interesting contrast to the severity of Salisbury's features. Here, instead of simply molded capitals we have round clusters of graceful, overhanging foliage, while along the arch-lines run repeated rows of that "dog-tooth" molding which was the happiest decorative motive that had been invented since the days of Hellenic art — rows of delicate little cone-shaped forms set zigzag, and shining as bright gleams of light against the dark hollows behind them. The traceried heads of these triforium openings, and of the aisle windows which we see through the main arcade as we stand in the nave, well explain the character of Decorated as distinct from the earlier forms of medieval art.

To follow the development of the true Gothic traceried window from the simple window of the Normans is the prettiest of all architectural problems — the points of starting and arriving lie so far asunder, yet the steps between are so clear and in retrospect seem to have been so inevitable.

Fancy first a plain tall window with a round-arched head; then the round exchanged for a pointed head; then two, or three, or five perhaps, of these pointed windows set close together; and then a projecting molding in the shape of an arch drawn around them, including them all and thus including, of necessity, a plain piece of wall above their heads. Then fancy this piece of wall pierced with a few small openings, and we have a group of connected lights in which, as a plant in its embryo, lies the promise of all after-developments. But we have not yet a true compound window — a single great window of many parts all vitally fused together. A process of gradual accretion has brought its elements together; a process of gradual change in the treatment of these elements now does the rest of the work.

The small lights in the upper field enlarge and multiply until they form a connected pattern which fills its whole area, and the jambs of the main lights diminish into narrow strips or very slender columns. The great arch, which in the first place did but encircle the

windows, thus becomes itself the window — the "plate-traceried"* window which was richly developed in early French Gothic but less richly in English, owing to the persistent local love for mere groups of lancets. Then all the stone-work shrinks still farther — the columnar character of the uprights is lost, and the flat surfaces between the upper openings change into moldings of complex section. Thus the original tall lights and upper pierc-



A CORNER IN THE CATHEDRAL.

ings surrender their last claim to independence; the uprights are no longer jambs or bits of wall but mullions, the arch-head is filled with genuine traceries, and all the elements of the design are vitally fused together within the sweep of the great window to form its multiple yet organic beauty.

At first simple geometrical patterns were adhered to in the traceries; such combinations of trefoiled circles, for example, as we find in the aisle windows at Lichfield and on a larger scale in the clere-story windows; and the integrity of the moldings which form each of the openings was strictly respected. But as time went on "geometrical" developed into "flowing" tracery. The lights were multiplied and their shapes more widely varied; and the moldings were given freer play — were treated as plastic strips which might be bent in any direction, and were carried over and under each other, so that we may choose a line at the window-sill, follow it thence to the arch-head and find it forming part of the boundary of several successive lights. This was the noblest, most imaginative, most beautiful period of window-design, and by gradual steps it passed into the latest — the Perpendicular period.

When we thus trace in words the genesis of Gothic windows it seems as though the most important step was taken when the including arch and the pierced tympanum were imagined. But when we study all the successive steps in the stone itself we find that the step from plate to geometrical tracery meant the most radical change; for it meant a complete reversal of the conception of a window's character considered as a piece of design, considered not for its utility but for its effect upon the eye. Originally, I may say, it was the lights as such which made the window; later on it was the stone-work that framed the lights. Look from the inside at any early window (whether it has the simple Norman shape or well-developed plate-traceries) and the form of the openings will attract your eye; you will not notice the forms of the stone-work around them. But look thus at a Decorated or a Perpendicular window, and your eye will dwell upon the stone-work itself — upon the delicate lines of the upright mullions and of the circling moldings in the head, joining and parting and projecting into slender points to define the pattern — and will take small account of the shape of the openings themselves. That is, in the first case you will see the window as a group of bright spots upon the shadowed wall, as a pattern cut out in light upon a darker surface; in the second case you will see it as a tracery of dark lines upon a wide bright field, as a pattern done in black upon a lighter background. The difference is immense, radical even, for it is a difference not in the degree but in the kind of beauty which has been sought. To study its genesis, therefore, teaches us an architectural truth of broad and deep significance. It teaches us that a process of slow gradual experiment may mean a change from one artistic idea to another of an opposite sort — may mean a revolution while appearing to be no more than a process of mere development.

VII.

In the transepts of Lichfield we find beautiful Lancet-Pointed work, but so altered by the insertion of great Perpendicular windows that the general effect is hardly more the effect of the earliest than of the latest Gothic style. The lower portions of the three choir-bays next the tower are the oldest fragments of the cathedral — remaining not from the original Norman choir, but from that later Transitional one which was likewise swept away. Even a few bits of decoration of this period still exist — as in the arch which leads from the aisle of the north transept into the adjoining choir-aisle. On the face of the arch towards the choir-aisle there is a large zigzag

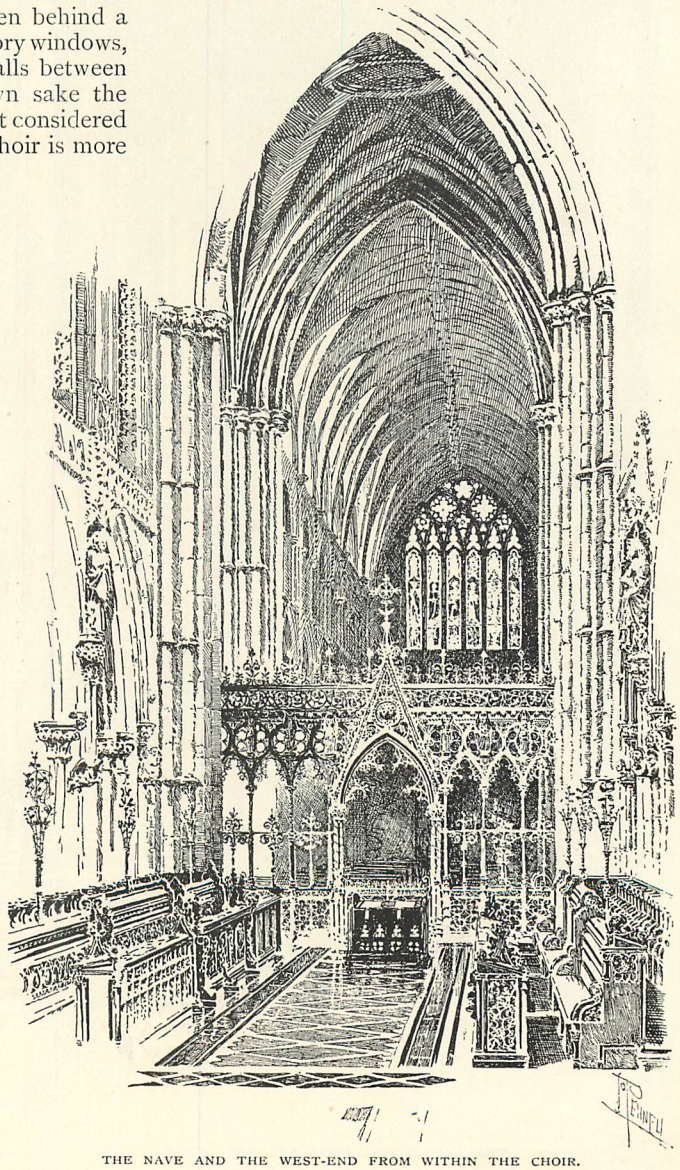
* This term is unfortunately compounded. "Plate" clearly expresses the character of the upper part of the window — a flat surface pierced with openings; but there are no true "traceries" while it remains appropriate.

molding of the real Norman sort; the capitals of the piers towards the transept are of the Norman scallop-shape (more elaborately treated), and the square Norman abacus alternates very curiously with the round Early English form.

The design of the late-Decorated choir is wholly different from that of the early-Decorated nave. Instead of three stories each of great importance, we find two of even greater importance, while the third has shrunk to a mere semblance of itself. The whole height is divided into two almost equal portions, which are given up to the main arcade and to a range of vast clere-story windows, the triforium-gallery being in the strictest sense a gallery and nothing more — open behind a rich parapet in front of the clere-story windows, and running through the thick walls between them. We may regret for its own sake the beautiful triforium of the nave, but considered in its entirety the design of the choir is more beautiful and is much more appropriate under so low a roof. The main arcade, moreover, is far finer than in the nave, the clusters of shafts and the arch-moldings being still more numerous and graceful, and the piers being broad enough to give room between arch and arch for a splendid corbel of richly ornamented colonettes which bears a great statue surmounted by a canopy — features that we find more frequently in continental than in English churches. The huge clere-story windows have very deep slanting jambs covered with a lace-like pattern of quatrefoils, and the original "flowing" tracery which remains in two of them is very charmingly designed. The others are filled with Perpendicular traceries which appear to have been inserted long after the true Perpendicular period, when Bishop Hacket took his shattered church in hand. At this time also the ceiling of the nave had to be in greater part rebuilt. Just how the work was done I can nowhere find recorded; the present sham vaults of wood and plaster were the work of our old friend Wyatt in the later years of the eighteenth century.

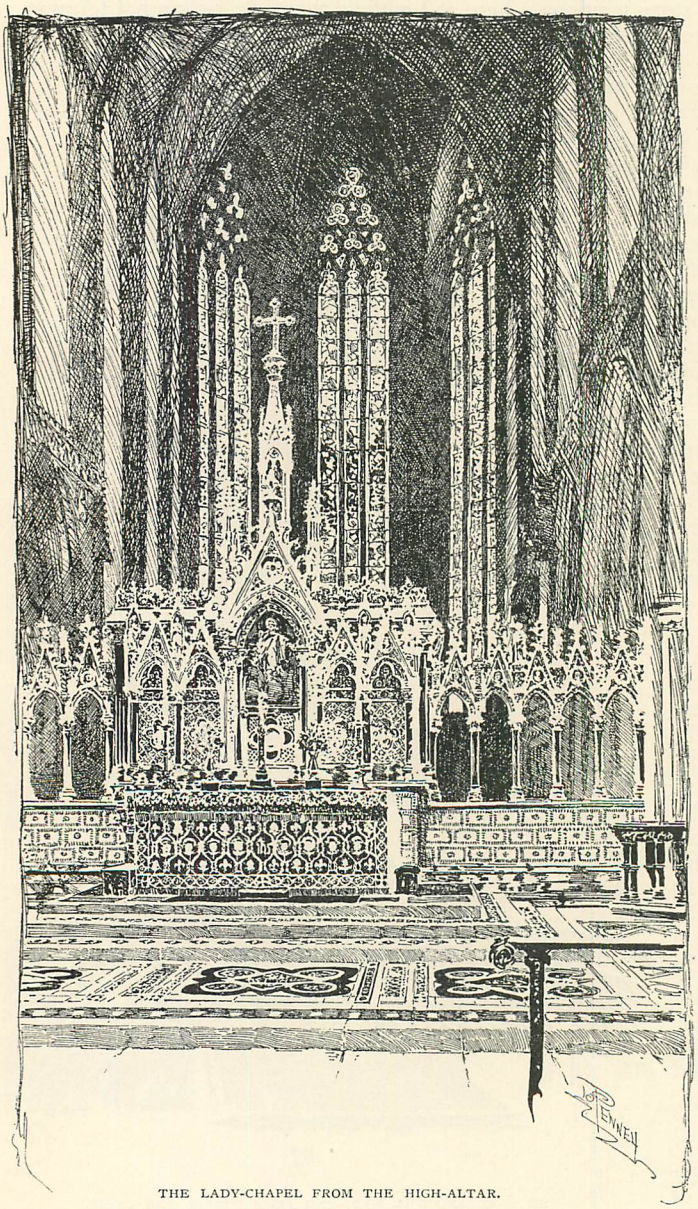
VIII.

BUT all the while we are examining the nave and choir of Lichfield, the eye is irresistibly drawn eastward, where the Lady-Chapel shines as a splendid jewel — as a splendid great crown of jewels — at the end of the long dusk perspective. No east-end we have seen elsewhere has had a similar effect — not more as regards form than color. A glance at the plan will show why. At Peterborough there was a semicircular Norman apse with a later construction dimly discernible beyond it, at Ely a flat east-end, and at Salisbury a straight line of great arches bearing a flat wall above and showing beneath their curves an outlying chapel, also rectangular in shape; but here at Lichfield there is a polygonal termina-



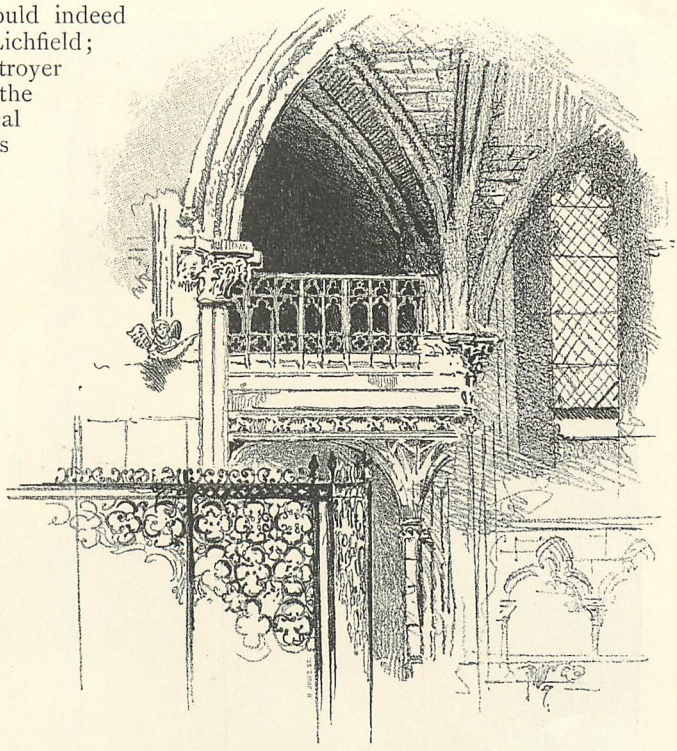
THE NAVE AND THE WEST-END FROM WITHIN THE CHOIR.

tion, a true Gothic apse — in name a Lady-Chapel merely, but of equal height with the choir itself and forming to the eye its actual end. This is the only cathedral in England where we find a Gothic apse, and the only ancient church in England where we find it in just this shape. At Westminster and in one or two smaller churches we have the French apse-form with the choir-aisles carried around the polygon to make encircling chapels. At Lichfield the German type is followed — there are no aisles, and a single range of lofty windows absorbs the whole height, rising into the curves of the vaulting, and filled with geometrical traceries. This is enough to surprise us and — since there is nothing which the tourist likes so well as novelty — to delight us also. But we marvel indeed when we see the beautiful glass with which this beautiful apse is lined, and remember again how Hacket found his church. In truth, these magnificent harmonies of purple and crimson and blue — of blue, it may better be said, spangled with purple and crimson — never threw their light on English Catholic, on Anglican or Puritan plunderer, or on Sir Christopher's workmen. While these were building and shattering and building again, the glass upon which Lichfield now prides itself almost as much as upon its three stately spires was glorifying a quiet abbey of Cistercian nuns in Belgium. Only in 1802, at the dissolution of the abbey, was it purchased by Sir Brooks Boothby (surely one should not forget his name) and set up at Lichfield. It is late in date — not earlier than 1530 — but unusually good for its time in both design and color; and nowhere in the world could it serve beauty better than in just this English church. The rich delicacy, the feminine loveliness, of Lichfield's interior needs such a final jewel more than does the severer charm of most English cathedrals. And the qualities which need its help, help in return its own effect; the apse reveals it better than a flat wall could, and the color of the whole interior — from which all traces of the ancient paint have been removed — is, fortunately, not the pale yellow or the shining white we most often see, but a dull soft red of very delightful tone. Thanks largely to this color, as well as to the apse and its glass, we find that after all we do not much regret at Lichfield the grandeur of which we dreamed but which failed to greet us. When a church is so beautiful, what matter whether it looks like a cathedral church or not? If it were only a little broader



THE LADY-CHAPEL FROM THE HIGH-ALTAR.

and a good bit loftier, we should indeed be content with the interior of Lichfield; and, it must be added, if the destroyer had done his work less well, and the restorer had done his a great deal better — for much of that richness which looks like beauty at a distance proves very poor stuff on near inspection, judged even by restorers' standards. This is notably the case with the vaulting, of course, and with the statues in the choir. Nor are most of the monuments introduced during the last century and a half to be considered works of art. There is one exception, however — Chantrey's famous group of two sleeping children. Certain works of art, and this is one of them, are so famous — are famous, rather, in so popular a way — that it is hard to credit them with genuine excellence. Knowing the average level of English sculpture in the first years of this century — knowing, indeed, the average level of Chantrey's own productions — and reading the sentimental delight of every tourist in this sentimental-sounding piece of work, how should we believe beforehand that it is so genuinely good — so graceful in design, so pleasing if not strong in execution, and so full of true and simple feeling; so full of sentiment yet so free from the feeble sentimentality of the time?



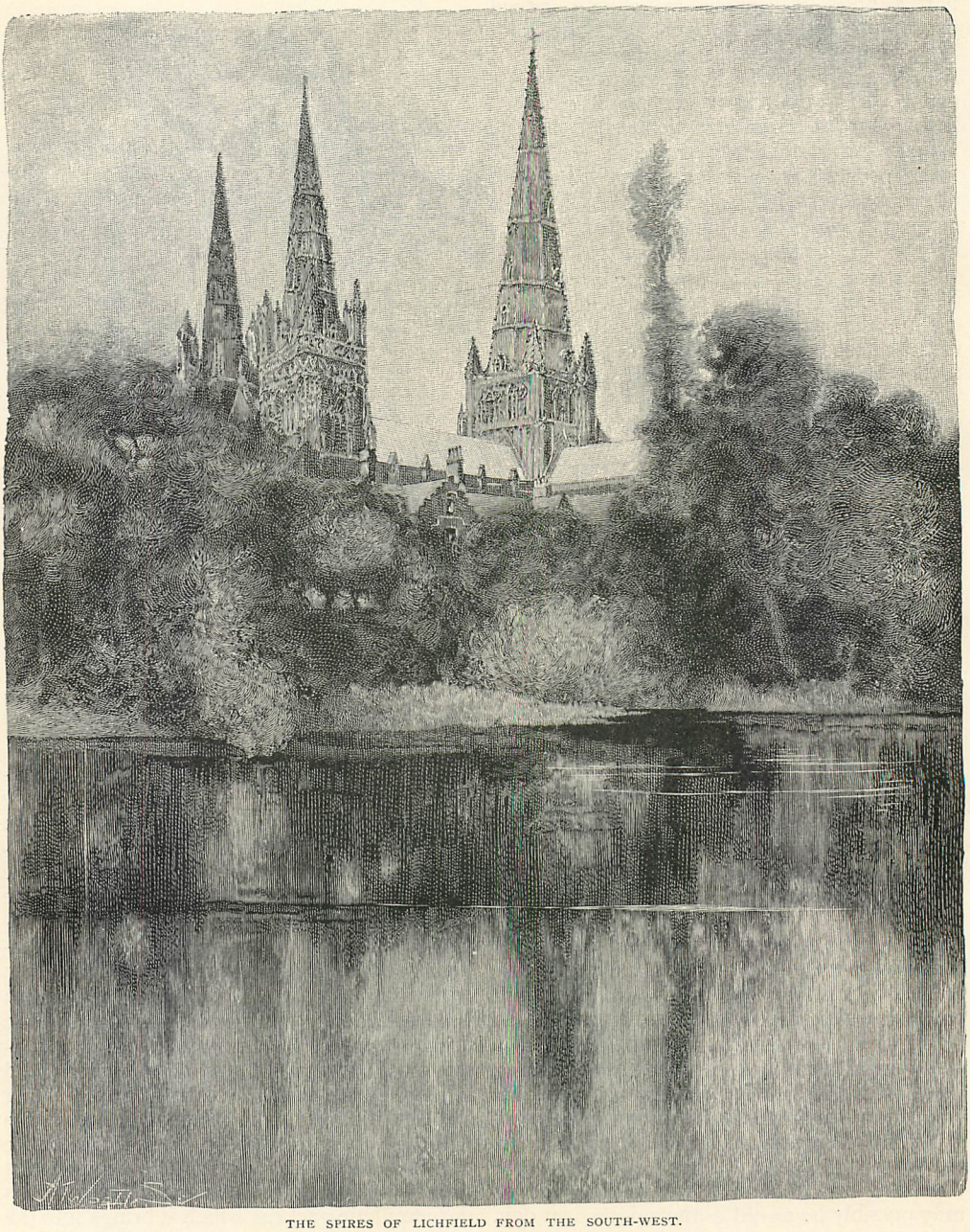
"WATCHING GALLERY" OVER THE SACRISTY DOOR.

The chapter-house at Lichfield is another beautiful piece of early-Decorated work sadly marred by ruin and renewal — an elongated octagon with a central column to support its vaulting, and connected with the choir by a well-designed vestibule. Above it is the library, wholly stripped of its contents in the civil war, but now filled again with a goodly assortment of treasures. Chief among them is the so-called Gospel of St. Chad, a superb manuscript of Hibernian workmanship which may possibly be as old as the saint's own day.

IX.

MR. PENNELL, in his pictures, will show more clearly than I can in words the exterior look of Lichfield. It stands on somewhat higher ground than the town, the very dullness and insignificance of which throws its beauty into bright relief. Whether we approach it from one street or another we see it suddenly across the silver stretches of its Pool, and it is hard to determine whether the shining water at Lichfield or the green lake of turf at Salisbury makes the lovelier foreground. Standing on the causeway which leads towards the western entrance of the Close, it is not merely a fine view that we have before us — it is a picture so complete and perfect that the keenest artist need not ask to change one detail. Perhaps accident has had more to do than design with the planting of the greenery which borders the lake and above which spring the daring spires. But it is planting that a landscape-gardener might study to his profit, and if there is one wish we make when we see or think of Lichfield from this point of view, it is that the tall poplar may be as long-lived as the tree Ygdrasil — so pretty a measure does it give of the tallness of the spires, so exquisite is the completing accent which it brings into the scene.

If it is from the south-east that we approach the church, we cross another causeway on either hand of which the lake spreads out widely, and see not only the spires but the apse and the long stretch of the southern side. Enormously long it looks; longer, almost, than those cathedrals which are actually greater, owing to its peculiar lowness; too long, almost, for true beauty, especially as so much of its extent falls to the share of the choir.

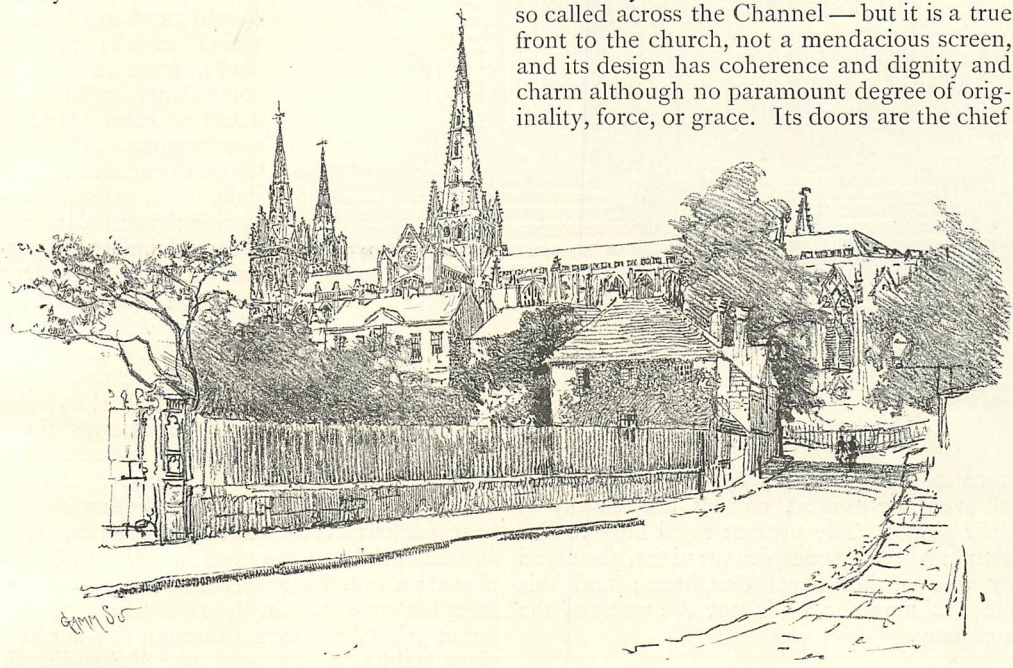


THE SPIRES OF LICHFIELD FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

To the north of the church the ground rises quickly into a broad, terrace-like walk flanked by rows of vast and ancient yet graceful lindens; and beyond the trees, behind low walls and verdurous gardens, lies a range of canons' homes. The place is not very picturesque to one who has come from Canterbury's precincts or from Peterborough's; but it is very charming, with a homely, sober, shadowy charm that makes a New Englander feel suddenly much at home. He may almost fancy himself at home, in fact, if he turns his back on the cathedral and sees only the trees and the houses — and if he knows so little of trees as to be able to take limes for elms or maples; for the row of sedate square dwellings, and even the Deanery in the middle, are similar in size and form to many in his own older towns, and are not more dignified in aspect. Indeed, there are certain streets in Salem, to name no

others, which show a much statelier succession of homes than this — than this, which we like all the better because it tempts us into drawing such comparisons and yet allows us to draw them to our own exalting.

There are no ruined buildings in the neighborhood of this cathedral. As a collegiate establishment it had no cloisters or important accessory structures to tempt King Henry's or Cromwell's wreckers, or to fall into gradual decay.



THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

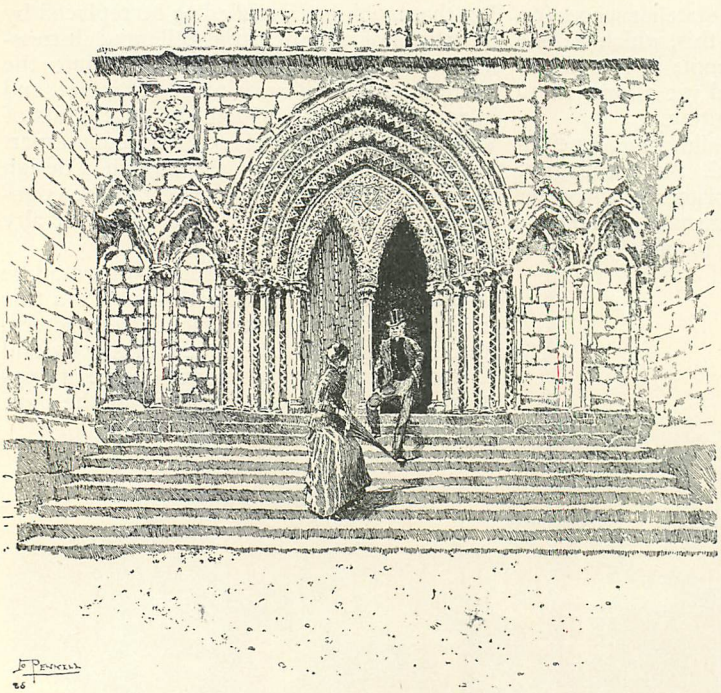
In any and every aspect, but more especially when foliage comes close about it, Lichfield's color assists its other beauties. Gray is the rule in English churches — dark cold gray at Ely, for example, light yellow gray at Canterbury, pale pearly gray at Salisbury; and although dark grayness means great solemnity and grandeur, and light grayness great delicacy and charm, they both need the hand of time — the stain of the weather and the web of the lichen — to give them warmth and "tone"; and the work of the hand of time has almost everywhere in England been undone by the hand of the restorer. Red stone is warm and mellow in itself, and Lichfield is red with a beautiful soft ruddiness that could hardly be overmatched by the sandstone of any land.

X.

A NARROWER examination of the exterior of the church shows that much beauty remains, but that much has perished to be replaced by imitations of a particularly futile and distressing sort. The Early-English door into the north transept still remains nearly intact, and is one of the most singular and lovely bits of work in England, but its southern counterpart has been much injured; and though in design the west-front is one of the best in the country, its present adornments are without rivalry the worst.

It is only a small west-front — or would be so called across the Channel — but it is a true front to the church, not a mendacious screen, and its design has coherence and dignity and charm although no paramount degree of originality, force, or grace. Its doors are the chief entrances to the church — small ones, but delightful in shape and feature; and we may offset the too great heaviness of the corner pinnacles of the towers by noting the beauty of their parapets. The traceries of the great window were renewed in the seventeenth century — a gift from King James II.; and the big statue in the gable above pictures that very saintly monarch, the second Charles.

The statues which filled the multitudinous niches were defaced by the Puritans, but were not removed until the middle of the last century. About 1820 those which still remained were restored — which much-abused word could not possibly be more abused than by setting it in this connection. The restoration of Lichfield's statues meant that the ruined remnants of the ancient figures were overlaid with cement which was then molded into simulacra of the human form. For some years past attempts have been made to supplement these atrocities by better works; but



DOORWAY IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT.

it cannot be truthfully reported that many of even the newest comers are worthy of their places. The present royal lady of England stands in a conspicuous niche, portrayed by one of her royal daughters; and this piece of amateur art is not the worst of the company.

XI.

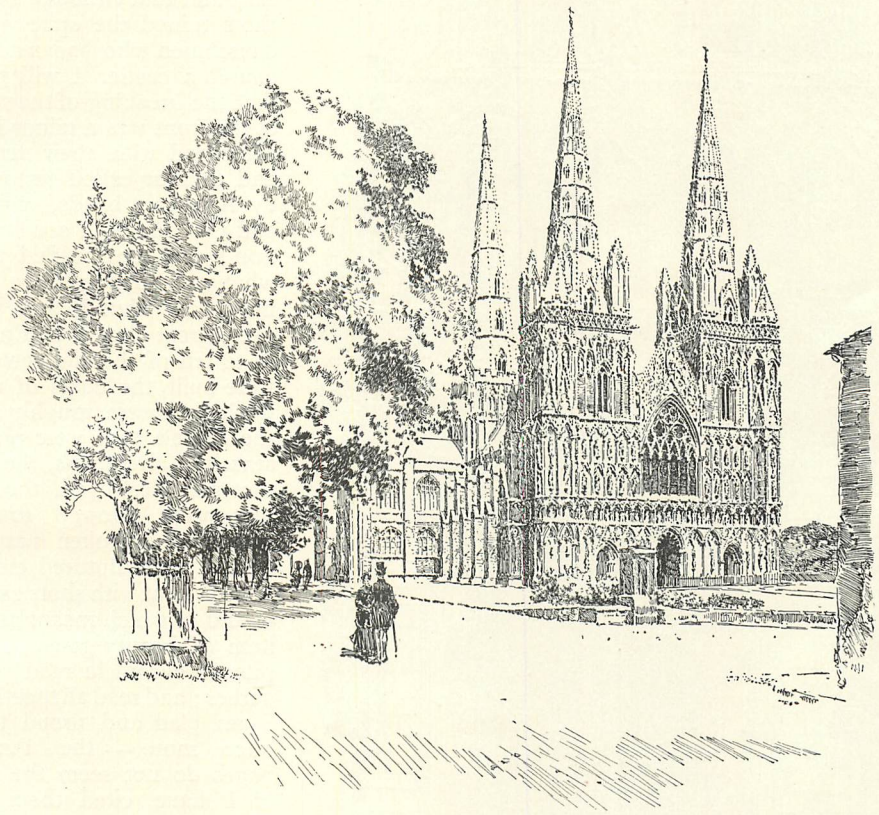
PERHAPS the New England tourist whom I have just imagined may find time to rest a while on some bench beneath the giant lime-trees of Lichfield, turning his back now on the canons' homes and his face to the church itself. Perhaps from contemplation he will be led to introspection — will think over the courses he has traveled and weigh the changes in his mental attitude that they have brought about. Then it will be strange if the figure of the seventeenth-century Puritan does not surge up in his thought, striking him with surprise, yea, smiting him with compunction. Here is a figure, typifying much more than itself, with regard to which his mental attitude will indeed seem a new one. At home the Puritan had been honored and revered. Patriotic pride and religious habit had joined to make him seem as venerable as mighty. His faults and shortcomings were acknowledged, but were piously laid to the spirit of his age; his virtues, so much greater than all his faults, were as piously credited to his personal account. The work which he had done was thought the noblest, almost, that man had ever done — this breaking through a dogmatic, pinching creed, this oversetting of a misused, tyrant throne, this planting beyond the sea of a greater commonwealth whose blazon should mean freedom of action in the present world, freedom of accountability with the world to come. And if a contemptuous shrug at his narrowness or a half-smile at his grim formality was permitted, it was as though before the portrait of some excellent grandsire whose defects might be criticised under the breath, but should not be made a text for public reprobation.

But here, amidst these cathedrals, what is the Puritan to his descendant's thought? A rude destroyer of things ancient and therefore to be respected; a vandal devastator of things rare and beautiful and too precious ever to be replaced; a brutal scoffer, drinking at the altar, firing his musket at the figure of Christ, parading in priests' vestments through the market-place, stabling his horses amidst the handiwork of beauty under the roof of God.

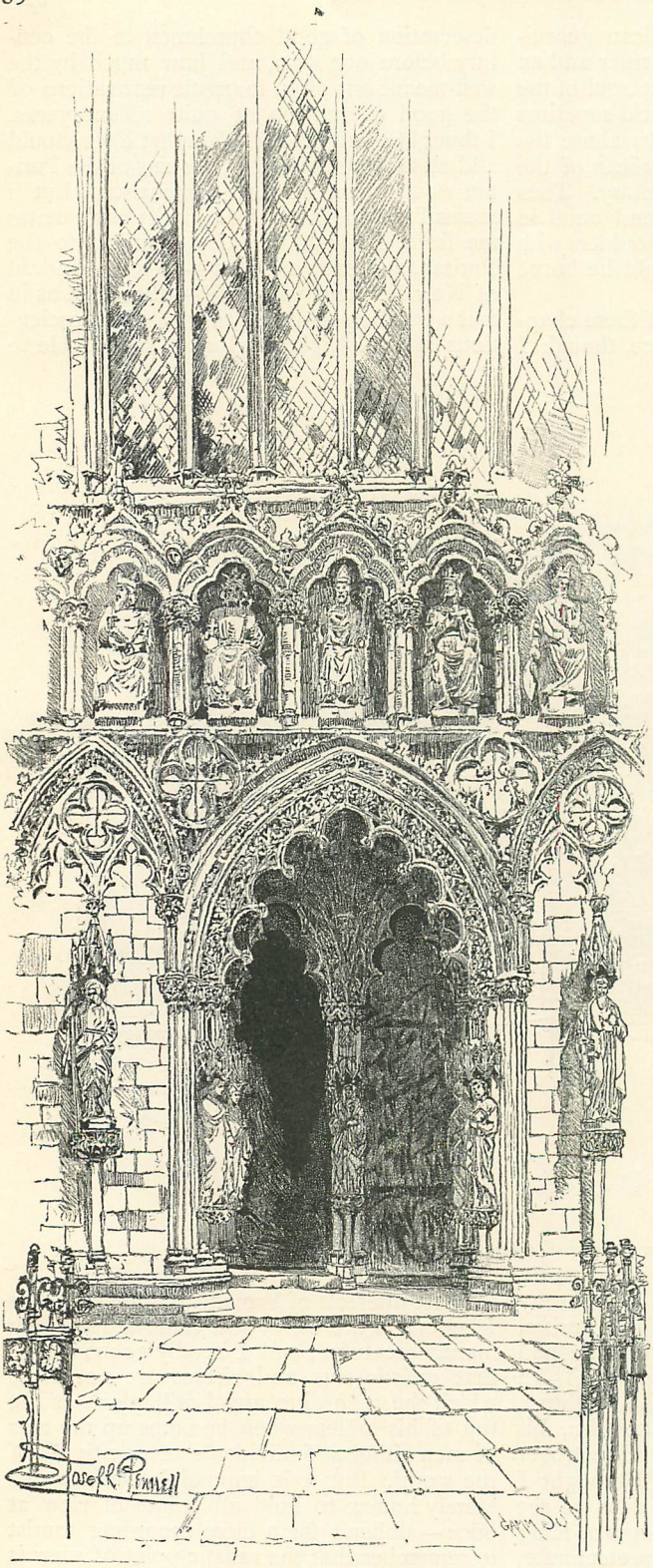
Yet if the traveler takes time to think a little he will find that it is not his inner mental attitude which has changed so much as his outer point of view. The political, the moral, was the point of view at home; the artistic point of view is that of the cathedral precinct. He has not really come to think that the great benefits which the Puritan bought for him with a price were bought with too high a price. He merely grumbles at being called upon to pay a part of it again out of his own pocket — to pay in loss of the eye's delight for the opportunities which made him a freeman. But grumbling always grows by its own expression, and moreover, the very pain of the reaction in our feelings towards the Puritan leads us imperceptibly into an exaggeration of his crimes. Surprised at first, then shocked, enraged, by the blood of art which stains his footsteps, we lose our tempers, forget to make judicial inquiry, and end by crediting him with all the slaughter that has passed. And our injustice is fostered by the wholesale charges which are

brought against him by the Anglican guardians of the temples where his hammer and ax were plied. It is less trying to the soul of the verger, and, I may say, of his local superiors and of commentators in print, to abuse the alien Puritan than the fellow-Anglican of the sixteenth or the eighteenth century. Thus natural enemy and outraged friend unite in burdening the Puritan's broad shoulders with a load that in greater part should be borne by others.

I thought that in the course of these chapters I had avoided such injustice, though I freely confess that there were moments in my English journey when I hated the Puritan with a holy hatred and wished that he had never shown his surly face to the world — a wish, however, which included the Anglican, too, as his fellow-fiend in destruction, his fellow-pillager of Catholic rights and destroyer of Catholic charms and graces. I thought I had explained how much of the ruin we see was wrought by the good churchmen of King Henry's reign and of Somerset's protectorate, how much by the hideous neglect or wanton desecration of good churchmen in the century before our own, and how much by the well-meant but often inartistic renovations of the good churchmen of quite recent years. I thought I had made it plain that if we should add all their sins together, the sins of the Puritan would seem small in comparison. But it seems I was mistaken, for a kindly critic writes me from England that I am unjust to the Puritan, and even explains — to a descendant of New England pioneers! — that he was in fact a worthy personage, thoroughly conscientious after his lights and most serviceable to the best interests of humanity. I believe it as I believe in the worth and value of few other human creatures; and I hereby acknowledge that artistic sins and virtues are not those which the recording angel will place at the top of his tablets when he sums up the acts of men either as individuals or as citizens of the world. But it is impossible for any one merely human to hold all points of view at once — difficult for a mere recording tourist to remember that the artistic point of view is not of paramount interest.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



THE MAIN DOORWAY, WEST FRONT.

Yet I will try once more to be impartial — to give my hereditary enemy his just meed of blame and to give no more than his just meed to that honored sire whose sins I may have exaggerated just because I could not perceive them without a feeling of personal abasement. I will point out more plainly, for example, that many of the beautiful ornaments of Lichfield had been shattered or removed by order of the early Anglican reformers; and that although Puritan shots ruined the spire, it was churchmen who had made the church a castle. I will repeat that the breaking of the statues of the front was a minor injury compared with their removal and their so-called restoration by Anglican hands, and will add that pages of sad description would be needed to tell what was done by these hands inside the church and inside every great church in England — to tell of the big pews that were built, the coats of whitewash that were roughly given, the chisels that were plied in senseless alterations, the glass that was destroyed, the birds that were allowed to enter through the broken panes, to nest in the sculptured capitals, to be fired at with shots each rebound of which meant another item of beauty gone. It is a piteous chronicle read all together; and read all together — I am glad and proud to say once more — the Puritan's pages do not seem the worst. If I have cited them more often than the others, it is simply because they are more picturesque, more dramatic, more incisive in their interest. The work of the Anglican ravager was done gradually, quietly, almost secretly — half by actual act, half by mere stupidity and neglect. The Puritan's was done all at once, and to the sound of the blaring trumpet of war.

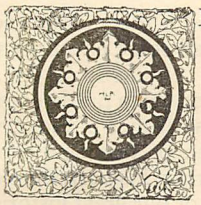
M. G. van Rensselaer.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

LINCOLN AND McCLELLAN.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.



N the day after the battle of Bull Run, General McClellan was ordered to Washington. He arrived there on the 26th of July, and the next day assumed command of the division of the Potomac, comprising the troops in and around Washington on both banks of the river. In his report he says:

> There were about 50,000 infantry, less than 1000 cavalry, and 650 artillerymen, with 9 imperfect field-batteries of 30 pieces. . . . There was nothing to prevent the enemy shelling the city from heights within easy range, which could be occupied by a hostile column almost without resistance. Many soldiers had deserted, and the streets of Washington were crowded with straggling officers and men, absent from their stations without authority, whose behavior indicated the general want of discipline and organization.†

This picture is naturally drawn in the darkest colors, but the outlines are substantially accurate. There was great need of everything which goes to the efficiency of an army. There was need of soldiers, of organization, of drill, of a young and vigorous commander to give impulse and direction to the course of affairs.

All these wants were speedily supplied. The energy of the Government and the patriotism of the North poured into the capital a constant stream of recruits. These were taken in hand by an energetic and intelligent staff, assigned to brigades and divisions, equipped and drilled, with the greatest order and celerity. The infantry levies, on their first arrival, were sent to the various camps in the suburbs, and being there formed into provisional brigades were thoroughly exercised and instructed before being transferred to the forces on the other side of the river. These provisional brigades were successively commanded by Generals Fitz John Porter, Ambrose E. Burnside, and Silas Casey. The cavalry and the artillery, as they arrived, reported respectively to Generals George Stoneman and William F. Barry, chiefs of those arms. Colonel Andrew Porter was made Provost-Marshal of Washington, and soon reduced the place to perfect order, which was never again disturbed during the war. Deserters were arrested, stragglers sent back to their regiments, and the streets rendered more quiet and secure than those of most cities in profound peace.

A great army was speedily formed. The 50,000 that General McClellan found in Washington were reënforced by the stalwart men of the North as fast as steam could bring them by water or land. Nothing like it had ever before been seen on the continent. The grand total of officers and men of the regular army before the war consisted of 17,000 souls. On the 27th of October, exactly three months after General McClellan assumed command, he reported an aggregate of strength for the army under him of 168,318, of which there were, he said, present for duty 147,695;‡ and he reported several other bodies of troops *en route* to him. The Adjutant-General's report, three days later, shows present for duty with the Army of the Potomac, inclusive of troops in the Shenandoah, on the Potomac, and at Washington, 162,737, with an aggregate present and absent of 198,238. This vast army was of the best material the country could afford. The three-months' regiments—which were, as a rule, imperfectly organized and badly officered, their officers being, to a great extent, the product of politics and personal influence—had been succeeded by the volunteer army of three-years' men, which contained all the best elements of the militia, with very desirable additions. Only the most able of the militia generals, those whom the President had recognized as worthy of permanent employment, returned to the field after the expiration of their three-months' service. The militia organization of brigades and divisions had of course disappeared. The governors of the States organized the regiments, and appointed regimental and company officers only. The higher organization rested with the President, who also had the appointing of general and staff officers. A most valuable element of the new army was the old regular organization, largely increased and improved by the addition of eleven regiments, constituting two divisions of two brigades each. This

† McClellan, Report, p. 9. ‡ Ibid., p. 7.

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created a great many additional vacancies, which were filled partly from the old army and partly from civil life, giving to the service a large number of valuable officers. Two classes of cadets were that year graduated from the military academy at West Point, many of whom became useful and distinguished in the regular and the volunteer service.

In brief, for three months the Government placed at the disposal of the young general more than a regiment a day of excellent troops. The best equipments, the best arms, the best artillery, the most distinguished of the old officers, the most promising of the young, were given him. The armies in every other part of the country were stinted to supply this most important of all the departments; and at first it was with universal popular assent that this bountiful provision was made for him. He had gained for the country the only victory it had yet to its credit. He enjoyed a high character for military learning and science, founded upon the report of his friends. He was capable of great and long-continued industry in executive affairs. He was surrounded by an able and brilliant staff, all heartily devoted to him, and inclined to give him the greater share of the credit for their own work. His alert and gallant bearing, as he rode from camp to camp about Washington, surrounded by a company of aides in uniforms as yet untarnished by campaign life, impressed the imagination of tourists and newspaper correspondents, who at once gave him, on this insufficient evidence, the sobriquet of "the young Napoleon." In addition to these advantages, he was a man of extraordinary personal attractiveness; strangers instinctively liked him, and those who were thrown much in his company grew very fond of him. In every one, from the President of the United States to the humblest orderly who waited at his door, he inspired a remarkable affection and regard, a part of which sprang, it is true, from the intense desire prevalent at the time for success to our arms, which naturally included an impulse of good-will to our foremost military leaders; but this impulse, in the case of General McClellan, was given a peculiar warmth by his unusually winning personal characteristics. In consequence he was courted and caressed as few men in our history have been. His charm of manner, enhanced by his rising fame, made him the idol of the Washington drawing-rooms; and his high official position, his certainty of speedy promotion to supreme command, and the probability of great political influence to follow, made him the target of all the interests and ambitions that center in a capital in time of war.*

He can hardly be blamed if this sudden and dazzling elevation produced some effect upon his character and temper. Suddenly, as by a spell of enchantment, he had been put in command of one of the greatest armies of modern times; he had become one of the most conspicuous figures of the world; his portrait had grown as familiar as those of our great historic worthies; every word and act of his were taken up and spread broadcast by the thousand tongues of publicity. He saw himself treated with the utmost deference, his prejudices flattered, and his favor courted by statesmen and soldiers twice his age. We repeat that he can hardly be blamed if his temper and character suffered in the ordeal.

He has left in his memoirs and letters unquestionable evidence of a sudden and fatal degeneration of mind during the months he passed in Washington in the latter half of 1861.† At first everything was novel and delightful. On the 27th of July he wrote: "I find myself in a new and strange position here; President, Cabinet, General Scott, and all deferring to me. By some strange operation of magic I seem to have become the power of the land." Three days later he wrote: "They give me my way in everything, full swing and unbounded confidence. . . . Who would have thought when we were married that I should so soon be called upon to save my country?" A few days afterward: "I shall carry this thing on *en grand* and crush the rebels in one campaign." By the 9th of August his estimate of his own importance had taken such a morbid development that he was able to say: "I would cheerfully take

* General W. T. Sherman writes in his "Memoirs": "General McClellan arrived. . . . Instead of coming over the river, as we expected, he took a house in Washington, and only came over from time to time to have a review or inspection. . . . August was passing and troops were pouring in from all quarters; General McClellan told me he intended to organize an army of 100,000 men, with 100 field batteries, and I still hoped he would come on our side of the Potomac, pitch his tent, and prepare for real hard work, but his headquarters still remained in a house in Washington City." Vol. I., pp. 191, 192.

To show how differently another sort of general comprehended the duties before him at this time, we give another sentence from Sherman's "Memoirs": "I organized a system of drills, embracing the evolutions of the line, all of which was new to me, and I had to learn the tactics from books; but I was convinced that we had a long, hard war before us, and made up my mind to begin at the very beginning to prepare for it."

† "McClellan's Own Story," p. 82. We should hesitate to print these pathetic evidences of McClellan's weakness of character, contained as they are in private letters to his family, if they had not been published by Mr. W. C. Prime, with a singular misconception of their true bearing, as a basis for attacking the administration of Mr. Lincoln.

the dictatorship and agree to lay down my life when the country is saved"; yet he added in the same letter,* "I am not spoiled by my unexpected new position." This pleasing delirium lasted only a few weeks, and was succeeded by a strange and permanent hallucination upon two points: one was that the enemy, whose numbers were about one-third his own, vastly exceeded his army in strength; and the other, that the Government — which was doing everything in its power to support him — was hostile to him and desired his destruction. On the 16th of August he wrote: "I am here in a terrible place; the enemy have from three to four times my force; the President, the old general, can not or will not see the true state of affairs." He was in terror for fear he should be attacked, in doubt whether his army would stand. "If my men will only fight I think I can thrash him, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers. . . . I am weary of all this." Later on the same day he wrote with exultation that "a heavy rain is swelling the Potomac; if it can be made impassable for a week, we are saved." All through the month he expected battle "in a week." By the end of August his panic passed away; he said he was "ready for Beauregard," and a week later began to talk of attacking him.

By this time he had become, to use his own language, "disgusted with the Administration — perfectly sick of it." † His intimate friends and associates were among the political opponents of the men at the head of affairs, and their daily flatteries had easily convinced him that in him was the only hope of saving the country, in spite of its incapable rulers. He says in one place, with singular *naiveté*, that Mr. Stanton gained his confidence by professing friendship for himself while loading the President with abuse and ridicule. ‡ He professed especial contempt for the President; partly because Mr. Lincoln showed him "too much deference." § In October he wrote: "There are some of the greatest geese in the Cabinet I have ever seen — enough to tax the patience of Job." In November his disgust at the Government had become almost intolerable: "It is sickening in the extreme, and makes me feel heavy at heart, when I see the weakness and unfitness of the poor beings who control the destinies of this great country." The affair of Mason and Slidell, with which he had no concern, and upon which his advice was not asked, agitated him at this time. He feels that his wisdom alone must save the country in this crisis; he writes that he must spend the day in trying to get the Government to do its duty. He does not quite know what its duty is — but must first "go to Stanton's to ascertain what the law of nations" has to say on the matter, Stanton being at this time his friend, and, as he thinks, Lincoln's opponent. He had begun already to rank the President as among his enemies. He was in the habit of hiding at Stanton's when he had serious work to do, "to dodge," as he said, "all enemies in the shape of 'browsing' Presidents," etc. "I am thwarted and deceived by these incapables at every turn." ‖

He soon began to call and to consider the Army of the Potomac as his own. He assumed the habit, which he never relinquished, of asking that all desirable troops and stores be sent to him. Indeed, it may be observed that even before he came to Washington this tendency was discernible. While he remained in the West he was continually asking for men and money. But when he came to the Potomac he recognized no such need on the part of his successor, and telegraphed to Governor Dennison to "pay no attention to Rosecrans's demand" for reënforcements. ¶ In the plan of campaign which he laid before the President on the 4th of August, 1861, which was, in general objects and intentions, very much the same plan already adopted by General Scott and the Government, he assigned the scantiest detachments to the great work of conquering the Mississippi Valley; 20,000, he thought, would be enough, with what could be raised in Kentucky and Tennessee, "to secure the latter region and its railroads, as well as ultimately to occupy Nashville" — while he demanded for himself the enormous aggregate of 273,000 men.** He wanted especially all the regular troops; the success of operations elsewhere, he said, was relatively unimportant compared with those in Virginia. These views of his were naturally adopted by his immediate associates, who carried them to an extent probably not contemplated by the general. They seemed to regard him as a kind of tribune, armed by the people with powers independent of and superior to the civil authorities. On the 20th of August his father-in-law, Colonel R. B. Marcy, being in New York, and not satisfied with what he saw in the way of recruitment, sent General McClellan a telegram urging him "to make a positive and unconditional demand for an immediate draft of the additional troops you require." "The people," he says, "will applaud such a course, rely upon it." The general, seeing

* "McClellan's Own Story," p. 85.
† Ibid., p. 168.
‡ Ibid., p. 152.
§ Ibid., p. 91.
‖ Ibid., p. 177.
¶ McClellan to Dennison, Aug. 12, 1861. War Records.
** McClellan to Lincoln. War Records.

nothing out of the way in this explosive communication of his staff-officer, sent it to the Secretary of War with this indorsement: "Colonel Marcy knows what he says, and is of the coolest judgment"; and recommended that his suggestion be carried into effect. All this time every avenue of transportation was filled with soldiers on their way to Washington.

In connection with his delusion as to the number of the enemy in front of him, it grew a fixed idea in his mind that all the best troops and all the officers of ability in the army should be placed under his orders. On the 8th of September he wrote a remarkable letter to the Secretary of War embodying these demands. He begins, in the manner which at an early day became habitual with him and continued to the end of his military career, by enormously exaggerating the strength of the enemy opposed to him. He reports his own force, in the immediate vicinity of Washington, at 85,000, and that of the enemy at 130,000, which he says is a low estimate, and draws the inevitable conclusion that "this army should be reënforced at once by all the disposable troops that the East and West and North can furnish. . . . I urgently recommend," he says, "that the whole of the regular army, old and new, be at once ordered to report here," with some trifling exceptions. He also demands that the choicest officers be assigned to him, especially that none of those recommended by him be sent anywhere else.* Most of these requests were granted, and General McClellan seems to have assumed a sort of proprietary right over every regiment that had once come under his command. When General T. W. Sherman's expedition was about sailing for the South, he made an earnest request to the Government for the 79th New York Highlanders. The matter being referred to General McClellan, he wrote in the most peremptory tone to the War Department, forbidding the detachment of those troops. "I will not consent," he says roundly, "to one other man being detached from this army for that expedition. I need far more than I now have, to save this country. . . . It is the task of the Army of the Potomac to decide the question at issue."† The President accepted this rebuke, and telegraphed to General Sherman that he had promised General McClellan "not to break his army here without his consent."‡

Such an attitude towards the military and civil authorities is rarely assumed by a general so young and so inexperienced, and to sustain it requires a degree of popular strength and confidence which is only gained by rapid and brilliant successes. In the case of General McClellan the faith of his friends and of the Government had no nourishment for a long time except his own promises, and several incidents during the late summer and autumn made heavy drafts upon the general confidence which was accorded him.

From the beginning of hostilities the blockade of the Potomac River below Washington was recognized on both sides as a great advantage to be gained by the Confederates, and a great danger to be guarded against by the national Government. For a while the navy had been able to keep the waters of the river clear by the employment of a few powerful light-draft steamers; but it soon became evident that this would not permanently be a sufficient protection, and even before the battle of Bull Run the Navy Department suggested a combined occupation, by the army and the navy, of Mathias Point, a bold and commanding promontory on the Virginia side, where the Potomac, after a horse-shoe bend to the east, flows southward again with its width greatly increased. On the 20th of August the Navy Department renewed its importunities to the War Department to coöperate in the seizure of this most important point, which was "absolutely essential to the unobstructed navigation of the Potomac."§ Eleven days later these suggestions were still more pressingly presented, without effect. In October, however, when rebel batteries were already appearing at different points on the river, and when it was in contemplation to send to Port Royal the steamers which had been policing the Potomac, an arrangement was entered into between the army and the navy to occupy Mathias Point. Orders were sent to Captain Craven to collect at that place the necessary boats for landing a force of 4000 men. He waited all night and no troops appeared. Captain Fox, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who had taken a great deal of interest in the expedition, went in deep chagrin to the President, who at once accompanied him to General McClellan's quarters to ask some explanation of this failure. The general informed him that he had become convinced it would not be practicable to land the troops, and that he had therefore not sent them. Captain Fox assured him that the navy would be responsible for that; and, after some discussion, it was concluded that the troops should go the next

* McClellan to Cameron. War Records.

† McClellan to Thomas A. Scott, Oct. 17, 1861. War Records.

‡ Lincoln to Sherman, October 18, 1861. War Records.

§ Welles to Cameron. War Records.

night. Captain Craven was again ordered to be in readiness; the troops did not go. Craven came to Washington in great agitation, threw up his command, and applied for sea-service, on the ground that his reputation as an officer would be ruined by the closing of the river while he was in command of the flotilla.* The vessels went out one by one; the rebels put up their batteries at their leisure, and the blockade of the river was complete. When General McClellan was examined as to this occurrence by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he did not remember the specific incidents as recited by Captain Fox, and as reported above, but said he never regarded the obstruction of the Potomac as of vital importance; its importance was more moral than physical.†

General McClellan was perhaps inclined to underrate moral effects. The affair at Ball's Bluff, which occurred on the 21st of October, produced an impression on the public mind and affected his relations with the leading spirits in Congress to an extent entirely out of proportion to its intrinsic importance. He had hitherto enjoyed unbounded popularity. The country saw the army rapidly growing in numbers and improving in equipment and discipline, and was content to allow the authorities their own time for accomplishing their purposes. The general looked forward to no such delays as afterward seemed to him necessary. He even assumed that the differences between himself and Scott arose from Scott's preference "for inaction and the defensive."‡ On the 10th of October he said to the President: "I think we shall have our arrangements made for a strong reconnaissance about Monday to feel the strength of the enemy. I intend to be careful and do as well as possible. Don't let them hurry me, is all I ask." The President, pleased with the prospect of action, replied: "You shall have your own way in the matter, I assure you."§ On the 12th he sent a dispatch to Mr. Lincoln from the front, saying that the enemy was before him in force, and would probably attack in the morning. "If they attack," he added, "I shall beat them."‖ Nothing came of this. On the 16th the President was, as usual, at headquarters for a moment's conversation with General McClellan, who informed him that the enemy was massing at Manassas, and said that he was "not such a fool as to buck against that place in the spot designated by the rebels." But he seemed continually to be waiting merely for some slight additional increment of his force, and never intending any long postponement of the offensive; while he was apparently always ready, and even desirous, for the enemy to leave their works and attack him, being confident of defeating them.

In this condition of affairs, with all his force well in hand, he ordered, on the 19th of October, that General McCall should march from his camp at Langley to Dranesville, to cover a somewhat extensive series of reconnaissances for the purpose of learning the position of the enemy, and of protecting the operations of the topographical engineers in making maps of that region. The next day he received a dispatch from General Banks's adjutant-general, indicating that the enemy had moved away from Leesburg. This information turned out to be erroneous; but upon receiving it General McClellan sent a telegram to General Stone at Poolesville informing him that General McCall had occupied Dranesville the day before and was still there, that heavy reconnaissances would be sent out the same day in all directions from that point, and directing General Stone to keep a good lookout upon Leesburg, to see if that movement had the effect to drive them away. "Perhaps," he adds, "a slight demonstration on your part would have the effect to move them."¶ General McClellan insists that this order contemplated nothing more than that General Stone should make some display of an intention to cross, and should watch the enemy more closely than usual. But General Stone gave it a much wider range, and at once reported to General McClellan that he had made a feint of crossing at Poolesville, and at the same time started a reconnoitering party towards Leesburg from Harrison's Island, and that the enemy's pickets had retired to their intrenchments. Although General McClellan virtually holds that this was in effect a disobedience of his orders, he did not direct General Stone to retire his troops — on the contrary, he congratulated him upon the movement; but thinking that McCall would not be needed to coöperate with him, he ordered the former to fall back from Dranesville to his camp near Prospect Hill, which order, though contradicted by later instructions which did not reach him until his return to Langley, was executed during the morning of the 21st. But while McCall, having completed his reconnaissance, was marching at his leisure back to his camp, the little detachment which General Stone had sent across the river had blundered into battle.

A careful reading of all the accounts in the

* Report Committee on Conduct of the War. G. V. Fox, Testimony.

† Report Committee on Conduct of the War. McClellan, Testimony.

‡ "McClellan's Own Story," p. 170.

§ J. H., Diary.

‖ Ibid.

¶ McClellan, Report, p. 32.

archives of the War Department relating to this affair affords the best possible illustration of the lack of discipline and intelligent organization prevailing at that time in both armies. The reports of the different commanders seem hardly to refer to the same engagement; each side enormously exaggerates the strength of the enemy, and the descriptions of the carnage at critical moments of the fight read absurdly enough when compared with the meager official lists of killed and wounded. We will briefly state what really took place.

On the evening of the 20th General Gorman made a demonstration of crossing at Edwards Ferry, and a scouting party of the 20th Massachusetts crossed from Harrison's Island and went to within about a mile of Leesburg, returning with the report that they had found a small camp of the enemy in the woods. General Stone then ordered Colonel Charles Devens, commanding the 20th Massachusetts, to take four companies of his regiment over in the night to destroy this camp at daybreak. Colonel Devens proceeding to execute this order found that the report of the scouting party was erroneous, and reporting this fact waited in the woods for further orders. General Stone sent over a small additional detachment which he afterward reënforced by a larger body, the whole being in command of Colonel E. D. Baker of the California regiment—a Senator from Oregon, an officer of the highest personal and political distinction, and, as we have already related, not without experience in the Mexican war. General Stone had now evidently resolved upon a reconnaissance in force, and in case an engagement should result he confidently expected Colonel Baker to drive the enemy from his front, at which juncture General Stone expected to come in upon their right with Gorman's troops, which he was pushing over at Edwards Ferry, and capture or rout the entire command. He gave Colonel Baker discretionary authority to advance or to retire after crossing the river, as circumstances might seem to dictate.

Colonel Baker entered upon the work assigned to him with the greatest enthusiasm and intrepidity. The means of transportation were lamentably inadequate; but working energetically, though without system, the greater part of the troops assigned for the service were at last got over, and Baker took command on the field a little after 2 o'clock. The battle was already lost, though the brave and high-spirited orator did not suspect it, any more than did General Stone, who, at Edwards Ferry, was waiting for the moment to arrive when he should attack the enemy's right and convert his defeat into rout. Colonel Devens, who had been skirmishing briskly with continually increasing numbers of the Confederates all the morning, had by this time fallen back in line with Baker's, Lee's, and Cogswell's regiments, and a new disposition was made of all the troops on the ground to resist the advancing enemy. The disposition was as bad as it could well be made; both flanks were exposed, and the reserves were placed in an unprotected position immediately in rear of the center, where they were shot down without resistance, and were only dangerous to their comrades in front of them. Colonel Baker, whose bravery marked him for destruction, was killed about 4 o'clock, being struck at the same moment by several bullets while striving to encourage his men, and after a brief and ineffectual effort by Colonel Cogswell to move to the left, the National troops retreated to the river bank. They were closely followed by the Confederates; the wretched boats into which many of them rushed were swamped; some strong swimmers reached the Maryland shore, some were shot in the water, a large number threw their arms into the stream and, dispersing in the bushes, escaped in the twilight; but a great proportion of the entire command was captured. The losses on the Union side were 10 officers and 39 enlisted men killed, 15 officers and 143 enlisted men wounded, 26 officers and 688 enlisted men missing.* The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was almost as great—36 killed and 117 wounded.*

As soon as the news of the disaster began to reach General Stone, he hurried to the right, where the fugitives from the fight were arriving, did what he could to reëstablish order there, and sent instructions to Gorman to intrench himself at Edwards Ferry and act on the defensive. General Banks arrived with reënforcements at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 22d and assumed command. The Confederates made an attack upon Gorman the same day and were easily repulsed; but General McClellan, thinking "that the enemy were strengthening themselves at Leesburg, and that our means of crossing and recrossing were very insufficient," withdrew all the troops to the Maryland side.† It seems from the Confederate reports that he was mistaken in concluding that the enemy were strengthening themselves; they were also getting out of harm's way as rapidly as possible. General Evans, their commander, says:

> Finding my brigade very much exhausted, I left Colonel Barksdale with his regiment, with 2 pieces

* War Records.

† McClellan to Secretary of War. War Records.

of artillery and a cavalry force, as a grand guard, and I ordered the other 3 regiments to fall back towards Carter's Mills to rest and to be collected in order.*

The utter inadequacy of means for crossing was of course a sufficient reason to justify the cessation of active operations at that time and place.

Insignificant as was this engagement in itself, it was of very considerable importance in immediate effect and ultimate results. It was the occasion of enormous encouragement to the South. The reports of the Confederate officers engaged exaggerated their own prowess, and the numbers and losses of the National troops tenfold. General Beauregard, in his congratulatory order of the day, claimed that the result of this action proved that no disparity of numbers could avail anything as against Southern valor assisted by the "manifest aid of the God of battles."† It will probably never be possible to convince Confederate soldiers that here, as at Bull Run, the numbers engaged and the aggregate killed and wounded were about equal on both sides — a fact clearly shown by the respective official records. At the North the gloom and affliction occasioned by the defeat were equally out of proportion to the event. Among the killed and wounded were several young men of brilliant promise and distinguished social connections in New England, and the useless sacrifice of their lives made a deep impression upon wide circles of friends and kindred. The death of Colonel Baker greatly affected the public mind. He had been little known in the East when he came as Senator from Oregon, but from the moment that he began to appear in public his fluent and impassioned oratory, his graceful and dignified bearing, a certain youthful energy and fire which contrasted pleasantly with his silver hair, had made him extremely popular with all classes. He was one of Mr. Lincoln's dearest friends; he was especially liked in the Senate; he was one of the most desirable and effective speakers at all great mass-meetings. A cry of passionate anger went up from every part of the country over this precious blood wasted, this dishonor inflicted upon the National flag.

The first and most evident scape-goat was, naturally enough, General Stone. He cannot be acquitted of all blame, even in the calmest review of the facts; there was a lack of preparation for the fight, a lack of thorough supervision after it had begun. But these were the least of the charges made against him. The suspicions which civil war always breeds, and the calumnies resulting from them, were let loose upon him. They grew to such proportions by constant repetition, during the autumn and winter following, that many people actually thought he was one of a band of conspirators in the Union army working in the interest of rebellion. This impression seized upon the minds of some of the most active and energetic men in Congress, friends and associates of Colonel Baker. They succeeded in convincing the Secretary of War that General Stone was dangerous to the public welfare, and on the 28th of January an order was issued from the War Department to General McClellan directing him to arrest General Stone. He kept it for several days without executing it; but at last, being apparently impressed by the evidence of a refugee from Leesburg that there was some foundation for the charges made by the committee of Congress, he ordered the arrest of General Stone, saying at the same time to the Secretary of War that the case was too indefinite to warrant the framing of charges.‡ The arrest was made without consulting the President. When Mr. Stanton announced it to him the President said: "I suppose you have good reasons for it; and having good reasons, I am glad I knew nothing of it until it was done." General Stone was taken to Fort Lafayette, where he remained in confinement six months; he was then released and afterward restored to duty, but never received any satisfaction to his repeated demands for reparation or trial.

For the moment, at least, there seemed no disposition to censure General McClellan for this misfortune. Indeed, it was only a few days after the battle of Ball's Bluff that he gained his final promotion to the chief command of the armies of the United States. A brief review of his relations to his predecessor may be necessary to a proper understanding of the circumstances under which he succeeded to the supreme command.

Their intercourse, at first marked by great friendship, had soon become clouded by misunderstandings. The veteran had always had a high regard for his junior, had sent him his hearty congratulations upon his appointment to command the Ohio volunteers, and although he had felt compelled on one occasion to rebuke him for interference with matters beyond his jurisdiction,§ their relations remained perfectly friendly, and the old general warmly welcomed the young one to Washington. But once there, General McClellan began to treat the General-in-Chief with a neglect which, though probably unintentional, was none the less galling. On the 8th of August, General McClellan sent to

* Evans to Jordan, Oct. 3, 1861. War Records.
† Beauregard, Orders, Oct. 23, 1861. War Records.
‡ McClellan to Stone, Dec. 5, 1862. War Records.
§ War Records.

General Scott a letter* to the effect that he believed the capital "not only insecure," but "in imminent danger." As General McClellan had never personally communicated these views to his chief, but had, as Scott says, "propagated them in high quarters," so that they had come indirectly to the old general's ears, his temper, which was never one of the meekest, quite gave way, and declining to answer General McClellan's letter, he addressed an angry note to the Secretary of War, scouting the idea of Washington being in danger, calling attention to "the stream of new regiments pouring in upon us," complaining bitterly of the reticence and neglect with which his junior treated him, and begging the President, as soon as possible, to retire him from the active command of the army, for which his age, his wounds, and his infirmities had unfitted him.

Mr. Lincoln was greatly distressed by this altercation between the two officers. He prevailed upon General McClellan to write him a conciliatory note, withdrawing the letter of the 8th; and armed with this, he endeavored to soothe the irritation of Scott, and to induce him to withdraw his angry rejoinder of the 9th. But youth, sure of itself and the future, forgives more easily than age; and Scott refused, respectfully but firmly, to comply with the President's request. He waited two days and wrote again to the Secretary of War, giving his reasons for this refusal. He believed General McClellan had deliberately, and with the advice of certain members of the Cabinet, offended him by the letter in question, and that for the last week, though many regiments had arrived and several more or less important movements of troops had taken place, General McClellan had reported nothing to him, but had been frequently in conversation with various high officers of the Government. "That freedom of access and consultation," he continued, "has, very naturally, deluded the junior general into a feeling of indifference towards his senior." He argues that it would be "against the dignity of his years to be filing daily complaints against an ambitious junior," and closes by reiterating his unfitness for command.†

The two generals never became reconciled. The bickerings between them continued for two months, marked with a painful and growing bitterness on the part of Scott, and on the part of McClellan by a neglect akin to contempt. The elder officer, galled by his subordinate's persistent disrespect, published a general order on the 16th of September, which he says was intended "to suppress an irregularity more conspicuous in Major-General McClellan than in any other officer," forbidding junior officers on duty from corresponding with their superiors except through intermediate commanders; the same rule applying to correspondence with the President and the Secretary of War, unless by the President's request. General McClellan showed how little he cared for such an order by writing two important letters to the Secretary of War within three days after it was issued. On the same day a special order was given General

* This letter deserves a careful reading. It is extremely characteristic, as showing, in the first place, how early McClellan began to exaggerate the number of the enemy in front of him, and how large were his ideas as to the force necessary for the protection of Washington so long as the duty of protecting the capital devolved upon him.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE POTOMAC,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 8, 1861.

LIEUT.-GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT,
Commanding U. S. Army.

GENERAL: Information from various sources reaching me to-day, through spies, letters, and telegrams, confirms my impressions, derived from previous advices, that the enemy intend attacking our positions on the other side of the river, as well as to cross the Potomac north of us. I have also received a telegram from a reliable agent just from Knoxville, Tenn., that large reënforcements are still passing through there to Richmond. I am induced to believe that the enemy has at least 100,000 men in front of us. Were I in Beauregard's place with that force at my disposal, I would attack the positions on the other side of the Potomac, and at the same time cross the river above this city in force. I feel confident that our present army in this vicinity is entirely insufficient for the emergency, and it is deficient in all the arms of the service — infantry, artillery, and cavalry. I therefore respectfully and most earnestly urge that the garrisons of all places in our rear be reduced at once to the minimum absolutely necessary to hold them, and that all the troops thus made available be forthwith forwarded to this city; that every company of regular artillery within reach be immediately ordered here to be mounted; that every possible means be used to expedite the forwarding of new regiments of volunteers to this capital without one hour's delay. I urge that nothing be left undone to bring up our force for the defense of this city to 100,000 men, before attending to any other point. I advise that at least eight or ten good Ohio and Indiana regiments may be telegraphed for from western Virginia, their places to be filled at once by the new troops from the same States, who will be at least reliable to fight behind the intrenchments which have been constructed there. The vital importance of rendering Washington at once perfectly secure, and its imminent danger, impel me to urge these requests with the utmost earnestness, and that not an hour be lost in carrying them into execution. A sense of duty which I cannot resist compels me to state that in my opinion military necessity demands that the departments of North-eastern Virginia, Washington, the Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, including Baltimore, and the one including Fort Monroe, should be merged into one department, under the immediate control of the commander of the main army of operations, and which should be known and designated as such.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
GEO. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General, Commanding.

[War Records.]

† Scott to the President, Aug. 12, 1861.

McClellan to report to army headquarters the number and position of troops under his command, to which order he paid no attention whatever. General Scott felt himself helpless in the face of this mute and persistent disobedience, but he was not able to bear it in silence. On the 4th of October he addressed another passionate remonstrance to the Secretary of War, setting forth these facts, asking whether there were no remedy for such offenses, adverting once more to his physical infirmities, and at last divulging the true reason why he had borne so long the contumely of his junior — that he was only awaiting the arrival of General Halleck, whose presence would give him increased confidence in the preservation of the Union, and thus permit him to retire.* On the 31st of October he took his final resolution, and addressed the following letter to the Secretary of War:

> For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities — dropsy and vertigo — admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man. It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so late prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself, in these momentous times, from the orders of a President who has treated me with distinguished kindness and courtesy, whom I know among much personal intercourse to be patriotic, without sectional partialities or prejudices, to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivaled activity and perseverance. And to you, Mr. Secretary, whom I now officially address for the last time, I beg to acknowledge my many obligations for the uniform high consideration I have received at your hands.*

His request was granted, with the usual compliments and ceremonies, the President and Cabinet waiting upon him in person at his residence. General McClellan succeeded him in command of the armies of the United States, and in his order of the 1st of November he praised in swelling periods the war-worn veteran† whose latest days of service he had so annoyed and embittered. When we consider the relative positions of the two officers — the years, the infirmities, the well-earned glory of Scott, his former friendship and kindness towards his junior; and, on the other hand, the youth, the strength, the marvelous good fortune of McClellan, his great promotion, his certainty of almost immediate succession to supreme command — it cannot be said that his demeanor towards his chief was magnanimous. Although General Scott's unfitness for command had become obvious, although his disposition, which in his youth had been arrogant and haughty, had been modified but not improved by age into irascibility, it would certainly not have been out of place for his heir presumptive to dissemble an impatience which was not unnatural, and preserve some appearance at least of a respect he did not feel. Standing in the full sunshine, there was something due from him to an old and illustrious soldier stepping reluctant into hopeless shadow.

The change was well received in all parts of the country. At Washington there was an immediate feeling of relief. The President called at General McClellan's headquarters on the night of the 1st of November and gave him warm congratulations. "I should feel perfectly satisfied," he said, "if I thought that this vast increase of responsibility would not embarrass you." "It is a great relief, sir," McClellan answered. "I feel as if several tons were taken from my shoulders to-day. I am now in contact with you and the Secretary. I am not embarrassed by intervention." "Very well," said the President; "draw on me for all the sense and information I have. In addition to your present command the supreme command of the army will entail an enormous labor upon you." "I can do it all," McClellan quickly answered.‡ Ten days later Blenker's brigade organized a torchlight procession, a sort of Fackel-tanz, in honor of the event. The President, after the show was over, went as usual to General McClellan's, and referring to the Port Royal expedition thought this "a good time to feel the enemy." "I have not been unmindful of that," McClellan answered; "we shall feel them to-morrow."§ Up to this time there was no importunity on the part of the President for an advance of the army, although for several weeks some of the leading men in Congress had been urging it. As early as the 26th of October, Senators Trumbull, Chandler, and Wade called upon the President and earnestly represented to him the importance of immediate action. Two days later they had another conference with the President and Mr. Seward, at the house of the latter. They spoke with some vehemence of the absolute necessity for energetic measures to drive the enemy from in front of Washington. The President and the Secretary of State both defended the general in his deliberate purpose not to move until he was ready. The zealous senators did not confine their visits to the civil authorities. They called upon General McClellan also,

* Scott to Cameron. War Records.
† McClellan, Order, Nov. 1, 1861. War Records.
‡ J. H., Diary, Nov. 1, 1861.
§ Ibid., Nov. 11, 1861.

and in the course of an animated conversation Mr. Wade said an unsuccessful battle was preferable to delay; a defeat would be easily repaired by the swarming recruits — a thrust which McClellan neatly parried by saying he would rather have a few recruits before a victory than a good many after a defeat.* There was as yet no apparent hostility to McClellan, even among "these wretched politicians," as he calls them. On the contrary, this conference of the 26th was not inharmonious; McClellan represented General Scott as the obstacle to immediate action, and skillfully diverted the zeal of the senators against the General-in-Chief. He wrote that night:

> For the last three hours I have been at Montgomery Blair's, talking with Senators Wade, Trumbull, and Chandler about war matters. They will make a desperate effort to-morrow to have General Scott retired at once; until this is accomplished, I can effect but little good. He is ever in my way, and I am sure does not desire effective action.†

The President, while defending the generals from the strictures of the senators, did not conceal from McClellan the fact of their urgency. He told him it was a reality not to be left out of the account; at the same time he was not to fight till he was ready. "I have everything at stake," the general replied. "If I fail, I will never see you again." At this period there was no question of more than a few days' delay.

The friendly visits of the President to army headquarters were continued almost every night until the 13th of November, when an incident occurred which virtually put an end to them.‡ On that evening Mr. Lincoln walked across the street as usual, accompanied by one of his household, to the residence of the Secretary of State, and after a short visit there both of them went to General McClellan's house, in H street. They were there told that the general had gone to the wedding of an officer and would soon return. They waited nearly an hour in the drawing-room, when the general returned, and, without paying any special attention to the orderly who told him the President was waiting to see him, went upstairs. The President, thinking his name had not been announced to the general, again sent a servant to his room and received the answer that he had gone to bed. Mr. Lincoln attached no special importance to this incident, and, so far as we know, never asked nor received any explanation of it. But it was not unnatural that he should conclude his frequent visits had become irksome to the general, and that he should discontinue them. There was no cessation of their friendly relations, though after this most of their conferences were held at the Executive Mansion.

On the 20th of November a grand review of the Army of the Potomac took place at Upton's Hill. There were about 50,000 men in line, drawn up on a wide, undulating plain, which displayed them to the best advantage, and a finer army has rarely been seen. The President, accompanied by Generals McClellan and McDowell, and followed by a brilliant cavalcade of a hundred general and staff officers, rode up and down the entire extent of the embattled host. Mr. Lincoln was a good horseman, and was received with hearty cheers by the troops, thousands of whom saw him that day for the first and last time. The reviewing officers then took their stand upon a gentle acclivity in the center of the plain, and the troops filed past in review through the autumnal afternoon until twilight. It had certainly all the appearance of a great army ready for battle, and there was little doubt that they would speedily be led into action. But after the review drilling was resumed; recruits continued to pour in, to be assigned and equipped and instructed. The general continued his organizing work; many hours of every day he passed in the saddle, riding from camp to camp with tireless industry, until at last he fell seriously ill, and for several weeks the army rested almost with folded hands awaiting his recovery.

EUROPEAN NEUTRALITY.

ONE of the gravest problems which beset the Lincoln administration on its advent to power was how foreign nations would deal with the fact of secession and rebellion in the United States; and the people of the North endured a grievous disappointment when they found that England and France were by active sympathy favorable to the South. This result does not seem strange when we consider by what insensible steps the news from America had shaped their opinion.

Europeans were at first prepared to accept the disunion threats of Southern leaders as mere transient party bravado. The non-coercion message of President Buchanan, however, was in their eyes an indication of serious import. Old World statesmanship had no faith in unsupported public sentiment as a lasting bond of nationality. The experience of a thousand years teaches them that, under their monarchical system, governments and laws by "divine right" are of accepted and permanent force only when competent physical power stands behind them to compel obedience. Mr. Buchanan's dogma that the Federal Government had no authority to keep a State in the Union was to them, in

* J. H., Diary, Oct. 26, 27, 1861. ‡ J. H., Diary.
† "McClellan's Own Story," p. 171.

theory at least, the end of the Government of the United States. When, further, they saw that this theory was being translated into practice by acquiescence in South Carolina's revolt; by the failure to reënforce Sumter; by the President's quasi-diplomacy with the South Carolina commissioners as foreign agents; and finally by his practical abdication of executive functions, in the message of January 8,* "referring the whole subject to Congress," and throwing upon it all "the responsibility,"— they naturally concluded that the only remaining question for them was one of new relations with the divided States. From the election of Lincoln until three days preceding his inauguration, a period of nearly four months, embracing the whole drama of public secession and the organization of the Montgomery confederacy, not a word of information, explanation, or protest on these momentous proceedings was sent by the Buchanan cabinet to foreign powers. They were left to draw their inferences exclusively from newspapers, the debates of Congress, and the President's messages till the last day of February, 1861, when Secretary Black, in a diplomatic circular, instructed our ministers at foreign courts "that this Government has not relinquished its constitutional jurisdiction within the territory of those seceded States and does not desire to do so," and that a recognition of their independence must be opposed. France and England replied courteously that they would not act in haste, but quite emphatically that they could give no further binding promise.

Mr. Seward, on assuming the duties of Secretary of State, immediately transmitted a circular, repeating the injunction of his predecessor and stating the confidence of the President in the speedy restoration of the harmony and unity of the Government. Considerable delay occurred in settling upon the various foreign appointments. The new minister to France, Mr. Dayton, and the new minister to Great Britain, Mr. Adams, did not sail for Europe till about the 1st of May. Before either of them arrived at his post, both governments had violated in spirit their promise to act in no haste. On the day Mr. Adams sailed from Boston, his predecessor, Mr. Dallas, yet in London, was sent for by Lord John Russell, her Britannic Majesty's Minister of Foreign Affairs. "He told me," wrote Mr. Dallas, "that the three representatives of the Southern Confederacy were here; that he had not seen them, but was not unwilling to do so, *unofficially*; that there existed an understanding between this Government and that of France which would lead both to take the same course as to recognition, whatever that course might be." The step here foreshadowed was soon taken. Three days later Lord Russell did receive the three representatives of the Southern Confederacy; and while he told them he could not communicate with them "officially," his language indicated that when the South could maintain its position England would not be unwilling to hear what terms they had to propose. When Mr. Adams landed in England he found, evidently to forestall his arrival, that the Ministry had published the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, raising the Confederate States at once to the position and privilege of a belligerent power; and France soon followed the example.

In taking this precipitate action, both powers probably thought it merely a preliminary step: the British ministers believed disunion to be complete and irrevocable, and were eager to take advantage of it to secure free trade and cheap cotton; while Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, already harboring far-reaching colonial designs, expected not only to recognize the South, but to assist her at no distant day by an armed intervention. For the present, of course, all such meditations were veiled under the bland phraseology of diplomatic regret at our misfortune. The object of these pages is, however, not so much to discuss international relations as to show what part President Lincoln personally took in framing the dispatch which announced the answering policy of the United States.

When the communication which Lord Russell made to Mr. Dallas was received at the State Department, the unfriendly act of the English Government, and more especially the half-insulting manner of its promulgation, filled Mr. Seward with indignation. In this mood he wrote a dispatch to Mr. Adams, which, if transmitted and delivered in its original form, could hardly have failed to endanger the peaceful relations of the two countries. The general tone and spirit of the paper were admirable; but portions of it were phrased with an exasperating bluntness, and certain directions were lacking in diplomatic prudence. This can be accounted for only by the irritation under which he wrote. It was Mr. Seward's ordinary habit personally to read his dispatches to the President before sending them. Mr. Lincoln, detecting the defects of the paper, retained it, and after careful scrutiny made such material corrections and alterations with his own hand as took from it all offensive crudeness without in the least lowering its tone, but, on the contrary, greatly increasing its dignity.

* "Globe," Jan. 9, 1861, p. 294.

SEWARD'S ORIGINAL DISPATCH, SHOWING MR. LINCOLN'S CORRECTIONS.

[All words by Lincoln in margin or in text are in italics. All matter between brackets was marked out.]

No. 10. DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, May 21st, 1861.

SIR:

Mr. Dallas in a brief dispatch of May 2d (No. 333) tells us that Lord John Russell recently requested an interview with him on account of the solicitude which His Lordship felt concerning the effect of certain measures represented as likely to be adopted by the President. In that conversation the British Secretary told Mr. Dallas that the three Representatives of the Southern Confederacy were then in London, that Lord John Russell had not yet seen them, but that he was not unwilling to see them unofficially. He farther informed Mr. Dallas that an understanding exists between the British and French Governments which would lead both to take one and the same course as to recognition. His Lordship then referred to the rumor of a meditated blockade by us of Southern ports, and a discontinuance of them as ports of entry. Mr. Dallas answered that he knew nothing on those topics and therefore could say nothing. He added that you were expected to arrive in two weeks. Upon this statement Lord John Russell acquiesced in the expediency of waiting for the full knowledge you were expected to bring.

Mr. Dallas transmitted to us some newspaper reports of Ministerial explanations made in Parliament.

You will base no proceedings on parliamentary debates farther than to seek explanations when necessary and communicate them to this Department. [We intend to have a clear and simple record of whatever issue may arise between us and Great Britain.]

Leave out.

The President [is surprised and grieved] *regrets* that Mr. Dallas did not protest against the proposed unofficial intercourse between the British Government and the missionaries of the insurgents, [as well as against the demand for explanations made by the British Government]. It is due however to Mr. Dallas to say that our instructions had been given only to you and not to him, and that his loyalty and fidelity, too rare in these times [among our late representatives abroad are confessed and] *are* appreciated.

Leave out, because it does not appear that such explanations were demanded.

Leave out.

Intercourse of any kind with the so-called Commissioners is liable to be construed as a recognition of the authority which appointed them. Such intercourse would be none the less [wrongful] *hurtful* to us, for being called unofficial, and it might be even more injurious, because we should have no means of knowing what points might be resolved by it. Moreover, unofficial intercourse is useless and meaningless, if it is not expected to ripen into official intercourse and direct recognition. It is left doubtful here whether the proposed unofficial intercourse has yet actually begun. Your own [present] antecedent instructions are deemed explicit enough, and it is hoped that you have not misunderstood them. You will in any event desist from all intercourse whatever, unofficial as well as official with the British Government, so long as it shall continue intercourse of either kind with the domestic enemies of this country, [confining yourself simply to a delivery of a copy of this paper to the Secretary of State. After doing this]* you will communicate with this Department and receive farther directions.

Leave out.

* *When intercourse shall have been arrested for this cause,*

Lord John Russell has informed us of an understanding between the British and French Governments that they will act together in regard to our affairs. This communication however loses something of its value from the circumstance that the communication was withheld until after knowledge of the fact had been acquired by us from other sources. We know also another fact that has not yet been officially communicated to us, namely that other European States are apprized by France and England of their agreement and are expected to concur with or follow them in whatever measures they adopt on the subject of recognition. The United States have been impartial and just in all their conduct towards the several

nations of Europe. They will not complain however of the combination now announced by the two leading powers, although they think they had a right to expect a more independent if not a more friendly course from each of them. You will take no notice of that or any other alliance. Whenever the European governments shall see fit to communicate directly with us we shall be as heretofore frank and explicit in our reply.

As to the blockade, you will say that by [the] *our own* laws [of nature] and *the laws* of nature and the laws of nations this government has a clear right to suppress insurrection. An exclusion of commerce from national ports which have been seized by the insurgents, in the equitable form of blockade, is a proper means to that end. You will [admit] not insist that our blockade is [not] to be respected if it be not maintained by a competent force—but passing by that question as not now a practical or at least an urgent one you will add that [it] the blockade is now and it will continue to be so maintained, and therefore we expect it to be respected by Great Britain. You will add that we have already revoked the exequatur of a Russian Consul who had enlisted in the Military service of the insurgents, and we shall dismiss or demand the recall of every foreign agent, Consular or Diplomatic, who shall either disobey the Federal laws or disown the Federal authority.

As to the recognition of the so-called Southern Confederacy it is not to be made a subject of technical definition. It is of course [*quasi*] direct recognition to publish an acknowledgment of the sovereignty and independence of a new power. It is [*quasi*] direct recognition to receive its ambassadors, Ministers, agents, or commissioners officially. A concession of belligerent rights is liable to be construed as a recognition of them. No one of these proceedings will [be borne] *pass* [*unnoticed*] unquestioned by the United States in this case.

Hitherto recognition has been moved only on the assumption that the so-called Confederate States are de facto a self-sustaining power. Now after long forbearance, designed to soothe discontent and avert the need of civil war, the land and naval forces of the United States have been put in motion to repress the insurrection. The true character of the pretended new State is at once revealed. It is seen to be a Power existing in pronunciamento only. It has never won a field. It has obtained no forts that were not virtually betrayed into its hands or seized in breach of trust. It commands not a single port on the coast nor any highway out from its pretended Capital by land. Under these circumstances Great Britain is called upon to intervene and give it body and independence by resisting our measures of suppression. British recognition would be British intervention to create within our own territory a hostile state by overthrowing this Republic itself. [When this act of intervention is distinctly performed, we from that hour shall cease to be friends and become once more, as we have twice before been forced to be enemies of Great Britain.] [*Leave out.*]

As to the treatment of privateers in the insurgent service, you will say that this is a question exclusively our own. We treat them as pirates. They are our own citizens, or persons employed by our citizens, preying on the commerce of our country. If Great Britain shall choose to recognize them as lawful belligerents, and give them shelter from our pursuit and punishment, the laws of nations afford an adequate and proper remedy, [and we shall avail ourselves of it. *And while you need not to say this in advance, be sure that you say nothing inconsistent with it.*]

Happily, however, Her Britannic Majesty's Government can avoid all these difficulties. It invited us in 1856 to accede to the declaration of the Congress of Paris, of which body Great Britain was herself a member, abolishing privateering everywhere in all cases and for ever. You *already* have our authority to propose to her our accession to that declaration. If she refuse to receive it, it can only be because she is willing to become the patron of privateering when aimed at our devastation.

These positions are not elaborately defended now, because to vindicate them would imply a possibility of our waiving them.

[*Drop all from this line to the end, and in lieu of it write*

"*This paper is for your own guidance only, and not* [*sic*] *to be read or shown to any one.*]

We are not insensible of the grave importance of this occasion. We see how, upon the result of the debate in which we are engaged, a war may ensue between the United States, and one, two, or even more European nations. War in any case is as exceptionable from the habits as it is revolting from the sentiments of the American people. But if it come it will be fully seen that it results from the action of Great Britain, not our own, that Great Britain will have decided to fraternize with our domestic enemy, either without waiting to hear from you our remonstrances, and our warnings, or after having heard them. War in defense of national life is not immoral, and war in defense of independence is an inevitable part of the discipline of nations.

The dispute will be between the European and the American branches of the British race. All who belong to that race will especially deprecate it, as they ought. It may well be believed that men of every race and kindred will deplore it. A war not unlike it between the same parties occurred at the close of the last century. Europe atoned by forty years of suffering for the error that Great Britain committed in provoking that contest. If that nation shall now repeat the same great error the social convulsions which will follow may not be so long but they will be more general. When they shall have ceased, it will, we think, be seen, whatever may have been the fortunes of other nations, that it is not the United States that will have come out of them with its precious Constitution altered or its honestly obtained dominion in any degree abridged. Great Britain has but to wait a few months and all her present inconveniences will cease with all our own troubles. If she take a different course she will calculate for herself the ultimate as well as the immediate consequences, and will consider what position she will hold when she shall have forever lost the sympathies and the affections of the only nation on whose sympathies and affections she has a natural claim. In making that calculation she will do well to remember that in the controversy she proposes to open we shall be actuated by neither pride, nor passion, nor cupidity, nor ambition; but we shall stand simply on the principle of self-preservation, and that our cause will involve the independence of nations, and the rights of human nature.

I am Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, ESQ., etc., etc., etc. W. H. S.

[It is quite impossible to reproduce in type the exact form of the manuscript of the dispatch with all its interlineations and corrections; but the foregoing shows those made by Mr. Lincoln with sufficient accuracy. Such additional verbal alterations of Mr. Seward's as merely corrected ordinary slips of the pen or errors of the copyist are not noted. When the President returned the manuscript to his hands, Mr. Seward somewhat changed the form of the dispatch by prefixing to it two short introductory paragraphs in which he embodied, in his own phraseology, the President's direction that the paper was to be merely a confidential instruction not to be read or shown to any one, and that he should not in advance say anything inconsistent with its spirit. This also rendered unnecessary the President's direction to omit the last two paragraphs, and accordingly they remained in the dispatch as finally sent.]

THE mere perusal of this document shows how ill-advised was Mr. Seward's original direction to deliver a copy of it to the British foreign office without further explanation, or without requesting a reply in a limited time. Such a course would have left the American minister in a position of uncertainty whether he was still in diplomatic relations or not, and whether the point had been reached which would justify him in breaking off intercourse; nor would he have had any further pretext upon which to ascertain the disposition or intention of the British Government. It would have been wiser to close the legation at once and return to America. Happily, Mr. Lincoln saw the weak point of the instruction, and by his changes not only kept it within the range of personal and diplomatic courtesy, but left Mr. Adams free to choose for himself the best way of managing the delicate situation.

The main point in question, namely, that the United States would not suffer Great Britain to carry on a double diplomacy with Washington and with Montgomery at the same time — that if she became the active friend of the re-

bellion she must become the enemy of the United States, was partly disposed of before the arrival of the amended dispatch at London. Several days before it was written Mr. Adams had his first official interview (May 18) with Lord John Russell, and in the usual formal phraseology, but with emphatic distinctness, told him that if there existed on the part of Great Britain "an intention more or less marked to extend the struggle" by encouragement in any form to the rebels, "I was bound to acknowledge in all frankness that in that contingency I had nothing further left to do in Great Britain." The British minister denied any intention to aid the rebellion, and explained that the Queen's proclamation was issued merely to define their own attitude of strict neutrality, so that British naval officers and other officials might understand how to regulate their conduct.*

When the dispatch finally reached Mr. Adams, he obtained another interview with Lord John Russell, to ascertain definitely the status of the rebel commissioners in London. He told him that a continuance of their apparent relation with the British Government "could scarcely fail to be viewed by us as hostile in spirit, and to require some corresponding action accordingly." Lord John Russell replied that he had only seen the rebel commissioners twice, and "had no expectation of seeing them any more."†

So early as the year 1854, when the shadow of the Crimean war was darkening over Europe, the Government of the United States submitted to the principal maritime nations the propositions, first, that free ships should make free goods, and second, that neutral property on board an enemy's vessel should not be subject to confiscation unless contraband of war. These propositions were not immediately accepted, but when the powers assembled in congress at Paris in 1856, for the purpose of making peace, Great Britain and the other nations which took part in the congress gave them their assent, adding to them, as principles of international law, the abolition of privateering and the obligation that blockades, to be respected, must be effective. The adhesion of the United States having been invited to these four propositions, the Government of that day answered that they would accede to them if the other powers would accept a fifth principle — that the goods of private persons, non-combatants, should be exempt from confiscation in maritime war. This proposition was rejected by the British Government, and the negotiations were then suspended until after Mr. Lincoln became President. A few weeks after his inauguration the suspended negotiations were taken up by Mr. Seward, who directed Mr. Adams to signify to the British Government that the United States were now ready to accept without reserve the four propositions adopted at the Congress of Paris.‡ After some delay, Lord John Russell remarked to Mr. Adams that in case of the adhesion of the United States to the Declaration of Paris, the engagement on the part of Great Britain would be prospective and would not invalidate anything done. This singular reserve Mr. Adams reported to his Government, and was directed by Mr. Seward to ask some further elucidation of its meaning. But before this dispatch was received, the strange attitude of the British Government was explained by Lord Russell's§ submitting to Mr. Adams a draft of a supplementary declaration on the part of England that her Majesty did not intend, by the projected convention for the accession of the United States to the articles of the Congress of Paris, "to undertake any engagement which shall have any bearing, direct or indirect, on the internal differences now prevailing in the United States." The President, having been informed of this proposed declaration, at once instructed Mr. Adams|| that it was inadmissible, as the Government of the United States could not accede to this great international act except upon the same equal footing upon which all the other parties stood. It afterward transpired that the British Government had, at the same time that these important negotiations were going on with the Government of the United States, approached the new Confederate Government upon the same subject, sending communications in a clandestine manner through the British Legation in Washington to Mr. Bunch, the English consul at Charleston, through whom they were in the same furtive and unofficial manner laid before the authorities at Richmond. The French Government joined in this proceeding, at the invitation of England. Mr. Davis at once recognized the great importance of such quasi-recognition of his Government, and he himself drafted resolutions declaring the purpose of the Confederates to observe the principles towards neutrals embodied in the second and third rules of the Declaration of Paris — that blockades to be binding must be effectual, but

* Adams to Seward, May 21, 1861.

† Adams to Seward, June 14, 1861.

‡ See Mr. Seward's dispatch to Mr. Adams, April 24, 1861; Seward to Adams, May 17, 1861; and papers relating to Treaty of Washington, Vol. I., p. 33, et seq.

§ Lord John Russell was raised to the peerage, under the title of Earl Russell, July 30, 1861.

|| Seward to Adams, Sept. 7, 1861.

that they "maintained the right of privateering."* These resolutions were passed in the Confederate Congress, and Mr. Bunch, conveying the news of this result to Lord Lyons, said:

> The wishes of her Majesty's Government would seem to have been fully complied with, for as no proposal was made that the Confederate Government should abolish privateering, it could not be expected that they should do so of their own accord, particularly as it is the arm upon which they most rely for the injury of the extended commerce of their enemy.

The American Government held itself justly aggrieved, therefore, that its accession to the Declaration of Paris was impeded by conditions which it could not, consistently with its dignity, accept; that the British Government was secretly negotiating at the same time with the insurgents upon the same subject; that while the United States were invited to accede to all four of the articles of Paris the Confederate Government was given its choice by the British Cabinet to accept only three. The Government of the United States said afterward in its case at Geneva that

> The practical effect of this diplomacy, had it been successful, would have been the destruction of the commerce of the United States or its transfer to the British flag, and the loss of the principal resource of the United States upon the ocean should a continuation of this course of insincere neutrality unhappily force the United States into a war. Great Britain was thus to gain the benefit to its neutral commerce of the recognition of the second and third articles, the rebel privateers and cruisers were to be protected and their devastation legalized, while the United States were to be deprived of a dangerous weapon of assault upon Great Britain.

The action of Mr. Bunch in this matter was properly regarded by the President as a violation of the laws of the United States to which he was accredited, and his exequatur was revoked. A long discussion followed, in which neither side succeeded in convincing the other of its wrong; and the next year, pending an attack upon Charleston, a British man-of-war entered that port and took Mr. Bunch away.

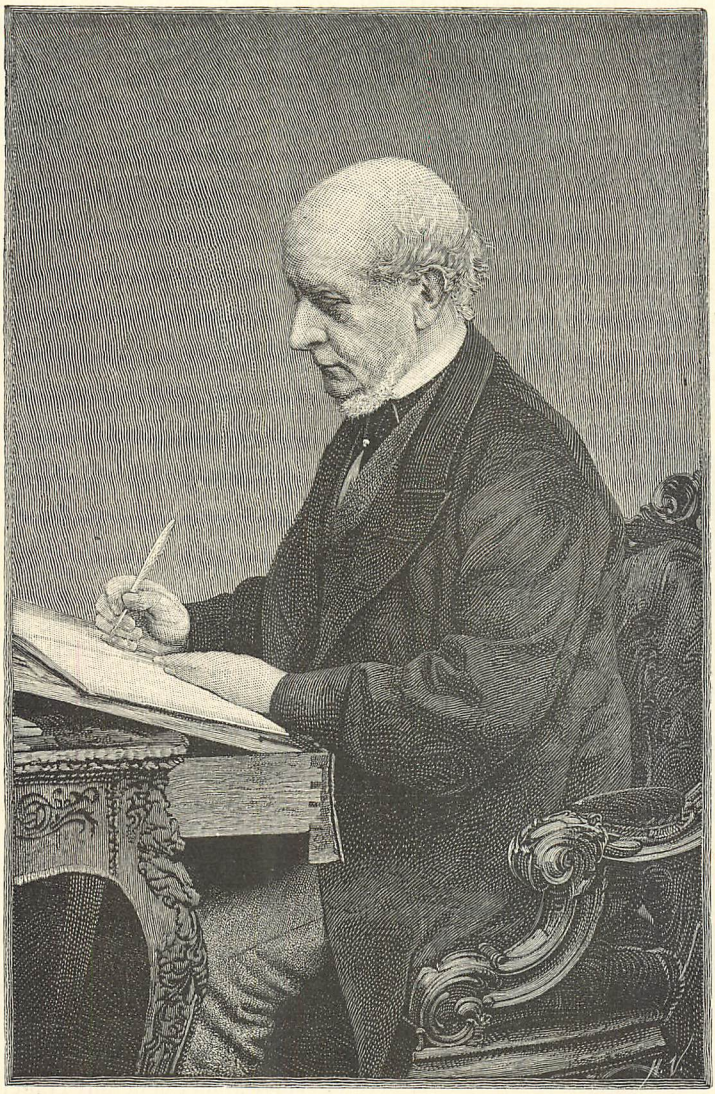
THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

THE public mind would probably have dwelt with more impatience and dissatisfaction upon the present and prospective inaction of the armies but for an event which turned all thoughts with deep solicitude into an entirely different channel. This was what is known as the *Trent* affair, which seriously threatened to embroil the nation in a war with Great Britain. The Confederate Government had appointed two new envoys to proceed to Europe and renew its application for recognition, which its former diplomatic agents had so far failed to obtain. For this duty ex-Senator Mason of Virginia and ex-Senator Slidell of Louisiana were selected, on account of their political prominence, as well as their recognized abilities. On the blockade runner *Theodora*, they, with their secretaries and families, succeeded in eluding the Union cruisers around Charleston, and in reaching Havana, Cuba. Deeming themselves beyond danger of capture, they made no concealment of their presence or mission, but endeavored rather to "magnify their office." The British consul showed them marked attention, and they sought to be presented officially to the Captain-General of Cuba; but that wary functionary explained that he received them only as "distinguished gentlemen." They took passage on board the British mail steamer *Trent* for St. Thomas, intending there to take the regular packet to England.

Captain Wilkes, commanding the United States war steamer *San Jacinto*, just returned from an African cruise, heard of the circumstance, and, going to Havana, fully informed himself of the details of their intended route. The *Trent*, he learned, was to leave Havana on November 7. That day found him stationed in the old Bahama channel, near the northern coast of Cuba, where he had reason to believe she would pass. At about noon of the 8th the lookout announced the approach of the *Trent*, and when she was sufficiently near, the *San Jacinto* fired a round-shot across her course, and displayed the American colors. The British steamer did not seem disposed to accept the warning and failed to slacken her speed, whereupon Captain Wilkes ordered a shell to be fired across her bows, which at once brought her to. Lieutenant Fairfax, with two officers and a guard of marines, left the *San Jacinto* and rowed to the mail steamer; the lieutenant mounted to the deck alone, leaving his officers and men in the boat. He was shown to the quarter-deck, where he met Captain Moir of the *Trent*, and, informing him who he was, asked to see his passenger-list. Captain Moir declined to show it. Lieutenant Fairfax then told him of his information that the rebel commissioners were on board and that he must satisfy himself on that point before allowing the steamer to proceed. The envoys and their secretaries came up, and, hearing their names mentioned, asked if they were wanted. Lieutenant Fairfax now made known in full the purport of his orders and the object of his visit.

The altercation and commotion called a

* Papers relating to the Treaty of Washington, Vol. I., p. 36.



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, LENT BY THEODORE F. DWIGHT, ESQ.)

considerable number of passengers around the group. All of them manifested open secession sympathy, and some indulged in abusive language so loud and demonstrative that the lieutenant's two officers, and six or eight armed men from the boat, without being called, mounted to the lieutenant's assistance. In these unfriendly demonstrations the mail agent of the *Trent*, one Captain Williams, a retired British naval officer, made himself especially conspicuous with the declaration that he was the "Queen's representative," and with various threats of the consequences of the affair. The captain of the *Trent* firmly but quietly opposed all compliance or search, and the envoys and their secretaries protested against arrest, whereupon Lieutenant Fairfax sent one of his officers back to the *San Jacinto* for additional force. In perhaps half an hour the second boat returned from the *San Jacinto* with some twenty-four additional men. Lieutenant Fairfax now proceeded to execute his orders without actual violence, and with all the politeness possible under the circumstances. Mason and Slidell, and their secretaries, foreseeing the inevitable, had retired to their state-rooms to pack their luggage; thither it was necessary to follow them, and there the presence of the families of Slidell and Eustis created some slight confusion, and a few armed marines entered the cabin, but were sent back. The final act of capture and

removal was then carried out with formal stage solemnity.*

Captain Wilkes's first instruction to Lieutenant Fairfax was to seize the *Trent* as a prize, but, as he afterward explained:

> I forbore to seize her, however, in consequence of my being so reduced in officers and crew, and the derangement it would cause innocent persons, there being a large number of passengers, who would have been put to great loss and inconvenience as well as disappointment from the interruption it would have caused them in not being able to join the steamer from St. Thomas for Europe.†

The *Trent* was allowed to proceed on her voyage, while the *San Jacinto* steamed away for Boston, where she arrived on the 24th of

REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.)

November, and transferred her prisoners to Fort Warren.

The whole country rang with exultation over the exploit. The feeling was greatly heightened by the general public indignation at the unfriendliness England had so far manifested to the Union cause; but perhaps more especially because the two persons seized had been among the most bitter and active of the secession conspirators. The public press lauded Captain Wilkes, Boston gave him a banquet, and the Secretary of the Navy wrote him a letter of emphatic approval. He congratulated him "on the great public service" he had rendered in the capture, and expressed only the reservation that his conduct in omitting to capture the vessel must not be allowed to constitute a precedent.‡ When Congress met on the 2d of December following, the House of Representatives immediately passed a resolution, without a dissenting voice, thanking Captain Wilkes for his "brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct"; while by other resolutions the President was requested to order the prisoners into close confinement, in retaliation for similar treatment by the rebels of certain prisoners of war. The whole strong current of public feeling approved the act without qualification, and manifested an instant and united readiness to defend it.

President Lincoln's usual cool judgment at once recognized the dangers and complications that might grow out of the occurrence. A well-known writer has recorded what he said in a confidential interview on the day the news was received:

> I fear the traitors will prove to be white elephants. We must stick to American principles concerning the rights of neutrals. We fought Great Britain for insisting, by theory and practice, on the right to do precisely what Captain Wilkes has done. If Great Britain shall now protest against the act, and demand their release, we must give them up, apologize for the act as a violation of our doctrines, and thus forever bind her over to keep the peace in relation to neutrals, and so acknowledge that she has been wrong for sixty years.§ ‖

The Cabinet generally coincided in expressing gratification and approval. The international questions involved came upon them so suddenly that they were not ready with de-

* "When the marines and some armed men had been formed," reports Lieutenant Fairfax, "just outside of the main deck cabin, where these four gentlemen had gone to pack up their baggage, I renewed my efforts to induce them to accompany me on board, they still refusing to accompany me unless force was applied. I called in to my assistance four or five officers, and first taking hold of Mr. Mason's shoulder, with another officer on the opposite side, I went as far as the gang-way of the steamer, and delivered him over to Lieutenant Greer, to be placed in the boat. I then returned for Mr. Slidell, who insisted that I must apply considerable force to get him to go with me. Calling in at last three officers, he also was taken in charge and handed over to Mr. Greer. Mr. McFarland and Mr. Eustis, after protesting, went quietly into the boat." "There was a great deal of excitement on board at this time," says another report, "and the officers and passengers of the steamer were addressing us by numerous opprobrious epithets, such as calling us pirates, villains, traitors, etc." (Report Secretary of the Navy, Dec. 2, 1861.) The families of Slidell and Eustis had meanwhile been tendered the use of the cabin of the *San Jacinto*, if they preferred to accompany the prisoners; but they declined, and proceeded in the *Trent*.

† Report Secretary of the Navy, Dec. 2, 1861.

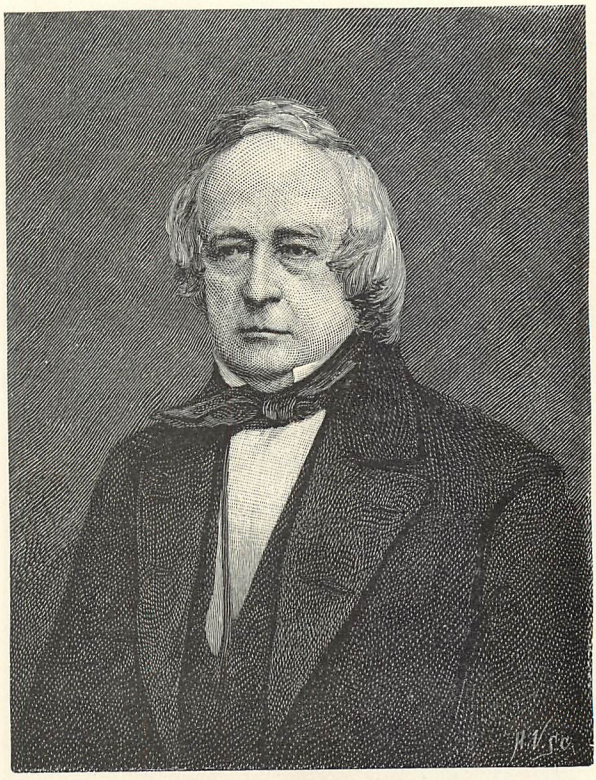
‡ Welles, in "The Galaxy," May, 1873, pp. 647-649.

§ Lossing, "Civil War in the United States," Vol. II., p. 156.

‖ Secretary of the Navy Welles corroborated the statement in "The Galaxy" for May, 1873, p. 647: "The President, with whom I had an interview immediately on receiving information that the emissaries were captured and on board the *San Jacinto*, before consultation with any other member of the Cabinet discussed with me some of the difficult points presented. His chief

cided opinions concerning the law and policy of the case; besides, the true course obviously was to await the action of Great Britain.

The passengers on board the *Trent*, as well as the reports of her officers, carried the news of the capture directly to England, where the incident raised a storm of public opinion even more violent than that in the United States, and very naturally on the opposite side. The Government of England relied for its information mainly upon the official report of the mail agent, Captain Williams, who had made himself so officious as the "Queen's representative," and who, true to the secession sympathies manifested by him on shipboard, gave his report a strong coloring of the same character. English public feeling, popular and official, smarted under the idea that the United States had perpetrated a gross outrage, and the clamor for instant redress left no room for any calm consideration of the far-reaching questions of international law involved. There seemed little possibility that a war could be avoided, and England began immediate preparations for such an emergency. Some eight thousand troops were dispatched to Canada, ships were ordered to join the English squadrons in American waters, and the usual proclamation issued prohibiting the export of arms and certain war supplies.



JOHN SLIDELL.

Two days after the receipt of the news Lord Palmerston, in a note to the Queen, formulated the substance of a demand to be sent to the United States. He wrote:

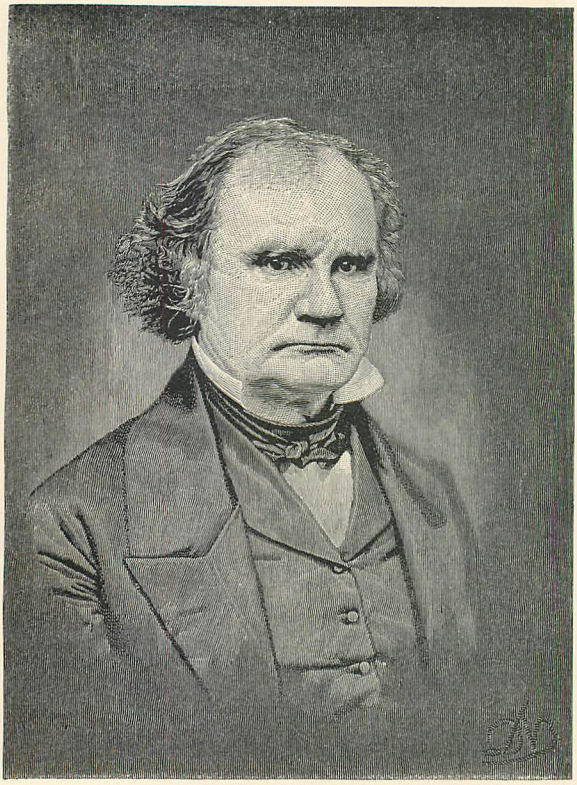
> The general outline and tenor which appeared to meet the opinions of the Cabinet would be, that the Washington Government should be told that what has been done is a violation of international law and of the rights of Great Britain, and that your Majesty's Government trusts that the act will be disavowed, and the prisoners set free and restored to British protection; and that Lord Lyons should be instructed that, if this demand is refused, he should retire from the United States.*

On the following day the formal draft of the proposed dispatch to Lord Lyons was laid before the Queen, who, together with Prince Albert, examined it with unusual care. The critical character of the communication, and the imminent danger — the almost certainty — of a rupture and war with America which it revealed, made a profound impression upon both. Prince Albert was already suffering from the illness which terminated his life two weeks afterward. This new and grave political question gave him a sleepless night. "He could eat no breakfast," is the entry in her Majesty's diary, "and looked very wretched. But still he was well enough on getting up to make a draft for me to write to Lord Russell, in correction of his draft to Lord Lyons, sent me yesterday, which Albert did not approve."

> The Queen returns these important drafts, which upon the whole she approves; but she cannot help feeling that the main draft — that for communication to the American Government — is somewhat meager. She should have liked to have seen the expression of a hope that the American captain did not act under instructions, or, if he did, that he misapprehended them — that the United States Government must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow its flag to be insulted, and the security of her mail communications to be placed in jeopardy; and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that the United States Government intended wantonly to put an insult upon this country, and to add to their many distressing

anxiety — for his attention had never been turned to admiralty law and naval captures — was as to the disposition of the prisoners, who, to use his own expression, would be elephants on our hands, that we could not easily dispose of. Public indignation was so overwhelming against the chief conspirators that he feared it would be difficult to prevent severe and exemplary punishment, which he always deprecated."

* Martin, "Life of the Prince Consort," Vol. V., p. 420.



J. M. MASON.

complications by forcing a question of dispute upon us; and that we are therefore glad to believe that upon a full consideration of the circumstances of the undoubted breach of international law committed, they would spontaneously offer such redress as alone could satisfy this country, viz., the restoration of the unfortunate passengers and a suitable apology. *

It proved to be the last political memorandum he ever wrote. The exact language of his correction, had it been sent, would not have been well calculated to soothe the irritated susceptibilities of Americans. To the charge of "violating international law," to which Palmerston's cold note confined itself, he added the accusation of "wanton insult," though disclaiming a belief that it was intended. But a kind and pacific spirit shines through his memorandum as a whole, and it is evident that both the Queen and himself, gratefully remembering the welcome America had lately accorded the Prince of Wales, shrank from the prospect of an angry war. In this the Queen unconsciously responded to the impulse of amity and goodwill which had induced the President to modify so materially his foreign secretary's dispatch of the 21st of May, the unpremeditated thought of the ruler, in each case, being at once wiser and more humane than the first intention of the diplomatists. It was from the intention rather than the words of the Prince that the Queen's ministers took their cue and modified the phraseology into more temperate shape. Earl Russell wrote:

Her Majesty's Government, bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long subsisted between Great Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States' naval officer who committed this aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government, or that if he conceived himself to be so authorized, he greatly misunderstood the instructions he had received. For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honor to pass without full reparation, and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two Governments a question of so grave a character, and with regard to which the whole British nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, trust that when this matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the Government of the United States, that Government will of its own accord offer to the British Government such redress as alone would satisfy the British nation, namely, the liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your Lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed. Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward, you will propose them to him. †

In the private note accompanying this formal dispatch further instruction was given, that if the demand were not substantially complied with in seven days, Lord Lyons should break off diplomatic relations and return with his whole legation to London. Yet at the last moment Lord Russell himself seems to have become impressed with the brow-beating precipitancy of the whole proceeding, for he added another private note, better calculated than even the Queen's modification to soften the disagreeable announcement to the American Government. He wrote to Lord Lyons:

My wish would be, that at your first interview with Mr. Seward you should not take my dispatch with you, but should prepare him for it and ask him to settle it with the President and the Cabinet what course they will propose. The next time you should bring my dispatch and read it to him fully. If he asks what will be the consequence of his refusing compliance, I think you should say that you wish to leave him and the President quite free to take their own course, and that you desire to abstain from anything like menace.‡

* Martin, "Life of the Prince Consort," Vol. V., p. 422.

† Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, Nov. 30, 1861. British "Blue Book."

‡ Inclosure in No. 49. British "Blue Book."

This last diplomatic touch reveals that the Ministry, like the Queen, shrank from war, but that it desired to reap all the advantages of a public menace, even while privately disclaiming one.

The British demand reached Washington on the 19th of December. It happened, fortunately, that Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward were on excellent terms of personal friendship, and the British envoy was therefore able to present the affair with all the delicacy which had been suggested by Lord Russell. The Government at Washington had carefully abstained from any action other than that already mentioned. Lord Lyons wrote:

> Mr. Seward received my communication seriously and with dignity, but without any manifestation of dissatisfaction. Some further conversation ensued in consequence of questions put by him with a view to ascertain the exact character of the dispatch. At the conclusion he asked me to give him to-morrow to consider the question, and to communicate with the President.*

Another dispatch from Lord Lyons shows that Mr. Seward asked a further delay, and that Lord Russell's communication was not formally read to him till Monday, the 23d of December.†

If we may credit the statement of Secretary Welles, Mr. Seward had not expected so serious a view of the affair by the British Government; and his own language implies as much when, in a private letter some months afterward, he mentions Lord Lyons's communication as "our first knowledge that the British Government proposed to make it a question of offense or insult, and so of war," adding: "If I had been as tame as you think would have been wise in my treatment of affairs with that country, I should have no standing in my own."‡ But while Mr. Seward, like most other Americans, was doubtless elated by the first news that the rebel envoys were captured, he readily discerned that the incident was one of great diplomatic gravity and likely to be fruitful of prolonged diplomatic contention. Evidently in this spirit, and for the purpose of reserving to the United States every advantage in the serious discussion which was unavoidable, he prudently wrote in a confidential dispatch to Mr. Adams, on November 27:

> I forbear from speaking of the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. The act was done by Commodore Wilkes without instructions, and even without the knowledge of the Government. Lord Lyons has judiciously refrained from all communication with me on the subject, and I thought it equally wise to reserve ourselves until we hear what the British Government may have to say on the subject.

Of the confidential first interviews between the Secretary of State and the President on this important topic there is no record. From what remains we may easily infer that the President clearly saw the inevitable necessities surrounding the question, and was anxiously searching some method of preserving to the United States whatever of indirect advantage might accrue from compliance with the British demand, and of making that compliance as palatable as might be to American public opinion. In this spirit we may presume he wrote the following experimental draft of a dispatch, preserved in his autograph manuscript. Its chief proposal is to arbitrate the difficulty, or in the alternative seriously to examine the question in all its aspects, and out of them to formulate a binding rule for both nations to govern similar cases. It was an honest and practical suggestion to turn an accidental quarrel into a great and durable transaction for the betterment of international law.

> The dispatch of her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, dated the 30th of November, 1861, and of which your Lordship kindly furnished me a copy, has been carefully considered by the President; and he directs me to say that if there existed no fact or facts pertinent to the case, beyond those stated in said dispatch, the reparation sought by Great Britain from the United States would be justly due, and should be promptly made. The President is unwilling to believe that her Majesty's Government will press for a categorical answer upon what appears to him to be only a partial record, in the making up of which he has been allowed no part. He is reluctant to volunteer his view of the case, with no assurance that her Majesty's Government will consent to hear him; yet this much he directs me to say, that this Government has intended no affront to the British flag, or to the British nation; nor has it intended to force into discussion an embarrassing question, all which is evident by the fact hereby asserted, that the act complained of was done by the officer without orders from, or expectation of, the Government. But being done, it was no longer left to us to consider whether we might not, to avoid a controversy, waive an unimportant though a strict right; because we too, as well as Great Britain, have a people justly jealous of their rights, and in whose presence our Government could undo the act complained of only upon a fair showing that it was wrong, or at least very questionable. The United States Government and people are still willing to make reparation upon such showing.
>
> Accordingly I am instructed by the President to inquire whether her Majesty's Government will hear the United States upon the matter in question. The President desires, among other things, to bring into view, and have considered, the existing rebellion in the United States; the position Great Britain has assumed, including her Majesty's proclamation in relation thereto; the relation the persons whose seizure is the subject of complaint bore to the United States, and the object of their voyage at the time they were seized; the knowledge which the master of the *Trent* had of their relation to the United States, and of the object of their voyage, at the time he received them on board for the

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* Lyons to Russell, Dec. 19, 1861.

† Lyons to Russell, Dec. 23, 1861. British "Blue Book."

‡ Seward to Weed, March 2, 1862. "The Galaxy," August, 1870.

voyage; the place of the seizure; and the precedents and respective positions assumed, in analogous cases, between Great Britain and the United States.

Upon a submission, containing the foregoing facts, with those set forth in the before-mentioned dispatch to your Lordship, together with all other facts which either party may deem material, I am instructed to say, the Government of the United States will, if agreed to by her Majesty's Government, go to such friendly arbitration as is usual among nations, and will abide the award.

Or, in the alternative, her Majesty's Government may, upon the same record, determine whether any, and if any, what, reparation is due from the United States; provided no such reparation shall be different in character from, nor transcend, that proposed by your Lordship, as instructed in and by the dispatch aforesaid; and provided further, that the determination thus made shall be the law for all future analagous cases between Great Britain and the United States.*

We may suppose that upon consultation with Mr. Seward, Mr. Lincoln decided that, desirable as this proceeding might be, it was precluded by the impatient, inflexible terms of the British demand. Only three days of the seven-days' grace remained; if they should not by the coming Thursday agree to deliver Mason and Slidell, the British legation would close its doors, and the consternation of a double war would fill the air. It is probable, therefore, that even while writing this draft, Lincoln had intimated to his Secretary of State the need of finding good diplomatic reasons for surrendering the prisoners.

A note of Mr. Seward shows us that the Cabinet meeting to consider finally the *Trent* question was appointed for Tuesday morning, December 24; but the Secretary says that, availing himself of the President's permission, he had postponed it to Wednesday morning at 10 A. M., adding, "I shall then be ready." It is probably true, as he afterward wrote,† that the whole framing of his dispatch was left to his own ingenuity and judgment, and that neither the President nor any member of the Cabinet had arrived at any final determination. The private diary of Attorney-General Bates supplies us some additional details:

Cabinet council at 10 A. M., December 25, to consider the relations with England on Lord Lyons's demand of the surrender of Mason and Slidell; a long and interesting session, lasting till 2 P. M. The instructions of the British Minister to Lord Lyons were read. . . . There was read a draft of answer by the Secretary of State.

The President's experimental draft quoted above was not read; there is no mention of either the reading or the points it raised. The whole discussion appears to have been confined to Seward's paper. There was some desultory talk, a general comparing of rumors and outside information, a reading of the few letters which had been received from Europe. Mr. Sumner, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, was invited in, and read letters he had received from John Bright and Richard Cobden, liberal members of the British Parliament and devoted friends of the Union. During the session also there was handed in and read the dispatch just received from his Government by M. Mercier, the French minister, and which, in substance, took the English view of the matter. The diary continues:

Mr. Seward's draft of letter to Lord Lyons was submitted by him, and examined and criticised by us with apparently perfect candor and frankness. All of us were impressed with the magnitude of the subject, and believed that upon our decision depended the dearest interest, probably the existence, of the nation. I, waiving the question of legal right,— upon which all Europe is against us, and also many of our own best jurists,— urged the necessity of the case; that to go to war with England now is to abandon all hope of suppressing the rebellion, as we have not the possession of the land, nor any support of the people of the South. The maritime superiority of Britain would sweep us from all the Southern waters. Our trade would be utterly ruined, and our treasury bankrupt; in short, that we must not have war with England.

There was great reluctance on the part of some of the members of the Cabinet — and even the President himself — to acknowledge these obvious truths; but all yielded to, and unanimously concurred in, Mr. Seward's letter to Lord Lyons, after some verbal and formal amendments. The main fear, I believe, was the displeasure of our own people — lest they should accuse us of timidly truckling to the power of England.‡

The published extracts from the diary of Secretary Chase give somewhat fully his opinion on the occasion:

Mr. Chase thought it certainly was not too much to expect of a friendly nation, and especially of a nation of the same blood, religion, and characteristic civilization as our own, that in consideration of the great rights she would overlook the little wrong; nor could he then persuade himself that, were all the circumstances known to the English Government as to ours, the surrender of the rebel commissioners would be insisted upon. The Secretary asserted that the technical right was undoubtedly with England. . . . Were the circumstances reversed, our Government would, Mr. Chase thought, accept the explanation, and let England keep her rebels; and he could not divest himself of the belief that, were the case fairly understood, the British Government would do likewise. "But," continued Secretary Chase, "we cannot afford delays. While

* Lincoln, unpublished MS.

† The consideration of the *Trent* case was crowded out by pressing domestic affairs until Christmas Day. It was considered on my presentation of it on the 25th and 26th of December. The Government, when it took the subject up, had no idea of the grounds upon which it would explain its action, nor did it believe it would concede the case. Yet it was heartily unanimous in the actual result after two days' examination, and in favor of the release. Remember that in a council like ours there are some strong wills to be reconciled. [Seward to Weed, Jan. 22, 1862. Weed, "Autobiography," Vol. II., p. 409.]

‡ Bates, Diary. Unpublished MS.

the matter hangs in uncertainty the public mind will remain disquieted, our commerce will suffer serious harm, our action against the rebels must be greatly hindered, and the restoration of our prosperity — largely identified with that of all nations — must be delayed. Better, then, to make now the sacrifice of feeling involved in the surrender of these rebels, than even avoid it by the delays which explanations must occasion. I give my adhesion, therefore, to the conclusion at which the Secretary of State has arrived. It is gall and wormwood to me. Rather than consent to the liberation of these men, I would sacrifice everything I possess. But I am consoled by the reflection that while nothing but severest retribution is due to them, the surrender under existing circumstances is but simply doing right — simply proving faithful to our own ideas and traditions under strong temptations to violate them; simply giving to England and the world the most signal proof that the American nation will not under any circumstances, for the sake of inflicting just punishment on rebels, commit even a technical wrong against neutrals." *

In these two recorded opinions are reflected the substantial tone and temper of the Cabinet discussion, which ended, as both Mr. Bates and Mr. Seward have stated, in a unanimous concurrence in the letter of reply as drawn up by the Secretary of State. That long and remarkably able document must be read in full, both to understand the wide range of the subject which he treated and the clearness and force of his language and argument. It constitutes one of his chief literary triumphs. There is room here only to indicate the conclusions arrived at in his examination. First, he held that the four persons seized and their dispatches were contraband of war; secondly, that Captain Wilkes had a right by the law of nations to detain and search the *Trent;* thirdly, that he exercised the right in a lawful and proper manner; fourthly, that he had a right to capture the contraband found. The real issue of the case centered in the fifth question: "Did Captain Wilkes exercise the right of capturing the contraband in conformity with the law of nations?" Reciting the deficiency of recognized rules on this point, Mr. Seward held that only by taking the vessel before a prize court could the existence of contraband be lawfully established; and that Captain Wilkes having released the vessel from capture, the necessary judicial examination was prevented, and the capture left unfinished or abandoned.

Mr. Seward's dispatch continued:

I trust that I have shown to the satisfaction of the British Government, by a very simple and natural statement of the facts and analysis of the law applicable to them, that this Government has neither meditated, nor practiced, nor approved any deliberate wrong in the transaction to which they have called its attention, and, on the contrary, that what has happened has been simply an inadvertency, consisting in a departure by the naval officer, free from any wrongful motive, from a rule uncertainly established, and probably by the several parties concerned either imperfectly understood or entirely unknown. For this error the British Government has a right to expect the same reparation that we, as an independent State, should expect from Great Britain or from any other friendly nation in a similar case. . . . If I decide this case in favor of my own Government, I must disavow its most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself. . . . The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated.†

With the formal delivery of Mason and Slidell and their secretaries to the custody of the British minister, the diplomatic incident was completed on the part of the United States. Lord Russell, on his part, while announcing that her Majesty's Government differed from Mr. Seward in some of the conclusions‡ at which he had arrived, nevertheless acknowledged that the action of the American Government constituted "the reparation which her Majesty and the British nation had a right to expect." § It is not too much to say that not merely the rulers and Cabinets of both nations, but also those of all the great European powers, were relieved from an oppressive apprehension by this termination of the affair.

If from one point of view the United States suffered a certain diplomatic defeat and humiliation, it became, in another light, a real international victory. The turn of affairs placed not only England, but France and other nations as well, distinctly on their good behavior. In the face of this American example of moderation they could no longer so openly brave the liberal sentiment of their own people by the countenance they had hitherto given the rebellion. So far from improving or enhancing the hostile mission of Mason and Slidell, the adventure they had undergone served to diminish their importance and circumscribe their influence. The very act of their liberation compelled the British authorities sharply to define the hollow pretense under which they were sent. In his instructions to the British Government vessel which received them at Provincetown and conveyed them to England, Lord Lyons wrote:

It is hardly necessary that I should remind you that these gentlemen have no official character. It will be

* Warden, "Life of Chase," pp. 393, 394.

† Seward to Lyons, Dec. 26, 1861.

‡ In a dispatch to Lord Lyons of Jan. 23, 1862, in which he discusses the questions at some length, Lord Russell held: first, that Mason and Slidell and their supposed dispatches, under the circumstances of their seizure, were not contraband; secondly, that the bringing of the *Trent* before a prize court, though it would alter the character would not diminish the offense against the law of nations.

§ Russell to Lyons, Jan. 10, 1862.

right for you to receive them with all courtesy and respect as private gentlemen of distinction; but it would be very improper to pay to them any of those honors which are paid to official persons.*

The same result in a larger degree awaited their advent in Europe. Under the intense publicity of which they had been the subject, officials of all degrees were in a measure compelled to avoid them as political "suspects." Mason was received in England with cold and studied neglect; while Slidell in France, though privately encouraged by the Emperor Napoleon III., finally found himself a victim instead of a beneficiary of his selfishness.

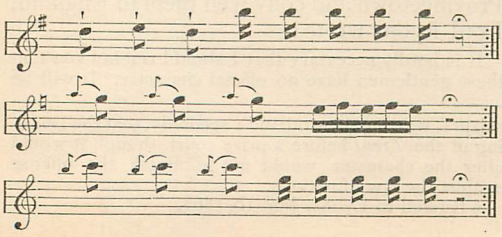
* Lyons to Commander Hewett, Dec. 30, 1861. British "Blue Book."

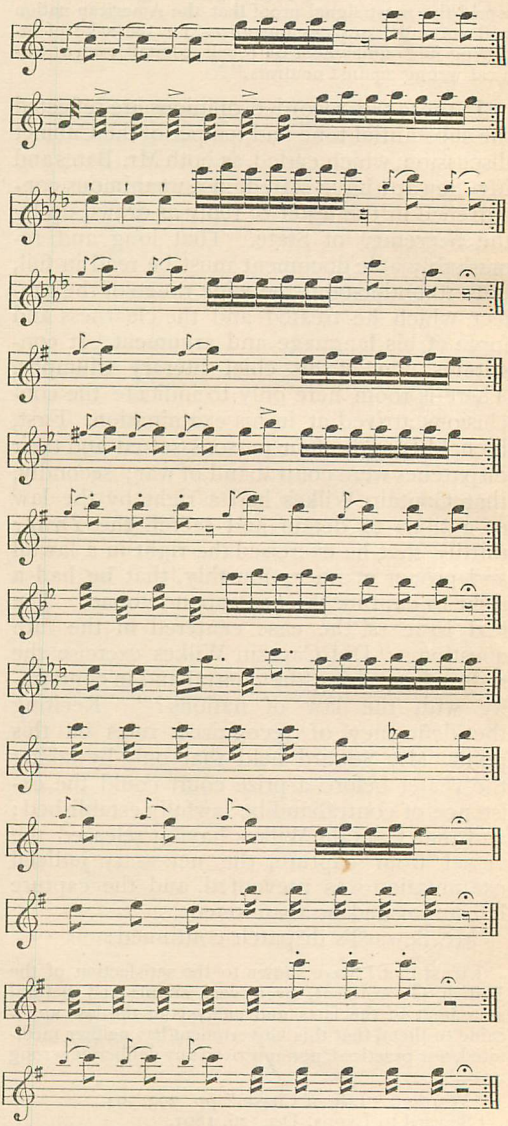
BIRD MUSIC: SPARROWS.

THE SONG SPARROW.

THE sparrow family is a large one. There may be twenty species, half of which, at least, spend their summer in New England. The song sparrows are the most numerous, sing the most, and exhibit the greatest variety of melody. Standing near a small pond recently, I heard a song sparrow sing four distinct songs within twenty minutes, repeating each several times.

I have more than twenty songs of this sparrow, and have heard him in many other forms. He generally gives a fine trill at the beginning or end of his song. Sometimes, however, it is introduced in the middle, and occasionally is omitted, especially in the latter part of the season. There is a marked difference in the quality and volume of the voices of different individuals. During the season of 1885 I listened almost daily to the strongest and best sparrow voice that I have ever heard. There was a fullness and richness, particularly in the trills, that reminded one of the bewitching tones of the wood-thrush. These are some of his songs:





That the singers of any species sing exactly alike, with the same voice and style, and in the same key always, is a great mistake.

There is a wide difference between the singing of old and young birds. This is especially true of the oriole, the tanager, and the bobolink. The voice of a bird four years old is very much fuller and better than that of a yearling; just as his plumage is deeper and richer in color.

The song sparrow comes soon after the bluebird and the robin, and sings from the time of his coming till the close of summer. Unlike his cousin, the field sparrow, he seems to seek the companionship of man. Sitting near an open window one day last summer, as was my habit, my attention was attracted by the singing of a song sparrow perched upon a twig not far away. Fancying that he addressed himself to me individually, I responded with an occasional whistle.

He listened with evident interest, his head on one side and his eye rolled up. For many days in succession he came at about the same hour in the afternoon, and perching in the same place sung his cheery and varied songs, listening in turn to my whistles.

THE FIELD SPARROW.

THIS sparrow, less common than the song or the chipping sparrow, resembles these in appearance and habits. He is not so social, preferring the fields and pastures and bushy lots. When Wilson wrote, "None of our birds have been more imperfectly described than the family of the finch tribe usually called sparrows," he wrote well; but when he wrote of this one, "It has no song," he brought himself under his own criticism. And when Dr. Coues, on the contrary, describes him as "very melodious, with an extensive and varied score to sing from," and further, as possessing "unusual compass of vocal powers," he much better describes the song sparrow. The field sparrow is surely a fine singer, and he may have several songs. I have heard him in one only; but that one, though short, it would be hard to equal. As a scientific composition it stands nearly if not quite alone. Dr. Coues quotes Mr. Minot on the singing of this bird. "They open with a few exquisitely modulated whistles, each higher and a little louder than the preceding, and close with a sweet trill." The song does begin with two or three well-separated tones — or "whistles," if you please; but I discover no modulation, nor is each higher than the preceding, the opening tones being on the same pitch. However, the song, both in power and rapidity, increases from beginning to end. It by no means requires "unusual compass"; simply the interval of a minor third.

When we consider the genius displayed in combining so beautifully the essence of the three grand principles of sound, length, pitch, and power, its brevity and limited compass make it all the more wonderful. Scarcely anything in rhythmics and dynamics is more difficult than to give a perfect *accelerando* and *crescendo;* and the use of the chromatic scale by which the field sparrow rises in his lyric flight involves the very pith of melodic ability. This little musician has explored the whole realm of sound, and condensed its beauties in perfection into one short song.

Accelerando et Crescendo.

Simeon Pease Cheney.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! . . .
. . . . . a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within."
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Austerity of Poetry.*

AUSTERE, sedate, the chisel in his hand,
He carved his statue from a flawless stone,
That faultless verse, whose earnest undertone
Echoes the music of his Grecian land.
Like Sophocles on that Ægean strand
He walked by night, and watched life's sea alone,
Amid a temperate, not the tropic zone,
Girt round by cool waves and a crystal sand.
And yet the world's heart in his pulses stirred;
He looked abroad across life's wind-swept plain,
And many a wandering mariner has heard
His warning hail, and as the blasts increase,
Has listened, till he passed the reefs again,
And floated safely in his port of Peace.

William P. Andrews.

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.

WE wait for the bugle; the night-dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair,
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string:
The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
To banish the chill of the drear bivouac,
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
And no fiber of steel in our sinew remains;
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are sear,—
Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,
We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

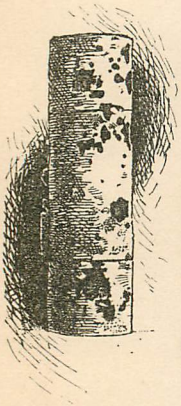
Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

Will H. Thompson.

THE CAREER OF THE CONFEDERATE RAM "ALBEMARLE."

I. HER CONSTRUCTION AND SERVICE.

BY HER BUILDER.



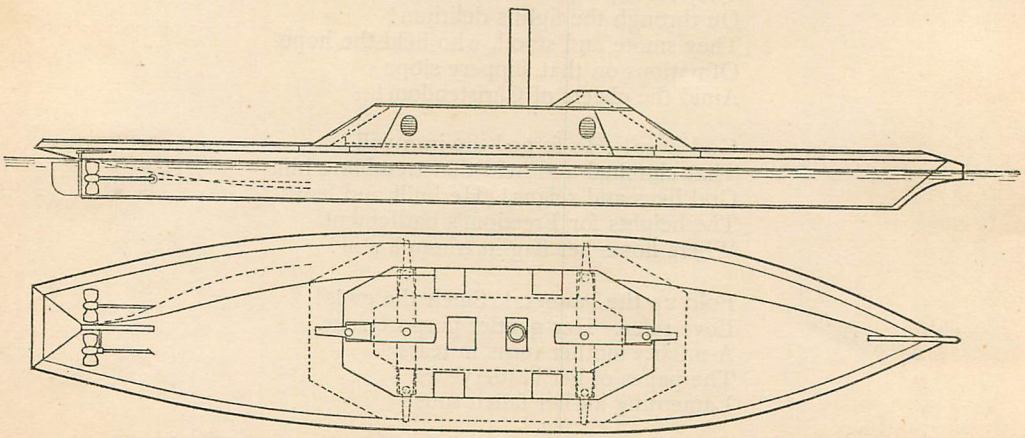
PART OF THE SMOKE-STACK OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

DURING the spring of 1863, having been previously engaged in unsuccessful efforts to construct war vessels, of one sort or another, for the Confederate Government, at different points in eastern North Carolina and Virginia, I undertook a contract with the Navy Department to build an iron-clad gun-boat, intended, if ever completed, to operate on the waters of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds. A point on the Roanoke River, in Halifax County, North Carolina, about thirty miles below the town of Weldon, was fixed upon as the most suitable for the purpose. The river rises and falls, as is well known, and it was necessary to locate the yard on ground sufficiently free from overflow to admit of uninterrupted work for at least twelve months. No vessel was ever constructed under more adverse circumstances. The ship-yard was established in a corn-field, where the ground had already been marked out and planted for the coming crop, but the owner of the land was in hearty sympathy with the enterprise, and aided me then and afterwards, in a thousand ways, to accomplish the end I had in view. It was next to impossible to obtain machinery suitable for the work in hand. Here and there, scattered about the surrounding country, a portable saw-mill, blacksmith's forge, or other apparatus was found, however, and the citizens of the neighborhoods on both sides of the river were not slow to render me assistance, but coöperated, cordially, in the completion of the iron-clad, and at the end of about one year from the laying of the keel, during which innumerable difficulties were overcome by constant application, determined effort, and incessant labor, day and night, success crowned the efforts of those engaged in the undertaking.

Seizing an opportunity offered by comparatively high water, the boat was launched, though not without misgivings as to the result, for the yard being on a bluff she had to take a jump, and as a matter of fact was "hogged" in the attempt, but to our great gratification did not thereby spring a leak.

The plans and specifications were prepared by John L. Porter, Chief Constructor of the Confederate Navy, who availed himself of the advantage gained by his experience in converting the frigate *Merrimac* into the iron-clad *Virginia* at the Gosport Navy Yard.

The *Albemarle* was 152 feet long between perpendiculars; her extreme width was 45 feet; her depth from the gun-deck to the keel was 9 feet, and when launched she drew 6½ feet of water, but after being ironed and completed her draught was about 8 feet. The

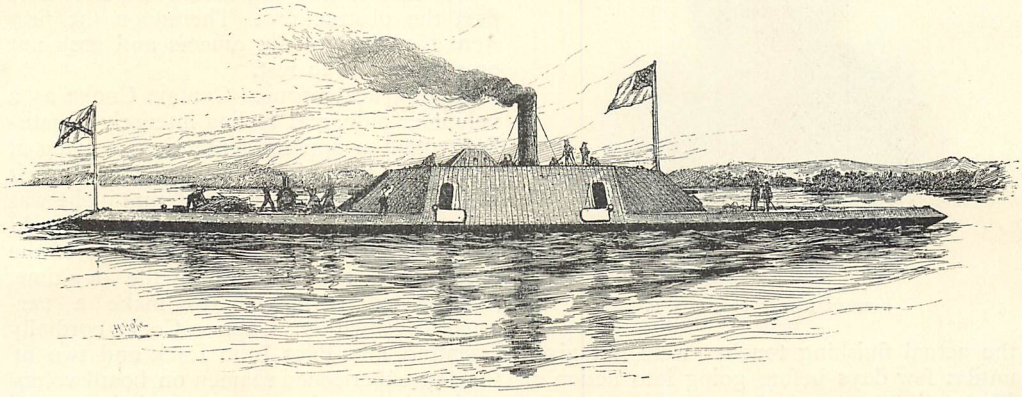


PLAN OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

keel was laid, and construction was commenced by bolting down, across the center, a piece of frame timber, which was of yellow pine, eight by ten inches. Another frame of the same size was then dovetailed into this, extending outwardly at an angle of 45 degrees, forming the side, and at the outer end of this the frame for the shield was also dovetailed, the angle being 35 degrees, and then the top deck was added, and so on around to the other end of the bottom beam. Other beams were then bolted down to the keel, and to the one first fastened, and so on, working fore and aft, the main-deck beams being interposed from stem to stern. The shield was 60 feet in length and octagonal in form. When this part of the work was completed she was a solid boat, built of pine frames, and if calked would have floated in that condition, but she was afterwards covered with 4-inch planking, laid on longitudinally, as ships are usually planked, and this was properly calked and pitched, cotton being used for calking instead of oakum, the latter being very scarce and the former almost the only article to be had in abundance. Much of the timber was hauled long distances. Three portable saw-mills were obtained, one of which was located at the yard, the others being moved about from time to time to such growing timber as could be procured.

The iron plating consisted of two courses, 7 inches wide and 2 inches thick, mostly rolled at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond. The first course was laid lengthwise, over a wooden backing, 16 inches in thickness, a 2-inch space, filled in with wood, being left between each two layers to afford space for bolting the outer course through the whole shield, and the outer course was laid flush, forming a smooth surface, similar to that of the *Virginia*. The inner part of the shield was covered with a thin course of planking, nicely dressed, mainly with a view to protection from splinters. Oak knees were bolted in, to act as braces and supports for the shield.

The armament consisted of two rifled "Brooke" guns mounted on pivot-carriages, each gun working through three port-holes, as occasion required, there being one port-hole at each end of the shield and two on each side. These were protected by iron covers lowered and raised by a contrivance worked on the gun-deck. She had two propellers driven by two engines of 200-horse power each, with 20-inch cylinders, steam being supplied by two flue boilers, and the shafting was geared together.



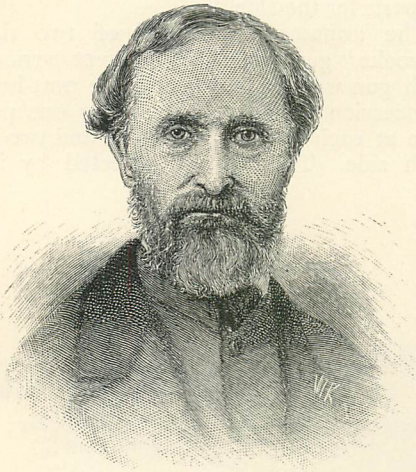
THE "ALBEMARLE" GOING DOWN THE ROANOKE.

The sides were covered from the knuckle, four feet below the deck, with iron plates two inches thick.

The prow was built of oak, running 18 feet back, on center keelson, and solidly bolted, and it was covered on the outside with iron plating, 2 inches thick and, tapering off to a 4-inch edge, formed the ram.

The work of putting on the armor was prosecuted for some time under the most disheartening circumstances, on account of the difficulty of drilling holes in the iron intended for her armor. But one small engine and drill could be had, and it required, at the best, twenty minutes to drill an inch and a quarter hole through the plates, and it looked as if we would never accomplish the task. But "necessity is the mother of invention," and one of my associates in the enterprise, Peter E. Smith, of Scotland Neck, North Carolina, invented and made a twist-drill with which the work of drilling a hole could be done in four minutes, the drill cutting out the iron in shavings instead of fine powder.

For many reasons it was thought judicious to remove the boat to the town of Halifax, about twenty miles up the river, and the work of completion, putting in her machinery, armament, etc., was done at that point, although



CAPTAIN J. W. COOKE, C. S. N.

the actual finishing touches were not given until a few days before going into action at Plymouth.

Forges were erected on her decks, and blacksmiths and carpenters were kept hard at work as she floated down the river to her destination.

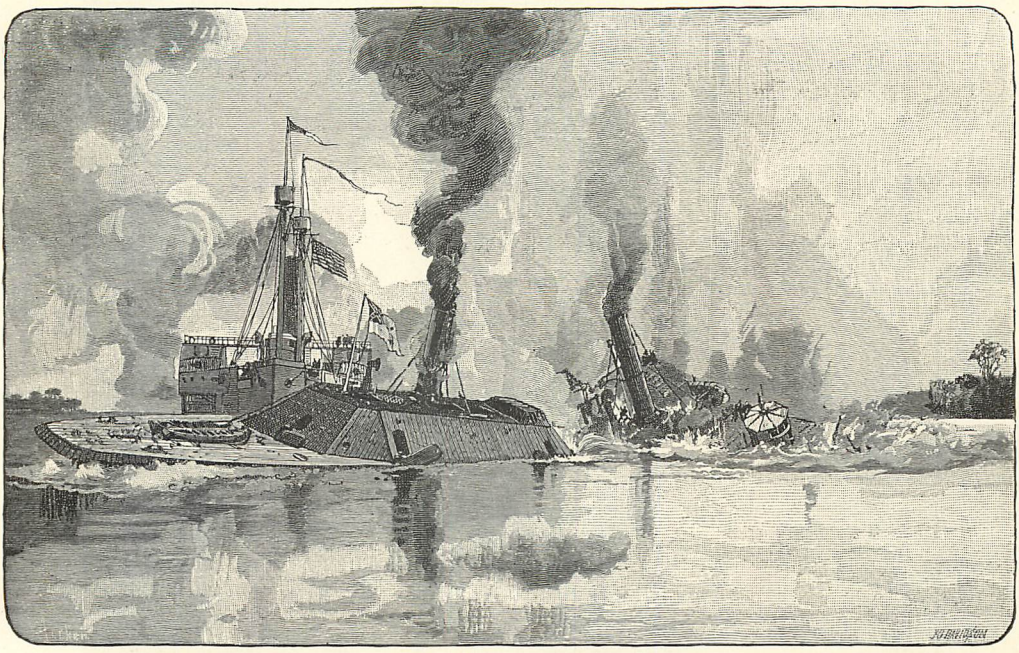
Captain James W. Cooke, of the Confederate Navy, was detailed by the department to watch the construction of the vessel and to take command when she went into commission. He made every effort to hasten the completion of the boat. He was a bold and gallant officer, and in the battles in which he subsequently engaged he proved himself a hero. Of him it was said that "he would fight a powder magazine with a coal of fire," and if such a necessity could by any possibility have existed he would, doubtless, have been equal to the occasion.

In the spring of 1864 it had been decided at headquarters that an attempt should be made to recapture the town of Plymouth. General Hoke was placed in command of the land forces, and Captain Cooke received orders to coöperate. Accordingly Hoke's division proceeded to the vicinity of Plymouth and surrounded the town from the river above to the river below, and preparation was made to storm the forts and breastworks as soon as the *Albemarle* could clear the river front of the Federal war vessels protecting the place with their guns.

On the morning of April 18, 1864, the *Albemarle* left the town of Hamilton and proceeded down the river towards Plymouth, going stern foremost, with chains dragging from the bow, the rapidity of the current making it impracticable to steer with her head down-stream. She came to anchor about three miles above Plymouth, and a mile or so above the battery on the bluff at Warren's Neck, near Thoroughfare Gap, where torpedoes, sunken vessels, piles, and other obstructions had been placed. An exploring expedition was sent out, under command of one of the lieutenants, which returned in about two hours, with the report that it was considered impossible to pass the obstructions. Thereupon the fires were banked, and the officers and crew not on duty retired to rest.

Having accompanied Captain Cooke as a volunteer aide, and feeling intensely dissatisfied with the apparent intention of lying at anchor all that night, and believing that it was "then or never" with the ram if she was to accomplish anything, and that it would be foolhardy to attempt the passage of the obstructions and batteries in the day-time, I requested permission to make a personal investigation. Captain Cooke cordially assenting, and Pilot John Luck and two of the few experienced seamen on board volunteering their services, we set forth in a small lifeboat, taking with us a long pole, and arriving at the obstructions proceeded to take soundings. To our great joy it was ascertained that there was ten feet of water over and above the obstructions. This was due to the remarkable freshet then prevailing; the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" said, afterwards, that such high water had never before been seen in Roanoke River. Pushing on down the stream to Plymouth, and taking

COMMANDER C. W. FLUSSER, U. S. N.



THE SINKING OF THE "SOUTHFIELD."

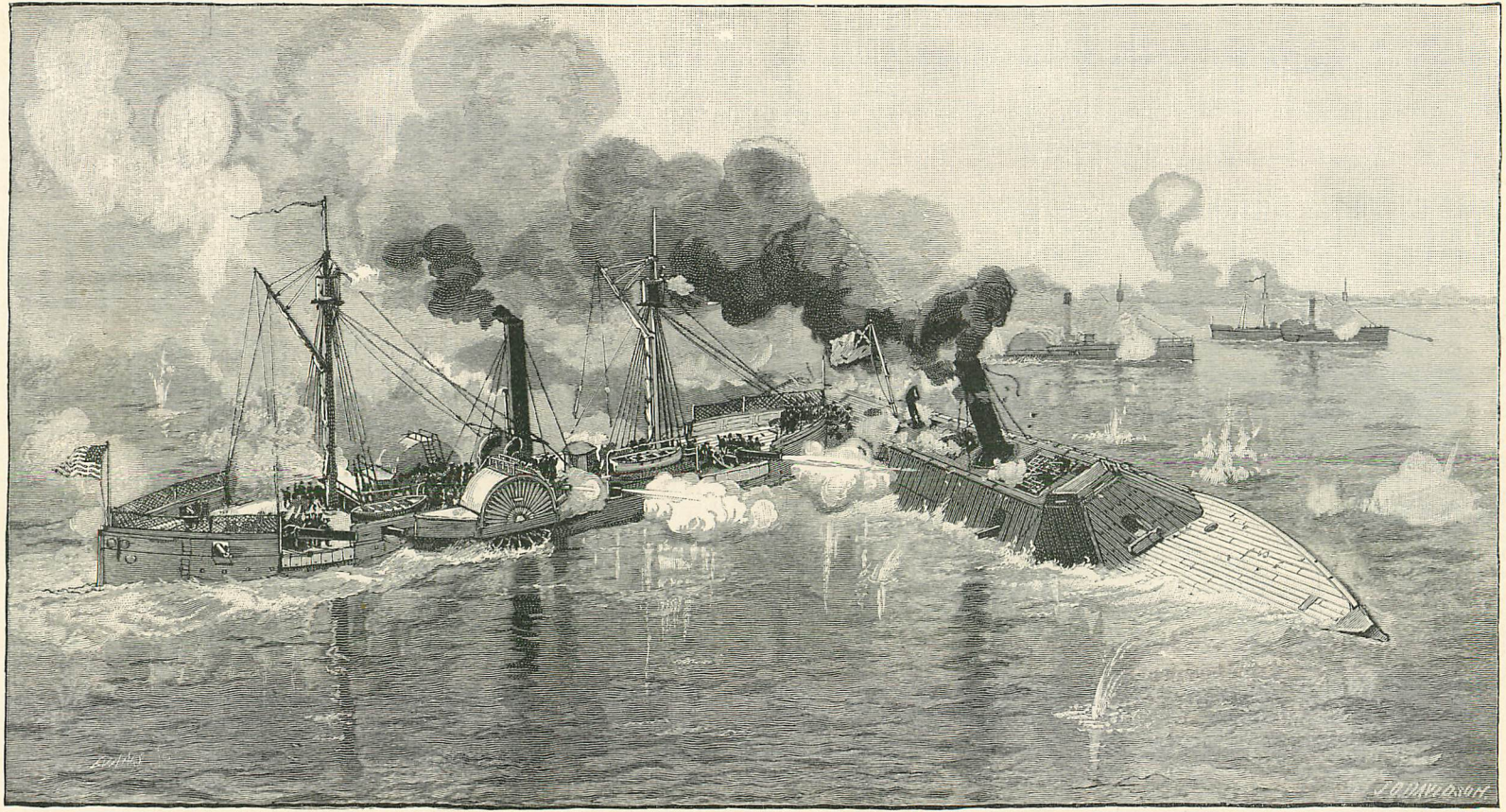
advantage of the shadow of the trees on the north side of the river, opposite the town, we watched the Federal transports taking on board the women and children who were being sent away for safety, on account of the approaching bombardment. With muffled oars, and almost afraid to breathe, we made our way back up the river, hugging close to the northern bank, and reached the ram about 1 o'clock, reporting to Captain Cooke that it was practicable to pass the obstructions provided the boat was kept in the middle of the stream. The indomitable commander instantly aroused his men, gave the order to get up steam, slipped the cables in his impatience to be off, and started down the river. The obstructions were soon reached and safely passed, under a fire from the fort at Warren's Neck which was not returned. Protected by the iron-clad shield, to those on board the noise made by the shot and shell as they struck the boat sounded no louder than pebbles thrown against an empty barrel. At Boyle's Mill, lower down, there was another fort upon which was mounted a very heavy gun. This was also safely passed, and we then discovered two steamers coming up the river. They proved to be the *Miami* and the *Southfield*.*

The two ships were lashed together with long spars, and with chains festooned between them. The plan of Captain Flusser, who commanded, was to run his vessels so as to get the *Albemarle* between the two, which would have placed the ram at a great disadvantage, if not altogether at his mercy; but Pilot John Luck, acting under orders from Captain Cooke, ran the ram close to the southern shore; and then suddenly turning toward the middle of the stream, and going with the current, the throttles, in obedience to his bell, being wide open, he dashed the prow of the *Albemarle* into the side of the *Southfield*, making an opening large enough to carry her to the bottom in much less time than it takes to tell the story. Part of her crew went down with her.†

The chain-plates on the forward deck of the *Albemarle* became entangled in the frame of the sinking vessel, and her bow was carried down to such a depth that water poured into her port-holes in great volume, and she would soon have shared the fate of the *Southfield*, had not the latter vessel reached the bottom, and then, turning over on her side, released the ram, thus allowing her to come up on an even keel. The *Miami*, right alongside, had opened fire with her heavy guns, and so close were the vessels together that a shell with a ten-second

* The *Miami* carried 6 9-inch guns, 1 100-pounder Parrott rifle, and 1 24-pounder S. B. howitzer, and the ferry-boat *Southfield* 5 9-inch, 1 100-pounder Parrott, and 1 12-pounder howitzer.— EDITOR.

† Of the officers and men of the *Southfield*, seven of the former, including Acting Volunteer Lieutenant C. A. French, her commander, and forty-two of her men were rescued by the *Miami* and the other Union vessels; the remainder were either drowned or captured.— EDITOR.



THE "SASSACUS" RAMMING THE "ALBEMARLE."

fuse, fired by Captain Flusser, after striking the *Albemarle* rebounded and exploded, killing the gallant man who pulled the laniard, tearing him almost to pieces. Notwithstanding the death of Flusser, an attempt was made to board the ram, which was heroically resisted by as many of the crew as could be crowded on the top deck, who were supplied with loaded muskets passed up by their comrades below. The *Miami*, a powerful and very fast side-wheeler, succeeded in eluding the *Albemarle* without receiving a blow from her ram, and retired below Plymouth, into Albemarle Sound.*

Captain Cooke having successfully carried out his part of the programme, General Hoke attacked the fortifications the next morning and carried them; not, however, without heavy loss, Ransom's brigade alone leaving 500 dead and wounded on the field, in their most heroic charge upon the breastworks protecting the eastern front of the town. General Wessells, commanding the Federal forces, made a gallant resistance, and surrendered only when further effort would have been worse than useless. During the attack the *Albemarle* held the river front, according to contract, and all day long poured shot and shell into the resisting forts with her two guns.

On May 5, 1864, Captain Cooke left the Roanoke River with the *Albemarle* and two tenders, the *Bombshell* and *Cotton Plant*, and entered the Sound with the intention of recovering, if possible, the control of the two Sounds, and ultimately of Hatteras Inlet. He proceeded about sixteen miles on an east-north-easterly course, when the Federal squadron, consisting of seven well-armed gun-boats, the *Mattabesett*, *Sassacus*, *Wyalusing*, *Whitehead*, *Miami*, *Commodore Hull*, and *Ceres*, all under the command of Captain Melancton Smith, hove in sight, and at 2 o'clock that afternoon approached in double line of battle, the *Mattabesett* being in advance. They proceeded to surround the *Albemarle*, and hurled at her their heaviest shot,† at distances averaging less than one hundred yards. The *Albemarle* responded effectively, but her boats were soon shot away, her smoke-stack was riddled, many iron plates in her shield were injured and broken, and the after-gun was broken off eighteen inches from the muzzle, and rendered useless. This terrible fire continued, without intermission, until about 5 P. M., when the commander of the double-ender *Sassacus* selected his opportunity, and with all steam on struck the *Albemarle* squarely just abaft her starboard beam, causing every timber in the vicinity of the blow to groan, though none gave way. The pressure from the revolving wheel of the *Sassacus* was so great that it forced the after deck of the ram several feet below the

* The following admirably clear and succinct account of the fight is given by Acting Master William N. Wells, of the *Miami*, in his report of April 23 to Admiral Lee:

"The siege commenced Sabbath afternoon, April 17, by an artillery fire upon Fort Gray. Early in the morning of April 18, between the hours of 3 and 5, the enemy tried to carry by storm Fort Gray, but were repulsed. In the afternoon of the 18th heavy artillery opened fire upon the town and breastworks. Then the fight became general. Up to this time the gun-boats *Southfield* and *Miami* were chained together in preparation to encounter the ram. They were then separated. The *Southfield*, moving up the river, opened fire over the town. The *Miami*, moving down the river, opened a cross-fire upon the enemy, who were charging upon Fort Williams. The firing, being very exact, caused the enemy to fall back. After three attempts to storm the fort, at 9 o'clock the firing ceased from the enemy, they having withdrawn from range. Commander Flusser dispatched a messenger to General Wessells to learn the result of the day's fight. The messenger returned at 10 P. M., having delivered the message, and bearing one from General Wessells to Commander Flusser, stating that the fire from the naval vessels was very satisfactory and effective — so much so that the advancing columns of the enemy broke and retreated; also desired that the *Miami* might be kept below the town to prevent a flank movement by the enemy. At 10:30 P. M., steamer *Southfield* came down and anchored near. At 12:20 A. M., April 19, the *Southfield* came alongside to rechain the two steamers as speedily as possible; the ram having been seen by Captain Barrett, of the *Whitehead*, and reported by him as coming down the river. At 3:45 A. M. the gun-boat *Ceres* came down, passing near, giving the alarm that the ram was close upon her. I immediately hastened to acquaint Commander Flusser of the information. He immediately came on deck, and ordered both vessels to steam ahead as far as possible and run the ram down. No sooner than given was the order obeyed. Our starboard chain was slipped and bells rung to go ahead fast. In obedience to the order, the steamers were in one minute moving up the river, the ram making for us. In less than two minutes from the time she was reported, she struck us upon our port bow near the water-line, gouging two planks nearly through for ten feet; at the same time striking the *Southfield* with her prow upon the starboard bow, causing the *Southfield* to sink rapidly. As soon as the battery could be brought to bear upon the ram, both steamers, the *Southfield* and *Miami*, commenced firing solid shot from the 100-pound Parrott rifles and 11-inch Dahlgren guns; they making no perceptible indentations in her armor. Commander Flusser fired the first three shots personally from the *Miami*, the third being a ten-second Dahlgren shell, 11-inch. It was directly after that fire that he was killed by pieces of shell; several of the gun's crew were wounded at the same time. Our bow hawser being stranded, the *Miami* swung round to starboard, giving the ram a chance to pierce us. Necessity required the engine to be reversed in motion to straighten the vessel in the river, to prevent going upon the bank of the river, and to bring the rifle gun to bear upon the ram. During the time of straightening the steamer the ram had also straightened, and was making for us. From the fatal effects of her prow upon the *Southfield* and of our sustaining injury, I deemed it useless to sacrifice the *Miami* in the same way."

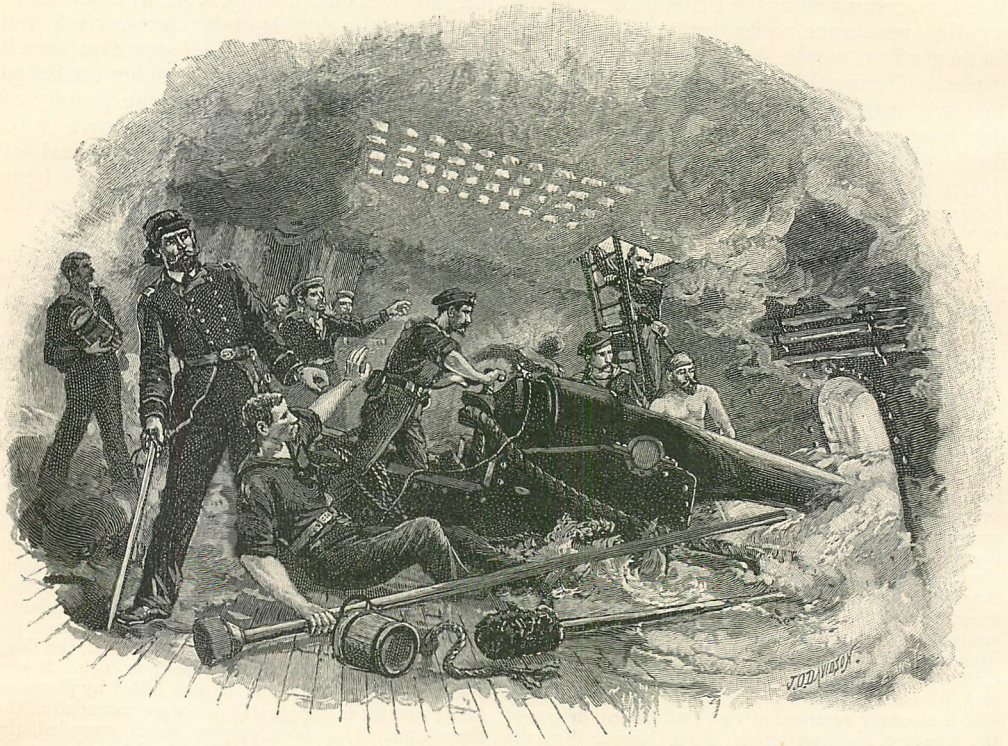
† The Union fleet had 32 guns and 23 howitzers, a total of 55.— EDITOR.

surface of the water, and created an impression on board that she was about to sink. Some of the crew became demoralized, but the calm voice of the undismayed captain checked the incipient disorder, with the command, "Stand to your guns, and if we must sink let us go down like brave men."

The *Albemarle* soon recovered, and sent a shot at her assailant which passed through one of the latter's boilers, the hissing steam disabling a number of the crew. Yet the discipline on the *Sassacus* was such that, notwithstanding the natural consternation under these appalling circumstances, two of her guns continued to fire on the *Albemarle* until she drifted out of the arena of battle. Two of the fleet attempted to foul the propellers of the ram with a large fishing-seine which they had previously procured for the purpose, but the line parted in paying it out. Then they tried to blow her up with a torpedo, but failed. No equal conflict continued until night. Some of the Federal vessels were more or less disabled, and both sides were doubtless well content to draw off. Captain Cooke had on board a supply of bacon and lard, and this sort of fuel being available to burn without draught from a smoke-stack, he was able to make sufficient steam to get the boat back to Plymouth, where she tied up to her wharf covered with wounds and with glory.

The *Albemarle* in her different engagements was struck a great many times by shot and shell,* and yet but one man lost his life, and that was caused by a pistol-shot from the *Miami*, the imprudent sailor having put his head out of one of the port-holes to see what was going on outside.

Captain Cooke was at once promoted and placed in command of all the Confederate naval forces in eastern North Carolina. The *Albemarle* remained tied to her wharf at Plymouth until the night of October 27, 1864, when Lieutenant William B. Cushing, of the United States Navy, performed the daring feat of destroying her with a torpedo. Having procured a torpedo-boat so constructed as to be very fast, for a short distance, and with the



INSIDE THE "ALBEMARLE" CASEMATE.

better success attended an effort to throw a keg of gunpowder down her smoke-stack, or what was left of it, for it was riddled with holes from shot and shell. This smoke-stack had lost its capacity for drawing, and the boat lay a helpless mass on the water. While in this condition every effort was made by her numerous enemies to destroy her. The un-

* The upper section alone of the smoke-stack has 114 holes made by shot and shell.— G. E.

exhaust steam so arranged as to be noiseless, he proceeded, with a crew of fourteen men, up the Roanoke River. Guards had been stationed by the Confederate military commander on the wreck of the *Southfield*, whose top deck was then above water, but they failed to see the boat. A boom of logs had been arranged around the *Albemarle*, distant about thirty feet from her side. Captain Cooke had planned and superintended the construction of this arrangement before giving up the command of the vessel to Captain A. F. Warley. Cushing ran his boat up to these logs, and there, under a hot fire, lowered and exploded the torpedo under the *Albemarle's* bottom, causing her to settle down and finally to sink at the wharf. The torpedo-boat and crew were captured; but Cushing refusing to surrender, though twice called upon so to do, sprang into the river, dived to the bottom, and swam across to a swamp opposite the town, thus making his escape; and on the next night, after having experienced great suffering, wandering through the swamp, he succeeded in obtaining a small canoe, and made his way back to the fleet.

The river front being no longer protected, and no appliances for raising the sunken vessel being available, on October 31 the Federal forces attacked and captured the town of Plymouth.*

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER F. WARLEY, C. S. N.

Gilbert Elliott.

II. THE "ALBEMARLE" AND THE "SASSACUS."

AN ATTEMPT TO RUN DOWN AN IRON-CLAD WITH A WOODEN SHIP.

THE United States steamer *Sassacus* was one of several wooden side-wheel ships, known as "double-enders," built for speed, light draught, and ease of manœuvre in battle, as they could go ahead or back with equal facility. She carried four 9-inch Dahlgren guns and two 100-pounder Parrott rifles. On the 5th of May, 1864, this ship, while engaged, together with the *Mattabesett*, *Wyalusing*, and several smaller vessels, with the Confederate iron-clad *Albemarle* in Albemarle Sound, was, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander F. A. Roe, and with all the speed attainable, driven down upon the ram, striking full and square at the junction of its armored roof and deck. It was the first attempt of the kind and deserves a place in history. This sketch is an endeavor to recall only the part taken in the engagement by the *Sassacus* in her attempt to run down the ram.

One can obtain a fair idea of the magnitude of such an undertaking by remembering that on a ship in battle you are on a floating target, through which the enemy's shell may bring not only the carnage of explosion but an equally unpleasant visitor — the sea. To hurl this egg-shell target against a rock would be dangerous, but to hurl it against an iron-clad bristling with guns, or to plant it upon the muzzles of 100-pounder Brooke or Parrott rifles, with all the chances of a sheering off of the iron-clad, and a subsequent ramming process about which no two opinions ever existed, is more than dangerous.

On the 17th of April, 1864, Plymouth, N. C., was attacked by the Confederates by land and river. On the 20th it was captured, the ram *Albemarle* having sunk the *Southfield* and driven off the other Union vessels.

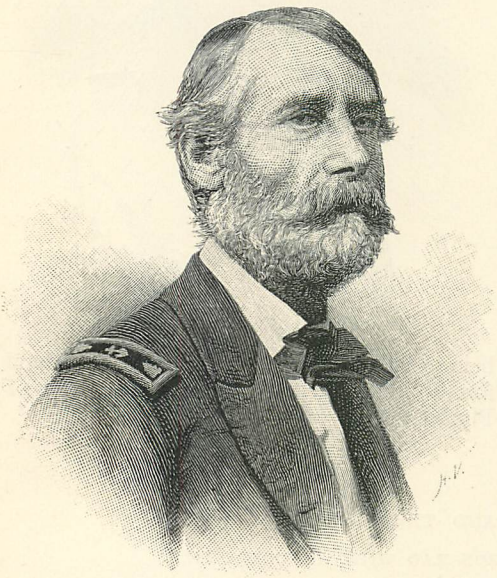
On the 5th of May the *Albemarle*, with the captured steamer *Bombshell*, and the steamer *Cotton Plant*, laden with troops, came down the river. The double-enders *Mattabesett*, *Sassacus*, *Wyalusing*, and *Miami*, together with the smaller vessels, *Whitehead*, *Ceres*, and *Commodore Hull*, steamed up to give battle.

The Union plan of attack was for the large vessels to pass as close as possible to the ram without endangering their wheels, deliver their fire, and then round to for a second discharge.

* The *Albemarle* was subsequently raised and towed to the Norfolk Navy Yard, and after being stripped of her armament, machinery, etc., she was sold, Oct. 15, 1867, to J. N. Leonard & Co., for $3200. — EDITOR.

The smaller vessels were to take care of thirty armed launches, which were expected to accompany the iron-clad. The *Miami* carried a torpedo to be exploded under the enemy, and a strong net or seine to foul her propeller.

All eyes were fixed on this second *Merrimac* as, like a floating fortress, she came down the bay. A puff of smoke from her bow port opened the ball, followed quickly by another, the shells aimed skillfully at the pivot-rifle of the leading ship, *Mattabesett*, cutting away



REAR-ADMIRAL F. A. ROE, U. S. N.

rail and spars, and wounding six men at the gun. The enemy then headed straight for her, in imitation of the *Merrimac*, but by a skillful management of the helm the *Mattabesett* rounded her bow,* closely followed by our own ship, the *Sassacus*, which at close quarters gave her a broadside of solid 9-inch shot. The guns might as well have fired blank cartridges, for the shot skimmed off into the air, and even the 100-pound solid shot from the pivot-rifle glanced from the sloping roof into space with no apparent effect. The feeling of helplessness that comes from the failure of heavy guns to make any mark on an advancing foe can never be described. One is like a man with a bodkin before a Gorgon or a Dragon, a man with straws before the wheels of Juggernaut.

To add to the feeling in this instance, the rapid firing from the different ships, the clouds of smoke, the changes of position to avoid being run down, the watchfulness to get a shot into the ports of the ram, as they quickly opened to deliver their well-directed fire, kept alive the constant danger of our ships firing into or entangling each other. The crash of bulwarks and rending of exploding shells which were fired by the ram, but which it was utterly useless to fire from our own guns, gave confused sensations of a general and promiscuous mêlée, rather than a well-ordered attack; nevertheless the plan designed was being carried out, hopeless as it seemed. As our own ship delivered her broadside, and fired the pivot-rifle with great rapidity at roof, and port, and hull, and smoke-stack, trying to find a weak spot, the ram headed for us and narrowly passed our stern. She was foiled in this attempt, as we were under full headway, and swiftly rounding her with a hard-port helm, we delivered a broadside at her consort, the *Bombshell*, each shot hulling her. We now headed for the latter ship, going within hail.

Thus far in the action our pivot-rifle astern had had but small chance to fire, and the captain of the gun, a broad-shouldered, brawny fellow, was now wrought up to a pitch of desperation at holding his giant gun in leash, and as we came up to the *Bombshell* he mounted the rail, and, naked to the waist, he brandished a huge boarding-pistol and shouted, "Haul down your flag and surrender, or we 'll blow you out of the water!" The flag came down, and the *Bombshell* was ordered to drop out of action and anchor, which she did. Of this surrender I shall have more to say farther on.

Now came the decisive moment, for by this action, which was in reality a manœuvre of our commander, we had acquired a distance from the ram of about four hundred yards, and the latter, to evade the *Mattabesett*, had sheered off a little and lay broadside to us. The Union ships were now on both sides of the ram with engines stopped. Commander Roe saw the opportunity, which an instant's delay would forfeit, and boldly met the crisis of the engagement. To the engineer he cried, "Crowd waste and oil in the fires and back slowly! Give her all the steam she can carry!" To Acting-Master Boutelle he said, "Lay her course for the junction of the casemate and the hull!" Then came four bells, and with full steam and open throttle the ship sprang forward like a living thing. It was a moment

* If the *Mattabesett* rounded the bow of the *Albemarle*, the latter must have been heading up the sound at the time; in other words, she must have turned previous to the advance of the Union fleet. Upon this point the reports of the captains of the double-enders give conflicting testimony. Commander Febiger represents the ram as retreating towards the Roanoke, while Lieutenant-Commander Roe describes her as in such a position that she would necessarily have been heading towards the advancing squadron. The conflict of opinion was doubtless due to the similarity in the two ends of the ram.— EDITOR.

of intense strain and anxiety. The guns ceased firing, the smoke lifted from the ram, and we saw that every effort was being made to evade the shock. Straight as an arrow we shot forward to the designated spot. Then came the order, "All hands lie down!" and with a crash that shook the ship like an earthquake, we struck full and square on the iron hull, careen-

UNION FORCE IN THE ACTION IN ALBEMARLE SOUND, MAY 5, 1864.

CAPTAIN MELANCTON SMITH, COMMANDING.

DOUBLE-ENDERS: *Mattabesett*, Commander John C. Febiger; *Sassacus*, Lieutenant-Commander Francis A. Roe; *Wyalusing*, Lieutenant-Commander Walter W. Queen; *Miami*, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Charles A. French. FERRY-BOAT: *Commodore Hull*, Acting Master Francis Josselyn. GUNBOATS: *Whitehead*, Acting Ensign G. W. Barrett; *Ceres*, Acting Master H. H. Foster.

VESSELS.	LOSS.			BATTERY.									
				GUNS.					HOWITZERS.				
	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Total.*	*9-in. S. B.*	*100-pdr. R.*	*30-pdr. R.*	*20-pdr. R.*	*Total Guns.*	*24-pdr. S. B.*	*12-pdr. S. B.*	*12-pdr. R.*	*Total Howitzers.*	*Total Guns and Howitzers.*
Mattabesett	2	6	8	4	2	..	..	6	2	1	1	4	10
Sassacus	1	19*	20	4	2	..	2	8	2	..	1	3	11
Wyalusing	1	0	1	4	2	..	..	6	4	2	2	8	14
Miami	..	..	..	6	1	..	..	7	1	..	..	1	8
Whitehead	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	3	..	..	3	4
Commodore Hull	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	2	4	..	..	4	6
Ceres	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	..	..	..	2
	4	25	29	18	8	2	4	32	16	3	4	23	55

* Thirteen of these were scalded.

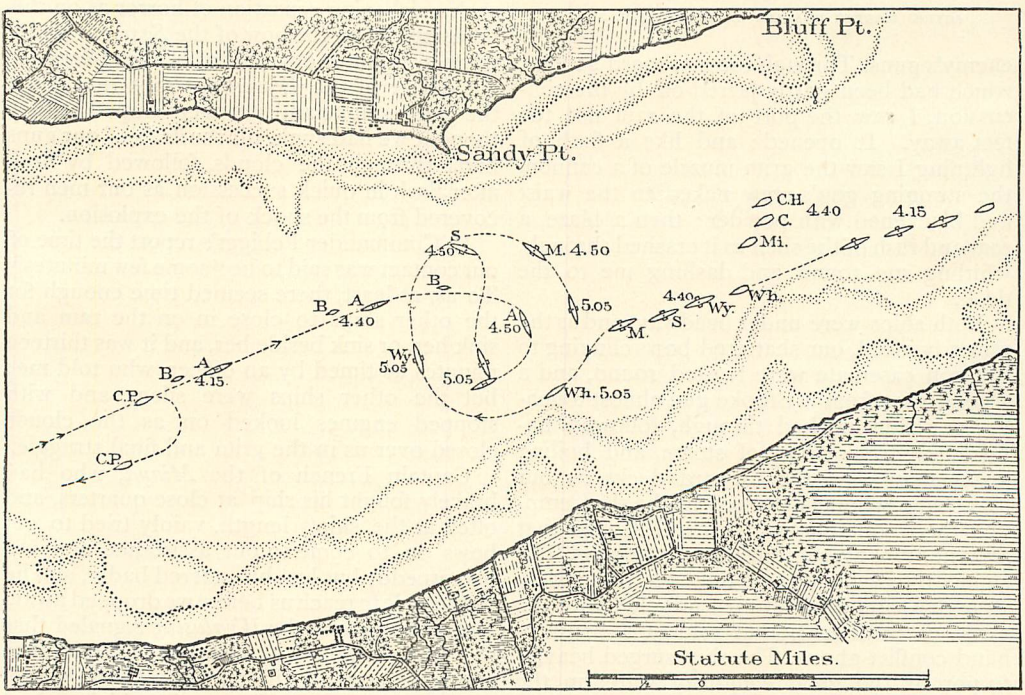


CHART OF THE ENGAGEMENT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND.

A, Albemarle; B, Bombshell; C P, Cotton Plant; M, Mattabesett; S, Sassacus; Wy, Wyalusing; Mi, Miami; C, Ceres; Wh, Whitehead; C H, Commodore Hull.

ing it over and tearing away our own bows, ripping and straining our timbers at the water-line. The enemy's lights were put out, and his men hurled from their feet, and, as we learned afterward, it was thought for a moment that it was all over with them. Our ship quivered for an instant, but held fast, and the swift plash of the paddles showed that the engines were uninjured. My own station was in the bow, on the main-deck, on a line with the

ACTING MASTER CHARLES A. BOUTELLE, U. S. N.

enemy's guns. Through the starboard shutter, which had been partly jarred off by the concussion, I saw the port of the ram not ten feet away. It opened; and like a flash of lightning I saw the grim muzzle of a cannon, the straining gun's-crew naked to the waist and blackened with powder; then a blaze, a roar and rush of the shell as it crashed through, whirling me round and dashing me to the deck.

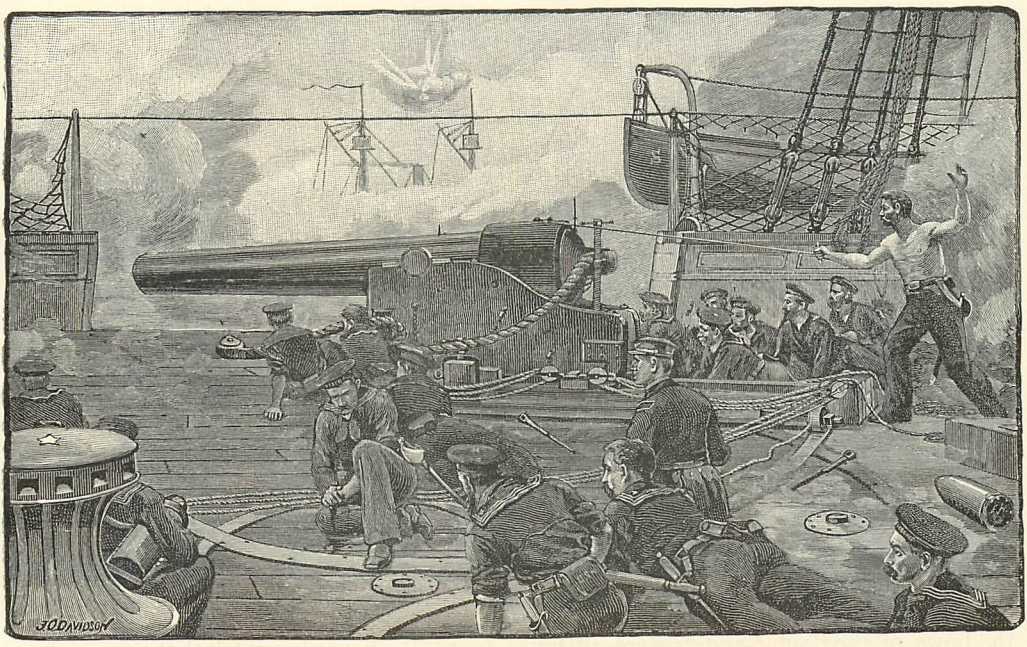
Both ships were under headway, and as the ram advanced, our shattered bows clinging to the iron casemate were twisted round, and a second shot from a Brooke gun almost touching our side crashed through, followed immediately by a cloud of steam and boiling water that filled the forward decks as our overcharged boilers, pierced by the shot, emptied their contents with a shrill scream that drowned for an instant the roar of the guns. The shouts of command and the cries of scalded, wounded, and blinded men mingled with the rattle of small-arms that told of a hand-to-hand conflict above. The ship surged heavily to port as the great weight of water in the boilers was expended, and over the cry, "The ship is sinking!" came the shout, "All hands repel boarders on starboard bow!"

The men below, wild with the boiling steam, sprang to the ladder with pistol and cutlass, and gained the bulwarks; but men in the rigging with muskets and hand grenades, and the well-directed fire from the crews of the guns, soon baffled the attempt of the Confederates to gain our decks. To send our crew on the grated top of the iron-clad would have been madness.

The horrid tumult, always characteristic of battle, was intensified by the cries of agony from the scalded and frantic men. Wounds may rend, and blood flow, and grim heroism keep the teeth set firm in silence; but to be boiled alive — to have the flesh drop from the face and hands, to strip off in sodden mass from the body as the clothing is torn away in savage eagerness for relief, will bring screams from the stoutest lips. In the midst of all this, when every man had left the engine room, our chief engineer, Mr. Hobby, although badly scalded, stood with heroism at his post; nor did he leave it till after the action, when he was brought up, blinded and helpless, to the deck. I had often before been in battle; had stepped over the decks of a steamer in the *Merrimac* fight when a shell had exploded, covering the deck with fragments of human bodies, literally tearing to pieces the men on the small vessel as she lay alongside the *Minnesota*, but never before had I experienced such a sickening sensation of horror as on this occasion, when the bow of the *Sassacus* lay for thirteen minutes on the roof of the *Albemarle*. An officer of the *Wyalusing* says that when the dense smoke and steam enveloped us they thought we had sunk, till the flash of our guns burst through the clouds, followed by flash after flash in quick succession as our men recovered from the shock of the explosion.

In Commander Febiger's report the time of our contact was said to be "some few minutes." To us, at least, there seemed time enough for the other ships to close in on the ram and sink her, or sink beside her, and it was thirteen minutes as timed by an officer, who told me; but the other ships were silent, and with stopped engines looked on as the clouds closed over us in the grim and final struggle.

Captain French of the *Miami*, who had bravely fought his ship at close quarters, and often at the ship's length, vainly tried to get bows on, to come to our assistance and use his torpedo; but his ship steered badly, and he was unable to reach us before we dropped away. In the mean time the *Wyalusing* signaled that she was sinking — a mistake, but one that affected materially the outcome of the battle. We struck exactly at the spot for which we had aimed; and, contrary to the diagram given in the naval report for that year, the headway of



"ALL HANDS LIE DOWN!"

both ships twisted our bows, and brought us broadside to broadside — our bows at the enemy's stern and our starboard paddle-wheel on the forward starboard angle of his casemate. Against the report mentioned, I not only place my own observation, but I have in my possession the written statement of the navigator, Boutelle, now a member of Congress from Maine.

At length we drifted off the ram, and our pivot-gun, which had been fired incessantly by Ensign Mayer, almost muzzle to muzzle with the enemy's guns, was kept at work till we were out of range.

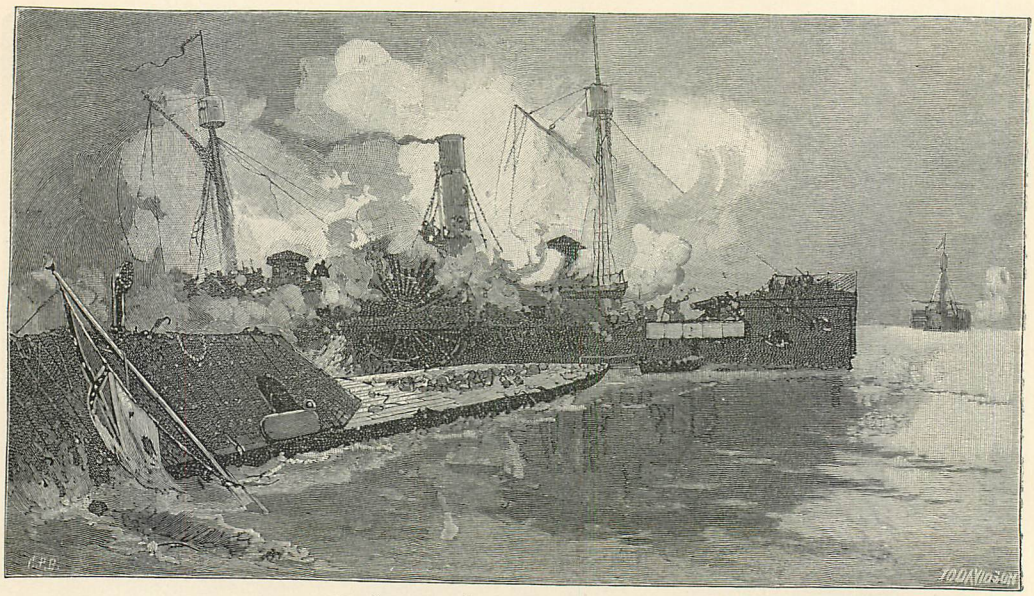
The official report says that the other ships were then got in line and fired at the enemy, also attempting to lay the seine to foul his propeller — a task that proved, alas, as impracticable as that of injuring him by the fire of the guns. While we were alongside, and had drifted broadside to broadside, our 9-inch Dahlgren guns had been depressed till the shot would strike at right angles, and the solid iron would bound from the roof into the air like marbles, and with as little impression. Fragments even of our 100-pound rifle-shots, at close range, came back on our own decks.

At dusk the ram steamed into the Roanoke River. Had assistance been rendered during the long thirteen minutes that the *Sassacus* lay over the ports of the *Albemarle*, the heroism of Commander Roe would have electrified the public and made his name, as it should be, imperishable in the annals of naval warfare. There was no lack of courage on the other ships, and the previous loss of the *Southfield*, the signal from the *Wyalusing* that she was sinking, the apparent loss of our ship, and the loss of the sounds of North Carolina if more were disabled, dictated the prudent course they adopted.

Of the official reports, which gave no prominence to the achievement of Commander Roe and have placed an erroneous record on the page of history, I speak only with regret. He was asked to correct his report as to the speed of our ship. He had said we were going at a speed of ten knots, and the naval report says, "He was not disposed to make the original correction." I should think not! — when the speed could only be estimated by his own officers, and the navigator says clearly in his report *eleven* knots. We had perhaps the swiftest ship in the navy. We had backed slowly to increase the distance; with furious fires and a gagged engine working at the full stroke of the pistons, — a run of over four hundred yards, with eager and excited men counting the revolutions of our paddles; who should give the more correct statement?

The ship first in the line claimed the capture of the *Bombshell*. The captain of that vessel, afterward a prisoner on our ship, said he surrendered to the *second* ship in the line, viz., the *Sassacus*; that the flag was not hauled down till he was ordered to do so by Commander Roe; and that no surrender had been intended till the order came from the second vessel in the line.

Another part of the official report states that



THE "SASSACUS" DISABLED AFTER RAMMING.

the bows of the double-enders were all frail, and had they been armed would have been insufficient to have sunk the ram. If this were so, then was the heroism of the trial the greater. Our bow, however, was shod with a *bronze beak*, weighing fully three tons, well secured to prow and keel; and this was twisted and almost entirely torn away in the collision.

But what avails it to a soldier to dash over the parapet and seize the colors of the enemy if his regiment halts outside the *chevaux-de-frise?* We have always felt that a similar blow on the other side, or a close environment of the heavy guns of the other ships, would have captured or sunk the ram. As it was, she retired, never again to emerge for battle from the Roanoke River, and the object of her coming on the day of our engagement, viz., to aid the Confederates in an attack on New Berne, was defeated; but her ultimate destruction was reserved for the gallant Lieutenant Cushing, of glorious memory.

Edgar Holden, M. D., late U. S. N.

NOTE. The Navy Department was not satisfied with the first official reports, and new and special reports were called for. As a result of investigation, promotions of many of the officers were made.— EDITOR.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT BY THE LATE W. B. CUSHING, COMMANDER, U. S. N.

IN September, 1864, the Government was laboring under much anxiety in regard to the condition of affairs in the sounds of North Carolina. Some months previous (April 19th) a rebel iron-clad had made her appearance, attacking Plymouth, beating our fleet, sinking the *Southfield*, and killing the gallant Captain Flusser, who commanded the flotilla. General Wessells's brigade had been forced to surrender, and all that section of country and the line of Roanoke River had fallen again into rebel hands. Little Washington and the Tar River were thus outflanked and lost to us. Some time after (May 5th), this iron-clad, the *Albemarle*, had steamed out into the open sound and engaged seven of our steamers, doing much damage and suffering little. The *Sassacus* had attempted to run her down, but had failed, and had had her boiler exploded by one of the 100-pound shells fired from the Confederate.

The Government had no iron-clad that could cross Hatteras bar and enter the sounds,* and it seemed likely that our wooden ships would be defeated, leaving New Berne, Roanoke Island, and other points endangered. At all events, it was impossible for any number of our vessels to injure her at Plymouth, and the expense of our squadron kept to watch her was very great.

At this stage of affairs Admiral S. P. Lee

* Several light-draught monitors were in course of construction at this time, but were not yet completed.— ED.

spoke to me of the case, when I proposed a plan for her capture or destruction. I submitted in writing two plans, either of which I was willing to undertake.

The first was based upon the fact that through a thick swamp the iron-clad might be approached to within a few hundred yards, whence India-rubber boats, to be inflated, and carried upon men's backs, might transport a boarding-party of a hundred men; in the second plan the offensive force was to be conveyed in two low-pressure and very small steamers, each armed with a torpedo and howitzer.

In this last named plan (which had my preference), I intended that one boat should dash in, while the other stood by to throw canister and renew the attempt if the first should fail. It would also be useful to pick up our men if the attacking boat were disabled. Admiral Lee believed that the plan was a good one, and ordered me to Washington to submit it to the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, doubted the merit of the project, but concluded to order me to New York to "purchase suitable vessels."

Finding some boats building for picket duty, I selected two, and proceeded to fit them out. They were open launches, about thirty feet in length, with small engines, and propelled by a screw. A 12-pounder howitzer was fitted to the bow of each, and a boom was rigged out, some fourteen feet in length, swinging by a goose-neck hinge to the bluff of the bow. A topping lift, carried to a stanchion inboard, raised or lowered it, and the torpedo was fitted into an iron slide at the end. This was intended to be detached from the boom by means of a heel-jigger leading inboard, and to be exploded by another line, connecting with a pin, which held a grape-shot over a nipple and cap. The torpedo was the invention of Engineer Lay of the navy, and was introduced by Chief-Engineer Wood.

Everything being completed, we started to the southward, taking the boats through the canals to Chesapeake Bay, and losing one in going down to Norfolk. This was a great misfortune, and I have never understood how it occurred. I forget the name of the volunteer ensign to whose care it was intrusted; he was taken prisoner with his crew.

My best boat being thus lost, I proceeded with one alone to make my way through the Chesapeake and Albemarle canals into the sounds.

Half-way through, the canal was filled up, but finding a small creek that emptied into it below the obstruction, I endeavored to feel my way through. Encountering a mill-dam, we waited for high water, and ran the launch over it; below she grounded, but I got a flat-boat, and, taking out gun and coal, succeeded in two days in getting her through. Passing with but seven men through the canal, where for thirty miles there was no guard or Union inhabitant, I reached the sound, and ran before a gale of wind to Roanoke Island. Here I pretended that we were going to Beaufort, and engaged to take two passengers along. This deception became necessary, in consequence of the close proximity of the rebel forces. If any person had known our destination, the news would have reached Plymouth long before we arrived to confirm it.

So, in the middle of the night, I steamed off into the darkness, and in the morning was out of sight. Fifty miles up the sound, I found the fleet anchored off the mouth of the river, and awaiting the ram's appearance. Here, for the first time, I disclosed to my officers and

COMMANDER W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N.

men our object, and told them that they were at liberty to go or not, as they pleased. These, seven in number, all volunteered. One of them, Mr. Howarth of the *Monticello*, had been with me repeatedly in expeditions of peril. Eight were added to my original force, among whom was Assistant Paymaster Francis H. Swan, who came to me as we were about to start and urged that he might go, as he had never been in a fight. Disregarding my remark that "it was a bad time for initiation," he still made the request, and joined us. He found an event-

ful night of it, being wounded, and spending his next four months in Libby Prison.

The Roanoke River is a stream averaging 150 yards in width, and quite deep. Eight miles from the mouth was the town of Plymouth, where the ram was moored. Several thousand soldiers occupied town and forts, and held both banks of the stream. A mile below the ram was the wreck of the *Southfield*, with hurricane deck above water, and on this a guard was stationed, to give notice

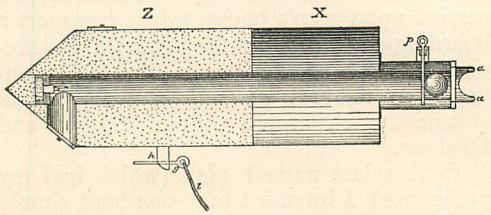


FIG. 2. CUSHING'S TORPEDO — SECTIONAL VIEW.

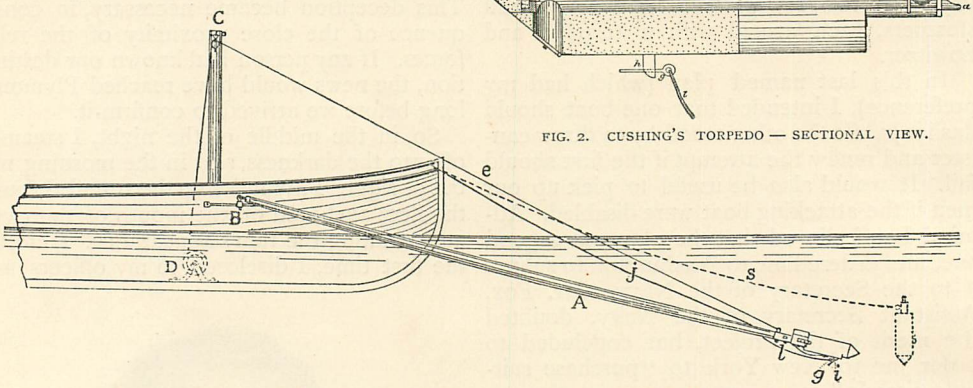


FIG. 1. CUSHING'S LAUNCH AND TORPEDO — SHOWING METHOD OF WORKING.

A long spar A (Fig. 1) was pivoted by means of a universal joint on its inboard end into the bracket B, the bracket being securely fastened to the outside of the boat. The spar was raised or lowered by means of a halliard *e*, which passed through a block at the head of the stanchion C, and thence down to the drum of a small windlass D, situated in the bottom of the boat, directly abaft the stanchion. On the outboard end of the spar was a socket, or head, which carried the shell. The shell was held in place only by a small pin *g*, which passed through a lug *h*, protruding from the lower side of the shell, and thence through an inclined plane *i*, which was attached to the socket. The lug and pin are clearly shown in Fig. 2. To detach the shell the pin *g* was pulled, which forced the shell gently out of the socket. This was accomplished by a laniard *j*, which led from the boat to the head of the socket, passing back of the head of the shell through the lugs *aa*, so that when the laniard was tautened it would force the shell out. A smaller laniard *l*, leading to the pin *g*, was spliced to the laniard *j* in such a manner that when the laniard *j* was pulled, first the pin and then the shell would come out.

The shell (Fig. 2) contained an air chamber X and a powder chamber Z. The result of this arrangement was that when the shell was detached it assumed a vertical position, with the air chamber uppermost, and, being lighter than its volume of water, it floated gradually towards the surface. At the top of its central shaft or tube was a grape-shot, held in place by a pin *p*, to which was attached the laniard *s*. The pin was a trigger, and the laniard was known as the trigger-line. Upon pulling the laniard the pin came out, the shot fell by its own weight upon the nipple *n*, which was covered by a percussion cap and connected directly with the powder chamber, and the torpedo exploded.

When the spar was not in use it was swung around by means of a stern line, bringing the head of the spar to the stern of the boat. To use the apparatus, the shell was put in place and the spar was swung around head forward; it was then lowered by means of the halliard *e* to the required depth; the laniard *j* was pulled, withdrawing the pin *g*, and forcing out the shell; finally, when the floating shell had risen to its place, the trigger-line *s* was pulled and the torpedo fired.

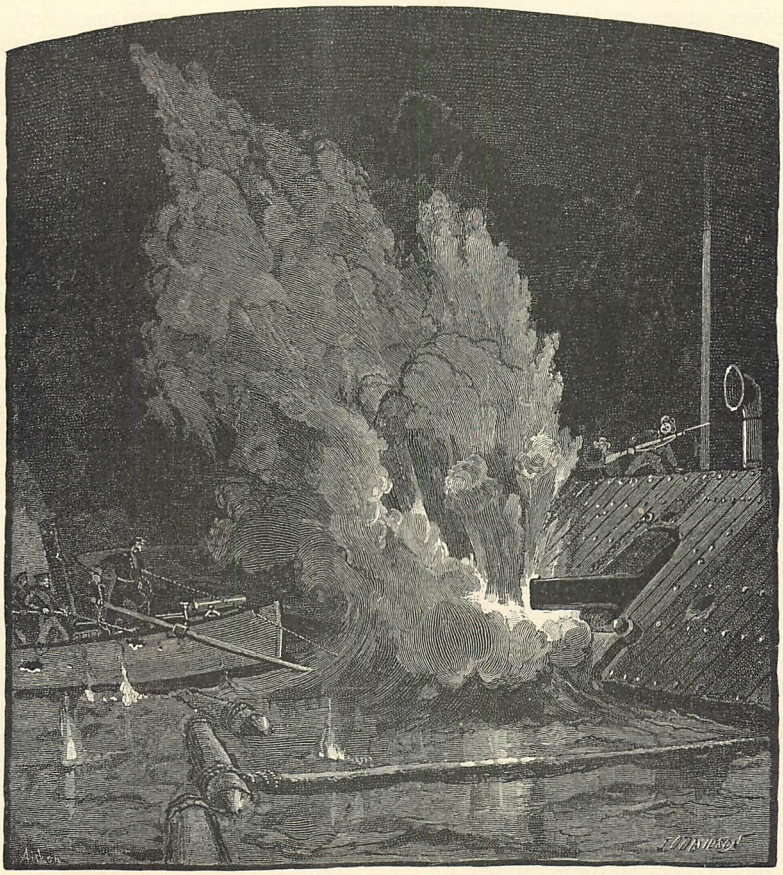
of anything suspicious, and to send up fire-rockets in case of an attack. Thus it seemed impossible to surprise them, or to attack, with hope of success.

Impossibilities are for the timid: we determined to overcome all obstacles. On the night of the 27th of October * we entered the river, taking in tow a small cutter with a few men, the duty of whom was to dash aboard the [wreck of the] *Southfield* at the first hail, and prevent any rocket from being ignited.

Fortune was with our little boat, and we actually passed within thirty feet of the pickets without discovery and neared the wharf, where the rebels lay all unconscious. I now thought that it might be better to board her, and "take her alive," having in the two boats twenty men well armed with revolvers, cutlasses, and hand-grenades. To be sure, there were ten times our number on the ship and thousands near by; but a surprise is everything, and I thought if her fasts were cut at the instant of boarding, we might overcome those on board, take her into the stream, and use her iron sides to protect us afterward from the forts. Knowing the town, I concluded to land at the lower wharf, creep around and suddenly dash aboard from the bank; but just as I was sheering in close to the wharf, a hail came, sharp and quick, from the iron-clad, and in an instant was repeated. I at once directed the cutter to cast off, and go down to capture the guard left in our rear, and ordering all steam went at the dark mountain of iron in front of us. A heavy fire was at once opened upon us, not only from the ship, but from men stationed on the shore. This did not disable us, and we neared them rapidly. A large fire now blazed upon the bank, and by its light I discovered the unfortunate fact that there was a circle of logs around the *Albemarle*, boomed well out from her side, with the very intention of preventing the action of torpedoes. To examine them more closely,

* The first attempt was made on the previous night, but after proceeding a short distance the launch grounded, and the time lost in getting her off made it too late to carry out the purpose of the expedition.—EDITOR.

I ran alongside until amidships, received the enemy's fire, and sheered off for the purpose of turning, a hundred yards away, and going at against the iron ribs and into the mass of men standing by the fire upon the shore. In another instant we had struck the logs and were



THE BLOWING-UP OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

the booms squarely, at right angles, trusting to their having been long enough in the water to have become slimy — in which case my boat, under full headway, would bump up against them and slip over into the pen with the ram. This was my only chance of success, and once over the obstruction my boat would never get out again; but I was there to accomplish an important object, and to die, if needs be, was but a duty. As I turned, the whole back of my coat was torn out by buckshot, and the sole of my shoe was carried away. The fire was very severe.

In a lull of the firing, the captain hailed us, again demanding what boat it was. All my men gave some comical answers, and mine was a dose of canister, which I sent among them from the howitzer, buzzing and singing over, with headway nearly gone, slowly forging up under the enemy's quarter-port. Ten feet from us the muzzle of a rifle gun looked into our faces, and every word of command on board was distinctly heard.

My clothing was perforated with bullets as I stood in the bow, the heel-jigger in my right hand and the exploding-line in the left. We were near enough then, and I ordered the boom lowered until the forward motion of the launch carried the torpedo under the ram's overhang. A strong pull of the detaching-line, a moment's waiting for the torpedo to rise under the hull, and I hauled in the left hand, just cut by a bullet.*

The explosion took place at the same instant that 100 pounds of grape, at 10 feet range, crashed in our midst, and the dense

* In considering the merits of Cushing's success with this exceedingly complicated instrument, it must be remembered that nothing short of the utmost care in preparation could keep its mechanism in working-order; that in making ready to use it, it was necessary to keep the end of the spar elevated until the boat had

mass of water thrown out by the torpedo came down with choking weight upon us.

Twice refusing to surrender, I commanded the men to save themselves; and throwing off sword, revolver, shoes, and coat, struck out from my disabled and sinking boat into the river. It was cold, long after the frosts, and the water chilled the blood, while the whole surface of the stream was plowed up by grape and musketry, and my nearest friends, the fleet, were twelve miles away, but anything was better than to fall into rebel hands. Death was better than surrender. I swam for the opposite shore, but as I neared it a man,* one of my crew, gave a great gurgling yell and went down.

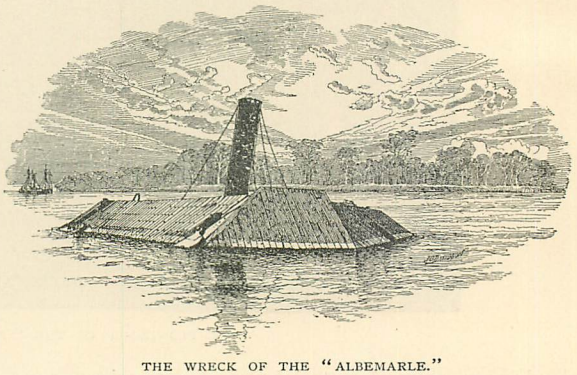
The rebels were out in boats, picking up my men; and one of these, attracted by the sound, pulled in my direction. I heard my own name mentioned, but was not seen. I now "struck out" down the stream, and was soon far enough away to again attempt landing. This time, as I struggled to reach the bank, I heard a groan in the river behind me, and, although very much exhausted, concluded to turn and give all the aid in my power to the officer or seaman who had bravely shared the danger with me and in whose peril I might in turn partake.

Swimming in the night, with eye at the level of the water, one can have no idea of distance, and labors, as I did, under the discouraging thought that no headway is made. But if I were to drown that night, I had at least an opportunity of dying while struggling to aid another. Nearing the swimmer, it proved to be Acting Master's Mate Woodman, who said that he could swim no longer. Knocking his cap from his head, I used my right arm to sustain him, and ordered him to strike out. For ten minutes at least, I think, he managed to keep afloat, when, his presence of mind and physical force being completely gone, he gave a yell and sunk like a stone, fortunately not seizing upon me as he went down.

Again alone upon the water, I directed my course towards the town side of the river, not making much headway, as my strokes were now very feeble, my clothes being soaked and heavy, and little chop-seas splashing with a choking persistence into my mouth every time that I gasped for breath. Still, there was a determination not to sink, a will not to give up; and I kept up a sort of mechanical motion long after my bodily force was in fact expended.

At last, and not a moment too soon, I touched the soft mud, and in the excitement of the first shock I half raised my body and made one step forward; then fell, and remained half in the mud and half in the water until daylight, unable even to crawl on hands and knees, nearly frozen, with brain in a whirl, but with one thing strong in me — the fixed determination to escape. The prospect of drowning, starvation, death in the swamps — all seemed lesser evils than that of surrender.

As day dawned, I found myself in a point of swamp that enters the suburbs of Plymouth, and not forty yards from one of the forts. The sun came out bright and warm, proving a most cheering visitant, and giving me back a good portion of the strength of which I had been deprived before. Its light showed me the town swarming with soldiers and sailors, who moved about excitedly, as if angry at some sudden shock. It was a source of satisfaction to me to know that I had pulled the



THE WRECK OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

surmounted the boom of logs, and to judge accurately the distance in order to stop the boat's headway at the right point; that the spar must then be lowered with the same precision of judgment; that the detaching laniard must then be pulled firmly, but without a jerk; that, finally, the position of the torpedo under the knuckle of the ram must be calculated to a nicety, and that by a very gentle strain on a line some twenty-five or thirty feet long the trigger-pin must be withdrawn. When it is reflected that Cushing had attached to his person four separate lines, viz., the detaching laniard, the trigger-line, and two lines to direct the movements of the boat, one of which was fastened to the wrist and the other to the ankle of the engineer; that he was also directing the adjustment of the spar by the halliard; that the management of all these lines, requiring as much exactness and delicacy of touch as a surgical operation, where a single error in their employment, even a pull too much or too little, would render the whole expedition abortive, was carried out under a fire of musketry so hot that several bullets passed through his clothing and directly in front of the muzzle of a 100-pounder rifle, and carried out with perfect success, it is safe to say that the naval history of the world affords no other example of such marvelous coolness and professional skill as that shown by Cushing in the destruction of the *Albemarle*. — J. R. SOLEY.

* Samuel Higgins, fireman.

wire that set all these figures moving (in a manner quite as interesting as the best of theatricals), but as I had no desire of being discovered by any of the rebs who were so plentiful around me, I did not long remain a spectator. My first object was to get into a dry fringe of rushes that edged the swamp; but to do this required me to pass over thirty or forty feet of open ground, right under the eye of the sentinel who walked the parapet.

Watching until he turned for a moment, I made a dash to cross the space, but was only half-way over when he turned, and forced me to drop down right between two paths, and almost entirely unshielded. Perhaps I was unobserved because of the mud that covered me, and made me blend in with the earth; at all events the soldier continued his tramp for some time, while I, flat on my back, awaited another chance for action. Soon a party of four men came down the path at my right, two of them being officers, and passed so close to me as almost to tread upon my arm. They were conversing upon the events of the previous night, and were wondering "how it was done," entirely unconscious of the presence of one who could give them the information. This proved to me the necessity of regaining the swamp, which I did by sinking my heels and elbows into the earth and forcing my body, inch by inch, towards it. For five hours then, with bare feet, head, and hands, I made my way where I venture to say none ever did before, until I came at last to a clear place, where I might rest upon solid ground. The cypress swamp was a network of thorns and briers, that cut into the flesh at every step like knives, and frequently, when the soft mire would not bear my weight, I was forced to throw my body upon it at length, and haul it along by the arms. Hands and feet were raw when I reached the clearing, and yet my difficulties were but commenced. A working-party of soldiers was in the opening, engaged in sinking some schooners in the river to obstruct the channel. I passed twenty yards in their rear through a corn furrow, and gained some woods below. Here I encountered a negro, and after serving out to him twenty dollars in greenbacks and some texts of Scripture (two powerful arguments with an old darky), I had confidence enough in his fidelity to send him into town for news of the ram.

When he returned, and there was no longer doubt that she had gone down, I went on again, and plunged into a swamp so thick that I had only the sun for a guide and could not see ten feet in advance. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I came out from the dense mass of reeds upon the bank of one of the deep, narrow streams that abound there, and right opposite to the only road in the vicinity. It seemed providential that I should come just there, for, thirty yards above or below, I never should have seen the road, and might have struggled on until worn out and starved — found a never-to-be-discovered grave. As it was, my fortune had led me to where a picket party of seven soldiers were posted, having a little flat-bottomed, square-ended skiff toggled to the root of a cypress-tree that squirmed like a snake into the inky water. Watching them until they went back a few yards to eat, I crept into the stream and swam over, keeping the big tree between myself and them, and making for the skiff.

Gaining the bank, I quietly cast loose the boat and floated behind it some thirty yards around the first bend, where I got in and paddled away as only a man could where liberty was at stake.

Hour after hour I paddled, never ceasing for a moment, first on one side, then on the other, while sunshine passed into twilight and that was swallowed up in thick darkness, only relieved by the few faint star rays that penetrated the heavy swamp curtain on either side. At last I reached the mouth of the Roanoke, and found the open sound before me.

My frail boat could not have lived a moment in the ordinary sea there, but it chanced to be very calm, leaving only a slight swell, which was, however, sufficient to influence my boat, so that I was forced to paddle all upon one side to keep her on the intended course.

After steering by a star for perhaps two hours for where I thought the fleet might be, I at length discovered one of the vessels, and after a long time got within hail. My "Ship ahoy!" was given with the last of my strength, and I fell powerless, with a splash, into the water in the bottom of my boat, and awaited results. I had paddled every minute for ten successive hours, and for four my body had been "asleep," with the exception of my two arms and brain. The picket vessel, *Valley City*,— for it was she,— upon hearing the hail at once slipped her cable and got under way, at the same time lowering boats and taking precaution against torpedoes.

It was some time before they would pick me up, being convinced that I was the rebel conductor of an infernal machine, and that Lieutenant Cushing had died the night before.

At last I was on board, had imbibed a little brandy and water, and was on my way to the flag-ship, commanded by Commander Macomb.

As soon as it became known that I had returned, rockets were thrown up and all hands

called to cheer ship; and when I announced success, all the commanding officers were summoned on board to deliberate upon a plan of attack.

In the morning I was again well in every way, with the exception of hands and feet, and had the pleasure of exchanging shots with the batteries that I had inspected on the day previous.

I was sent in the *Valley City* to report to Admiral Porter at Hampton Roads, and soon after Plymouth and the whole district of the Albemarle, deprived of the iron-clad's protection, fell an easy prey to Commander Macomb and our fleet.*

I again received the congratulations of the Navy Department, and the thanks of Congress, and was also promoted to the grade of Lieutenant-Commander.

Engineer-in-Chief William W. W. Wood, of the United States Navy, in describing the construction and fitting out of the launch with which Captain Cushing blew up the *Albemarle*, says:

When I was on duty in New York in connection with the construction of the iron-clad fleet and other vessels, I was also engaged in devising means to destroy the Confederate iron-clads, and to remove the harbor obstructions improvised by the Southerners to prevent access of our vessels to the harbors and approaches in Southern waters.

About this time experiment had developed the feasibility of using torpedoes from the bows of ordinary steam-launches, and there had been already two such launches constructed, which were then lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, N. Y., having torpedoes fitted to them.

While sitting at my desk at the iron-clad office in Canal street, New York (the office of Rear-Admiral F. H. Gregory, the general superintendent), a young man (a mere youth) came in and made himself known as Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, United States Navy.

He stated to me, in strict confidence, that he was North on a secret mission, under the sanction of the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, the object being to cut out or destroy the rebel iron-clad ram *Albemarle*, then lying at Plymouth, N. C., and he had been looking for small and swift low-pressure tug-boats for the purpose of throwing a force on board, capturing, and cutting her out, and that, should he fail in this object, to destroy her; that so far he had been unable to find just such vessels as he required; and, further, he had been at the Navy Yard and there saw a steam-launch being fitted with a torpedo, and had called on me to make inquiry as to what was designed to be accomplished by its use, etc.

I gave him all the particulars and urged him to avail himself of the opportunity presented, which he without hesitation did. He sat down at my desk and wrote to the Secretary, stating that he had found what he desired for his purpose, and requested an order from the Department to be furnished with two of the torpedo boats or launches; and in going out said: "I will visit my mother at Fredonia, N. Y., and when they are ready inform me, and I will come down and learn how to use this thing."

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* Lieutenant Cushing reached the *Valley City* about midnight on the night of October 28–29, and announced the destruction of the *Albemarle*. On the next day, the 29th, at 11.15 A. M., Commander Macomb got under way, and his fleet proceeded up the Roanoke River in the following order: *Commodore Hull*, *Shamrock* (flag-ship), *Chicopee*, *Otsego*, *Wyalusing*, and *Tacony*; the *Valley City* being sent at the same time up Middle River, which joined the Roanoke above Plymouth, to intercept any vessels coming out with stores. Upon the arrival of the fleet at the wreck of the *Southfield*, after exchanging shots with the lower batteries, it was found that the enemy had effectually obstructed the channel by sinking schooners alongside of the wreck, and the expedition was therefore compelled to return. The *Valley City*, hearing the firing cease, concluded that Plymouth had been captured, and continuing her course up Middle River reached the Roanoke; but on approaching the enemy's works, and learning her mistake, she withdrew as she had come. It was upon her course up Middle River, shortly after noon, that the *Valley City* picked up Houghton, the only member of the crew of the picket-boat, beside Cushing, who escaped death or capture. He had swum across the river, and had remained hidden for thirty-six hours in the swamp that separates the two streams.

On the next day, Commander Macomb, having ascertained from the experience of the *Valley City* that Middle River offered a clear passage, determined to approach Plymouth by that route. The fleet was preceded by the tug *Bazley*, with Pilot Alfred Everett, of the *Wyalusing*, on board. Following the *Bazley* were the *Shamrock*, *Otsego*, *Wyalusing*, *Tacony*, and *Commodore Hull*. The *Valley City* had been detailed to take Lieutenant Cushing to Hampton Roads, and the *Chicopee* had gone to New Berne for repairs. The expedition threaded successfully the channel, shelling Plymouth across the woods on the intervening neck of land on its way up, until it reached the head of Middle River and passed into the Roanoke, where it lay all night.

At 9.30 on the morning of the 31st of October the line was formed, the *Commodore Hull* being placed in advance, as her ferry-boat construction enabled her to fire ahead. The *Whitehead*, which had arrived with stores just before the attack, was lashed to the *Tacony*, and the tugs *Bazley* and *Belle* to the *Shamrock* and *Otsego*, to afford motive power in case of accident to the machinery. Signal was made to "Go ahead fast," and soon after 11 the fleet was hotly engaged with the batteries on shore, which were supported by musketry from rifle-pits and houses. After a spirited action of an hour at short range, receiving and returning a sharp fire of shell, grape, and canister, the *Shamrock* planted a shell in the enemy's magazine, which blew up, and the Confederates hastily abandoned their works. A landing-party was at once sent ashore and occupied the batteries, capturing the last of the retreating garrison. In a short time Plymouth was entirely in possession of the Union forces. Twenty-two cannon were captured, with a large quantity of small-arms, stores, and ammunition. The casualties on the Union side were six killed and nine wounded.

The vessels engaged were as follows: DOUBLE-ENDERS: *Shamrock*, Commander W. H. Macomb, commanding division, Lieutenant Rufus K. Duer, executive officer; *Otsego*, Lieutenant-Commander H. N. T. Arnold; *Wyalusing*, Lieutenant-Commander Earl English; *Tacony*, Lieutenant-Commander W. T. Truxtun. FERRY-BOAT: *Commodore Hull*, Acting-Master Francis Josselyn. GUN-BOAT: *Whitehead*, Acting-Master G. W. Barrett. TUGS: *Belle*, Acting-Master James G. Green; *Bazley*, Acting-Master Mark D. Ames. *The Chicopee*, Commander A. D. Harrell, and *Valley City*, Acting-Master J. A. J. Brooks, as already stated, were not present at the second and final demonstration.—J. R. SOLEY.

I did so. Lieutenant Cushing came to New York, the launch was taken out into the North River, and one or more torpedo shells exploded by Lieutenant Cushing himself.

We stopped at the same hotel (the old United States, corner of Pearl and Fulton streets) until his departure, where I became well acquainted with this gallant and brave officer, and discussed frequently the resources of the torpedo steam-launches.

I was not disappointed when, a short time afterwards, Barry, the clerk of the hotel, told me one morning on my making my appearance that "Cushing had done the work," and handed me the morning paper containing Cushing's report to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy.

The dimensions of these two launches were as follows: 45 to 47 feet long; 9 feet 6 inches beam, and carried a howitzer forward. Draught of water, about 40 to 42 inches.*

Cushing's visit to his mother, referred to by Engineer-in-Chief Wood, is thus described by Mrs. Cushing:

Well do I remember that dreary day in the fall of 1864 when Will, home on a brief visit, invited me to ride with him over the Arkwright hills; the only time I was there, but in memory forever associated with the destruction of the *Albemarle*. It was a dark, cloudy day, and looked lonely; but where no one could hear or see us Will said to me, "Mother, I have undertaken a great project, and no soul must know until it is accomplished. I *must* tell you, for I need your prayers." He then informed me that the Navy Department had commissioned him to destroy the rebel ram *Albemarle*. How, when, and where, he told me all particulars, while I tried to still the beatings of my heart and listen in silence. At last I said, "My son, I believe you will accomplish it, but you *cannot* come out alive. Why did they call upon you to do this?" I felt that it was asking too much. "Mother, it shall be done or you will have no son Will. If I die, it will be in a good cause." After that I spoke only words of encouragement, but, oh! those days of suspense, shared by no one, every hour an age of agony, until from my son Howard came the glad telegram, "William is safe and successful."

NOTE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

BY HER CAPTAIN, A. F. WARLEY, C. S. N.

WHEN I took command of the Confederate States iron-clad *Albemarle*, I found her made fast to the river bank nearly abreast of the town of Plymouth. She was surrounded by a cordon of single cypress logs chained together, about ten feet from her side.

I soon found why the very able officer whom I succeeded (Captain J. N. Maffitt) was willing to give up the command. There was no reason why the place might not be recaptured any day: the guns commanding the river were in no condition for use, and the troops in charge of them were worn down by ague, and were undrilled and worthless.

On the other side of the river, at pistol range, was a low island heavily timbered, and said to be almost impenetrable. As it fully commanded our position, I sent an active officer with a few hardy men to "explore it." His report on his return showed that we were under constant espionage. Acting on this information the same officer (Mr. Long), with ten men, ambuscaded and captured a Federal man-of-war boat, and for the time being put a stop to the spy system.

When I had been about a month at Plymouth the troops were relieved by a new set. On the day of their arrival I heard of a steam-launch having been seen in the river, and I informed the officer in command of the fact, and at the same time told him that the safety of the place depended on the *Albemarle*, and the safety of the *Albemarle* depended on the watchfulness of his pickets.

The crew of the *Albemarle* numbered but sixty, too small a force to allow me to keep an armed watch on deck at night and to do outside picketing besides. Moreover, to break the monotony of the life and keep

* The two "picket-boats," as they were officially designated, were delivered completely fitted to Lieutenant Cushing, in New York, on the 20th of September, by Admiral F. H. Gregory, Superintendent of Construction, with orders to send them directly to Hampton Roads by way of the canals. Cushing, not having any desire to make a canal voyage in an open launch, had obtained permission to proceed by land. Picket-boat No. 1 was under the command of Acting Ensign William L. Howarth, and No. 2 under Acting Ensign Andrew Stockholm. The two boats left New York on the 22d. Both of them struck on the rocks near Bergen Point, N. J., and remained there sunk for some hours. They arrived on the 25th, badly damaged, at New Brunswick, where they were repaired. No. 2 sank again in the canal, and was again repaired in Philadelphia, where the boats arrived on the 28th. Leaving Philadelphia, they reached Baltimore in safety; and after having been inspected by Cushing, they resumed their voyage on the 4th of October down Chesapeake Bay.

Soon after leaving Baltimore, No. 1's engine broke down, and she was towed into Annapolis by No. 2 on the 5th. Leaving Annapolis the next day in a heavy sea, the boats worked over first to one shore and then to the other. Presently the machinery of No. 2 was disabled, and she put into Great Wicomico Bay for repairs. Howarth's anxiety to reach Fort Monroe led him to press on, leaving his consort to follow as soon as possible. On the 8th, however, when the repairs had been completed, and just as Stockholm was about to get away, he was attacked by guerrillas. In trying to get out into the open water the boat unfortunately grounded; and Stockholm, after using up his ammunition, set her on fire and surrendered. The prisoners were sent to Richmond, but were soon after paroled, and Stockholm on his return was dismissed. No. 1 arrived safely at her destination, and was used by Cushing in the expedition against the *Albemarle*. The list of officers and men on board Picket-boat No. 1, on the expedition of October 27, 1864, with the vessels to which they were officially attached, was as follows: Lieutenant William B. Cushing, commanding, *Monticello;* Acting Assistant Paymaster Francis H. Swan, *Otsego;* Acting Ensign William L. Howarth, *Monticello;* Acting Master's Mate John Woodman, *Commodore Hull;* Acting Master's Mate Thomas S. Gay, *Otsego;* Acting Third Assistant Engineer William Stotesbury, Picket-boat; Acting Third Assistant Engineer Charles L. Steever, *Otsego;* Samuel Higgins, first-class fireman, Picket-boat; Richard Hamilton, coal-heaver, *Shamrock;* William Smith, ordinary seaman, *Chicopee;* Bernard Harley, ordinary seaman, *Chicopee;* Edward J. Houghton, ordinary seaman, *Chicopee;* Lorenzo Deming, landsman, Picket-boat; Henry Wilkes, landsman, Picket-boat; Robert H. King, landsman, Picket-boat. Cushing and Howarth, together with those designated as attached to the "Picket-boat," were the original seven who brought the boat down from New York. Cushing and Houghton escaped, Woodman and Higgins were drowned, and the remaining eleven were captured.

down ague, I had always out an expedition of ten men, who were uniformly successful in doing a fair amount of damage to the enemy. All were anxious to be on these expeditions and to keep out of the hospital.

The officer in command of the troops was inclined to give me all assistance, and sent a picket of twenty-five men under a lieutenant; they were furnished with rockets and had a field-piece. This picket was stationed on board of a schooner about gun-shot below the *Albemarle*, where an attempt was being made to raise a vessel (the *Southfield*) sunk at the time of Commander Cooke's dash down the river. Yet on the night of the 27th of October Cushing's steam-launch ran quietly alongside of the schooner unobserved by the picket, without a sound or signal, and then steamed up to the *Albemarle*.

It was about 3 A. M. The night was dark and slightly rainy, and the launch was close to us when we hailed and the alarm was given — so close that the gun could not be depressed enough to reach her; so the crew were sent in the shield with muskets, and kept up a heavy fire on the launch as she slowly forced her way over the chain of logs and ranged by us within a few feet. As she reached the bow of the *Albemarle* I heard a report as of an unshotted gun, and a piece of wood fell at my feet. Calling the carpenter, I told him a torpedo had been exploded, and ordered him to examine and report to me, saying nothing to any one else. He soon reported "a hole in her bottom big enough to drive a wagon in."

By this time I heard voices from the launch — "We surrender," etc., etc., etc. I stopped our fire and sent out Mr. Long, who brought back all those who had been in the launch except the gallant captain and three of her crew, all of whom took to the water.

Having seen to their safety, I turned my attention to the *Albemarle* and found her resting on the bottom in eight feet of water, her upper works above water. The very men who had destroyed her had no idea of their success, for I heard one say to another, "We did our best, but there the d——d old thing is yet."

That is the way the *Albemarle* was destroyed, and a more gallant thing was not done during the war. After her destruction, failing to convince the officer in command of the troops that he could not hold the place, I did my best to help defend it. Half of my crew went down and obstructed the river by sinking the schooner at the wreck, and with the other half I had two 8-inch guns commanding the upper river put in serviceable order, relaid platforms, fished out tackles from the *Albemarle*, got a few shells, etc., and waited. I did not have to wait long. The fleet steamed up to the obstructions, fired a few shells over the town, steamed down again, and early next morning rounding the island were in the river and opened fire.

The two 8-inch guns worked by Mr. Long and Mr. Shelley did their duty, and I think did all that was done in the defense of Plymouth. The fire of the fleet was concentrated on us, and one at least of the steamers was so near that I could hear the orders given to elevate or depress the guns. When I felt that by hanging on I could only sacrifice my men and achieve nothing, I ordered our guns spiked and the men sent round to the road by a ravine.

The crew left me by Captain Maffitt were good and true men, and stuck by me to the last. If any failed in his duty, I never heard of it; and if any of them still live, I send them a hearty "God bless you!"

A NOTE OF PEACE.

REUNIONS OF "THE BLUE AND THE GRAY."

ALTHOUGH the horrors of war are the more conspicuous where the conflict is between brothers and the struggle is a long and desperate one, the evidences are numerous that, underneath the passion and bitterness of our civil war, there were counter currents of kindly feeling, a spirit of genuine friendliness pervading the opposing camps. This friendliness was something deeper than the expression of mere human instinct; the combatants felt that they were indeed brothers. Acts of kindness to wounded enemies began to be noted at Bull Run, while in every campaign useless picket firing was almost uniformly discountenanced, and the men shook hands at the outposts and talked confidingly of their private affairs and their trials and hardships in the army. This feeling, confined, perhaps, to men on the very front line, culminated at Appomattox, where the victors shared rations with their late antagonists and generously offered them help in repairing the wastes of battle. When the Union veteran returned to the North he did not disguise his faith in the good intentions of the Southern fighting man, and for a number of years after peace was made, the process of fraternization went quietly forward. The business relations of the sections and the interchange of settlers brought into close communication the rank and file of both armies, and the spirit of goodwill that had been manifested in a manner so unique at the front was found to be a hearty and general sentiment.

Out of this state of things was developed, naturally, a series of formal meetings of veterans of the Blue and the Gray. The earliest reunions of which I find record were held in 1881 (the year of the Yorktown Centennial and of Garfield's death). The first was a meeting of Captain Colwell Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and the ex-Confederates of Luray Valley, Virginia. The Southern veterans appointed special committees to welcome the comrades of the Carlisle

post to the soil of Virginia, and received them accordingly on the 21st of July. In September following, the post, in turn, invited the Southerners to visit Carlisle, and greeted them with a public reception. The meeting was held on the Fair Ground, in the presence of a large assemblage, and Governor Henry M. Hoyt welcomed the Virginians; General James A. Beaver and Grand Army Posts 58 and 116, of Harrisburg, took part in the reunion.

In October of that year, the members of Aaron Wilkes Post, of Trenton, New Jersey, on their journey to the Yorktown Centennial celebration, visited Richmond, and were entertained in a fraternal manner by the Veteran Association of the Old 1st Virginia regiment and by other ex-Confederates. In each case, at Luray and at Richmond, the meeting was brought about by overtures on the part of the Northern veterans. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, at Richmond, was formed soon after this visit of Aaron Wilkes Post. The list of the more prominent formal reunions includes the following:

1881.— July 21, Luray, Virginia. Participants: Captain Colwell Post, G. A. R., of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and ex-Confederates of the Valley of Virginia.

1881.— September 28, Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The same organizations participating.

1881.— October 17 and 18, Richmond. Aaron Wilkes Post, G. A. R., of Trenton, New Jersey, and the Veteran Association of the Old 1st Virginia Infantry, Otey Battery, and Richmond Howitzers, of Richmond.

1882.—April 12 and 13, Trenton. Return visit of the Richmond ex-Confederates.

1882.— October, Gettysburg. Officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac and of the Army of Northern Virginia. The exercises extended over three days, and among the participants were Generals Sickles, Crawford, and Stannard, of the Union side, and Generals Forney, Trimble, and others, of the Confederate Army.

1883.— October 15–18, Richmond. Lincoln Post, G. A. R., of Newark, New Jersey, Phil Kearny Post, G. A. R., of Richmond, and Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans.

1884.— May 30, Fredericksburg, Virginia. Union Veteran Corps, Washington Continentals, and George G. Meade Post, G. A. R., of Washington, D. C., and Lee Camp, C. V., of Richmond, and Maury Camp, C. V., of Fredericksburg. Among the participants were Generals Rosecrans, Slocum, Newton, Doubleday, and Roy Stone, and Colonel H. W. Jackson of the Union side, and General Longstreet, Colonels W. C. Oates, and Hilary A. Herbert, and Captain Robert E. Lee of the Confederates.

1884.— June 17, Newark, New Jersey. Return visit of Phil Kearny Post and Lee Camp, of Richmond, to Lincoln Post, of Newark.

1885.— May 7 and 8, Baltimore. Society of the Army of the Potomac, and Lee Camp, of Richmond.

1885.— May 20, Richmond. Aaron Wilkes Post, of Trenton, and Lee Camp. Dedication of the Richmond Home for ex-Confederates, and Memorial Exercises at Hollywood Cemetery.

1885.— May 30, Annapolis, Maryland. Meade Post, G. A. R., and other Union veterans, and the ex-Confederates of Annapolis. Memorial Day reunion.

1885.— July 4, Auburn, New York. Seward Post, G. A. R., of Auburn, and Lee Camp.

1885.— October 19, Richmond. The same.

1885.— October 22, 23, and 24, Owensboro, Kentucky. "Ex-Federal and Ex-Confederate" Soldiers' Association, of Davis County, Kentucky, and Union veterans and ex-Confederates of the West.

1886.— July 3, Gettysburg. Cavalry Reunion on the field of the battle of July 3, 1863, between Stuart and Gregg. Generals D. McM. Gregg, Wade Hampton, J. B. McIntosh were present, also Major H. B. McClellan, of Stuart's staff.

1886.— October 12, 13, and 14, Richmond. Lee Camp, and John A. Andrew Post, G. A. R., of Boston.

1887.— June 9, Staunton, Virginia. Confederate Memorial Exercises conducted jointly by the Blue and the Gray; Generals W. W. Averell, Fitzhugh Lee, and John D. Imboden took part in the ceremonies.

1887.— June 16, 17, 18, and 19, Boston, Massachusetts. John A. Andrew Post, of Boston, and Lee Camp. The Southern veterans took part in the ceremonies at the Bunker Hill anniversary on the 17th, and in the evening attended a banquet at Faneuil Hall, where the State shield of Virginia was displayed beside that of Massachusetts. Among those present were Governor Oliver Ames, Senator George F. Hoar, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Colonel Henry O. Kent, of Massachusetts, and John Goode, George D. Wise, and Major N. B. Randolph, of Virginia.

1887.— June 18, Lynn, Massachusetts. General Lander Post, G. A. R., of Lynn, John A. Andrew Post, and Lee Camp.

1887.— July 3, Gettysburg. Pickett's Division Association and the Philadelphia Brigade. A large number of veterans of both armies accompanied these organizations and took part in the memorial meeting.

1887.— September 14, Mexico, Missouri. Reunion of ex-Confederates of Missouri, participated in by Union veterans and local posts of the Grand Army.

1887.— September 15, 16, and 17, Antietam Battlefield, Maryland. Antietam Post, G. A. R., of Sharpsburg, Maryland, U. S. Grant Post, of Harper's Ferry, the Veteran Association of the 50th New York Volunteers, and Confederate veterans of Maryland and Virginia.

1887.— September 27, Evansville, Indiana. Veterans of both armies under a general invitation from a national committee, headed by General James M. Shackleford. Letters of indorsement breathing the spirit of fraternity were sent by Generals John B. Gordon, James Longstreet, and Basil W. Duke.

1887.— October 11, Kenesaw Mountain Battle-field, Georgia. Excursion and reunion of Confederate and Union veterans.

The meetings here enumerated, with two or three exceptions, were devoted mainly to the interchange of social courtesies. On other noteworthy occasions the Southerners have extended less formal attentions to Northern

veterans while visiting the old battle-fields, particularly at Pea Ridge, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Petersburg, Antietam, Ball's Bluff, and the region around Richmond. One of the practical results of the personal acquaintanceship that sprung up at these reunions was the coöperation of the Grand Army of the Republic with the Confederate Veterans in raising funds to erect a home for disabled Southern soldiers at Richmond. The movement to establish the home originated with Lee Camp, and was promptly indorsed by the Grand Army posts of Virginia.

In March, 1884, J. F. Berry, of Phil Kearny Post, and A. A. Spitzer, of Lee Camp, Richmond, visited New York to confer with members of the Grand Army, and a meeting was held on the 19th at the St. James Hotel, resulting in the creation of a joint committee with General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, as chairman, and General James R. O'Beirne, of Farragut Post, G. A. R., of New York, as vice-chairman. Acting on the suggestion of the ex-Confederate members, the committee published a call for a mass meeting to be held at Cooper Institute, April 9, the anniversary of Lee's surrender, and General Grant was called upon to preside. His response to the invitation was as follows:

WASHINGTON, April 3, 1884.

GENERAL J. B. GORDON, *Chairman Central Committee, New York:*

Your letter of March 31, informing me that I had been chosen to preside at a meeting of the different posts of the G. A. R. and ex-Confederates in the city of New York, is received.

The object of the meeting is to inaugurate, under the auspices of soldiers of both armies, a movement in behalf of a fund to build a home for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers.

I am in hearty sympathy with the movement, and would be glad to accept the position of presiding officer, if I were able to do so. You may rely on me, however, for rendering all aid I can in carrying out the designs of the meeting.

I am here under treatment for the injury I received on Christmas Eve last, and will not be able to leave here until later than the 9th, and cannot tell now how soon or when I shall be able to go.

I have received this morning your dispatch of last evening urging that I must be there to preside, but I have to respond to that, that it will be impossible for me to be there on the 9th, and I cannot now fix a day when I could certainly be present.

Hoping that your meeting will insure success, and promising my support financially and otherwise to the movement, I am, very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

Following this mass meeting a fund of several thousand dollars was raised by local committees of the G. A. R. posts of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and elsewhere. Literary and dramatic entertainments were given in aid of the fund. The first of these took place on the 30th of April, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. At that date General Grant had returned to his home in Sixty-sixth street, though he was still suffering from the injuries referred to in his letter to General Gordon. He wrote to the committee of Grand Army veterans that he was physically unable to attend the entertainment, inclosed a check for $50, and indorsed their action.

The record here presented is not the whole story of the work that has been done since the war closed. The spirit that moved Lincoln to say in his last inaugural, "With malice toward none," has continued its holy influence. That which must appear to the world at large a startling anomaly, is in truth the simple principle of good-will unfolding itself under favorable conditions. The war, that is, the actual encounter on the field, taught the participants the dignity of American character. On the occasion of the reception of Lee Camp by the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Baltimore, in 1885, General H. W. Slocum said to the assembled veterans: "This incident that occurred here to-day proves the truth of the old saying that there is nothing so makes men respect one another as standing up in the ranks and firing at one another." In closing his remarks the same speaker gave the key-note to this whole matter of the fraternization of former foes, from the point of view of a Unionist. The words were these: "The men of those armies [Union and Confederate] respected one another, and when General Grant said to General Lee, 'when your men go home they can take their horses to work their little farms,' he spoke the sentiments of every man in the army." The propriety of such declarations can hardly be questioned, and the Northern promoters of reunions of "The Blue and the Gray" are pursuing the course marked out by Grant, and they may, in sincerity, point to him as their leader and exemplar.* On the other hand, the sympathy of the ex-Confederates with the sufferings of General Grant, at the close of his life, and their notable action at the time of his death, may be cited as evidence for the Southerners of the lasting sentiments of good-will they hold toward their former opponents.

George L. Kilmer,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN POST, G. A. R.,
NEW YORK, 1888.

* What will doubtless prove to be the greatest demonstration (up to this date) of the fraternal feelings existing among veterans, is the meeting of the survivors of the Army of the Potomac with the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, at Gettysburg, July 2d, 3d and 4th. This gathering originated in a proposal made by the Third Corps Society, at their reunion in May, 1887, and the matter was taken in charge by the Society of the Army of the Potomac at their reunion in the June following.—G. L. K.

DREAMS, NIGHTMARE, AND SOMNAMBULISM.

EVERAL men and women, most of whom were intellectual and cultivated, were conversing upon some of the more unusual phases of human nature. Various incidents, some of thrilling interest, had been narrated, when a dream was related of such remarkable detail — with which, as it was alleged, subsequent events corresponded — that it seemed as though "it were not all a dream"; and during the remainder of a long evening similar tales were told, until it appeared that all except two or three dreamed frequently. Finally it was proposed to ascertain the opinions of every one present on the subject.

One plainly said that he did not believe in them at all. When he was suffering from indigestion, or was overtired, or had a great deal on his mind, he dreamed; and when he was well and not overworked, he did not, and "that is all there is in it." But he added that there was one which he could never quite understand, and gave an account of a dream which his brother had had about the wrecking of a steamer. This caused him not to take passage on it, and the vessel was lost, and every person in the cabin was either seriously injured or drowned. At this a lady said that she had been in the habit of dreaming all her life, and nearly everything good or bad that had happened to her had been foreshadowed in dreams.

It was soon apparent that three out of four did not believe dreams to be supernatural, or preternatural, or that they have any connection with the events by which they are followed; but nearly every one had had a dream or had been the subject of one; or his mother, or grandmother, or some other relative or near friend, had in dreams seen things which seemed to have been shadows of coming events.

One person affirmed that he had never dreamed: he was either awake or asleep when he was in bed; and if he were asleep, he knew nothing from the time he closed his eyes until he awoke.

Some expressed the belief that minds influence each other in dreams, and thus knowledge is communicated which could never have been obtained by natural means. One gentleman thought that in this way the spirits of the dead frequently communicate with the living; and another, a very devout Christian, suggested that in ancient times God spoke to his people in dreams, and warned them; and for his part he could see no good reason why a method which the Deity employed then should not be used now. At all events, he had no sympathy with those who were disposed to speak slightingly of dreams, and say that there is nothing in them; he considered it but a symptom of the skeptical spirit that is destroying religion. Whereupon a lady said that this was her opinion too, and, turning to one of those who had stoutly ridiculed dreams, said, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

THE HISTORY AND PHENOMENA OF DREAMS.

IN this paper, by *dreams* is meant the visions which occur in natural sleep; by *nightmare*, a dream unusually intense, involving a terrifying sense of danger and a physical condition to be more fully described; and by *somnambulism*, talking, walking, or performing other actions under the influence of a dream attending natural sleep.

Dreams are frequently spoken of, and in almost every possible aspect, by the oldest books of the world. In the Bible, God speaks in a dream to Jacob about the increase of the cattle, and warns Laban not to obstruct Jacob's departure. The dreams of Joseph, unsurpassed even from a literary point of view, and of Pharaoh, with a history of their fulfillment, occupy a large part of the first book. The dream of Solomon and the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar, the warning of Joseph to take the young Child into Egypt, are parts of the history of the Christian religion. These being attributed to supernatural influence can reflect no light upon ordinary phenomena.

But the Bible itself distinguishes between natural dreams and such as these. It states very clearly the characteristics of dreams. The hypocrite "shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found: yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night." David says, "As a dream when one awaketh," the Lord shall despise the image of the proud. Solomon speaks of the character of dreams thus: "For in the multitude of dreams and many words there are also divers vanities"; of their general causes he says, "For a dream cometh through the multitude of business."

Cicero says that men of greatest wisdom among the Romans did not think it beneath them to heed the warnings of important dreams, and affirms that in his time the senate ordered Lucius Junius to erect a temple to Juno Sospita, in compliance with a dream seen by Cecilia. Scipio's dream, philosophical, imaginative, grand, published in the works of Cicero, called the most beautiful thing of the kind ever written, has from its origin until now been the subject of discussion as to whether it was composed by Cicero for a purpose or is the veritable account of a dream.

Almost all the great characters described by Herodotus believed that dreams were of supernatural origin. Kings resigned their scepters; Cambyses assassinated his brother; priests attained great power as commanders; cities which had been destroyed were restored by men who changed their plans and performed these acts because warned, as they supposed, in dreams; and with the invasion of Greece by Xerxes such night visions had much to do. Plato and Socrates believed in dreams, and even Aristotle admitted that they might have a supernatural origin.

There are persons who affirm that they have never dreamed. It is obvious that all to which they can testify is that they have never remembered a dream. Their evidence is therefore untrustworthy as to the fact of dreaming; for it is known that the recollections of dreams, as a general rule, are very imperfect. Countless details have fled away; the scenes have been inextricably interwoven with each other. A dreamer may be confident that he has dreamed hundreds of dreams, during any given night, and yet not be able to recall with distinctness more than one or two. Besides, observation of some persons who declare that they never dream has demonstrated the contrary; for not only have they moved in ways which indicated that they were dreaming, but talked, and even responded to questions.

Upon only one phase of the subject is there substantial agreement among investigators, and that is upon the general characteristics of dreams. Time and space are annihilated, and all true estimates confounded. As a rule, to which there are occasional exceptions, nothing appears strange, and the impressions which would be made by similar events in the waking state are not made; or, if at all, so slightly as not to produce their customary effects. Identity being often lost, no surprise is produced by a change of sex, age, name, country, or occupation. A young lady dreamed of seeing herself in her coffin, of listening to the observations of the mourners, and was not astonished to find herself dead, nor, that being dead, she could hear. She was not even surprised when the funeral services closed without the coffin lid being shut down; nor when, in a very short time, she dreamed of being alive and engaged in her usual pursuits.

But the moment we pass beyond general statements of this character, opinions the most incongruous and even contradictory are held, and strenuously advocated by representative writers in every profession.*

Nightmare is something so terrible that its very name attributes its origin to the devil. The meaning of "mare" is an incubus, as of a spirit which torments persons in sleep. In nightmare the mind is conscious of an impossibility of motion, speech, or respiration, with a dreadful sense of pressure across the chest, and an awful vision of impending danger. The victim sometimes realizes his peril, gathers all his forces, struggles vainly, and endeavors to shout for help. At last, by a desperate effort, he succeeds in screaming. If then some friendly touch or voice awaken him, the vision flees, and he is left stertorously breathing, perspiring, and more tired than if he had broken stone or worked in a tread-mill for as many hours as the nightmare lasted minutes. If he be not aroused, he may be awakened by his own screams; otherwise the incubus may not depart for a considerable period, which, though short in actual time, seems like ages to him.

A young man under the writer's care was subject to attacks so harrowing that it was excruciating to be in the room with him during the paroxysm. Sometimes after he was awakened the terrifying vision would not wholly fade away for three-quarters of an hour or more, during which his shrieks and groans and appeals to God and the unutterable expression of agony upon his face were terrible. In the city of Philadelphia, but a few months since, a lad, having been exceptionally healthy

*Those who desire to see the opinions of leading writers, ancient and modern, down to the year 1865, and have not time to consult them in their own works, may find in Seafield's "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams" a very extensive collection. This work has been criticised within a year or so as containing a large amount of valuable but *undigested* information. The criticism is not just, for it does not profess to have digested, but to present all for the digestion of others. The author expressly declares that he has "foregone such chances of greater credit and importance, as would have been open to him if he had seemed to claim the whole as original, by incorporating the several theories and anecdotes with textual commentary of his own."

More recent investigations of great presumptive importance have introduced an immense amount of new matter into the literature and considerable into the "curiosities" of dreams, or at least of dream investigations. I have found that some of the passages quoted by Seafield, read in their original setting, or compared with all the authors have said, require important modifications, if taken as expressions of mature opinion.

from birth, was attacked with nightmare when fourteen years old. After a few attacks his father slept with him for the purpose of awakening him if there should be occasion. One night the father was startled by the voice of his boy calling in terrified tones, "Pop! Pop! I am afraid!" He felt the hand of his son nervously clutching his wrist. Then the boy fainted, and died instantly. The post-mortem examination showed a large clot of blood about the heart, caused by paralysis due to fear. There is reason to believe that such instances are numerous enough to make nightmare worthy of serious medical investigation.

In nightmare, as A. Brierre de Boismont shows, the incubus takes different forms. Sometimes the subject fancies he flies in the air. He gives the case of a distinguished writer, whom he had seen in that state, uttering inarticulate sounds — his hair bristling, his countenance full of terror. At such times he would exclaim, "How surprising! I fly like the wind! I pass over mountains and precipices!" For several seconds after awaking he still imagined himself floating in the air. Others skim over the ground, pursued or threatened by dangers.

In childhood and youth, according to the same author, the individual is upon the edge of precipices, about to fall. In later years, robbers are breaking into the house, or the victim supposes himself condemned to death. Occasionally cats, or some other animals or monsters, place themselves upon the stomach. "The weight of this imaginary being stifles, while it freezes the blood with horror." While not every case of nightmare is attended with motion or sound, the reader will observe that nightmare passes into somnambulism when the victim shrieks or leaps from his bed, or makes any motion.

Somnambulism, in its simplest form, is seen when persons talk in their sleep. They are plainly asleep and dreaming; yet the connection, ordinarily broken, between the physical organs and the images passing through the mind is retained or resumed, in whole or in part. It is very common for children to talk more or less in their sleep; also many persons who do not usually do so are liable to mutter if they have overeaten, or are feverish or otherwise ill. Slight movements are very frequent. Many who do not fancy that they have ever exhibited the germs of somnambulism groan, cry out, whisper, move the hand, or foot, or head, plainly in connection with ideas passing through the mind. From these incipient manifestations of no importance somnambulism reaches frightful intensity and almost inconceivable complications.

Somnambulists in this country have recently perpetrated murders, have even killed their own children; they have carried furniture out of houses, wound up clocks, ignited conflagrations. A carpenter not long since arose in the night, went into his shop, and began to file a saw; but the noise of the operation awoke him. The extraordinary feats of somnambulists in ascending to the roofs of houses, threading dangerous places, and doing many other things which they could not have done while awake have often been described, and in many cases made the subject of close investigation. Formerly it was believed by many that if they were not awakened they would in process of time return to their beds, and that there would not be any danger of serious accident happening to them. This has long been proved false. Many have fallen out of windows and been killed; and though some have skirted the brink of danger safely, the number of accidents to sleeping persons is great.

Essays have been written by somnambulists. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon a subject upon which she had not intended to write when awake; and this essay secured for her the prize. The same person, later in life, while asleep selected an obnoxious paper from among several documents, put it in a cup, and set fire to it. She was entirely unaware of the transaction in the morning.

Intellectual work has sometimes been done in ordinary dreams not attended by somnambulism. The composition of the "Kubla Khan" by Coleridge while asleep and of the "Devil's Sonata," by Tartini, are paralleled in a small way frequently. Public speakers often dream out discourses; and there is a clergyman now residing in the western part of New York State who, many years ago, dreamed that he preached a powerful sermon upon a certain topic, and delivered that identical discourse the following Sunday with great effect. But such compositions are not somnambulistic unless accompanied by some outward action at the time.

SEARCHING FOR ANALOGIES.

THREE different views of dreams are possible, and all have been held and strenuously advocated. The first is that the soul is never entirely inactive, and that dream images proceed all the time through the mind when in sleep. Richard Baxter held this view and attempted to prove it by saying, "I never awaked, since I had the use of memory, but I found myself coming out of a dream. And I suppose they that think they dream not, think so because they forget their dreams." Bishop

Newton says that the deepest sleep which possesses the body cannot affect the soul, and attempts to prove it by showing that the impressions are often stronger and the images more lively when we are asleep than when awake. Dr. Watts held the same view, and devoted a great deal of attention to it in his philosophical essays. Sir William Hamilton was inclined to the same belief, because, having had himself waked up on many occasions, he always found that he was engaged in dreaming.

Baxter's theory is an assumption of which no adequate proof can be offered; and Sir William Hamilton's test is inadequate, because an instant of time, even the minute fraction that elapses between the time that a man's name is called or his body touched for the purpose of awaking him and the resumption of consciousness, may be long enough for a dream of the most elaborate character. Sir Henry Holland fell asleep while a friend was reading to him. He heard the first part of a sentence, was awake in the beginning of the next sentence, and during that time had had a dream which would take him a quarter of an hour to write down.

Lord Brougham and others have maintained that we never dream except in a state of transition from sleeping to waking. Sir Benjamin Brodie, in speaking of this, says:

> There is no sufficient proof of this being so; and we have a proof to the contrary in the fact that nothing is more common than for persons to moan, and even talk, in their sleep without awaking from it.

The third theory is that in perfect sleep there is little or no dreaming. This is supported by various considerations. The natural presumption is that the object of sleep is to give rest, and that perfect sleep would imply the cessation of brain action; and it is found that "the more continuous and uninterrupted is our dreaming, the less refreshing is our sleep." Recent experiments of great interest appear to confirm this view. The effect of stimuli, whether of sound, touch, smell, sight, or hearing, in modifying the dreams without awaking the sleeper — or in awaking him — all point in the same direction; and though there is always some sense of time when awaking, which proves that the mind has to some extent been occupied, in the soundest sleep, it is so slight as to seem as if the person had just lain down, though many hours may have passed. Whereas, just in proportion as the dreams are remembered, or as the fact of dreaming can be shown by any method, is the sense of time the longer. I do not speak of the heavy, dull sleep which, without apparent dreams, results from plethora, or sometimes accompanies an overloaded stomach, or is the result of overexhaustion, or occasionally supervenes after protracted vigils, but of the very sound sleep enjoyed by the working classes when in health, or by vigorous children.

The most interesting question is, Can a theory of dreams be constructed which will explain them upon natural principles, without either the assumption of materialism, or an idealism akin to superstition? It is to be understood that no phenomena can be explained at the last analysis; but a theory which will, without violence, show the facts to be in harmony with natural laws, or bring them within the range of things natural, so that they are seen to belong to a general class, and to be subject to the relation of antecedents and consequents, is an explanation. For example, electricity defies final analysis; but its modes of action are known, and even the greatest of mysteries, the form of induction which now surprises the world in the recently invented process of telegraphing from moving trains, is as susceptible of this kind of explanation as the action of steam in propelling a train or a steamship.

We begin with analogies, and find these in the effect of drugs, such as opium, alcohol, nitrous-oxide gas, hasheesh, etc. De Quincey describes all the experiences of dreams, both before and after he entered into a state of sleep, as resulting from the use of opium; and the peculiar sleep produced by that drug is attended by dreams marked by all the characteristics of those which occur in natural sleep. The effect of alcohol in setting up a dream state in the mind while the senses are not locked in sleep is, unfortunately, too well known. When a certain point is reached in intoxication the will is weakened, the automatic machinery takes control, the judgment is dethroned, and images — some grotesque and others terrible — having the power of exciting the corresponding emotions hurry through the mind until frenzy is reached, subsequent to which a heavy stupor ends the scene. When the drunken man becomes sober, his recollections of what he has done are as vague and uncertain as those of dreamers; and a similar inability to measure the flight of time, to perceive the incongruity of images, the moral character of actions, and the value and force of words, characterizes this state which attends dreaming. Ether, and chloroform, and nitrous-oxide gas, when the amount administered is not sufficient to produce unconsciousness, cause similar effects. The writer, being compelled to undergo a surgical operation at a time when he was greatly absorbed in the then impending civil war, by the advice of physicians took ether, the effect of which was to lead to a harangue upon abolitionism,

in which some profane language was used. As the effect deepened, though it was at no time sufficient to produce absolute unconsciousness, the scene changed, and devotional hymns were sung, and a solemn farewell taken of the physicians and surgeon, who were warned to prepare to die. Of all this the remembrance was analogous to that of dreams.

The influence of hasheesh has received much attention, and has been outlined in scientific works and literary compositions. The most striking account of its effects is that of M. Théophile Gautier, originally published in "La Presse" and quoted in many works. Under the influence of hasheesh his eyelashes seemed to lengthen indefinitely, twisting themselves like golden threads around little ivory wheels. Millions of butterflies, whose wings rustled like fans, flew about in the midst of a confused kind of light. More than five hundred clocks chimed the hour with their flute-like voices. Goat-suckers, storks, striped geese, unicorns, griffins, nightmares, all the menagerie of monstrous dreams, trotted, jumped, flew, or glided through the room. According to his calculation this state, of which the above quotations give but a feeble representation, must have lasted three hundred years; for the sensations succeeded each other so numerously and powerfully that the real appreciation of time was impossible. When the attack was over, he found that it had occupied about a quarter of an hour.

These drugs operate only upon the circulation, the nervous system, and the brain. They are physical agents, operating upon a physical basis, and yet they produce phenomena analogous to those of dreams, with the exception that they do not in every case divorce the motor and sensory nerves from the sensorium as perfectly as in ordinary dreaming sleep.

Delirium is analogous in most respects to the conditions produced by these drugs. Its stages are often very similar to those of intoxication; so that it requires a skilled physician to determine whether the patient is under the influence of delirium, insanity, or intoxication. Delirium results from a change in the circulation, or a defective condition of the blood; and in most instances there is no difficulty, when the disease is understood, of assigning the exact approximate cause of the delirium. The analogy between delirium and dreams and the partial recollection or complete forgetfulness of what was thought, felt, said, or done in the delirium and similar recollection or forgetfulness of dream images is well known by all who have experienced both, or closely observed them. And the analogy between delirium and intoxication loses nothing in value from the fact that the drug is administered. Disease in the human system can engender intoxicating poisons as well as others.

Revery is a natural condition, so common to children that they are hardly able to distinguish between the reports from the external world and the images presented by their imagination. But revery is a common experience of the human race in all stages of development. It differs from abstraction in the fact that the latter is the intense pursuit of a train of reasoning or observation, which absorbs the mind to such an extent that there is no attention left for the reports of the senses. Hence the abstracted man neither looks nor listens, and a noise or an impulse, far greater than would suffice to awaken the same man if asleep, may be insufficient to divert him from the train of thought which he pursues. Revery is literally day-dreaming. It is not reasoning. The image-making faculty is set free and it runs on. The judgment is scarcely attentive, hardly conscious, and the tear may come into the eye, or the smile to the lip, so that in a crowded street-car, or even in an assembly, attention may be attracted to the person who is wholly unconscious of the same. A person may imagine himself other than he is, and derive great pleasure from the change, and pass an hour, a morning, or a day unconsciously. In revery persons frequently become practical somnambulists; that is, they speak words which others hear that they would not have uttered on any account, strike blows, move articles, gesticulate, and do many other things, sometimes with the effect of immediately recalling them to a knowledge of the situation, when they, as well as others, are amused, but often without being aware that they are noticed. In extreme cases the only distinctions between revery and dreaming sleep are regular breathing and the suspension of the senses which accompany the latter.

The passage from revery into dreaming sleep is to be scrutinized, as the line of demarcation is less than the diameter of a hair. When persons lie down to sleep, their thoughts take on the dream character before they can sleep. "Look," says Sir Henry Holland, "to the passage from waking to sleeping, and see with what rapidity and facility these states often alternate with each other." Abstract reason gives place to images that begin to move at random before the mind's eye; if they are identified and considered, wakefulness continues. But at last they become vague, the attention relaxes, and we sleep. It is possible to realize that one is sleeping, and to make an effort to awake and seize the mental train. But the would-be sleeper resumes the favorable position, the head drops, the senses lose

their sensibility, and he who spent the last hour of the evening in revery in a darkened room has undergone but a very slight change when he passes into sleep. The images still run on while the body reposes, until, according to his temperament and habits, the brain becomes calm, and the soporific influence penetrates, we cannot tell how far, into the higher regions of the sensorium.

If we consider the passing *from the dream state into the waking state*, several analogies are to be noted. Sometimes an amusing sense of the last dream occupies the attention deliciously for a few moments. Again, it is not uncommon to pass out of a dream into a perception of the hour of the night and of the situation, retract into the dream, and sleep and take up the thread where it was left at the moment of consciousness. But more frequently the dream, if resumed, will be modified by physical conditions. At other times a painful consciousness of a fearful dream remains.

From these analogies the conclusion is reasonable that dreaming is a phenomenon of the mind, dependent upon changes in the circulation of the blood, and in the condition of the brain and the nervous system, whereby the higher powers of the mind, including the judgment, the conscience, and the will, are prevented from exercising their usual jurisdiction, the senses from reporting the events of the external world, by which to a great extent time is measured and space relations determined, while the image-making faculty and the animal instincts are to a less degree affected; and that the images constructed in dreams are the working up of the capital stock, the raw material of sensations, experiences, and ideas stored in the mind.

MORE DIRECT EVIDENCE.

Of the truth of this view I will submit further evidence.

First. There is no proof that babes dream at all. The interpretation of the smile of the infant of a few months, which in former times led fond mothers to suppose that "an angel spoke to it," is now of "spirit" in the original sense of the word, which connects it with internal gaseous phenomena. Aristotle says, "Man sleeps the most of all animals. Infants and young children do not dream at all, but dreaming begins in most at four or five years old."

Pliny, however, does not agree with Aristotle in this, and gives two proofs that infants dream. First, they will instantly awake with every symptom of alarm; secondly, while asleep they will imitate the action of sucking. Neither of these is of any value as proof. As to the first, an internal pain, to which infants appear to be much subject, will awaken them; and as they are incapable of being frightened by any external object until they are some months old, the symptom is not of alarm, but of pain. The imitation while asleep of the action of sucking is instinctive, and an infant will do so when awake, and when there is obviously not the slightest connection between the state of mind and the action. The condition of the babe in sleep is precisely such as might be expected from its destitution of recorded sensations.

Second. Animals dream. Aristotle's history of animals declares that horses, oxen, sheep, goats, dogs, and all viviparous quadrupeds dream. Dogs show this by barking in their sleep. He says further that he is not quite certain from his observations whether animals that lay eggs, instead of producing their young alive, dream; but it is certain that they sleep. Pliny, in his natural history, specifies the same animals. Buffon describes the dreams of animals. Macnish calls attention to the fact that horses neigh and rear in their sleep, and affirms that cows and sheep, especially at the period of rearing their young, dream. Scott, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," says:

> The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
> Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
> And urged in dreams the forest race
> From Teviot-stone to Eskdale Moor.

Tennyson also speaks of dogs that hunt in dreams. Darwin, in the "Descent of Man," Vol. I., p. 44, says that "dogs, cats, horses, and probably all the higher animals, even birds, as is stated on good authority (Dr. Jerdon, 'Birds of India'), have vivid dreams, and this is shown by their movements and voice." George John Romanes, in his "Mental Evolution in Animals," says that the fact that dogs dream is proverbial, and quotes Seneca and Lucretius, and furnishes proof from Dr. Lauder Lindsay, an eminent authority, that horses dream. Cuvier, Jerdon, Houzeau, Bechstein, Bennett, Thompson, Lindsay, and Darwin assert that birds dream; and, according to Thompson, among birds the stork, the canary, the eagle, and the parrot, and the elephant as well as the horse and the dog are "incited" in their dreams. Bechstein holds that the bullfinch dreams, and gives a case where the dream took on the character of nightmare and the bird fell from its perch; and four great authorities say that occasionally dreaming becomes so vivid as to lead to somnambulism. Guer gives a case of a somnambulistic watch-dog which prowled in search of imaginary strangers or foes, and exhibited toward them a whole series of pantomimic actions, including barking. Dryden says:

> The little birds in dreams the songs repeat,

and Dendy's "Philosophy of Mystery" quotes from the "Domestic Habits of Birds" in proof of this.

> We have often observed this in a wild bird. On the night of the 6th of April, 1811, about 10 o'clock, a dunnock (*Accentor modularis*) was heard in the garden to go through its usual song more than a dozen times very faintly, but distinctly enough for the species to be recognized. The night was cold and frosty, but might it not be that the little musician was dreaming of summer and sunshine? Aristotle, indeed, proposes the question — whether animals hatched from eggs ever dream? Macgrave, in reply, expressly says that his "parrot Laura often arose in the night and prattled while half asleep."

Third. The dreams of the *blind* are of great importance, and the fact that persons born blind never dream of seeing is established by the investigations of competent inquirers. So far as we know, there is no proof of a single instance of a person born blind ever in dreams fancying that he saw. Since this series of articles was begun, the subject has been treated by Joseph Jastrow in the "Presbyterian Review." He has examined nearly two hundred persons of both sexes in the institutions for the blind in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Thirty-two became blind before completing their fifth year, and not one of these thirty-two sees in dreams. Concerning Laura Bridgman, the blind and deaf mute, Professor G. Stanley Hall, quoted by Mr. Jastrow, says, "Sight and hearing are as absent from her dreams as they are from the dark and silent world which alone she knows."

Fourth. The testimony is the same with regard to those born *deaf*. The celebrated Harvey P. Peet, LL. D., in his researches, among the most philosophical ever made, places this fact beyond rational doubt; but other investigators furnish equally valuable evidence. In visiting institutions for the blind and the deaf I have made inquiry, and have never found an instance of a person born deaf, or of a child who lost his hearing before he was four years of age, dreaming of hearing. Among the results of recent inquiries I present the following from the principal of the State Institution for the Blind and Deaf at St. Augustine, Florida:

> I have closely questioned the deaf children here as to whether they have ever *dreamed* of *hearing*, and the invariable answer is *No*. I have asked the same question of upwards of fifty deaf persons with the same result, except where the person interrogated had lost his hearing after learning to talk. These last mentioned are all persons of some education who understood the question fully and were very positive that they had never dreamed of hearing more than a rumbling sound.
>
> Very sincerely,
>
> PARK TERRELL.

I was one of the members of a committee of three to visit the State institution of Michigan for the blind and deaf, at Flint, where there were hundreds of pupils. The method of awakening them in the morning and of calling them to recitations and to chapel services was by beating a base-drum, which, of course, the blind could hear. But it was curious to observe the deaf awaking from a sound sleep at 5 in the morning, or called to chapel and recitation at other hours of the day, by the beating of a base-drum in the central hall. Those who could not have heard the reverberation of all the artillery in the world felt the vibration of the building produced by the beating of the drum and obeyed the signal. Some of them dreamed of vibration; none born deaf of hearing.

In further elucidation of the subject I addressed a letter to Professor J. W. Chickering, Jr., of the National Deaf Mute College at Washington, D. C., and under date of February 3, 1888, received the following:

> Deaf mutes of all grades dream frequently, though they are not given to imagination. As to the question whether they dream about anything involving sound, I have made diligent inquiry, and have been answered in the negative except in the case of the Rev. Job Turner. He says that he once dreamed of being counsel for a prisoner, and being greatly delighted to find himself making a very eloquent speech in his behalf.
>
> The question of dreaming about sounds in the case of semi-mutes was discussed in the "American Annals" some years ago by Professor Greenberger of New York, and some statistics were given; but he dismisses your inquiry (*i. e.*, whether persons born deaf ever dream of hearing) very abruptly by saying, "This question was put to a number of congenital deaf mutes, and, as might have been expected, their answers were all in the negative."
>
> I may state to you, as a matter of fact, that one of our deaf-mute teachers, who has no memory of hearing, has waked from sleep in a fright by the report of firearms; but that would be accounted for by the concussion and consequent action upon the nerves of general sensation. Truly yours,
>
> J. W. CHICKERING, JR.

Upon the above letter I may remark that the single case of the Rev. Job Turner, an educated man, accustomed to read and imagine spoken oratory, can be accounted for without assuming that he dreamed of hearing sounds, the speechmaking being a movement of his mind involving an act rather than a perception. The being wakened by the explosion of firearms is, as Professor Chickering justly says, explicable on the same principle as that which accounts for the awaking of the deaf and the communication of information by the rhythmical vibration of a building.

Leaving out of account the question of the dreamless state of infants and very young children, I deem the facts that animals dream, that the congenital blind and deaf never dream of seeing or hearing, conclusive proof that dreams are phenomena of the physical basis of mind, dependent upon changes in the cir-

culation of the blood, and the condition of the brain and the nervous system; and that the images constructed in dreams are the automatic combinations of the sensations, experiences, ideas, and images stored in the mind.

Three further collateral evidences can be adduced. First, the modification of dreams by physical conditions. With this all are familiar. These are plainly, so to speak, efforts of the image-making faculty, active in dreams to account without the aid of the judgment for a physical sensation. Every one knows that the condition of the digestive organs, the position of the head or any other part of the body, will affect the dreams.

Another fact is that the dreams of the very aged, unless something unusually agitating is anticipated or occurs, generally recur to the scenes of former years, and therein greatly resemble their conversation. Even when the intellectual faculties are unimpaired, and the aged person is much interested in current events, and pursues a train of study and reflection by day under the control of the will, when at night the imagination is set free the scenes of early life or childhood furnish the materials of the images much more frequently than contemporaneous events. This is in harmony with the known laws of memory.

In regard to the dreams of the insane, the "Medical Critic and Psychological Journal" of April, 1862, says:

> The dreams of the insane are generally characteristic of the nature of the aberration under which they labor; those of the typho-maniac are gloomy and frightful; of the general paralytic, gay and smiling; of the maniac, wild, disordered, pugnacious; in stupidity they are vague, obscure, and incoherent; in dementia, few and fleeting; in hypochondria and hysteria the sleep, especially during indigestion, is disturbed and painful.

This is in accordance with all the indications.

ACCOUNTING FOR THE CHARACTERISTICS OF DREAMS.

In dreams, time and the limitations of space are apparently annihilated. This is to be explained by the fact that the reports of the senses and the movements of external bodies by which we measure time are shut out, and the mind is entirely absorbed in a series of images.

I entered the South Kensington Museum in London and saw a painting of an Alderney bull, cow, and calf in a field, which produced so extraordinary an illusion that I advanced several steps towards it in broad daylight, under the belief that I was looking out of a window into the park. The same phenomenon occurs under the spell of an orator of the highest grade; and it is the charm of a theater to make an audience think and feel that a series of events which would ordinarily occupy many years is taking place before them. That which, under these circumstances, is accomplished to some extent by abstraction or external means in dreams is done entirely by cutting off all possibility of estimating time or space.

The mind is supposed to move more rapidly in dreams than in waking thoughts. Dreams certainly are more diversified and numerous than the waking thoughts of busy men and women absorbed in a particular routine of work, or in the necessary cares of the body, or in conversation circumscribed by conventional laws, the slow rate of speech, and the duty of listening. But it is an error to think that dream images are more numerous than those of revery. In a single hour of revery one may see more images than he could fully describe in a volume of a thousand pages. It is as true of the waking as of the dreaming state, that

> Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
> Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
> Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise:
> Each stamps its image as the other flies.

The apparent loss of identity in dreams, and the finding one's self in impossible positions, is the result of the entire occupation of the perceptive faculties with one image at a time. A dream that a man is a clergyman may change into one that he is a general commanding on the field of battle, and he will see no incongruity. He may even imagine himself to be two persons at the same time, as in Dr. Johnson's case when he contended with a man, and was much chagrined to feel that his opponent had the better of him in wit. He was consoled, however, when on waking he reasoned that he had furnished the wit for both.

The vividness of dreams is to be explained in the same way. If a man sees that his own house is on fire, and his family in danger, he looks at the scene in such a way that he becomes for the time as unconscious of anything else as though there were nothing in his brain but the picture. So in the dream, as he sees nothing but the picture, it must be more vivid than any ordinary reality can possibly be; only from the most extraordinary scenes can an analogy be drawn.

In dreams circumstances often appear which had been known by the dreamer, but practically forgotten. Men have sworn that they never knew certain things, and maintained that they had been revealed to them in dreams, when subsequent investigation proved indubitably that they had known, but had forgotten them. The recurrence is precisely like ordinary waking experiences. Events which have not emerged into consciousness for a score of years,

or even a half-century, and phrases, parts of words, expressions of countenance, tones of voices, analogies stumbled upon in the most out-of-the-way places, may in a single moment bring an entire scene with several series of related events before the mind.

The testimony of the mind excited to a certain degree of activity by the fear of death by shipwreck or fire, or, as Whymper has shown in his "Scrambles among the Alps," the immediate expectation of a fatal fall, is that it seems to see at a glance the whole of the past life. This is sufficient to show what it can do in an entirely normal state, and nothing can ever occur in dreams more vivid than this, though it is to be considered that we have only the statements of these persons in regard to what they think was their mental condition; nor in any case could they know that they saw everything.

When one dreams that he is dreaming, which occasionally occurs, he is approaching the waking state; but since he cannot at that time sit in judgment on what he dreams fully without waking himself, it is equally clear that his state resembles that of a delirious person who may perceive that he is delirious and acknowledge it, but in a few seconds be absorbed again in what he sees.

Some of the most interesting achievements of the mind in dreams are the composition of poetry and the working out of mathematical problems. Dr. Abercrombie says that his friend Dr. Gregory told him that thoughts and even expressions which had occurred to him in dreams seemed to him so good when he awoke that he used them in his college lectures. Condorcet, having gone to bed before finishing certain profound calculations, said afterwards that sometimes the conclusions of the work had been revealed to him in dreams. Dr. Abercrombie says that Benjamin Franklin, than whose a more well-balanced and self-controlled mind never existed, assured Cabanis that the bearing and issue of political events which puzzled him when awake were not unfrequently unfolded to him in his dreams. Dr. Carpenter attempts to explain this by the theory well known as "unconscious cerebration." Like the terms of the phrenologists, this may describe but does not explain the process; and what it describes occurs frequently while we are awake. Not only in questions of memory, but in the profoundest thought, how often, when we have been compelled to turn from one class of work to another, and are, so far as our consciousness reports, entirely absorbed in it, in an instant a thought germain to the first problem which was occupying the mind appears with such clearness as to surpass in pertinency and value anything which we had previously reached. We are compelled to take note of it, and in the case of defective recollection the best of all modes is to cease to think about the matter, and in a short time it will appear almost with the intelligence of a messenger bringing something for which he had been sent.

It would not be surprising, when one has wearied himself, and his perceptions have been somewhat obscured, even though nothing had occurred of the nature of unconscious cerebration, if after a refreshing sleep the first effort of his mind should classify and complete the undigested work of the day before. The dream imagery under which such things are done frequently invests the operation with a mysterious aspect, which, on analysis, appears most natural. I am informed by one of the participants that some time since two gentlemen in Pennsylvania were conversing concerning an intricate mathematical problem. One of them succeeded in its solution by algebraic methods. The other insisted that it could be done by arithmetic, but, after making many efforts, gave up the problem, and retired for the night. In the morning he informed his friend that in the night, while he was asleep, an old Scotch schoolmaster, who had been his instructor many years before, appeared to him and said, "I am ashamed of you that you could not do that sum. It can be worked out by arithmetic, and I will show you how now." And he added that he had immediately done so, and in the morning when he awoke he had put the figures on paper just as his schoolmaster had done in the dream; and there they were, a complete solution of the example.

It was a very impressive dream, but easily explained. It was a workable problem. The man, ashamed of himself that he could not do it and exhausted with his efforts, had sunk into a troubled sleep. His mind undoubtedly had recurred to his old teacher and the rule; and as he dreamed about the matter the working out of the problem had to come in some form. What more natural than that the image of the teacher who taught him the greater part of what he knew of the subject of arithmetic, especially in difficult problems, should have come in to give bodily shape to the shame which he felt, and that his fancy should attribute the information to him. So that, instead of such a dream being extraordinary, it is the most natural method in which it could occur.

The mind when awake is capable, by an effort of the imagination, of conceiving the most grotesque ideas. For example, a man sees before him a huge rock. He may conceive the idea that that rock is transformed into pure gold, and that upon it is a raised inscription made of diamonds promising the

rock as a reward for the guessing of a conundrum. Being awake, he perceives both clearly — the rock in its original character, and the image of the gold rock with the raised letters in diamonds. Perceiving both, he knows the rock to be real, and the other to be fantastic. If the faculties by which he identifies the granite rock were to be stupefied, leaving those by which he conceives the idea of the gold and diamonds in full exercise, it is clear that he would believe that the granite rock was gold. If awake, in this state, he would be insane; if asleep, he would be dreaming. So, if the dreamer be absorbed in images which seem to him real, if the faculties by which he would distinguish an ideal conception from an objective reality were restored, he would take cognizance of his surroundings, and though the image might remain it would not seem real. The statement of this self-evident fact is sufficient to show what all the evidence I have collated combines to prove, that *Mercutio*, in "Romeo and Juliet," was scientifically correct when he said:

> True, I talk of dreams,
> Which are the children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

Nightmare, with all its horrors, is but a variety of dreams. The causes for its peculiarities are various — position; pressure upon the stomach, whereby the sympathetic nerves are affected, and through them the brain; extreme fatigue, etc. When a person is awake and has precisely the same unfavorable physical sensations which would produce nightmare, he refers them to their proper source, changes his position, measures the probable consequences, resorts to medical aid, or absorbs himself in work; but when asleep, the mind attempts to account for the sensation, and will perhaps construct an image of Bunker Hill Monument pressing upon his chest to account for a sensation which, if he were awake, he would have no difficulty in explaining.

The relation of sleeping on the back to nightmare is so simple as hardly to need an explanation. Many persons never have an attack unless they get into this position.

Somnambulism differs from dreams in the fact that one or more of the senses may be in an active condition, and that one or more of the organs may respond to the idea which absorbs the mind. A merchant of New York, traveling on the Mississippi River, occupied the same state-room with a stranger of highly respectable appearance. In the morning the stranger, taking up his stockings, said sadly, "I see I have been at my old tricks again." "To what do you refer?" asked the merchant. "My stockings are wet, and I must have arisen in the night and traveled all over the ship."

As already remarked, talking in the sleep is the simplest form in which somnambulism appears. Usually dreamers do not move their limbs, and especially are incapable of rising or walking, because under ordinary circumstances the impulse to do these things is created by the will, and it requires a strong exertion thereof to overcome the inertia of the body and to begin the complex series of motions necessary to move from place to place. In sleep the image is not sufficiently vivid to take control of the muscles.

Cicero says that if it had been so ordered by nature that we should actually do in sleep all that we dream of doing, every man would have to be bound to the bed before going to sleep. The justice of this remark is illustrated in the case of somnambulism.

The peculiarity of somnambulism which identifies it with dreaming is complete absorption of all the powers and faculties in the image. A voice falling in with that may be heard; one speaking of other matters is unnoticed. Dreamers who have never been somnambulists could, by a process of training, be transformed into such; and, what is more important, the tendency can be destroyed if taken in time.

Sir Henry Holland says that it is an old trick to put the hand into cold water, or to produce some other sensation not so active as to awaken, but sufficient to draw the mind from a more profound to a lighter slumber; thus the sleeper may be made to answer questions.

Great light has been reflected upon natural by artificial somnambulism, known by the various names of mesmerism, animal magnetism, electro-biology, hypnotism, etc. It is a very astonishing fact that in these states a particular sense may be exalted so as to give results which in a normal condition would be impossible; and which to a superficial observer, and even to an investigator if he be inexperienced, appear to transcend the bounds of the human faculty.*

MYSTERIOUS DREAMS ANALYZED.

If the foregoing attempt at explanation covered all the actual phenomena of dreams, there is no reason to doubt that it would be satisfactory to readers of intelligence; but it is claimed by many that in dreams premoni-

* Abnormal states, involving changes radically different from dream somnambulism, happen spontaneously when awake, occur in delirium, and at rare intervals the somnambulist may pass into them. It is not the purpose of this paper to consider such.

tions of future events are given, especially of death; that events which have taken place, of interest to the person who receives the communication, are made known; and that the knowledge of current events is frequently imparted when the dreamer is at a great distance.

I will give an example of a dream of premonition which has occurred in the United States within three years. A young man, nineteen years of age, a student in a large seminary about sixty miles from New York, was strongly attached to a teacher. The teacher died, to the great grief of the student. Some time afterward the young man dreamed that the teacher appeared to him and notified him that he would die on a certain day and hour. He informed his mother and friends of the dream, and expressed a firm belief that when that time came he should die. The family considered it a delusion; and as no alarming change took place in his health, they were not worried. When the day arrived they noticed nothing unusual; but after dining and seeming to enjoy the meal and to be quite cheerful, he went to his room, lay down, and died without a struggle.

The following case is said to be authentic. The father of a certain lady died. About a year afterward she aroused her husband by sobbing and trembling violently, while tears ran down her cheeks. She explained that she had just had a vivid dream, in which she had seen her father assemble all his children in his room in the old house, and tell them that the family heirlooms were being disposed of to strangers. The same dream recurred the next night. A day or two afterward this lady, while walking in the town where she lived, saw her father's walking-stick, with a gold band bearing an inscription, a gift from all his children, in the hands of a stranger. The sight so affected her that she fainted. Later inquiries proved that the stick had changed hands on the day previous to her first dream.

The case of William Tennent is in point. Mr. Tennent, a remarkable preacher of Freehold, N. J., zealous in promoting revivals, had a particular friend, the Rev. David Rowland, who was exceedingly successful. A notorious man named Thomas Bell, guilty of theft, robbery, fraud, and every form of crime, greatly resembled Mr. Rowland. Passing himself off for him, he imposed upon citizens of Hunterdon County, N. J., robbed them and fled, everywhere representing himself as the Rev. Mr. Rowland. At the time he perpetrated this robbery in Hunterdon County, "Messrs. Tennent and Rowland, accompanied by two laymen, Joshua Anderson and Benjamin Stevens, went into Pennsylvania or Maryland to conduct religious services. When Mr. Rowland returned, he was charged with the robbery committed by Bell. He gave bonds to appear at the court of Trenton, *and the affair made a great noise throughout the colony*. Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens appeared, and swore that they were with Mr. Rowland and heard him preach on that very day in Pennsylvania or Maryland. He was at once acquitted." But months afterward Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens were arraigned for perjury. Anderson was tried and found guilty. Tennent and Stevens were summoned to appear before the next court. Stevens took advantage of a flaw in the indictment and was discharged. Tennent refused to do that, or to give any assistance to his counsel, relying upon God to deliver him. The authorized "Life of Tennent" now gives the particulars:

> Mr. Tennent had not walked far in the street (the bell had rung summoning them to court), before he met a man and his wife, who stopped him, and asked if his name was not Tennent. He answered in the affirmative, and begged to know if they had any business with him. The man replied, "You best know." He told his name, and said that he was from a certain place (which he mentioned) in Pennsylvania or Maryland; that Messrs. Rowland, Tennent, Anderson, and Stevens had lodged either at his house, or in a house wherein he and his wife had been servants (it is not now certain which), at a particular time which he named; that on the following day they heard Messrs. Tennent and Rowland preach; that some nights before they left home, he and his wife waked out of a sound sleep, and each told the other a dream which had just occurred, and which proved to be the same in substance; to wit, that he, Mr. Tennent, was at Trenton, in the greatest possible distress, and that it was in their power, and theirs only, to relieve him. Considering it as a remarkable dream only, they again went to sleep, and it was twice repeated, precisely in the same manner, to both of them. This made so deep an impression on their minds, that they set off, and here they were, and would know of him what they were to do.

On the trial the evidence of these persons, and of some others who knew Bell, and were acquainted with his resemblance to Mr. Rowland, was sufficient to secure Mr. Tennent's acquittal.

To explain such dreams as these some introduce a supernatural element, claiming that they are sent by God to warn his people; others adopt the hypothesis now known as telepathy; while still others content themselves with vague references to "clairvoyance."

A personal and close investigation of a great number of alleged premonitions of death, revelations of current and past facts, and predictions of the future has afforded me no ground for a scientific presumption either of supernatural interference, of telepathy, or of clairvoyance. That is, authentic cases can be more reasonably explained without than with any of these assumptions.

The English Society of Psychical Research

was founded in 1882, and has pursued its investigations since that time. The names of its president, vice-presidents, corresponding members, and council include men justly distinguished in various fields of scientific investigation, and some occupying high religious positions; and the list of members is also very imposing. It is proper to say, however, that the investigations, as is usual in such cases, have been committed to a few persons, enthusiasts in the matter, and many of the most learned and conservative members of the body appear, from the reports of all the proceedings which I have carefully read, to take no active part in the work. Indeed, Professor G. Stanley Hall, Professor of Psychology and Pedagogics in Johns Hopkins University, who is one of the corresponding members, regrets, in an elaborate review of the proceedings, the absence from the investigations of the most distinguished alienists. The Society, having to a great extent surrendered the investigations to certain persons, has practically committed itself to the hypothesis of telepathy, or the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense. Of course dreams have a bearing upon this subject, and to dreams the Society has paid a great deal of attention.

The subject of telepathy I shall not treat in this article, for the Society as represented in the two bulky volumes entitled "Phantasms of the Living," edited by Edmund Gurney, Frederic W. H. Myers, and Frank Podmore, does not claim that the cases which they have presented, drawn from dreams, would be sufficient to prove the truth of telepathy. They confess that they are on doubtful ground, and say:

> For (1) the details of the reality, when known, will be very apt to be read back into the dream, through the general tendency to make vague things distinct; and (2) the great *multitude* of dreams may seem to afford almost limitless scope for *accidental* correspondences of a dream with an actual occurrence resembling the one dreamt of. Any answer to this last objection must depend on statistics, which, until lately, there has been no attempt to obtain; and though an answer of a sort can be given, it is not such a one as would justify us in basing a theory of telepathy on the facts of dreams alone.

They acknowledge that dreams, being often somewhat dim and shapeless things, "subsequent knowledge of events may easily have the effect of giving body and definiteness to the recollection of a dream." They concede that "millions of people dream every night, and in dreams, if anywhere, the range of possibilities seems infinite." But when they come to present the subsequent cases, their reasoning upon them is in many instances almost puerile, and is unscientific in its destitution of rigor. For example, in cases of partial fulfillment where a person dreamed of death, and the dream did not occur until a number of hours after the death, they call that a deferment of percipience. They say that the impression when it first arrived "was unable to compete at the moment with the vivid sensory impressions and the crowd of ideas and images that had belonged to normal senses and waking life, and that it may thus remain latent until darkness and quiet give a chance for its development." The same sort of reasoning might be applied to account for the fact that such information is not universally communicated. It is flying about loose in the heavens and in the earth; but, not being able to compete with the crowd of images in any except few cases, does not generally materialize.

When they come to cases where the dreams contain the general feature of conversation between the dreamer and the agent they say, "This is, of course, a clear instance of something superadded by the dreamer's own activity"; and when the circumstances of the death do not concur with it they claim a fulfillment, and attribute a failure to agree to a death imagery superadded by the independent activity of the dreamer.

Where a woman dreams twice of death and it is fulfilled, and she also has the candor to state that on another occasion she dreamed of a death and nothing came of it, they say:

> The absence of any ascertained coincidence on the third occasion might be represented as an argument for regarding the correspondence on the two previous occasions as accidental, but it would be a very weak one; since even if the dream had recurred a thousand times, the chances against the accidental occurrences of two such coincidences would still remain enormous.

Many of the cases they cite depend upon vague memory, and others do not supply adequate particulars.

Their general method of writing about these dreams and of the whole theory of telepathy is that of an affectionate mother lingering over her own child, and wherever coddling is necessary doing it *con amore*. There are two radical defects to be seen in the entire method: First, not a twentieth part of the care is taken in the investigation of the cases and their authentication which would be required for a case of ordinary importance in a court of justice; secondly, the use of the so-called doctrine of chances is so ludicrous as to be practically a burlesque of science. They sent to 5360 persons taken at random, asking them to state whether they had ever had a dream of the death of some person known to them, which dream was an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted an

hour after arising in the morning, at any time within the twelve years 1874 to 1885 inclusive. Of these 173 answered "Yes." It would be difficult to believe, if it were not published to the world on the authority of the Society, that any one should conclude that that number could furnish a basis upon which to ascertain an average to be applied to the whole population; yet they do so, and say that it is as satisfactory as the proof that a similar number of persons taken at random would afford on the average number of cases of short-sight or color-blindness.

Short-sight and color-blindness are physical conditions, depending upon physical causes; dreams are evanescent, irregular, depending upon phenomenal causes, and the dream images of a single family in a single week may amount to millions, of which any one under the operations of laws not subject to statistics may be vividly remembered.

But of the whole number of 173 who had vivid dreams of death, there were only 24 where the event fell within 12 hours of the dream. By an application of the law of chance they endeavor to maintain that there would not be more than *one* such coincidence in that time, and that, therefore, " twenty-four is twenty-four times larger than the doctrine of chance would have allowed us to expect." As well might the law of chance be applied to the determination of the number of thoughts on any given subject that would naturally arise in one or more minds in a given period.

As shown in an article on "Astrology, Divination, and Coincidences," published in THE CENTURY for February, 1888, the "law of chance" is not capable of application to such subjects. Events are continually occurring, whether attention is directed to them or not. Of all possible occurrences, the time, place, and manner of death are most uncertain. Human lives revolve about a few central points — home, business, health, friends, travel, religion, country. Dream images are about persons and things. That there can be millions of images portrayed in the gallery of dreams, and that the great majority deal with these pivotal points of human life and human thought, taken in connection with the fact that all the events of human history, past, current, and future, revolve about these same points, make it absolutely certain that the number of coincidences must be vast. It is, in fact, smaller rather than larger than might reasonably be expected.

It is natural that a large proportion of dreams of a terrifying nature should be about deaths, because in deaths center all grounds of anxiety about one's self or one's friends. As death is the king of terrors and the dream state often a disturbed state, death would be also the king of dreams.

Out of the 173 who declare that they have had distressing dreams, there have been only 24 cases of fulfillment. An exact statement of the situation of the twenty-four persons dreamed about, or their physical condition and circumstances, would be as essential to a scientific estimate as the condition and circumstances of the dreamer.

The recollection of dreams depends much upon habit and upon the practice of relating them. I found by experience that this had a tendency to perpetuate a particular dream. For twenty-five years I was visited at irregular intervals by the dream of the death, by drowning, of my brother who is still living. It frequently recurred soon after I had told it with elaborateness of detail to another. The number of appalling dreams that come to nothing is very great, where the vividness of details sometimes fairly compels belief. In many instances a dream of one's death originates in a profound derangement of the nervous system, and the effect of such a dream upon that weakened condition may be fatal. The young student to whom reference has been made came of a family peculiarly liable to instant death from heart disease. Since that period his only brother died without warning, when quietly, as it was supposed, reposing upon his bed. The dream was so vivid that the young man believed it, and prepared himself for it in mind while his body was depressed by the natural physical effect. If he had been treated as another young man was who had a similar dream, and believed it as implicitly, he might have lived. In that case a sagacious physician, finding evidences that death was near, and believing the symptoms to be caused wholly by the impression that he was to die, administered a heavy dose of chloroform. When the young man became conscious and found the hour fixed upon for his death long passed, he speedily recovered.

The repetition of dreams on the same night or on other nights is explained by the impression which they make; and doubtless the number 3 has literary and religious associations which have an effect upon some dreamers. If they have a notion that 3 is the number for significant dreams, they, having dreamed the same thing thrice, are now fully aroused and sleep no more. This is not always the case. A member of Congress dreamed that his only daughter died; he awoke in great agitation, and on composing himself to sleep the dream returned. This continued for the fourth time, and even until the *ninth*, and after each recurrence he was awakened; and in the morning, though not a

believer in dreams, he hastened to his home in a western State, feeling assured that something terrible had happened or was about to happen. The first person whom he met was his daughter, in perfect health.

Coinciding dreams of two persons about a third are often not fulfilled. Abercrombie gives the case of a young man and his mother dreaming substantially the same dream the same night, in which he told her that he was going on a long journey, and she said, "Son, thou art dead." But nothing came of the dream. A young man not far from New York dreamed that his father was being burned to death in a hotel. The same night a lady, a friend of the family, dreamed the same. Nothing came of it.

In regard to the dream of William Tennent's witnesses, the following points may be noticed: First, "the affair made a great noise in the colony"; secondly, Tennent, Stevens, and Anderson all knew where they had been in Pennsylvania or Maryland, and it was easy for them to procure witnesses who could conclusively prove their innocence, and a supernatural interference was not necessary; thirdly, the delay between the trial of Rowland and that of Tennent at a period when information was principally distributed by word of mouth, taken in connection with the general interest in the subject of religion at that time and the excitement produced by the preceding trial, rendered it highly probable that every person in any community where Rowland had preached knew about these facts. The account cannot tell much about these witnesses, or even whether the preaching and the dream occurred in Pennsylvania or Maryland. The natural explanation of the whole proceeding is that they knew the facts and had talked, or heard others talk, about the trial; and so far as evidence goes they had themselves talked about it, and the double dream was a mere coincidence. Whether this be true or not, the facts that the accounts are so defective, contradictory, and improbable, and that Mr. Anderson was allowed to be convicted and punished when he was as innocent as Mr. Tennent, greatly strengthen the natural explanation of the entire proceedings, for it is certain that fortunate coincidences have as often helped sinners as saints.

The possibilities of coincidence in human affairs are incomputable. A gentleman residing near New York remarked to a friend on the 4th of February, 1888, "We shall have snow to-day." There was not a sign of it then, but before they separated the snow began to fall. "How did you know that it would snow?" asked the friend. The sad and singular answer was, "Forty-three years ago to-day I buried my only son. It snowed that day and has snowed on the 4th day of February every year since, and I felt sure that it would snow to-day." Let those who fancy that the law of probabilities is of any value when applied to a particular day ascertain how many chances there were that it would snow for forty-three consecutive years in a certain part of the country on the 4th day of February.

Inquiry of the passengers on many ocean voyages has shown that not a ship crosses the sea upon which there is not some passenger who had a dream that the ship would be destroyed, which strongly tempted him to remain at home; or was warned by a friend, who, after such a dream, prophesied disaster; or which had not left behind some intending passenger deterred by a dream.

Many of the supposed cases of fulfillment of dreams, and where the coincidences are most startling, relate to events which neither man nor devil, disembodied spirit nor angel, could foreknow if true, since neither the events nor their causes were in existence in the universe; and the fulfillment depended upon actions involving juxtapositions which could not have been foreseen by any finite being, as they were themselves coincidences, and only conceivable as foreknown by God, because of the assumption of his infinity.

THE RATIONAL USE OF DREAMS.

By some it is maintained that dreams are of great value in the argument for the immortality of the soul; the short method being that they prove the soul immaterial and independent of the body, and if immaterial then immortal. If this has any value it would apply equally to animals.

Others have held that we are responsible for our dreams. An article in the "Journal of Psychological Medicine," for July, 1849, says that we are as responsible for our dreams as for our waking thoughts; just as much so as we are told we shall be at the great tribunal for every idle word. And another writer affirms that in dreams each man's character is disintegrated so that he may see the elements of which it is composed. But few dreams are more absurd than such conceptions of them as these. Gluttony, evil thoughts, intemperance, vigils, and anxiety may affect dreams, but the responsibility is for the gluttony and other vices and sins; these are simply the incidental results. Many of the most devout and religious persons who have been unduly excited in religious work have been terrified and driven almost to doubt their acceptance with God by the fearful dreams of an impure or immoral character which have made their

nights hideous. Religious biography abounds with such accounts. These persons have attributed them to the devil, of whom one of them naïvely said, "The evil spirit, having no hope of succeeding with me by day, attacks me in sleep." Intellectual persons of sedentary habits have also been troubled in this way. The explanation in such cases is simple. The "Journal of Psychological Medicine," for January, 1857, says:

> When persons have been much engaged during the whole day on subjects which require the continued exercise of the intellectual and moral attributes, they may induce so much fatigue and exhaustion of those powers that when they are asleep, to their subsequent sorrow and surprise, they may have the most sensual and most vicious dreams.

The writer proceeds to explain the fact upon the natural principle that the exhausted intellectual faculties, not being active and vigorous in the dream, the intellect received imperfect impressions; while the animal propensities having been in a state of comparative inactivity, manifested greater activity.

In the case of great religious excitement, the principle embodied in the stern saying of a writer that "When one passion is on fire, the rest will do well to send for the buckets" is a sufficient explanation. The intellect and the will being subdued by sleep, the generally excited condition of the brain and the nervous system produces a riot in the imagination.

Some persons rely upon dreams for evidence of acceptance with God, and of God's love. Where they have other evidences and sound reason, they do not need the help of dreams. When destitute of other evidences, it has been observed that their conduct is frequently such as no Christian, and sometimes as no moral person, could safely imitate.

One of the best things said in favor of dreams is by David Hartley, M. D.

> The wildness of our dreams seems of singular use to us, by interrupting and breaking the course of our associations. For if we were always awake, some accidental associations would be so much cemented by continuance, as that nothing could afterwards disjoin them, which would be madness.

Notwithstanding, I would prefer to take the risk of dreamless sleep.

Any marked increase in the number or change in the character of dreams should be seriously considered. They are sometimes the precursors of a general nervous and mental prostration. In such cases habits of diet and exercise, work and rest, should be examined. If dreams which depress the nervous energies and render sleep unrefreshing recur frequently, medical counsel should be taken. The habit of remembering and narrating dreams is pernicious; to act upon them is to surrender rational self-control.

A gentleman of Boston who travels much is in the habit of dreaming often of sickness and death in his family. He always telegraphs for information, but has had the misfortune never to dream of the critical events, and to be away from home when most needed. Still, like the devotee of a lottery, he continues to believe in dreams. Another, whose dreams are equally numerous and pertinent, never so much as gives them a thought, and has had the good fortune to be near his family when needed.

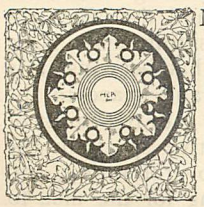
An extraordinary dream relating to probable or possible events may be analyzed, and anything which seems of importance in it from its own nature or the way things are stated, may be made a matter of reflection without superstition. But to take a step upon a dream which would not be taken without it allies the person who does it to every form of superstition that stultifies the god-like faculty of reason.

J. M. Buckley.

ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

I.

ROBERT WHITE GOES IN SEARCH OF A STORY.



ONE afternoon late in September, as Mr. Robert White was about to leave the private office of the editor of the "Gotham Gazette," having settled on the subject of the editorial article he was to write for the next morning's paper, the chief called him back.

"By the way, White," he asked, "have you a story or a sketch you could give us for Sunday?"

"I don't know," answered White; "that is to say, I have n't one concealed about my person just now — but perhaps I can scare up something before you need it."

"I wish you would," the editor returned. "You know that we are making a feature of the short story in the Sunday paper, and we are running short of copy. We have several things promised us, but they are slow in coming. Rudolph Vernon, for example, was to have given me a tragic tale for this week; but here I have a letter from him, begging off on

the plea that his wife's grandmother has just died, and — "

"And so he 's not attuned for tragedy, eh? " interrupted White, smiling. "Well, I 'll try to turn out something; but a good idea for a short story is a shy bird, and does n't come for the calling. It is only now and then I can get within reach of one to put salt on its tail. The trouble is that all I could lime I have served up already in the dainty dish I called ' Nightmare's Nests.' "

"I don't know that we really need anything as peculiar or as striking as most of those stories were," said the editor, meditatively. "I doubt sometimes whether the sketch from real life is n't really more popular than the most daringly original fantasy of Poe's or Hawthorne's. The simple little story, with a touch of the pathetic about it, that 's what the women like; and after all, you know, fiction is meant to please the women mostly."

"I do know it," said White, with a saddened smile. "Woman likes the cut-and-dried better than the unconventional and unexpected; it is only in the fashions that she wants the latest novelty."

"Then your task is the easier," suggested the editor.

"Not for me," White returned. "I can't do the Dying Infant at will, or the Deserted Wife, or the Cruel Parent and the Lovely Daughter. Some fellows find it easy enough to turn on the water-works and make the women weep; but I never could. The grewsome, now, or the gleeful, I can tackle when I 'm in the mood, but the maudlin evades me."

"Well, I 'll leave it to you," said the editor, turning back to his work. "Do the best you can for us. You know what we want."

"But I don't know where I 'm going to get it," was White's final remark, as he left the chief's office and went to his own desk.

Sitting down, he took up his pen, thought for a minute or two, laughed gently to himself once or twice, made a few incomprehensible notes on a scrap of paper, and then wrote a column of brevier on the subject assigned to him — "Philadelphia as a Rest-Cure." After reading this over carefully and making a correction here and there, he sent it up to the composing-room. Then he took his hat and left the building, his day's work done.

When he reached Madison Square, in his walk up-town, it was about 6 o'clock. His family was still in the country — the lovely September weather was too tempting, and White had not the heart to recall his wife to town, although he heartily hated his condition of grass-widower. With a feeling of disgusted loneliness he went to the College Club and had a solitary meal, which he ate with an ill grace. But a good dinner and a good cup of coffee after it, and a good cigar, combined to make another man of him. He lingered in the smoking-room for a while, lazily glancing over the evening paper. Then he threw aside the crackling sheet and tried to devise a plot for a possible story, or to recall a character about whom a tale might be told. But his invention was sluggish and he made no headway in his work. Feeling that his recumbent posture might be tending to increase his mental inertia, he arose; and, throwing away his cigar, he went out for a walk, in the hope that the exercise might stimulate his dormant faculties, or that, in his rambles, he might happen on a suggestion.

The evening was warm but not unpleasant; a refreshing breeze was blowing up from the bay and clearing the atmosphere of the foul odors of streets everywhere torn up by the excavations of a new company, until they looked as though French rioters had been building barricades or veterans of the Army of the Potomac had been throwing up temporary intrenchments. Just as this military suggestion occurred to Robert White, the illusion was strengthened by the martial notes of "Marching through Georgia," which rang across the Square as a militia regiment with its band tramped up Broadway. While he was thus attuned for war's alarms, he found himself before a huge iron rotunda, as devoid of all architectural beauty as might be a gigantic napkin-ring, capped by an inverted saucer. A coronet of electric lights circled the broad roof, and a necklace of these glaring gems was suspended over the sidewalk in front of the entrance, illuminating many bold advertisements to the effect that a cyclorama of the battle of Gettysburg was on exhibition within.

As it happened, Robert White had not yet seen this cyclorama, which had only been recently opened to the public. Obeying the impulse of the moment, he crossed the street and entered the building.

He passed down a long dim tunnel, and mounted a winding-stair, coming out at last upon an open platform — and the effect was as though he had been sitting upon King Solomon's carpet and by it had been instantly transported through time and space to the center of a battle-field and into the midst of the fight. To an imaginative spectator the impression of reality was overpowering, and White found himself waiting for the men to move, and wondering why the thunder of the cannon did not deafen him. He felt himself in the very thick of the tussle of war — an

on-looker at the great game of battle. He was alone at first, and there was a subdued hush which lent a mysterious solemnity to the noiseless combat. The Pennsylvania hills stretched away from him on all sides and the July sun beat down on the dashing cavalry, on the broken ranks ill sheltered by the low stone walls, on the splendid movement of Pickett's division, on the swiftly served batteries, on the wounded men borne quickly to the rear, and on the surgeons working rapidly, bare-armed and bloody. Here and there the smoke hung low over the grass, a lingering witness to the artillery duel which preceded the magnificent advance of the Southern infantry. On all sides were heroic devotion, noble bravery, dogged persistence, and awful carnage.

As White stood silent in the midst of this silent warfare, he felt as though he could count the cost of this combat in precious lives, for he knew how few were the families of this wide nation but had one of its best beloved clad in gray in the long lines of Lee, or massed in blue on Cemetery Ridge to stand the shock of the charging Virginians.

The platform slowly filled up with later arrivals, and Robert White was aroused from his revery; he began to study the canvas before him more carefully. His own interest was rather in the navy than in the army, but he was familiar with the chief movements on this field. He recognized the generals and he noted the details of the picture. The art of the painter delighted him; the variety, the movement, the vivacity of the work appealed to his appreciation; with the relish of a Yankee he enjoyed the ingenious devices by which the eye of the spectator was deceived; he detected one or two of the tricks — a well, for instance, half painted and half real, and a stretcher carried by one soldier in the picture itself and by another out in the foreground with real grass springing up under his feet; and, although he discovered, he almost doubted — the illusion was well-nigh perfect.

By this time the throng on the platform had thickened. It was densest on the opposite side; and White slowly became conscious that a lecturer was there explaining to the gathering group the main lines of the battle and its chief episodes. Remembering that when he entered he had seen a figure in blue with an empty sleeve pinned across the breast sitting apart in the center of the platform, he recalled the custom of most cycloramas to have a veteran, a wounded survivor of the struggle, to tell the tale of the day and to fight his battles o'er every hour to changing companies of visitors.

"It was just there," said the lecturer, "that Colonel Delancey Jones and Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant of our regiment were killed within less than five minutes; and not ten minutes later our Major Laurence Laughton was badly wounded. Few know how terrific was the loss of life on this bloody field. There were more men killed in this single battle than in the whole Crimean war, which lasted more than eighteen months."

As White listened he found himself involuntarily remarking something unusual in this fragment of the lecturer's little speech. It was not the manner, which was confident enough, nor the delivery, which was sufficiently intelligent, but rather the voice of the speaker. This did not sound like the voice of an old soldier; it was fresher, younger, and, indeed, almost boyish.

"That little building there is an exact reproduction of the farm-house of old John Burns of Gettysburg:

'Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron — but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large, gilt buttons — size of a dollar;
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
But Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off —
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.
In fighting the battle, the question 's whether
You 'll show a hat that 's white, or a feather!'

"That 's John Burns's house there, with the gable towards you, and those are his bees and his cows that the poet mentions. Farther away to the right is General Meade with his staff —"

Involuntarily White had drawn nearer to the speaker; and the lecturer, in his rotation around the platform, now advanced three or four paces towards the journalist. Then for the first time White got a good view of him; he saw a slight figure, undeveloped rather than shrunk, about which hung loosely a faded blue uniform with the empty sleeve of the left arm pinned across the breast. The lecturer's walk as he passed from one point to another was alert and youthful; his face was long and thin; his dark eyes were piercing and restless; his hair was so light that it might be white; his chin was apparently clean shaven, and he did not wear even a military mustache. Altogether he produced upon the journalist an inexplicable impression of extreme juvenility; he could not believe that this Boy in Blue was old enough to have been at the battle of Gettysburg, fought just a quarter of a century

ago. Even if the North, like the South, had robbed the cradle and the grave, a drummer-boy of fifteen at the battle would now be a man of forty, and it seemed impossible that the lecturer had attained half that age. The journalist could not but think that the soldier was only a youth, with a strangely aged look for one so young, it is true, and worn with pain, it may be, and without an arm — and yet, for all this, but little more than a boy.

While White had been coming to this conclusion the lecturer had been drawing nearer to him, and was now standing not five feet distant.

"That clump of trees there was the point Pickett had told his men to go for, and they did get to it too — but they could n't hold it. Those trees mark the spot farthest north ever reached by the Southern soldiers at any time during the battle. There was pretty hot fighting in among those bushes for a while, and then the Johnnies began to fall back. It was just then that we were sent in."

"Were you there, sir?" asked an awed young lady, as much overdressed as the red-haired young man with her.

"Yes, miss," was the prompt answer.

White was now close to the speaker, and he examined him again carefully. Despite the uniform and the empty sleeve and a certain appearance of having undergone hardships, it was simply impossible that the fellow should be telling the truth.

"Where did you stand?" asked the young lady.

"Just back of that clump of trees there, miss. When the rebs broke we were told to go in, and we went in at once; and, as I told you, Colonel Delancey Jones was killed first and Lieutenant-Colonel Oliphant next and Major Laughton was wounded, and it was Captain Bryce that took us through the fight after that."

"O Charley!" said the young lady to her red-haired companion. "Just think! He was there; is n't it perfectly awful?"

"I guess it was pretty lively for him," responded the young man; "but when there 's a war a fellow feels he must go, you know."

"Did you lose your arm there?" asked the young lady.

"Yes, miss. It was taken off by a ball from Mason's battery. That 's Mason's battery over there on the hill; in the woods, almost."

As White heard this answer, which seemed to him a repulsive falsehood, he looked the lecturer full in the face.

"O Charley!" said the young lady to her red-haired companion. "He did lose his arm there! Is n't it perfectly dreadful? And he is so young too!"

"I guess he 's older than he looks," Charley jauntily replied.

The lecturer caught White's gaze fixed full upon him, and he returned the glance without the slightest suggestion of embarrassment.

"So you were wounded there, were you?" queried White.

"Yes, sir; just in front of those trees, as the boys went on."

"And how did you feel?" pursued White.

"I did n't know anything for a few minutes, and then I felt sorry that we had been beaten; they say a wounded man always thinks that his side has got the worst of it."

The speaker was now close to White, and the journalist no longer doubted that the Boy in Blue was a boy in fact, masquerading as a man and as a soldier. To White this seemed like trading on patriotism — a piece of despicable trickery. The fellow bore it off bravely enough, as though unconscious of the contemptible part he was playing. He stood the close scrutiny of the journalist with imperturbable calm. His face was coldly serious; and even his eyes did not betray any guilty knowledge of his false position; their glance was honest and open.

"The boy is a good actor," thought White, "but what is the object of this queer performance? Surely there are old soldiers enough in the city to explain a battle picture without the need of dressing up a slim youth in the cast-off clothes of a wounded veteran."

Taking a place by the railing of the platform just alongside White, the mysterious lecturer pointed to a group of horsemen and said:

"That 's General Hancock there, with his staff."

White interrupted with the sudden question:

"Were *you* in the war?"

The youth looked at White in surprise and answered simply:

"Of course."

"In what regiment?" White continued.

"The 41st, Colonel Delancey Jones," the boy replied. "They used to call us the Fighting 41st."

"And you were at the battle of Gettysburg?" pursued White.

"Of course," was the reply, accompanied by a strange look of surprise. "Have n't I been telling you about it?"

"Were you also at the battle of Buena Vista?" asked White, sarcastically.

This question seemed to puzzle the young man. "Buena Vista?" he repeated slowly, with dazed expression. "I don't know."

"Perhaps you took part also in the battle of Bunker Hill?" White went on.

"Oh, no," replied the young fellow quickly, his face lighting at once. "No — you 've been getting things mixed. Bunker Hill was in the Revolutionary War and Gettysburg was in the Rebellion. The Revolutionary War was over long before I was born."

"And how old were you when the battle of Gettysburg was fought?" was White's next question.

Again a puzzled look came into the face of the lecturer.

"How old was I? I don't know how old I was then. But I was there!" he added with sudden emphasis, as though he were defying the lurking smile which flitted across White's mouth.

"And it was at Gettysburg you lost your arm by a cannon-ball?" White asked.

"Yes — yes!" was the impatient reply. "Did n't I tell you so before?"

And with a suggestion of defiance the Boy in Blue passed behind White and resumed his description of the combatants.

White asked no more questions, and he listened in silence for a few minutes. He did not feel quite as sure that the young fellow was a humbug as he had at first. There was an air of good faith about him, as though he believed what he was saying. It did not seem possible that this was a mere piece of acting; and if it were, what might be its motive? That the boy had been at Gettysburg was simply impossible; and why he should dress as a soldier, and pretend to have taken part in the fight, was a puzzle to which White did not see the solution.

On entering the building the journalist had bought an illustrated description of the battle, proffered by a page at the door; and now, as he mechanically turned the leaves of this, his eyes fell on the name of the business manager of the Gettysburg Cyclorama — Mr. Harry Brackett. White knew Brackett well when the present manager had been a reporter of the "Gotham Gazette"; and when he saw Brackett's name he knew to whom he could apply for information. It was at all times a weakness of White's to spy out a mystery, and he deemed the present circumstances too curious not to demand investigation.

At the door of the manager's office, near the entrance, he found Harry Brackett, who greeted him with great cordiality.

"Glad to see you, White," he said. "Good show upstairs, is n't it? I wish you could give us a column of brevier in the 'Gazette,' just to boom it, now that people are coming back to town again. A good rattling editorial on object-lessons in the teaching of American history would be very timely, would n't it?"

White laughed. "If you want a reading notice on the fourth page, you had better apply to the publisher for his lowest column rates. I won't volunteer a good notice for you, because I don't approve of your Infant Phenomenon, the Boy Warrior."

"So you have tumbled to it, have you?" returned Brackett, smiling.

"Well," said White, "it does n't take extraordinary acumen to 'tumble,' as you call it. The battle of Gettysburg was fought in 1863, and it is now 1888; and if that boy upstairs was only a babe in arms then, he would be twenty-five now — and he is n't. That 's as simple as the statement of the clever French woman who was asked her age, and who answered that she must be at least twenty-one, as her daughter was twenty."

"That boy does look odd, I 'll allow," Brackett remarked. "Lots of people ask me about him."

"And what do you tell them?" was White's natural query.

"I stand 'em off somehow; I give 'em some kind of a ghost-story. They 're not particular, most of 'em. Besides, it 's only when going out that they ask questions — and they paid their money coming in."

"Then as I 'm coming out, I suppose there is no use in my requesting information," suggested White.

"You 're one of the boys," replied Harry Brackett. "You are a friend of mine; you are a newspaper man too, and you may give us a paragraph, so I don't care if I do tell you the story."

"Then there is a story to tell?"

"Rather!" Harry Brackett rejoined, emphatically.

"Ah!" said White. "Come over to the Apollo House and give me the latest particulars. A story is just what I have been looking for all day."

II.

THE STORY MR. ROBERT WHITE FOUND.

EARLY in the spring certain old-fashioned houses, low and wide-spreading, standing alone, each in a garden that came forward to the broad avenue, having long lingered as reminders of an earlier time when New York was not as huge as it is now, nor as heaped together, nor as hurried, were seized by rude hands and torn down ruthlessly. After the dust of their destruction had blown away, the large rectangle of land thus laid bare was roughly leveled and smoothed. Within this space, which was almost square, an enormous circle was drawn; and soon a ring of solid brick-work arose a foot or more above the surface of the lot. Upon this foundation swift

workmen soon erected the iron skeleton of a mighty rotunda, which stood out against the evening sky, well knit and rigid, like a gigantic rat-trap. In the perfect adaptation of the means to the end, in the vigor and symmetry of its outlines, in its simple strength and its delicate firmness, in the marvelous adjustment of its strain whereby there was not a superfluous pound of metal, this iron framework was a model of American skill in the noble art of the smith. But soon the beauty of this supple skeleton was hidden under a dull covering of wrinkled sheet-iron; and the building as it drew to completion became uglier and uglier day by day.

The erection of an edifice so unusual as this inflated round-tower aroused the greatest curiosity among the boys of the neighborhood. But no boy followed the labors of the workmen with keener interest than Dick Harmony, a lad of seventeen, who tended the newspaper-stand on the opposite side of the avenue. On a board supported by a folding trestle the journals of the day were displayed every morning and every afternoon under the charge of Dick Harmony. This stand was a branch of a more important establishment two blocks farther up the avenue. Newspapers are the most perishable of commodities; they spoil on the vender's hands in a very few hours; and Dick Harmony found that his trade was brisk only in the mornings and afternoons, and that in the middle of the day, from 11 to 3, there was a slack time. This intermission Dick had been wont to utilize in long walks; but he now spent it wholly on the other side of the avenue, in rapt contemplation of the progress of the strange building which had aroused his interest from the first.

In the very beginning, indeed, he had hated the intruding edifice, from loyal love for its predecessors. He had always liked the looks of the old houses, now swept aside by the advancing besom of improvement. He had taken pleasure, more or less unconsciously, in noting their differences from the taller, smarter, and newer houses by which they were surrounded. He had admired the dignity of their dingy yellow bricks. He had had a fondness for the few faded and dusty flowers that grew along the paths of the gardens in front, and around the basin of the dried-up fountains. He had liked to see the vines clambering over the shallow cast-iron balconies. Once he had even ventured to wish that he were rich enough to own one of those houses,— the one on the corner was the one he would choose,— and if he lived in it, he would open the gate of the garden, and let other boys in to enjoy the restful green. It was a daring dream, he knew; probably the man who dwelt in that little old house on the corner was worth a hundred thousand dollars, or maybe a million. Dick Harmony made two dollars and a half a week.

It may be that the newsboy was as rich on his two dollars and a half a week as was the man who had been living in the house on the corner, now torn down and replaced by the circular iron building; for Dick was all alone in the world; he had nobody dependent on him; he was an orphan, without brother or sister, or any living relative, so far as he knew; he could spend his weekly wages as he chose. His wants were few and simple and easily satisfied. When he had a dime or a quarter to spare he might do what he pleased with the money; he could go to the theater or to the minstrels or to the circus. He wondered whether the new building was to be a circus.

He expressed to a casual acquaintance, a bootblack, his hope that it might prove to be a circus.

"What are ye givin' me?" cried this young gentleman. "Na — that ain't no circus."

"It 's round, like a circus," returned Dick, "an' if it ain't a circus, what is it?"

"I 'll give ye the steer. I shined a young feller this mornin' an' he said it was to be a cyclonehammer — a sort of pianneraimer, he said. Ye go in the door and up in the middle somehow, and there you are bang on the battle-field right in with the soldiers a-fightin' away!"

"What battle-field?" asked Dick.

"Battle o' Gettysburg, o' course," answered the bootblack. "Did n't I tell ye it was a pianneraimer o' Gettysburg? *Shine?*"

This final syllable was addressed, not to the guardian of the news-stand, but to a gentleman on the other side of the avenue; and, as this gentleman nodded, the bootblack cut short the conversation with his friend.

Dick Harmony had but scant teaching; but he had studied a brief history of the United States, and from this he derived his sole notions of the history of the world. Like not a few American boys who have had more chances to learn better, he was inclined to think that 1492 was the date of the creation of the universe, which, however, had not really got going until 1776. He recalled vaguely the battle of Gettysburg as having taken place on the Fourth of July, 1863.

The news that the circular building in process of erection before his eyes was to contain some sort of picture or reproduction of this famous fight quickened his desire to learn more about Gettysburg. As it happened, long before the building was roofed in a call was issued for a reunion of the veterans of both sides, and the newspapers were frequent in allusions to the battle. At last a boys' paper,

which Dick read regularly every week, gave an illustrated account of Gettysburg and reprinted Lincoln's speech. As the boy read the story of Pickett's charge and of its repulse, his blood tingled with martial ardor; he wished he had been a man then to have a share in the hard struggle for Little Round Top and to have a hand in the bloody cookery of the Devil's Kitchen. But the fighting is all over, the boy knew; this was years ago; the battles are ended, the country is at peace again, and everybody is glad. None the less did Dick regret that he had not lived in those times, that he might see so great a fight. Then he wondered what a panorama or a cyclorama might be, and he longed to see at least the picture since he had missed the real battle.

Thereafter Dick Harmony spent as much time as he could spare from his news-stand in watching the completion of the building. As soon as the morning demand for newspapers slackened the boy closed his trestle, stowed it away, and crossed the avenue. After a few days the workmen came to know him, and the foreman tolerated his presence where other boys were not allowed to enter. He was shy and silent generally; but now and again his curiosity got the better of him, and he asked questions about the battle — questions which the workmen were puzzled to answer, and which they merely laughed at. He bore their rude jesting without anger; a reproachful glance from his dark eyes was his only retort. He was persistent in his attendance, and always obliging. He was never unwilling to run on an errand for the foreman or for one of the men. At noon he went to the nearest saloon and came back with their cans of beer balanced along a stick. Everybody knew him at last, and so it came to pass that he was tacitly granted the freedom of the place.

He saw the roof put on with its broad ring of heavy glass in thick panes. He watched the fungus growth of the central platform, which at one time came to look like the skeleton of a wooden mushroom. He examined its twin set of spiral stairs, one within the other, like a double corkscrew. He looked on while the passage was built from the platform to the main door, a long wooden tunnel. He walked around the inner circumference of the edifice as the men laid the broad ties and single rail of a circular track. He wondered at the huge wooden tower on wheels — not unlike those used by the ancients in an assault on a walled city — which was built to run upon the primitive railroad. He was present when there was thrust into the building the canvas of the picture, a long limp roll like a Gargantuan sausage. He was there when the spool upon which this canvas had been reeled was raised up perpendicularly and fastened to pivots at the top and bottom of the moving tower. He was permitted to see the picture unrolled and made fast to a great iron ring, just under the edge of the roof, as the tower was wheeled slowly around the rotunda. He saw the canvas tightened by another iron ring joined in sections to its lower edge. He looked on while the men stretched the canopy which was to spread over the heads of the spectators as they might stand on the platform, and which hung from the apex of the building for a week at least neglected and limp, like the umbrella of a gigantic Mrs. Gamp. He gazed with wonder as the artist touched up the painting here and there, as need was, heightening the brilliancy of a cannon in one place or toning down the glitter of a button in another.

This painter was not the chief painter of the cyclorama, which was the work of a distinguished Frenchman, a famous depicter of battle-scenes. The man Dick saw was a burly Alsatian, who had been one of the principal assistants of the French artist, and who on the return of the great painter to France had been deputed to set the cyclorama in New York. He spoke English like a Frenchman and French like a German. His huge bulk and his shock of iron-gray hair gave him a forbidding appearance; and his voice was so harsh that Dick Harmony was afraid of him and kept out of his way, while following his operations with unfailing interest.

Among the many ingenious devices for concealing from the spectator the exact junction of the real foreground with the painted cloth of the picture was a little pond of water in a corner of a stone wall, cunningly set off by aquatic plants, some of them genuine and some of them merely painted. One morning when Dick entered the building he started back as he heard the big Alsatian loudly swearing in German-French and French-English, because the workmen had carelessly crushed a little group of these plants.

"Sacré dunder!" he cried in stentorian tones. "The brute who spoild my cad-dails, vere is he? Vere is the idiod, dad I breag his head?"

Dick crept around behind the central platform and soon discovered the cause of this portentous outbreak. In constructing a few feet of real stone wall, a cluster of cat-tails just at the edge of the pond had been trampled and broken beyond repair.

"Dunder of heafen!" the Alsatian roared; "if I attrap the workman beasd who did me dad drick, I breag his neg! Vere vil I find more cad-dails now?"

For some time the human volcano continued thus; and its eruption of trilingual profanity

did not wholly intermit until the shrill whistles of the neighboring factories proclaimed the noontide recess. Even then the artist muttered spasmodically as he went out to his lunch. Dick did not dare to address him then. But nearly an hour later the Alsatian returned, having made a satisfactory midday meal, as his smiling face testified. Dick stood afar off until the painter, leaning back on a grassy mound, had lighted his cigarette, and then he ventured to approach.

"If you want some more of those cat-tails," he said timidly, "I think I know where you can get them."

Then he drew back a few paces, doubtfully.

"You dink you know vere to ged dem?" answered the artist, rising from the ground and towering over the lad; "den I shall go vid you all ad once."

"They may be gone now, but I don't think they are; for the man used to have 'em regularly, and I guess he 's got 'em still," the boy returned, with rising courage.

"Ve sall go see," was the Frenchman's reply.

As it happened, Dick was thus able to be of service to the artist. In his wanderings during his noon leisure, before he spent the middle of the day in the cyclorama, he had marked a florist who kept cat-tails. To this man's shop he guided the painter, who was enabled to replace the broken plants. Dick carried the tall stems as he walked back to the cyclorama by the side of the artist, whose roughness had waned and who spoke gently to the boy. In a few minutes Dick was answering questions about himself — who he was, what he did for a living, how he came to be off duty in the very busiest part of the day, how he liked the cyclorama. When the boy declared that he thought the picture of the battle the most wonderful thing he had ever seen, the man smiled not unkindly as he said, "You haf not seen much of dings. But id is nod badd — nod so badd — I haf seen vorse, perhabs. Id is nod so badd."

And from that morning the American boy and the big Alsatian were on friendly terms. After his lunch the artist liked to smoke a cigarette before returning to work, and then he would talk to Dick, explaining the details of the great picture and dwelling on the difficulty they had had to get at the exact facts of the mighty combat. As he told of the successive movements of the two armies during the three-days' fighting, the boy's face would flush and his eyes would flash, and he would hold himself erect like a soldier.

Seeing these things, one day the artist asked, "You vould vish to haf been ad de baddle, eh?"

"There ain't anything I 'd like better," replied Dick. "To be a real soldier and to see a real fight in a real war — that 's what I 'd like."

"Bud de war is nod veridably amusing," returned the artist. "For my pard, I lofed it nod."

"Were you a real soldier?" cried the boy eagerly.

The Alsatian nodded, as he rolled another cigarette.

"In a real war?" pursued Dick.

"Id vas a real var, I assure you," the painter responded.

"Did you ever kill anybody?" the lad inquired next, with growing excitement.

"I don't know"—

Dick was evidently disappointed at this.

"Bud dey haf me almost killed vonce. I haf a Prussian saber-cud on my shoulder here."

"Did you get wounded at Gettysburg?" Dick asked.

"Bud no — bud no," answered the Frenchman. "Id vas at the siege of Paris — I vas a *Mobile* — and ve fought vid de Germans."

"They were Hessians, I suppose?" Dick suggested.

"Dey vere Hessians and Prussians and Bavarians and Saxons — bud de Prussians vere de vorse."

For a few seconds Dick was silent in thought.

"I knew the French helped us lick the Hessians over here in the Revolutionary War, but I did n't know that the Hessians had been fighting the French over in Europe too," he said at last. "I suppose it was to get even for their having been beat so bad over here."

This suggestion seemed humorous even to the Alsatian, who smiled, and rolled another cigarette meditatively.

"Should you lofe to be painded in de picdure?" he asked suddenly.

"Would n't I!" cried Dick. "There ain't anything I 'd like better."

"Dere 's a drummer-boy vounded dere in de veat-field and he is all dorn. I will paind him once more. You will pose for him."

"But I have n't any uniform," said the boy.

"Dere are uniforms dere in dat case. Dake a jacked and a cap."

Dick sprang to the large box which the artist had pointed out. There were all sorts of uniforms in it — infantry, cavalry, and artillery, volunteers' and regulars', bright zouave red and butternut gray. In a minute the boy had found the jacket and fez of a zouave drummer.

"Is this what I am to wear?" he asked.

The artist nodded. Dick threw off his own coarse coat and donned the trim jacket of the drummer-boy. As he put it on, he drew himself up and stood erect, in soldierly fashion, with his shoulders well squared. Then he adjusted the fez and marched back to the Alsatian.

"Dad 's vell," said the artist, examining him critically. "Now go lie down in de veatfield and I paind you."

Never had an artist a more patient model. Uncomplainingly the lad lay in the position assigned to him until every muscle in his body ached. Even then it was the Frenchman who bade him rise and rest, long before the American would have confessed his fatigue at the unwonted strain. Dick had never in his life been as happy as he was when first he put on that uniform. With a boy's faculty of self-deception, he felt as though he were in very truth a soldier, and as though the fate of the day might depend on his bearing himself bravely.

The sharp eyes of the artist quickly discovered the delight Dick took in wearing the zouave jacket and the fez, and to please the boy the good-natured Alsatian devised excuses to let the boy try on almost every uniform in the box, until at last it came to be understood that while Dick was in the cyclorama he might wear whatever military costume he liked.

One morning Dick was able to get to the building a little earlier than usual. He put on the dark blue uniform of a New York regiment and then looked about for the artist, whom he found at last high up on the wheeled tower, engaged in freshening the foliage of a tall tree. Dick climbed up and sat down beside him, watching his labors with never-failing interest. The painter greeted him pleasantly, paused in his work long enough to roll a cigarette, asked the boy a question or two, and then returned to his task. When the midday whistle shrilled through the air the Frenchman did not lay aside his brush at once, saying that he had almost finished what he had in hand and he wanted to spare himself the bother of clambering again to the top of the tower. The workmen left the building to eat their dinners.

"I vill finish in dree minudes now," the Alsatian remarked as he threw away his cigarette half-smoked and worked with increased energy.

A minute later Dick gave a sudden cry of alarm and disappeared over the side of the tower. The artist's cigarette had fallen among the shavings that littered the ground; it had smoldered there for a few seconds until some chance breath of wind had fanned it into flame. When Dick happened to look down he saw a tiny little bonfire sparkling exactly under the inflammable canvas of the cyclorama. He called to the painter,—there was no one else in the building to hear his startled shout,—and he set out for the ground as fast as he could. As he came down the ladder he saw the flames brightening and beginning to blaze up, and he feared that he might be too late. He quickened his descent, but another glance below showed him the flames growing taller and thrusting their hot tongues towards the tinder-like picture. With boyish recklessness, half intentionally and half unconsciously, he loosened his hold on the ladder down which he was climbing and sprang to the ground. He plunged through the air for twenty feet or more; but in his unexpected start he lost his balance and fell, with turning body, and with arms and legs extending wildly. Then at last he landed heavily exactly on the fire, which had been the cause of his self-sacrificing movement and which was instantly extinguished by the weight of his body and by the shock of his fall. Where he had dropped he lay motionless. He had struck on his right hand and on his head.

The painter reached the ground a few seconds after the boy, and he found him lying in a heap on a mass of loose earth and shavings and like rubbish. Dick was insensible. Some of the workmen soon came running in at the loud call of the Alsatian, and one of them rang for an ambulance.

The boy had not moved when the doctor came.

"Is he dead?" asked the Alsatian, as the doctor arose from his examination.

"He 's pretty badly hurt," was the answer, "but I don't believe he 'll die. The right arm seems to be broken, and there are severe contusions on the head. We 'll take him to the hospital, and we 'll soon see what is the matter with him."

With a little aid from the doctor, the strong Alsatian raised the boy's body in his arms and bore it gently to the ambulance. As Dick was placed on the stretcher he opened his eyes and asked, "Did I save the panorama?"

"Bud yes—bud yes," cried the artist.

The boy smiled and closed his eyes and again became unconscious, as the doctor took his seat in the ambulance and it drove off.

The artist came to the hospital that afternoon and left instructions to give the boy every attention and every delicacy that might be good for him. They refused to let him see Dick, who was still insensible.

The next day the painter called again. He was then told that the boy's right arm had

been amputated, that the injuries to the head were serious but probably not fatal, and that the patient could receive no one. He was informed that it would be useless to see the boy, who was delirious with fever and not able to recognize any one.

The painter went to the hospital every day, and in time he began to get good news. Dick was a strong, healthy lad, and he was bearing up bravely. As soon as the fever abated and the boy came out of his delirium, the Alsatian brought a bunch of flowers with him on his daily visit and sent them up to the boy's bedside, but it was long before Dick had strength or desire to ask whence they came.

And so the days passed and the weeks. The spring had grown into the summer. Decoration Day had been celebrated, and the Fourth of July was near at hand. The cyclorama was finished after a while, and thrown open to the public. And the boy still lay on a bed in the hospital.

At last a day came when the doctor told the burly Alsatian with the gruff voice that Dick Harmony could begin to see his friends now; the artist was the only friend he had who cared enough for him to ask to see him.

The doctor conducted him to the bedside and stood by, lest the excitement might be more than the patient could bear.

As Dick saw the Frenchman his eyes brightened, he moved the stump of his right arm as though to hold out his hand, he tried to rise from the bed, and he fell back, feeble but happy.

"Is the cyclorama all right?" he cried, before his visitor could say a word.

"Bud yes — bud yes," answered the Alsatian. "Id vas you dad safed him."

The smile brightened on Dick's face as he asked, "Is it finished yet?"

The artist nodded.

"Can I see it soon?" inquired the boy.

The artist looked at the physician.

"We can let him out in less than a month, I think," said the doctor in reply to this mute interrogation.

"Den in less dan a mond you vill see it," the Frenchman declared.

"Will they let me in now that it is finished?" asked Dick, doubtfully.

"I vill dake you in myself," responded the painter. "Or how vill you lofe to come vid us — ve need a boy dere now?"

Dick looked at him for a moment speechless. It seemed to him as though this offer opened the portals of Paradise.

"Do you mean it, honest?" he was able to ask at last.

The artist nodded again, smiling at the joy he saw in the boy's eyes.

"Of course I should like it," Dick went on. "I should like it better than anything else in the world. I don't care what wages you pay; I 'll come for less than any other boy you can get."

The Frenchman was engaged in rolling a cigarette which he now put between his lips, at the same time drawing a match-box from his pocket. Suddenly he remembered where he was.

"Vell, den," he said, rising, "dad 's all right. Ven you are all vell, you come to us and ve gif you a place."

"I 'll get well pretty quick, I tell you," replied the boy. "I 'm in a hurry to see how it looks now it is all done."

And this favorable prognostic was duly fulfilled. From the day of the artist's visit, and encouraged by the glad tidings he brought, the boy steadily improved. The arm made a good healing and there was no recurrence of the delirium. Just how serious might be the injury to the head the doctors had not been able to determine, but they were encouraged to hope that it would not again trouble him.

A fortnight later the convalescent was released, pale and feeble, but buoyed up by delightful anticipations. The good-natured Alsatian took him at once to the cyclorama, and supported his weak steps as he tottered up the spiral staircase and out upon the center platform, from which the battle-field stretched away on every side.

"Oh!" he cried, with an outbreak of joy as he gazed about him, "is n't it beautiful? This is a real battle, is n't it? I did n't think anything could be so pretty. I could stay here forever looking at it and looking at it."

The artist led him to one of the benches and the boy sank down on it, as though the excitement had been too much for him in his enfeebled state.

It was then about 3 in the afternoon, and at that hour Captain Carroll was accustomed to deliver a brief lecture to the spectators who might be assembled, in which he set forth the story of the battle with the fervent floridity of Hibernian eloquence.

Dick Harmony listened to the periods of the orator with awe-stricken attention.

"Was Captain Carroll really at Gettysburg?" he inquired of the Alsatian, who had taken a seat by his side.

"But yes — bud yes. It vas dere he lose his arm."

Then for the first time the boy saw that the old soldier had an empty sleeve pinned across the right breast of his uniform.

"He lost his arm fighting and I lost mine by accident," cried Dick, bitterly. "I had n't the luck to be a soldier."

The painter looked at the boy in surprise; then he said gravely:

"He is as you — you bode lost your arms on the field of baddle; Capdain Carroll ad de real Geddysburg and you ad dis Geddysburg here."

Dick gazed earnestly at the artist as this was said; but the large face of the Frenchman was placid and without a smile. Then the newsboy drew himself up and replied:

"Yes, that 's true enough. I was wounded on the battle-field of Gettysburg, was n't it?"

And thereafter this idea remained with him and was never abandoned.

As Dick's strength returned he was put on duty. He was to sell descriptive pamphlets to the spectators on the central platform. A uniform was provided for him. To his delight it was not unlike that worn by Captain Carroll, and the boy proceeded at once to pin his sleeve across his breast as the old soldier had done. In other things also did he imitate the captain immediately — in his upright carriage, in his walk, in his manner of speech, and even in his special phrases.

From the old officer the boy learned the vocabulary of the American soldier, developed during the long marches and hard fights of four years of civil war. He spoke of the Confederate soldiers as "Johnnies"; he called an infantry musket a "howitzer"; he knew that "salt-horse" and "cow-feed" were nicknames for corned-beef and vegetables; and he referred to coffee as "boiled rye."

Captain Carroll was conscious that he served as a model for Dick, and he was flattered by it. He took a fancy to the lad, and talked to him about the war by the hour on the rainy days when the visitors to the cyclorama were scant.

"Were you in any battle besides Gettysburg?" Dick asked, one morning.

"I was in all of them, I think," was the Irishman's answer; "and I was wounded at most."

"Have you been hit more than once?" was the boy's eager question.

"I had me thumb shot off at Bull Run, and the whole hand taken off at Antietam, and the rest of the arm went at Gettysburg, as ye see. I come of a good stock, and I had to be economical of me mimbers. There 's some who never get wounded at all, at all, and there 's more that get killed in every contemptuous little fight they go into — not that I regret me exparience at all; I ped dear for it, but it was worth it. Ah, but there was illigant fightin' at Gettysburg!"

"I 'm sure it was the greatest battle ever fought," declared Dick enthusiastically.

"I dunno," returned the Irishman. "There was pretty work at Cold Harbor and in the Seven Days. It was then the Fightin' 41st was thinned out a bit; I got me wound in me lung there, and a bullet in me leg."

Dick gazed with awe at the veteran, who discovered a fresh wound whenever the tale of a new battle was told. He believed it all, and he did the Irishman little more than justice. The body of Captain Carroll was scarred with many a cicatrix, indelible records of his devotion to the adopted country in whose service he had lost his health.

In the hottest days of the summer Dick was at his post, although he confided to Captain Carroll that his head "felt queer sometimes," and the old soldier immediately returned that the bullet in his leg was giving him more trouble, and he was afraid the wound was going to open.

In the last week of June there came three days of intense heat, which greatly distressed both the veteran and the lad who kept him company on the central platform. On the fourth day of the hot spell Harry Brackett, who had left the "Gotham Gazette," to become the manager of the cyclorama, was detained by private affairs and did not arrive at the office until 1 o'clock. Then he found awaiting him a letter from Captain Carroll announcing the sudden re-opening of the wound in the leg, which would confine the veteran to the house for a week at least.

"What shall we do for a lecturer?" Brackett asked of the Alsatian painter, whom he had happened to find in the office.

"Is he necessary?" returned the artist.

"Is n't he?" was the journalist's reply. "The people pay their money not only to see a picture of the battle, but to hear an old soldier speak a piece about it, and stoke it up to them for all it 's worth."

"Dey haf none to-day," the painter remarked, smiling.

"That 's so," said Brackett. "Let 's go up on the mushroom and see how they like it without a speech."

The Alsatian threw his cigarette away and followed the journalist down the long tunnel which led to the spiral stairs. As they reached the steps they heard a sound of applause.

"What 's that for?" asked Brackett.

"I don' know," answered the Frenchman.

"Sounds as though some one had been making a speech and had got an encore."

"Hush!" said the artist, suddenly grasping Brackett's arm. "Lisden!"

From the platform above them came down the familiar periods of Captain Carroll's lecture.

Brackett stared at the painter in great surprise. "It is n't the Irishman, is it?" he asked.

"Hush!" said the artist again. "Lisden a liddle."

The voice from above was speaking again. "It is as though you were now gazing on a vision of the decisive onslaught of the supreme moment of the greatest civil war known to the history of man — a mighty war of a mighty people who fought their battles, not with hirelings and not with mercenaries, but with their own right arms, and who spent their own blood freely, and their children's blood and the blood of their children's children!"

Again the applause broke forth.

"It is the captain's speech," cried Brackett; "but it does n't sound like the captain's voice."

"It is de boy," said the artist, mounting the steps.

As they came out on top of the platform, they saw Dick Harmony standing by the rail on one side, as Captain Carroll was wont to do; and they heard him delivering the captain's speech, to which he had listened so often that he had unconsciously committed it to memory.

The artist and the journalist heard him out.

"The young feller 's got it down fine, has n't he?" said Brackett. "He takes himself seriously too; he 's talking just as though he had been in the battle himself."

"And vat harm is id?" asked the Frenchman.

When the lecture was ended Dick gravely answered the questions of some of the spectators, and then joined his friend in the center of the platform.

"You 've done us a good turn, Dick," said Brackett; "and you 've done it very well too. I 've no doubt some of the people think you really were at the battle."

"Was n't I?" asked Dick, doubtfully.

The journalist looked at the boy in astonishment and gave a low whistle. He was about to answer when the painter grasped his arm and led him aside.

"You say de boy did vell," he whispered; "vy not let him alone? He is not lying; he believes he vas dere."

"But he is n't telling the truth either," replied Brackett. "Still, we shall have to let him lecture till the captain gets on his legs again."

But the captain never got on his legs again. His wound refused to heal, and under the exhaustion of the pain the old soldier died at last, after an illness of less than a fortnight.

During his absence Dick Harmony had delivered his lecture whenever there was a sufficient gathering of spectators. By frequent repetition of the words he had been confirmed in his belief that he was speaking of what he had seen himself. There was a mental metempsychosis by which he transformed himself into the old soldier. He knew that he was Dick Harmony, but he felt also that he was a veteran of the Army of the Potomac. He had assimilated the information derived from the captain, and with the knowledge he seemed to think that he had acquired also the personality of the elder man.

III.

WHY MR. ROBERT WHITE DID NOT USE THE STORY HE HAD FOUND.

THE next afternoon as Mr. Robert White was again leaving the office of the editor of the "Gotham Gazette," the chief checked him once more with a query.

"By the way, White, have you found a story for us yet?" he asked.

"I think I have," was White's answer. "But I want to get expert testimony before I write it."

"Don't make it too scientific — the simply pathetic is what the women like best, you know."

"Well," rejoined White, "the story that I hope to tell is simple enough certainly, and I don't know but what it is pathetic too in a way, although I confess I thought it comic at first."

"I 'm not sure," said the editor, "that I altogether approve of a story about which the author is in doubt, for then he is likely to puzzle the reader, and no woman likes that. However, I know I can rely on you. Good afternoon."

Robert White went to his desk and wrote his daily article,— it was on "Boston as the True Site of the Garden of Eden,"— and he sent it up to the composing-room. Then he walked up-town briskly and entered the College Club, where he found Doctor Cheever awaiting him. Doctor Cheever made a specialty of diseases of the mind. He was also White's family physician, and he and the journalist were old friends; they had been class-mates at college.

"Am I late?" White inquired.

"You asked me for 6:30 and it is now 6:31," Doctor Cheever answered.

"Let us proceed to the dining-room at once," White replied. "The dinner is ordered."

"Then, as your mind is now at rest about that most important matter, perhaps you can inform me why you asked me here."

"Sit down, and you shall know," said White; and he told the doctor the story of Dick Harmony's accident and its consequences, and the strange delusion under which the boy was laboring.

Doctor Cheever listened most attentively, now and again interrupting to put a pertinent question.

When White had finished his story his friend said, "This is a very interesting case you have been describing. I should like to see the boy for myself."

"That 's just what I was going to suggest," replied White.

And so, when their dinner was over, they walked down the broad avenue to the cyclorama. A throng was already gathered on the platform, and the young voice of Dick Harmony could be heard indicating the main features of the great fight.

When, in his revolving around the outer rail, the boy came near Doctor Cheever, the physician asked a few questions about the battle-field, and so led the conversation easily to Dick's own share in it. The answers were not unlike those the boy had given Robert White on the preceding evening. Doctor Cheever was gentle and kindly, but his questions were more searching than White's had been.

When they had seen and heard enough, the doctor and the journalist came out into the street.

"Well?" asked Doctor Cheever.

"I wanted you to come here," White answered, "and examine the boy for yourself."

"Why?" queried the doctor.

"Because I think you can give me special information as to his mental status."

"It is an interesting case, certainly," Doctor Cheever replied, "but not altogether abnormal. The boy is perfectly honest in his false statements; he is saying only what he now believes to be strictly true. He wanted to have been at that battle; and after the injury to his head, his will was able to master his memory. That he now thinks and asserts that he was at the battle of Gettysburg you may call an astounding example of self-deception, and so should I, perhaps, if I had not seen other instances quite as startling."

"Just as George IV. came to believe that he was present in the flesh at Waterloo," suggested White.

"Precisely," the doctor returned; "but sometimes it happens without a broken head or insanity."

"I 'm glad to have your opinion as to the boy's mental condition."

"What did you want it for?" was Doctor Cheever's next question.

"To use in a story," said the journalist. "I think I can work this up into a sketch for the Sunday paper — a sketch which would not be lacking in a certain novelty."

"Better not," remarked the doctor, dryly.

"Why not?" inquired White, a little provoked by his friend's manner.

"Why not?" Doctor Cheever repeated. "Why not? — why, because the boy might read it."

Brander Matthews.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Lay Sermon to the Clergy.

AS a rule the clergyman in partisan politics is a dupe and a danger, but a clergyman concerning himself, without cant, rancor, or extravagance, in the questions of the day on the moral side,— none the less if these questions are to be dealt with by legislation,— such a clergyman is a boon to the community. We are well aware that the clergyman's first and chief duty is the spiritual betterment of the individual, and that a nation of saints, if wise saints, would be a nation of good citizens. But good citizenship is to be promoted not only directly by "saving the soul" of the individual citizen, but also indirectly by all sorts of social and political and legislative devices.

No one can say that the clergy are not interesting themselves in temperance reform, and in many other reforms. The sermon preached last winter in New York and Washington by the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of the Brick Church, on "The National Sin of Literary Piracy," is a notable evidence of the active interest of the pulpit in public morals. The preacher took for his text: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people," and by his treatment of the subject fully justified his theme.

"It matters not," he said, "what theory of the origin of government you adopt, if you follow it out to its legitimate conclusions it will bring you face to face with the moral law." "The refusal of our country to protect all men equally in the product of their mental labor, and the consequent practice of reprinting and selling the books of foreigners without asking their consent, or offering them any payment, has been generally regarded as a question of politics, of economy, of national courtesy. But at bottom, as Mr. Lowell has said, it is a question of right and wrong; and therefore it needs to be separated from the confusions of partisanship and the considerations of self-interest, and brought into contact with the Ten Commandments."

But it is not only in the pulpit that ministers can make themselves felt in the reform of public morals, but also in their action and conversation elsewhere,— in becoming, on all proper private and public occasions, advocates of those political and social reforms which all good and disinterested citizens favor the moment that they are brought to their thoughtful attention. Inertia is the friend and promoter of all public abuses. The minister should be among the first to examine the schemes which are constantly being brought forward for the purification of government, throwing aside all that savor of the wild-cat and the crank, selecting those most wise, and earnestly urging their adoption.

There is no reform more pressingly needed throughout the country than that which aims, through legal devices already tested, at the purity of elections. A free ballot is the foundation of modern society; but at this moment, in many cases, how far the ballot is from being free, how foully and effectively the briber does his work, are facts too widely and too hopelessly accepted. A remedy for this state of things is at hand, and the people only need awakening and informing in order that this remedy may be universally applied.*

And there is the reform of the civil service. That reform has in the last dozen years made great advances in legislation, in executive practice, and in the opinion of the public,— but its further extension in legislation and in executive practice is apparently awaiting its further extension in public opinion. The "machine" man of both of the great parties, either privately or publicly, or both privately and publicly, venomously denounces every advocate of the reform, and the very principle involved in the reform. The offices are his tools of trade, and he will not let himself be deprived of them without a furious struggle. Wherever he dares, he sets the principle of the reform at defiance, and even the laws based upon this principle. Those whose desire as well as duty it is to enforce the spirit no less than the letter of the reform programme complain that public sentiment, or, at least, the public sentiment of their particular party, does not at all times and places sustain them in their efforts. Now, waiving the question whether such sustaining should be waited upon,— there can be little doubt that, human nature and politics being what they are, the merit system will not be put into universal practice without a legal necessity. Nor will new laws be passed, extending the system under our city, state, and national government until public opinion is much further advanced on this question than it is to-day. Not only is it unsafe to cease the agitation, but greater efforts than ever must be made if the spoils system is to be thoroughly driven out and away. Organized agencies are at work in this direction, but these can effect little without the spontaneous assistance of the great army of disinterested, public-spirited men and women throughout the country. Every good man and woman can help this initial reform of all political reforms; and perhaps more than all others those natural leaders of the community in whatever is highest and most ideal — the clergy of all creeds and denominations.

*See "Honesty at Elections," "Topics of the Time," THE CENTURY for February, 1888.

†THE CENTURY for April, 1888, p. 963.

Selfishness and Self-Interest.

NOT many distinctions have more difficulty to most men than that which is properly to be made between selfishness and self-interest, as social and economic forces. A sentence in a recent issue of this magazine† may serve as a case in point: "He who has retired with a snug fortune has been engaged in a life-long struggle to provide dry-goods for the public a cent a yard cheaper than they were before." Very many readers will be prompt to object: "He has been doing nothing of the sort; he has been engaged in a life-long struggle to provide dry-goods at the greatest possible profit to himself allowed by competition and the limit which prices put upon sales." And, as the latter statement is in the main correct, it might easily seem to involve the falsehood of the former.

Only the suggestion will probably be needed to show that the two statements are made in regard to entirely different phases of the same series of actions; that the first has regard only to the *consequences* of the seller's life-work, while the second looks as exclusively to the *motive*. The two are not mutually exclusive. The consequence stated in the first, the decrease in the price of dry-goods, might result indifferently either from pure philanthropy or from the seller's eager and intense competition with rival sellers. The motive stated in the objection need not necessarily result in any decrease of price or increase of fortune: it might result otherwise, according to circumstances, either in increase of price or in the bankruptcy of the seller. The two statements, while equally true, are not correlative: those who think only of either as their text are arguing from different premises and can never come to an agreement, or even to a common understanding. We must either find some statement which shall cover both, or some valid reason why one of the two should be excluded from consideration.

It is easy to see that the essential feature of the counter-statement, the motive of the seller's life-work, is of very great importance in legal discussions, more particularly in criminal law. Every essential feature in the mere act of firing a gun at a crowd of persons may be exactly the same, whether the firing is done by a militiaman under orders, by a peaceful citizen in self-defense, by a passionate man under slight provocation, or by sheer accident or carelessness; the only point to which the law can look in deciding responsibility is the motive which controlled the will in doing the act. It is quite true that the law often seems to regard the consequences rather than the motive; that it will hang a man who sacrifices his child, though the motive of the sacrifice be a religious desire to imitate the purpose of Abraham in the case of Isaac; but this is, after all, rather a judicial decision upon the admissibility of the motive than an examination of the consequences.

In social and economic questions, on the contrary, whether they are considered by themselves or as the basis of legal discussions, the controlling factor is as evidently the consequences of the act. If a contract based on an immoral consideration is voided, it is not by reason of the motives of the parties, but by reason of the consequences to the public; decisions based on "public policy" turn commonly on such social or economic questions. English law once forbade "fore-

stalling, regrating, and engrossing"; that is, roughly, the accumulation of stocks of goods by middle-men in expectation of a higher price. The prohibition has been gradually abandoned, not because the motives of middle-men had become purer, sweeter, or more philanthropic, but because the judges, as they came to understand the course of trade more clearly, began to see that the consequences of the success of such a prohibition would be an increased possibility of famine. The ordinary criterion upon which experience teaches us to rely in such cases is not the motive of the individual who claims a privilege, but the consequences to the public which grants it, either through legal or through social channels.

Much of the fallacy and futility which have crept into the discussion of social and economic questions has come from the admission of an element, the motive of the individual, which, however important in criminal law, is quite out of place here. Very many well-meaning arguments for or against Mr. Henry George's proposal to confiscate rent have been based on the grasping avarice of landlords or of Mr. George; whereas the question is mainly one of consequences, whether the public is benefited by individual ownership or by nationalization of land. Modern society has grown into a stronger anxiety for freedom of individual competition through its clearer perception that the consequences are in the highest degree beneficial to the public and to the world. While the leanings of English law were against the middle-man and his "selfish" efforts to accumulate wealth by anticipating the hunger of his fellow-men, the price of wheat was often at nominal and at famine rates in the same country within a single year. Now a complicated system of daily telegraph reports keeps the whole English-speaking portion of humanity informed as to the demand for wheat in every country, and as to the visible supply, whether in Russia, in the elevators of Dakota or Illinois, or in transit by sea; and the first remote indication of famine turns a great current of food in that direction in which the higher price shows that it is most needed. All this enormous and expensive system has been developed by individuals whose motive, while it may very properly be called "selfishness," so far as they themselves are concerned, must be taken as self-interest alone, so far as the public is concerned with it. The public is of the belief that it is far better served in such cases by the self-interest and consequent competition of individuals than by any governmental agencies. The difficulty with men of socialist leanings — for these far outnumber the down-right and out-right Socialists — is that they look only at the "selfishness" of the middle-man, and are ready to welcome any governmental agency which will, to outward seeming at least, reduce the success of selfishness as an economic force.

Even if we should admit that the substitution of governmental for individual forces would in so far abolish selfishness, we might safely appeal to the experience of the race in support of the assertion that the governmental forces would be inferior in efficiency: self-interest, in the various phases of its operation, has decreased the price of dry-goods far more than any governmental agency ever did while it had the opportunity. But it may be worth while to ask attention to the fact that any such change would not abolish selfishness; it would merely transfer it from the individual to the government agent. The efficient government agent would be as thoroughly selfish in all his motives for activity as the individual middle-man ever was in his; there would be only a thin veneering laid over the underlying motive, and a decrease in efficiency, which the public would be the first to feel and resent.

It is impossible to exclude selfishness as a social and economic motive; and the public would only waste time by taking into consideration that which it cannot exclude. The choice is between adopting the services of selfish government agents or of selfish individuals; and, as competition can have little effect upon the former, while it works with the very greatest force upon the latter, modern civilization has shown the keenest sense of its own self-interest in its disregard of the individual's selfish motives, and its progressive transfer of more and more of its daily work to individual self-interest and competition. The public, in other words, is not interested in the motive of the individual dry-goods dealer, his desire to make profits, but in the consequence — the decrease of price.

A New Branch of an Old Profession.

IN the United States the highest type of mind, especially among men, has not as a rule turned to the teaching profession, because of the inadequacy of its rewards and the uncertainty of advancement. By mere force of habit or custom this tendency away from teaching as a life occupation continues, though the rewards increase in value almost yearly, and promotion is becoming both rapid and sure. The success of the manual-training movement will, it is fair to assume, exert a powerful influence in attracting well trained and broadly cultured men to the service of the school. The ablest graduates of the scientific schools and polytechnic institutes are the men who should respond to the call now being heard all over the country for trained teachers of manual training. Their equipment in drawing, and wood and metal working, when supplemented by a short pedagogic course, is precisely what is required of a principal or instructor in the manual-training school. Furthermore, the salaries attached to these positions are very fair, and will naturally increase as the experience of incumbents makes them more valuable. Mechanics will not do for these positions. Mere tool-men cannot teach. Their sole aim is the finished product, and their method is to urge imitation by the pupil of their own skill. The real teacher of manual training, on the other hand, will desire first of all the development of his pupil, and his method will be to stimulate the student's own activity and power of thought. For him a well-finished product will be but an incident — a necessary incident, it is true — of successful teaching. The well-developed pupil will be the first product for which he will strive.

That this new branch of an old profession is already established admits of no question. Educational thought is all but unanimous in its favor. Public sentiment demands it. Favorable legislative action in New Jersey, and the pending or projected legislation in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and several of the western States, have created a demand for trained teachers of this kind, which it is just now impossible to supply. At least one institution has been established for the purpose of training young men for this

work. It will doubtless be some time before the proper candidates for these positions are forthcoming in sufficient numbers. The lack of rapid adaptability to changed circumstances explains why this expectation is justifiable. Yet the demand will eventually create a supply, and the trained student of nature's forces and materials will find awaiting him a field worthy of his noblest efforts.

For women there is a similar opening. Domestic economy, including instruction in the care, preparation, and constituents of food materials, and sewing, are being offered to girls just as constructive work with tools is prescribed for boys. Careful and systematic teaching is necessary if these branches are to yield the educational results hoped for, and which it is perfectly possible for them to yield. So for women teachers,— and women constitute more than four-fifths of our 320,000 teachers,— there is also an enlarged opportunity. Busy-work, sewing, and cooking will take their place by the side of arithmetic, geography, and history. Already a score or more of cities have schools in which this step has been taken. Everywhere the results are successful. The handling of things stimulates the pupil to careful observation and correct expression. It awakens interest where merely verbal exercises had brought on an intellectual paralysis. It gives power and a consciousness of power. It educates. As one reads the numerous reports on manual training from all parts of the country, New Haven and St. Paul, Albany and Cleveland, New Orleans and St. Louis, and a score more cities and towns, and becomes fully aware of the hold it has gained, he is convinced that for the healthy development of the movement not arguments, but trained teachers, are now necessary.

The Independence of Literature.

THE Rev. Dr. Gladden's "Open Letter" on copyright in this number of THE CENTURY makes a needed explanation of the principle involved in all copyright, as no one can accept the principle of copyright and consistently oppose international copyright. The recent discussion of international copyright has shown the necessity of making clear this principle.

The fact is that the copyright method of supporting and encouraging literary activity is the modern and democratic method as opposed to the ancient feudal method. Either the author must win his living by the simple and easy means of popular sales, or he must, as in the old days, look for his support to some "patron,"— private, ecclesiastical, governmental, or what not. In claiming governmental "protection" by international copyright law American authors have asked not for "patronage" and "protection," as in the old days; on the contrary, they have merely asked for their right to gain their own living unhampered by the unnatural competition of stolen goods. They have asked not for the "protection" of the appraiser, but of the policeman. They wish to be "free" to earn their bread and butter under natural conditions. As Dr. Eggleston said in his speech before the Senate committee, American authors do not ask what several foreign governments give to their authors,— sinecure positions and literary pensions as a means of support; they only ask to be put on the same footing with other workmen. The opposition to international copyright has inevitably ended in denying the principle of all copyright. But when copyright is properly understood it will be found, as we have said above, to be the manly, honest, and democratic method as opposed to the aristocratic and feudal method of supporting the profession of letters.

The independence of literary expression needs to be carefully guarded. "Patronage" is much more out of place in this domain than in that of the plastic arts. Those who have opposed the principle of copyright have been, without knowing it, promoting a tendency which would result in a system reactionary and un-American.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Ethics of Copyright.

THE debate about international copyright has raised the question whether authors, native or foreign, have any rights which the laws are bound to protect. The prompt answer of the advocates of international copyright, when they are challenged to give a reason for their demand, is that the reprinting of an author's books in a foreign country, without asking his consent or offering him remuneration, is an act of piracy; that it is simply helping yourself to another man's property. Mr. Lowell's verse sums up the common argument:

> In vain we call old notions fudge,
> And bend our conscience to our dealing;
> The Ten Commandments will not budge,
> And stealing *will* continue stealing.

I confess that to my own mind this has seemed perfectly clear and obvious,— almost axiomatic. But now arise some who dispute all these assumptions. They deny that the property right expressed in copyright is a natural right; they say that it is only a civil right, the creation of law; that a man has a right to sell his book, but not to monopolize the sale of it; that this right to control the sale is a privilege conferred on him by law; that it may be expedient to extend this privilege to authors, for the sake of encouraging literary production, but that there are no rights in the case except those which are created by the statute. Inasmuch as the statute is in force only within the territory of the State by which it is enacted, no rights are infringed when an author's books, copyrighted at home, are reprinted in a foreign country. The argument for international copyright which rests upon the equities of the case is thus opposed by the assertion that there are no equities in the case; and that while it may be expedient, for public reasons, to extend certain privileges to our own authors, we are under no obligation to extend these privileges even to them; much less to the authors of foreign countries.

The opponents of international copyright, at a convention in Philadelphia, in 1872, issued this manifesto:

"1. That thought, unless expressed, is the property of the thinker; when given to the world it is as light, free to all.

"2. As property it can only demand the protection of the municipal law of the country to which the thinker is subject."

I do not know the name of the humorist who fabricated these propositions, but he must be a very funny fellow. He says that thought can only be property while it remains unexpressed; and that as property it can only demand the protection of the municipal law of the country to which the thinker is subject. This means that a man's unexpressed thoughts are not legally his own when he visits a foreign country. The Englishman who travels in the United States has no right to the protection of our laws in thinking those thoughts which he never expresses! The American, on the other hand, may demand the protection of his own government in thinking, so long as he does not express his thoughts! Just how the Englishman's property right in his own secret thoughts could be invalidated, or the American's confirmed, by statute, this philosopher does not deign to instruct us. But it is pleasant to find this bit of American humor permanently preserved for us in the august pages of the great "Encyclopædia Britannica."

If these American opponents of international copyright are somewhat nebulous in their definitions they are, nevertheless, logical in basing their denial of this right to foreigners upon the theory that no such right exists. That no man, native or foreigner, has any right to control the product of his own mind, after it has been put in print, is an intelligible statement. Most of those who dispute the equity of copyright disagree, however, with the Philadelphia moralists to a certain extent; they insist that an author has a perfect property in his thought after it has been expressed *in writing;* that his manuscript belongs to him, and that the man who steals it from him should be punished. But just as soon as it is put in print they declare that the author ought to have no longer any effective control of it; that it is now "given to the world," and that "it is as light, free to all." "Certainly," they say, "a man has a right to the fruit of his own labor until he has sold it; but when he has sold it, his right ceases and determines." But what does this mean? Sold what? Sold how much?

Suppose that I devote the labor of a year to the writing of a book; and when it is written proceed to print, at my own expense, five thousand copies of the book. The year's labor is presumably worth something; the cost of printing the five thousand copies is, at any rate, considerable. If I can sell this whole edition, I may get profit enough on the sales to pay for the printing and binding, and to afford me some remuneration for the work of writing the book. In all probability the recompense will be very small, not so much as the year's wages of an ordinary mechanic. But, according to the theories of our Philadelphia friends, I ought not to have any legal security whatever in this undertaking. The first copy of this book that is issued from the press may be purchased by some enterprising printer, who sees that there is sure to be a large demand for the book; within a week, in the absence of copyright, he may put an edition of his own upon the market. He can afford to sell it cheaper than I can, because all he requires is a fair profit on the cost of the manufacture. He seeks no return for the production of the book, which has cost him nothing. Thus he drives me out of the market, and leaves me with my five thousand copies unsold, and my year's work unrewarded. He takes the product of my industry, makes merchandise of it, reaps a large profit from it, and prevents me from obtaining any return for it. And in this, say our Philadelphia philosophers, he violates no rights of mine; because, just as soon as I have sold the first copy of this book, all my rights in the premises are canceled. This seems to me a queer kind of ethics. This book is my product — in a far more profound and comprehensive sense my product than is the bushel of wheat that the farmer has raised, or the horseshoe that the blacksmith has made. It is much more truly a *creation* of wealth than is any material, fabric, or commodity. That it is wealth is proved by the fact that it has exchange value — men are ready to exchange their money for it. The particular collocation of words and sentences which constitute my book is the fruit of my industry. The purchasers and readers of this book, every one of them, owe to me whatever benefit or satisfaction they may derive from the reading of this book. But we are told that a state of things might, with perfect equity, exist, in which the natural remuneration of this industry would be forcibly taken away from me; in which others might enter into the fruit of my labors and prevent me from sharing it; in which others could take the goods provided by me, and enjoy them, and enrich themselves by traffic in them, while I was left without reward. For myself I have no desire to be a citizen of a community in which such views of equity prevail.

That the products of one's brain are as truly his property as the products of his hands seems to me an indubitable proposition. To this the answer is made that spoken words as well as written words could then be copyrighted; that a man might claim the right to prevent others from copying or publishing a speech. Most certainly. That right is enjoyed and confirmed by law in England. A lecture or a sermon may be as distinctly protected by law as is a history or a novel. That is the English law, and the equity is as clear in one case as in another. Suppose I prepare, at the expense of a year's labor, a course of lectures which I wish to deliver at colleges and before lyceums, making them a source of income. Will any one say that a newspaper publisher might equitably send his stenographer to report these lectures at their first delivery, and publish them through his columns and in pamphlet form, thus depriving me of livelihood, and using my labor for his own enrichment? It strikes me that such a proceeding would be highly inequitable. How far the law may undertake to go in securing *speakers* against the appropriation of their utterances by others may be a question. It may be said that the case is one of such difficulty that it is not expedient to attempt the enforcement of these rights; but the equities of the case are clear, and the English law, as I have said, affirms and secures them. I think that the American law could well afford to do the same.

But the very form of the copyright law, it is alleged, shows that this right is only a creation of law; for

copyright runs only forty-two years at the longest; at the end of this time the author's control of the sale of his book is terminated by law. "How," it is demanded, "could a natural right be thus canceled by a statute?"

This question is by some assumed to be unanswerable, but it is not such a poser after all. The right of liberty is conceded to be a natural right, but we have had plenty of statutes in the course of history which canceled that right. Was the existence of the Fugitive Slave Law conclusive proof that the slaves of the South had no natural right to liberty? Suppose we put the question in this way: "What right has the legislature to deprive the author of the right to control the sale of his book after it is forty-two years old?"

It is true that the Constitution of the United States seems to regard copyright as a privilege and not as a right; it is granted, as that instrument phrases it, "to promote the progress of science"; but the Constitution of the United States is not infallible in its ethical pronouncements. What it proclaims to be a gratuity may, after all, be something more than a gratuity.

For one, I am strongly inclined to say that I desire no gratuities or subventions from the Government, and have never considered myself as in any sense the recipient of alms. The small reward that has come to me as an author, through the copyright laws, I have supposed myself to be fully entitled to, not only legally, but also morally. The fact is that the language of the Constitution embodies an unsound philosophy upon this question; it implies that authors are not producers, but paupers. Probably the phraseology of this section has had much to do in vitiating the ideas of our people with respect to this fundamental right. If the Constitution had said that "*in order to promote the raising of wheat*, farmers should be secured, for certain months in the year, against the raiding of their wheat-fields by freebooters," the notion might, perhaps, have been conveyed to the legal mind that farmers had no natural right to the wheat produced by their labor; that property in growing wheat was only a creation of the statute.

A little study of the history of copyright in England might be instructive to those who assume that statutes are the source of all such property. Long before there were any statutes on the subject, authors sued and recovered, under the common law of England, for the infringement of their right to control the publication of their own books. Finally a statute regulating copyright was passed, during the reign of Anne; and in a case arising under this statute it was decided by the judges of the House of Lords, seven to four, that the author and his heirs had, at common law, the sole right of publication forever; but that the statute of Anne had deprived him of this right, limiting his control of the publication of his book to the term of twenty-eight years. So far as English law is concerned, the author's property right was not, then, created or confirmed by statute; it has been limited and curtailed by statute.

But it is said that if the author has the same right to the product of his mind that any workman has to the product of his hands,—if literary property rests on the same basis as other property,—then the author may bequeath this copyright to his heirs forever. Undoubtedly. Such was the common law of England, as we have seen; such was formerly the law of Holland and Belgium, of Denmark and Sweden. In all these countries the right of bequest is now limited, for reasons of public policy. The right to bequeath property of any sort is not a natural right; no man has a right to control his property after he is dead. For certain public reasons, it may be expedient to grant the privilege of bequest; for other reasons, it may be expedient to limit this privilege. But so far as the ethics of the case is concerned, literary property must stand or fall before the laws of bequest with every other kind of property.

In England, at the present day, the copyright is vested in the author until his death, and in his heirs for seven years after his death, unless this term of seven years shall expire before the end of forty-two years from the first publication of the book; in which case it is extended to forty-two years. A book published after the author's death by his heirs is secured by copyright for forty-two years. This is the shortest period of English copyright: while if an English author publishes a book at the age of twenty and lives to be eighty years old, the copyright of this book runs for sixty-seven years. In most other civilized countries the copyright is continued for a considerable period after the author's death: in France and Spain, for fifty years; in Prussia and Austria, for thirty years; in Holland and Belgium, for twenty years.

It is said that copyright is a monopoly, and, for this reason, ought not to be tolerated by the State. But it is not a monopoly in the ordinary use of that word. Certain publishing rights that were monopolies were granted in former days in England: to one man was given by law the exclusive privilege of printing the Bible; to another, all law books; to another, all music books; to another, all almanacs. But this is a very different matter from permitting an author to control the publication of his own books. If I write a history of Ohio, my copyright does not forbid any other man to write or publish the history of Ohio: every man in the State may write and publish such a history if he chooses. Nor does my copyright bind anybody to purchase my book, or guarantee any market for my book. It simply says, "This particular history of Ohio, which this man has written, is his property: no man can print or publish it for a term of forty-two years without permission from him; you are under no obligation to use his book; but if you do so you must make your bargain with him, or with those whom he empowers to act for him." It seems to me that this is no more a monopoly than the right of the shoe manufacturer to contract for the sale of the shoes manufactured by him is a monopoly. It is the right to control the sale of his own product.

I come back, therefore, to the ground from which I started, finding that it is well taken and strongly fortified by reason and experience. The author's property in his book is of the same nature as that of any other worker in his product. The protection of this property is not a gratuity conferred on him by the State for the promotion of literature or learning; it is a right to which he, with every other producer, is entitled. The author is not a mendicant or a pensioner; he wants no favors; all he wants is justice — to enjoy the fruit of his own labors. That he is entitled to this as long as he lives seems obvious; the law of nearly every civilized country, except America, confirms this right.

How long this property shall be extended after his death is a question of expediency; all laws regulating bequest are based upon expediency.

One reason why our legislators have been so slow to grant international copyright is found in the prevalence of the false notion that the author has no valid claim even upon his own government for the protection of his property; that the power to control the publication of his own works is not a right secured to him, but a privilege conferred on him.

Washington Gladden.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The Story of the First News Message ever sent by Telegraph.

ON the morning of May 1, 1844, the Whig convention organized in Baltimore, and working connection was established for the first time by telegraph between Washington and Annapolis Junction, Professor Morse being at the former and Mr. Vail at the latter place. Morse sat that afternoon in the room at Washington, waiting for the signal from Mr. Vail, when suddenly there came an animated clicking at the instrument. He bent forward, in his eagerness almost devouring the little strip of paper that crept only too slowly from between the rollers of the register, until, the message completed, he rose, and said to the friends who were present: "Gentlemen, the convention has adjourned. The train for Washington from Baltimore, bearing that information, has just left Annapolis Junction, and Mr. Vail has telegraphed me the ticket nominated, and it is" — he hesitated, holding in his hand the final proof of the victory of science over space — "it is — it is Clay and Frelinghuysen!"

"You are quizzing us," was the quiet retort. "It 's easy enough for you to guess that Clay is at the head of the ticket; but Frelinghuysen — who the devil is Frelinghuysen?"

"I only know," was the dignified answer, "that is the name Mr. Vail has sent me from Annapolis Junction, where he had the news five minutes ago, from the train that is bound this way, bringing the delegates."

In those days the twenty-two miles from the Junction to Washington required an hour and a quarter in making, even for the exceptionally fast trains, such as that which was taking the delegates to Washington.

Long before the journey was over, the newspapers — enterprising even in those days — had "extras" upon the streets, and the newsboys were lustily crying the news the telegraph had brought flashing through *twenty-two* miles of space. A great crowd of people was at the station. The extras, with their cabalistic heading, "By Telegraph," had whetted public curiosity to the keenest edge. Out of the train came the delegates, each one anxious to be foremost in sending abroad the inspiriting news that fortune was with "Harry of the West." But consternation struck them dumb when, upon alighting, they found in type, before their eyes, the very story they had believed exclusively their own, but which had preceded them "By Telegraph," as they read in the head-lines of the journals. They had seen the wires stretching along the side of the track all the way from Annapolis Junction into Washington, and they had joked about it glibly.

The Hon. Ralph Plumb, a member of the present Congress from Illinois, was one of the delegates from Ohio to that Clay convention, and was on the train which bore the first news of the nominations, as was supposed, to Washington, and in a communication to the writer, under date of Washington, February 18, 1888, he writes: "It seems like a real romance to me to think that a son of the then young man who was sending what may fairly be said to have been the *first important message by telegraph that was ever transmitted*, is asking of *one yet alive* respecting what happened on that occasion. During these forty-four years, see what has been accomplished, as a result of this first successful effort! What civilized country is there now that has not the telegraph, and how many of them are covered by telegraph lines as by a network!"

In referring to the journey from Baltimore to Washington of the delegates to the convention at Baltimore, he says: "I remember the little shed at the Junction where we stopped on our way, and I saw the man (Mr. Vail) in it, who was ticking away upon a little brass machine. I saw him, and I talked with him, for I wanted to know what strange thing he was doing; and he answered that he was 'telegraphing to Morse in Washington about our convention,' — and he pointed towards the wire overhead, running in the direction of that city, — 'over the first wire ever erected or used for public telegraphing, and the message I have just sent is the first news ever transmitted for the public benefit.' In common with all the rest of the *real wise* ones of the day, I hailed the affair as a huge joke until we landed at the station in Washington, when, sure enough, Morse had received the news an hour or more before, and the whole city was informed of the fact that we had put a dark horse on the ticket with our hero, Clay. The evidence could not be disputed, of course. The most prejudiced of us could not presume to suggest that Morse's work was guessing; for no man alive would have imagined that Frelinghuysen could be made the nominee for Vice-President."

Mr. Vail preserved with much care the recording-register used by him at Washington and Annapolis Junction, and later at Baltimore, as a priceless memento of the days of which we have written, and at his death bequeathed it to his eldest son, Stephen Vail, by whom it was loaned, some years since, to the National Museum at Washington, where it has attracted much attention. Professor Morse, some years before his death, certified to its identity, and to the fact that the similar one used by him at his end of the line had not been preserved, and that he did not know what had become of it.

S. V.

The Postal Service.

THE postal service presents two distinct problems to the civil-service reformer: one as to the large post-offices in the cities, and quite another as to the fifty thousand small offices scattered through the country.

As to the first class, the beginnings of a solution have been made. The system of competitive examination is being applied with success to the selection of clerks and subordinate employees. We have made less progress in the selection of the postmasters themselves, the heads of the large offices; yet there has been an advance, and there is the prospect of a further

advance. The one thing here to be insisted on, to be impressed on public opinion and forced on public men, is that the management of a great post-office is a specific business requiring training and experience, and not fit to be intrusted at hap-hazard to any active politician or broken-down business man who happens to have friends at court. This branch of the postal service should be treated as a separate profession, such as it is. It is sharing in the development which is taking place in almost all branches of industry — the development towards specialization. In all directions, business is becoming more technical, and new professions are arising. Railroading is now a business by itself; so are the various branches of manufacturing; the management of a public library is becoming a distinct profession. Everywhere the general rule is that men must begin at the bottom, and work their way by promotion towards the top. In the postal service, as elsewhere, those should be appointed to the higher administrative positions who have shown capacity and have acquired training in the lower. The Administration has followed this principle in the selection of Mr. Pearson in New York. Unfortunately the principle is not yet imbedded in our habitual attitude towards government administration, and we must wait for the gradual hardening of public opinion on civil-service reform before we can expect its uniform and consistent application. It is to public opinion rather than to legislation that we must look, in the main, for this result; for the need of regarding the personal equation in positions of management and responsibility stands in the way of setting up for these offices any machinery like that of competitive examinations. Yet the end would be furthered by the repeal of the irrational statute that limits to four years the terms of postmasters appointed by the President.

As to the small offices, where the salary is less than $1000 and the appointment is made by the Postmaster-General, nothing has been done. The plan of competitive examination is again not readily applicable; not because an examination would fail to test sufficiently well the qualifications of candidates, but because so many examinations would be necessary, and in so many different places at different times, that the system would be too cumbrous. Some other device for applying reform principles must be sought, and various plans have been suggested. It has been proposed that the postmaster be elected; but this, quite apart from constitutional difficulties, would serve only to throw another prize into the scramble for party nomination and election, and surely would fail to bring about the essential end — the separation of offices from politics. A system of boards or commissions, one for each State or judicial circuit, has been brought forward, the members to be appointed by the Civil-Service Commissioners and to have the duty of recommending to the President and Postmaster-General fit persons for the smaller post-offices. Such a scheme was advocated in this magazine for May, 1883. A strong objection against it is that everything is necessarily left to the judgment of the local commissioners, the machinery not being self-acting, like that applied by the existing Federal and State commissions. It would, moreover, subject the present Federal commission to a strain similar to that felt by the judiciary when judges are called on to make appointments: the appointing office, which has patronage and discretion, becomes a prize for politicians, and a tempting point of attack for those who wish to evade the spirit of the law. Another proposed remedy is the rigid prohibition of advice or solicitation by congressmen to the Postmaster-General; and no doubt some good would be done in that way.

But at bottom, here and everywhere, the essential thing is to bring a strong public feeling to bear in favor of non-partisan appointments. Methods of competitive examination aid such a feeling in working out its object, in those cases where they can be brought to bear. Where that or any other intermediate machinery is inapplicable, as seems to be the case with the fourth-class postmasterships, the fundamental agency of public opinion must act directly.

F. W. Taussig.

The Prohibition of Railway Pools.

OBSERVERS have noted the present tendency of opinion towards an increasing interference with or control of public industries on the part of government; or, in other words, the spread of state socialism. The message of Mayor Hewitt advocating the building of rapid-transit lines by the city of New York is a striking illustration. Ten years ago such a proposal would have been met with a great outcry, with an insistence upon the Jeffersonian maxim, "That government is best which governs least," and with a warning that we were departing from the democracy of our fathers. The New York and Brooklyn Bridge does not earn interest upon its cost, and hence all real estate is taxed to provide comparatively free transportation for a certain portion of our citizens. The bridge and the rapid-transit plan excite no opposition as to the principle, but only as to details. From such instances as these to the state management or more strict control of our other public industries, like the telegraph and the railroads, is a step of little difficulty as to the theory, however great the practical difficulties may be.

No section of the interstate commerce law has met with more censure on the part of some students of our transportation problem than the one prohibiting railroad pooling. Pools, they say, have brought uniformity and comparative steadiness into our railway system where everything before was chaotic: pool failures arose from the fact that they could not enforce their agreements; hence the solution of our difficulties lay in legalizing, not abolishing, these combinations. The credit claimed for the pooling system in bringing harmony of administration out of confusion is justly due it. But transportation methods should be evolutionary, and it may well be that we should now pass beyond pooling and allow pool questions — the division of the traffic and the fixing of rates — to be settled by more natural methods and through more real competition. The legitimatizing of railroad combinations by law would shortly compel the direct interference of the same law-making power with the tariffs or special rates of the pools thus legalized, for logically Congress would be held responsible for any and all transportation charges made by its creatures. This would be a long step towards strict control and eventual ownership. As matters stood at the time of the passage of the interstate commerce act, the pools were gaining strength greatly,

so much so that astute men were looking forward to a pool of pools which should cover the larger part of the country. Even allowing for the indirect competition of our water-ways, there would be power enough in such a gigantic pool, when formed, to require governmental action to restrain it. In this view of the case the prohibition of pools might be described as an effort of the American people to avert government ownership, or, at least, exacting regulation of railroads.

We are witnessing a struggle between the theories of competition, or individualism, on the one hand, and on the other of state control of those monopolies which are public in their character and chartered by the Government. As before remarked, in municipal affairs we are rapidly deciding against individual and in favor of city administration. Around the railroads of the country will finally be fought a battle which, on account of the difficulties and conflicting interests involved, will be the fiercest of all. If this prohibition of pooling, which is but an experiment, shall prove disastrous to investments and to commerce through repeated railway wars; or if, which is its undoubted tendency, it unduly favor a consolidation of existing independent lines into fewer great systems, so as thus in time to defeat its own hopes of introducing enough honest competition to be a regulator of charges; if, in short, we must confess that the abolition of a division of the earnings between rival railroads has proved a failure, then the great question of individual versus governmental control of transportation will be upon us: if this question be squarely presented to our citizens, judging from the present aspect of affairs, we cannot doubt what the issue will be. The prohibition of railroad pooling, it is to be hoped, will at least postpone that conflict until, through a better civil service and in other ways, the nation is ready for the question.

The legalizing of pools would have precipitated the struggle; ignoring them would have delayed it; prohibiting them has postponed and may avoid it: while in the event of its coming we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done what we could towards keeping the simpler forms of our government.

Thomas L. Greene.

Matthew Arnold and Franklin.

IN the reference to Franklin's project for a new version of the Book of Job (quoted by Burroughs in the June CENTURY, p. 189) Matthew Arnold has rather ludicrously mistaken the entire point of Franklin's *jeu d'esprit*, a little satire on the court of George III., for such only it was, and as far as possible from a serious project for a new version of the Book of Job. Franklin, under pretext of modernizing the language of the Bible, sought to expose the purely selfish character of the devotion of the English courtiers to their sovereign and the degrading terms upon which only that devotion was perpetuated.

The point is disclosed in the last three verses of his paraphrase:

"9. And Satan answered, Does your Majesty imagine that his good conduct is the effect of mere personal attachment and affection?

"10. Have you not protected him, and heaped your benefits upon him, till he is grown enormously rich?

"11. Try him. Only withdraw your favor, turn him out of his places and withhold his pensions, and you will soon find him in opposition."

John Bigelow.

Mary Magdalene.

THE Rev. D. H. Temple, of Los Gatos, California, having taken exception to Mr. Kennan's allusion (in his article on Russian State Prisons, in the March CENTURY) to Mary Magdalene as the woman of whom Christ said, "She hath done what she could," Mr. Kennan writes as follows:

The Rev. Mr. Temple seems to be right about Mary Magdalene; but as the mistake is a very old and a very general one, and has even gotten itself intrenched in literature and in art, I trust that I shall be excused for the slip. The old masters often represented Mary Magdalene with long and abundant hair and with a box of ointment in her hands. (See Brewer, under head of "Mary Magdalene.") Furthermore, if Mary Magdalene was not the woman referred to by Luke as anointing Christ's feet, then there is not so much as an intimation in all the New Testament that Mary Magdalene was a repentant courtesan; and the artists and lexicographers are all wrong in calling a certain class of women "Magdalens." If the woman with the ointment was not Mary Magdalene, then Mary Magdalene was not the repentant sinner, since both suppositions rest upon precisely the same evidence.

It is manifest upon investigation that for many centuries at least the sinful but repentant woman who anointed Christ's feet, as described in Luke vii. 37–50, has been erroneously confused with Mary Magdalene. Even Brewer says, "Mary Magdalene, patron saint of penitents, being herself the model penitent of Gospel history." This is not true, unless the woman who anointed Christ's feet and wiped them with her hair, as related by Luke, *was* Mary Magdalene.

I am satisfied upon examination, first, that Mr. Temple is right; secondly, that the Gospels contain accounts of at least two anointings by different women; thirdly, that neither of these women was intended by the chronicler for Mary Magdalene; and fourthly, that Mary Magdalene was neither the anointer nor the repentant courtesan, although she has, for centuries, been regarded, described, and pictured as both.

On this subject a Bible commentator writes to us:

I do not think there is anything more to say than that Mr. Kennan, in his letter, has correctly stated the facts. Mary Magdalene is described as a woman out of whom Jesus cast seven devils; and has been ecclesiastically identified with the "woman which was a sinner" who anointed Christ's feet with an ointment, etc. (Luke vii. 36–50). But there is no reason whatever for identifying Mary Magdalene with this woman. This anointing, again, is by some critics identified with the anointing by Mary, the sister of Martha, described in Matthew, chapter xxvi., Mark, chapter xiv., and John, chapter xii. Nearly all evangelical critics, however, and I think all the better biblical scholarship, regard these as two distinct anointings. Thus there is no reason for supposing that the Mary of whom Christ said, "She hath done what she could," is the "woman which was a sinner," and none whatever for supposing that the "woman which was a sinner" is to be identified with Mary Magdalene. Mr. Kennan's slip, however, is wholly immaterial and one hardly now calling for any correction. If you thought otherwise, you could not make the correction better than by quoting from Mr. Kennan's letter, which I return to you herewith.

"We-uns" and "You-uns."

I HAVE noticed that some writers in THE CENTURY make Southern people say "we-uns" and "you-uns." This is notably the case in the "Recollections of a Private," by Warren Lee Goss. Mr. Goss attributes this peculiarity of speech to the people of one of the Virginia peninsulas, consisting of the counties of Elizabeth

City, Warwick, York, and James City. I was born and reared in Gloucester County, which is separated from York and James City counties by the York River. I know the people of those counties. I have taught in two counties of Virginia, and I also taught some months in South Carolina. I spent several months in Florida in 1883. While at college in Richmond, Va., I met representatives from every section of this State. I know all classes of people in Tidewater Virginia, the uneducated as well as the educated. I have never heard any one say "we-uns" or "you-uns." I have asked many people about these expressions. I have never yet found any one who ever heard a Virginian use them. The people of Tidewater Virginia have some provincialisms, but on the whole they use better English than is generally spoken in the United States.

L. C. Catlett.

GLOUCESTER C. H., VA.

Lincoln and Secession.

WHEN Mr. Lincoln asked those suggestive questions as to the relative rights of State and county, pointing the inevitable conclusion that if a State were permitted to treat the bond between itself and the General Government as "no regular marriage, but a sort of free-love arrangement," * then a county might assume that its relation to the States was of the same nature, he perhaps had no thought that before the end of the year the logic of his deduction would have the attestation of fact. But one county at least did so interpret and practice the doctrine of secession. When Tennessee was halting between loyalty and rebellion, the secession element grew very impatient; and in Franklin County, on the southern border of the State, this impatience finally culminated in an indignant county convention, and the passage — by acclamation, I believe — of "a solemn ordinance of secession from the State of Tennessee."

That it did not indulge in mere idle vaporing, the county gave prompt proof by putting into the field a force equal to two-thirds of its entire voting population.

Amidst the exciting events and rapidly moving scenes of that first act in our great drama, this rather comic-looking bit of tragedy (the actors found it to be that) escaped general notice.

But it is interesting as another illustration of Mr. Lincoln's unfailing clear-headedness. It gives curious proof, too, of the madness that was then epidemic in even the more sober-minded of the Southern States.

M. C. Roseboro.

* See page 266 of THE CENTURY for December, 1887.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Folly Land.

IN Folly land what witchery!
What pretty looks, what eyes there be;
What gamesome ways, what dimpled smiles;
What lissome limbs, what frolic wiles;
What easy laughter, fresh and clear;
What pranks to play, what jests to hear!
Old Time forgets to shake his sand;
The Days go tripping, hand in hand,
In Folly land, in Folly land.

In Folly land, one idle hour,
The moonlight had a wizard power;
Its fairy glamour turned my brain:
I would that I were there again!
We stood together, 'neath the sky;
A bird was chirping drowsily;
He smiled, he sighed, he held my hand.
Ah me! Ah well,— we understand,
'T was Folly land, 't was Folly land!

My sober friend, how worn your looks!
Your heart is in your moldy books.
Here 's half a cobweb on your brow!
I seldom see you jovial now.
Fling down your volumes and be free
To take a pleasure-trip with me.
Come, "Here 's my heart, and here 's my hand!"
We 'll launch our skiff, and seek the strand
Of Folly land, of Folly land.

Danske Dandridge.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THE man who knows the most of himself is the best judge of his neighbor.

WHAT mankind want is mercy. Justice would ruin most of them.

HABITS, reputations, and opinions are ever changing, but character is always the same.

THERE are heroes in every department of life,— a faithful servant is one of them.

HE who is a fool and knows it can very easily pass himself off for a wise man.

THE man who has a little more to do than he can attend to has no time to be miserable in.

IT may be possible for three persons to keep a secret, provided two of them are dead.

METAPHYSICS seems to be the science of knowing more than we can tell, and at the same time telling more than we know.

WHATEVER we get in this world we not only have got to ask for, but to insist upon; giving away things is not a human weakness.

THE city is the place to study character. After you have measured the postmaster, the blacksmith, and the justice of the peace in the country village, you have got the size of the whole town.

Uncle Esek.

To J. W. R.

In summer I 'm a-raisin' flowers,
An' gardenin', an' weedin',
But durin' o' the winter hours
I do a deal o' readin';
An' the' 's one man with sech an art
O' settin' thoughts a-rhymin',
Ez makes a feelin' in my heart
Ez sweet ez bells a-chimin'.

I read a piece o' his to-day
(It 's goin' 'round the papers)—
The words wuz dancin' all the way
An' cuttin' happy capers,
An' shinin' up to meet my eye
Jes like my blushin' roses
A-smilin' as I pass 'em by—
The dearest o' my posies.

A-hummin' right along it goes,
Like bees among the clover;
It says the honeysuckle-blows
Are vases tippin' over
An' spillin' odors all around
Upon the breezes floatin'.
That 's jes the sense, an' not the sound—
I 'm ruther poor at quotin'.

One piece was in a magazine,
It made my old eyes water
(The man with naught to say, I mean,
Who said it to his daughter);
But when I read, "Take keer yerse'f,"
An' how poor Jim lay dyin',
I flung the paper on the shelf
An' boo-hooed out a-cryin'.

I 'm jes a plain, hard-workin' man
An' lackin' eddication,
An' writin' things ez some folks can
Puts 'em above my station;
But, arter all, I 'm some like him
Whose rhymin's please me highly,
For jes to think I *ain't* like him
Does sort o' make me Riley.

Patty Caryl.

Mac's Old Horse.

What horse is that away by the railin',
Lookin' so gayly, an' sleek, an' fat?
Great Scotland, man! Why never, surely!
You can't be askin' what horse is *that!*
Not know *him?* Old Billy? Mac's pony!
Whar 'd you come from, stranger—say?
Some outlandish divide, I reckon,
Or else you 'd a-hearn o' the good old bay.

New to the country, I 'm thinkin', stranger?
Tenderfoot! Fresh on the range, o' course.
There is n't a fellow in western Texas
But tumbles to chat about that old horse.
A good one? Yes, he 's a dandy, surely;
They raise none better whar that un grew,
Mac an' the boys would smile to hear me
Introducin' *that* nag to you.

A pioneer? Well, I should n't wonder
If he was a sort of a one out here.
Mac's own "locate" ain't a recent issue,
And Billy 's beat him a good nine year.
Thar is n't a trail on the prairie yonder,
Rollin' away thar beyond your view,
Nor a wagon track, nor a foot of country,
Unfamiliar to that old shoe.

Knowin'? You bet! Why, the boys was tellin'
A tale o' the old horse here one day,
That freezes intelligence merely human
Out of the country—clean away.
Anxious to hear it? Well, r'a'ly, stranger,
I 'm green at the business o' yarnin'—still,
If you 're sot—Here 's luck! Now yer pipe needs fillin';
Fasten yer boots to the window-sill.

More than a year agone this season
Mac was abroad on a big survey,
Away beyond the Canadian country
Campin' out with the good old bay.
The feelin' a man on the border ranges
Gives to his horse is a love so true,
An' stout o' grip, that an Eastern coot, sir,
Could n't begin fur to gauge it through.

Darkness out on the prairie, stranger,
Drops on the earth like a funeral pall,
An' travelers peltin' along seem borin'
A tunnel out through a big, black wall.
It 's lonely, too, in the depth o' midnight,
When stars up yonder are burnin' dim
An' the wind an' you are the sole things movin'
In the belt o' the far horizon rim.

Over the border ranges speedin'
Mac an' the outfit came that night,
Strainin' to make the post by daybreak—
Ridin' by faith, fur the lack o' sight.
Splittin' along through the dark an' silence
All of a sudden the old bay horse
Stood in his tracks like a graven image,
Thar in the midst o' his headlong course.

Mac, he coaxed, an' he spurred, an' grumbled,
Billy was holdin' the fort, you bet;
Muscles steady, an' sinews strung, sir,
Head thrown back'rd, an' forefeet set.
Mac cussed hard as he peered around him,
Nary a thing could he find or see;
Never a ghost, nor a witch, nor spirit,
Nor even the trunk of a blasted tree.

Well, sir, findin' the horse meant business,
Mac dismounted an' rustled round,
Huntin' a hole, or an old dog village,
Or anythin' else to be felt or found;
An' thar right away in the track before him
The prairie yawned, an' the ground just fell
Sheer in a cañon a hundred fathoms—
Deep an' black as the mouth of hell.

Killed? Well, I reckon a fall like that, sir,
Over the side of a cañon wall,
Ain't quite so healthy a pastime, maybe,
As shakin' a leg at a rancher's ball.
An' sure as a gun, that night I tell of,
Mac an' the brute would 'r shaped a course,
Freight close laid, fur a better country,
But fur the sense o' the old bay horse.

Sell that horse! Old Billy! Now, stranger,
You must be runnin' insurance high
To ask a question like that in Texas,
An' look to a man for a soft reply:
Or else you 're jokin'! A poor jest, surely,
An' one unbecomin' a man to make;
I would n't repeat it to Mac exactly,
Unless I was willing to move my stake.

M. G. McClelland.

[A crude version of the above by the author appeared in a newspaper several years ago.]

Gladness.

My ole man named Silas: he
Dead long 'fo' ole Gin'l Lee
S'rendah, whense de Wah wuz done.
Yanks dey tuk de plantation —
Mos' high-handed evah you see! —
Das rack roun', an' fiah an' bu'n,
An' jab de beds wid deir baynet-gun,
An' sweah we niggahs all scotch-free.—
An' massah John C. Pemberton
Das tuk an' run!

"Gord Armighty, marm!" he 'low,
"He'p you an' de chillen now!"
Blaze crack out 'n de roof inside
Tel de big house all das charified!
Smoke roll out 'n de ole hay-mow
An' de wa'house do'— an' de fiah das roah—
An' all dat 'backer, 'bout half dried,
Hit smell das fried!

Nelse, my ol'est boy, an' John —
Atter de baby das wuz bo'n,
Erlongse dem times, an' lak ter a-died,
An' Silas he be'n slip an' gone
'Bout eight weeks ter de Union side,—
Dem two boys dey start fo' ter fine
An' jine deir fader acrost de line.
Ovahseeah he wade an' tromp
Evah-which-way fo' ter track 'em down —
Sic de bloodhoun' fro' de swamp —
An' bring de news dat John he drown'—
But dey save de houn'!

Someway ner Nelse git fro',
An' fight fo' de ole Red, White, an' Blue,
Lak his fader is, ter er heart's delight —
An' nen crope back wid de news, one night,
Sayes, "Fader 's killed in a skrimmage-fight,
An' saunt farewell ter ye all, an' sayes
Fo' ter name de baby 'Gladness,' caze
Mighty nigh she 'uz be'n borned free!"
An' de boy he smile so strange at me
I sayes, "Yo 's hurt, yo'se'f!" an' he
Sayes, "I 's killed, too — an' dat 's all else!"
An' dah lay Nelse!

Hope an' Angrish, de twins, be'n sole
'Fo' dey mo 'n twelve-year-ole:
An' Mary Magdeline sole too.
An' dah I 's lef', wid Knox Andrew,
An' Lily, and Maje, an' Margaret,
An' little gal-babe, 'at 's borned dat new
She scaisely ole fo' ter be named yet —
Less 'n de name 'at Si say to —
An' co'se hit do.

An' I taken dem chillen, evah one
(An' a-oh my Mastah's will be done!),
An' I break fo' de Norf, wha dey all raised free,
(An' a-oh good Mastah, come git me!)
Knox Andrew, on de day he died,
Lef' his fambly er shop an' er lot berside;
An' Maje die ownin' er team — an' he
Lef' all ter me.

Lily she work at de Gran' Hotel —
(Mastah! Mastah! Take me — do!)
An' Lily she ain' married well —
He stob a man — an' she die too;
An' Margaret she too full er pride
Ter own her kin tel er day she died!
But Gladness! — 'tain soun' sho-nuff true,
Yit she teached school! — an' er white folks, too,
Ruspec' dat gal 'mos' high es I do!
Caze she uz de bes' an de mos' high bred —
De las' chile bo'n, an' de las' chile dead
O' all ten head!

. . . . .

Gladness! Gladness! a-oh my chile!
Wa'm my soul in yo' sweet smile!
Daughter o' Silas! o-rise an' sing
Tel er heart-beat pat lak er pigeon-wing!
Sayes, O Gladness! wake dem eyes —
Sayes, a-lif' dem folded han's, an' rise —
Sayes, a-coax me erlong ter Paradise,
An' a-hail de King,
O Gladness!

James Whitcomb Riley.

The Way to Win.

If on the field of love you fall,
With smiles conceal your pain;
Be not to Love too sure a thrall,
But lightly wear his chain.
Don't kiss the hem of Beauty's gown,
Or tremble at her tear,
And when caprices weight you down,
A word within your ear:
Another lass, another lass,
With laughing eyes and bright —
Make love to *her*,
And trust me, sir,
'T will set your wrongs aright.

Whene'er a sweetheart proves unkind
And greets you with a frown,
Or laughs your passion to the wind,
The talk of all the town,
Plead not your cause on bended knee
And murmured sighs prolong,
But gather from my minstrelsy
The burden of my song:
Another lass, another lass.—
There 's always beauty by,—
Make love to *her*,
And trust me, sir,
'T will clear the clouded sky.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Minnie vs. Minerva.

"Love me and I will bring you as my dower
Knowledge and wisdom and perpetual power."
So speaks Minerva of the azure eyes,
Wooing me boldly to be overwise.

Now, Minnie, who is not a Grecian myth,
But a young lady by the name of Smith,
Never says "Love me" in so bold a way,
But when I rise to leave her begs me stay;
Blushes, or pales a little, and lets down
Her long black lashes o'er her eyes of brown.

And so I linger; though I must admit,
Delicious nonsense is her highest wit;
And what she does n't know would fill more books
Than Boston's library holds in all its nooks.
Yet the good humor of her turned-up face
Outshines Minerva's mass of marble grace;
And in the race for this weak heart of mine
Between fair Minnie and Minerva fine,
Although to jilt a goddess were a sin,
I 'm very much afraid that Minnie 'll win.

Henry W. Austin.

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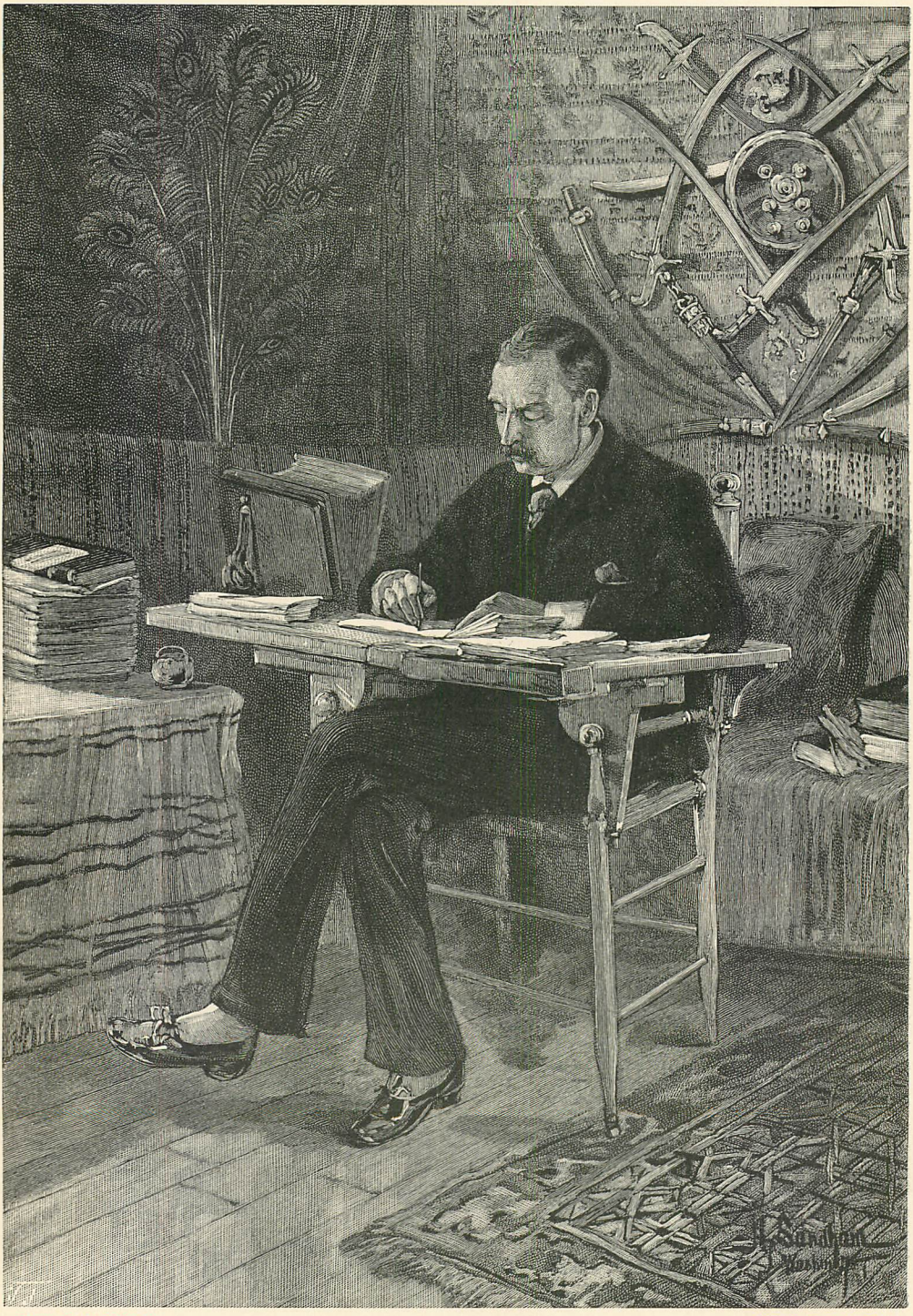

DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

GEORGE KENNAN.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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A HOME OF THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD.

THE ABBEY OF LA TRAPPE IN KENTUCKY.

MORE than two hundred and fifty years have passed away since the Cardinal de Richelieu stood at the baptismal font as sponsor to a name that within the pale of the Church was destined to become more famous than his own. But the world has well-nigh forgotten Richelieu's godson. Perhaps only the tireless student of biography now turns the pages that record his extraordinary career, ponders the strange unfolding of his moral nature, is moved by the deep pathos of his dying hours. The demands of historic clearness and perspective which enforce some mention of him here may not, therefore, appear unfortunate. Dominique Armand-Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé! How cleverly, while scarcely out of short-clothes, did he puzzle the king's confessor with questions on Homer, and at the age of thirteen publish an edition of Anacreon! Of ancient, illustrious birth, and heir to an almost ducal house, how tenderly favored was he by Marie de Médicis; happy-hearted, kindly, suasive, how idolized by a gorgeous court! In what affluence of rich laces did he dress; in what irresistible violet-colored close coats, with emeralds at his wrist-bands, a diamond on his finger, red heels on his shoes! How nimbly he capered through the dance with a sword on his hip! How bravely he planned quests after the manner of knights of the Round Table, meaning to take for himself, doubtless, the part of Lancelot! How exquisitely, and ardently, and ah! how fatally he flirted with the incomparable ladies in the circle of Madame de Rambouillet! And with a zest for sport as great as his unction for the priestly office, how wittily — laying one hand on his heart and waving the other through the air — could he bow and say, "This morning I preached like an angel; I 'll hunt like the devil this afternoon!"

All at once his life broke in two when half spent. He ceased to hunt like the devil, to adore the flesh, to scandalize the world; and retiring to the ancient Abbey of La Trappe in Normandy,— the sponsorial gift of his Eminence and favored by many popes,— there undertook the difficult task of reforming the relaxed Benedictines. The old abbey — situated in a great fog-covered basin encompassed by dense woods of beech, oak, and linden, and therefore always gloomy, unhealthy, and forbidding — was in ruins. One ascended by means of a ladder from floor to rotting floor. The refectory had become a place where the monks assembled to play at bowls with worldlings. The dormitory, exposed to wind, rain, and snow, had been given up to owls. Each monk slept where he could and would. In the church the stones were scattered, the walls unsteady, the pavement was broken, the bell ready to fall. As a single solemn reminder of the vanished spirit of the place, which had been founded by St. Stephen and St. Bernard in the twelfth century, with the intention of reviving in the Western Church the bright examples of primitive sanctity furnished by Eastern solitaries of the third and fourth, one read over the door of the cloister the words of Jeremiah: *Sedebit solitarius et tacebit.* The few monks who remained in the convent were, as Chateaubriand says, also in a state of ruins. They preferred sipping ratafia to reading their breviaries; and when De Rancé

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undertook to enforce a reform, they threatened to whip him well for his pains. He, in turn, threatened them with the royal interference, and they submitted. There, accordingly, he introduced a system of rules that a sybarite might have wept over even to hear recited; carried into practice cenobitical austerities that recalled the models of pious anchorites in Syria and Thebais; and gave its peculiar meaning to the word "Trappist," a name which has since been taken by all Cistercian communities embracing the reform of the first monastery.

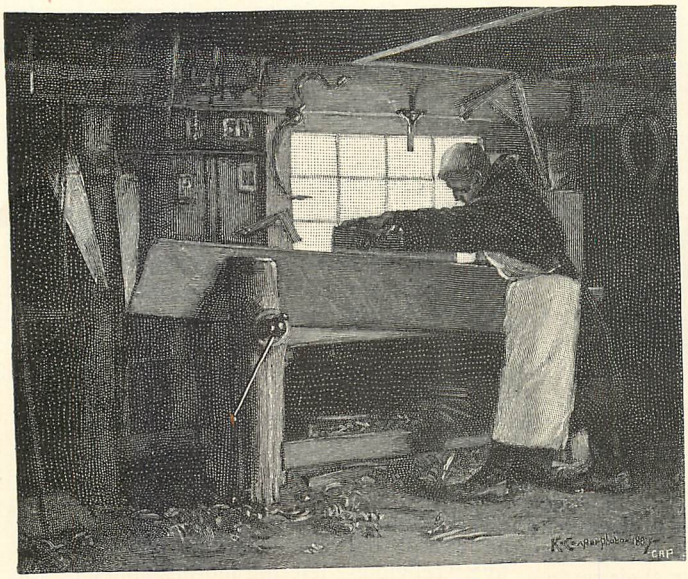
In the retirement of this mass of woods and sky De Rancé passed the rest of his long life, doing nothing more worldly, perhaps, than quoting Aristophanes and Horace to Bossuet, and allowing himself to be entertained by Pellisson, carefully exhibiting the accomplishments of his educated spider. There, in acute agony of body and perfect meekness of spirit, a worn and weary old man, with time enough to remember his youthful ardors and emeralds and illusions, he watched his mortal end draw slowly near. And there, asking to be buried in some desolate spot,—some old battle-field,—he died at last, extending his poor macerated body on the cross of blessed cinders and straw, and commending his poor penitent soul to the pure mercy of Heaven.

A wonderful spectacle to the less fervid Benedictines of the closing seventeenth century must have seemed the work of De Rancé in that old Norman abbey. A strange company of human souls, attracted by the former distinction of the great abbot as well as by the peculiar vows of the institute, must have come together in its silent halls! One hears many stories, in the lighter vein, regarding some of its inmates. Thus, there was a certain furious ex-trooper, lately reeking with blood, it seems, who got himself much commended by living on baked apples, and a young nobleman who devoted himself to the work of washing daily the monastery spittoons. One brother, the story runs, having one day said there was too much salt in his scalding-hot broth, immediately burst into tears of contrition for his wickedness in complaining; and another went for so many years without raising his eyes that he knew not a new chapel had been built, and so quite cracked his skull one day against the wall.

The abbey was an asylum for the poor and helpless, the shipwrecked, the conscience-stricken, and the broken-hearted — for that meditative type of fervid piety which for ages has looked upon the cloister as the true earthly paradise wherein to rear the difficult edifice of the soul's salvation. Much noble blood sought De Rancé's retreat, to wash out, if might be, its terrifying stains; and more than one reckless spirit went thither to take upon itself the yoke of purer, sweeter usages.

De Rancé's work remains an influence in the world. His monastery and his reform constitute the true background of material and spiritual fact against which to outline the

BROTHERS.



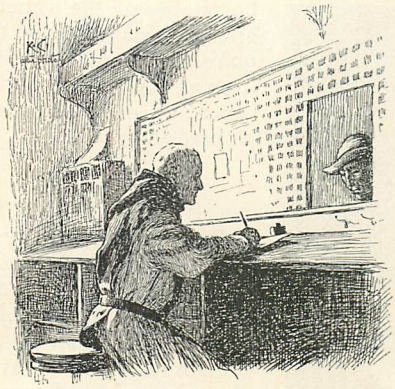
A FOLLOWER OF ST. JOSEPH.

present Abbey of La Trappe in Kentucky. Even when thus clearly viewed, it seems placed where it is only by some freak of history. An abbey of La Trappe in Kentucky! How utterly inharmonious with every element of its environment appears this fragment of old French monastic life! It is the twelfth century touching the last of the nineteenth — the Old World reappearing in the New. Here are French faces — here is the French tongue. Here is the identical white cowl presented to blessed St. Alberick in the forests of Burgundy nine hundred years ago. Here is the rule of St. Benedict, patriarch of the Western monks in the sixth century. When one is put out at the wayside station, amidst woodlands and fields of Indian-corn, and, leaving all the world behind him, turns his footsteps across the country towards the abbey more than a mile away, the seclusion of the region, its ineffable quietude, the infinite spiritual isolation of the life passed by the silent brotherhood — all bring vividly before the mind the image of that ancient distant abbey with which this one holds connection so sacred and so close. Is it not the veritable spot in Normandy? Here too is the broad basin of retired country; here are the densely wooded hills, shutting it in from all the world; here the orchards and vineyards and gardens of the ascetic devotees; and as the night falls from the low blurred sky of ashen-gray, and cuts short a silent contemplation of the scene, here too one finds one's self, like some belated traveler in the dangerous forests of old, hurrying on to reach the porter's lodge and ask admission within the sacred walls to enjoy the hospitality of the venerable abbot. It is interesting to inquire how this religious exotic from another clime and another age ever came to be planted in such a spot.

II.

For nearly a century after the death of De Rancé it is known that his followers faithfully maintained his reform at La Trappe. Then the French Revolution drove the Trappists as wanderers into various countries, and the abbey was made a foundry for cannon. A small branch of the order came in 1804 to the United States and established itself for a while in Pennsylvania, but soon turned its eyes towards the greater wilds and solitudes of Kentucky. For this there was sufficient reason. It must be remembered that Kentucky was early a great pioneer of the Catholic Church in the United States. Here the first episcopal see of the West was erected, and Bardstown held spiritual jurisdiction, within certain parallels of latitude, over all States and Territories between the two oceans. Here too were the first Catholic missionaries of the West, except those who were to be found in the French stations along the Wabash and the Mississippi. Indeed, the Catholic population of Kentucky, which was principally descended from the colonists of Lord Baltimore, had begun to enter the State as early as 1775, the nucleus of their settlements soon becoming Nelson County, the locality of the present abbey. Likewise it should be remembered that the Catholic Church in the United States, especially that portion of it in Kentucky, owes a great debt to the zeal of the exiled French clergy of those early days. That buoyancy and elasticity of the French character which naturally adapts it to every circumstance and emergency was then most demanded and most efficacious. From these exiles the infant missions of the State were supplied with their most devoted laborers.

Hither, accordingly, the Trappists removed from Pennsyl-



OFFICE OF THE FATHER PRIOR.

vania, establishing themselves on Pottinger's Creek, near Rohan's Knob, several miles from the present site. But they remained only a few years. The climate of Kentucky was deemed ill suited to their life of unrelaxed asceticism, and, moreover, their restless superior had conceived a desire to Christianize Indian children, and so removed the languishing settlement to Missouri. There is not space for following the solemn march of those austere exiles through the wildernesses of the New World. From Missouri they went to an ancient Indian burying-ground in Illinois and there built up a sort of village in the heart of the prairie; but the great mortality from which they suffered and the subsidence of the fury of the French Revolution recalled them in 1813 to France, to reoccupy the establishments from which they had been banished.

It was of this body that Dickens, in his "American Notes," wrote as follows:

> Looming up in the distance, as we rode along, was another of the ancient Indian burial-places, called Monk's Mound, in memory of a body of fanatics of the order of La Trappe, who founded a desolate convent there many years ago, when there were no settlements within a thousand miles, and were all swept off by the pernicious climate; in which lamentable fatality few rational people will suppose, perhaps, that society experienced any very severe deprivation.

But it is almost too late to say that in these "Notes" Dickens was not always either kindly or correct.

This is a better place in which to state a miracle than to discuss it; and the following account of a heavenly portent, which is related to have been vouchsafed the Trappists while sojourning in Kentucky, may be given without comment:

> In the year 1808 the moon, being then about two-thirds full, presented a most remarkable appearance. A bright, luminous cross, clearly defined, was seen in the heavens, with its arms intersecting the center of the moon. On each side two smaller crosses were also distinctly visible, though the portions of them most distant from the moon were more faintly marked. This strange phenomenon continued for several hours and was witnessed by the Trappists on their arising, as usual, at midnight, to sing the Divine praise.

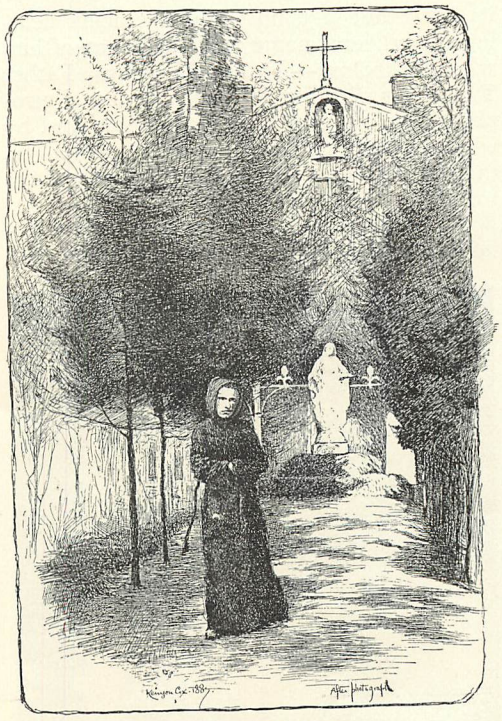
The present monastery, which is called the Abbey of Gethsemane, owes its origin immediately to the Abbey of La Meilleraye, of the department of the Loire-Inférieure, France. The abbot of the latter had concluded arrangements with the French Government to found a house in the island of Martinique on an estate granted by Louis Philippe; but this monarch's rule having been overturned, the plan was abandoned in favor of a colony in the United States. Two fathers, with the view of selecting a site, came to New York in the summer of 1848, and naturally turned their eyes to the Catholic settlements in Kentucky and to the domain of the pioneer Trappists. In the autumn of that year, accordingly, about forty-five "religious" left the mother-abbey of La Meilleraye, set sail from Havre de Grace for New Orleans, went thence by boat to Louisville, and from this point walked to Gethsemane, a distance of some sixty miles. Although scattered among various countries of Europe, the Trappists have but two convents in the United States — this, the oldest, and one near Dubuque, Iowa, a colony from the abbey in Ireland.

BY THE WALL.

III.

THE domain of the abbey comprises some seventeen hundred acres of land, part of which is tillable, while the rest consists of a range of wooded knobs that furnish timber to the monastery steam saw-mill. Around this domain lie the homesteads of Kentucky farmers, who make, alas! indifferent monks. One leaves the public road that winds across the open country and approaches the monastery through a long level avenue, inclosed on each side by a hedge-row of cedars and shaded by nearly a hundred beautiful English elms, all the offspring of a single parent stem. Traversing this dim, sweet spot, where no sound is heard but the waving of boughs and the softened notes of birds, one reaches the porter's lodge, a low brick building, on each side of which extends the high brick wall that separates the inner from the outer world. Passing beneath the archway of the lodge, one discovers a graceful bit of landscape gardening — walks fringed with cedars, elaborately designed beds for flowers, pathways so thickly strewn with sawdust that the heaviest footfall is unheard, a soft turf of green traversed only by the gentle shadows of the pious-looking Benedictine trees: a fit spot for recreation and meditation. It is with a sort of worldly start that you come upon an inclosure at one end of these grounds wherein a populous family of white-cowled rabbits tip around in the most noiseless fashion.

Architecturally there is little to please the æsthetic sense in the monastery building, along the whole front of which these grounds extend. It is a great quadrangular pile of brick, three stories high, heated by furnaces and lighted by gas — modern appliances which heighten the contrast with the ancient life whose needs they subserve. Within the quadrangle is a green inner court, also beautifully laid off. One side of it consists of two chapels, the one appropriated to the ordinary services of the Church and entered from without the abbey-wall by all who desire; the other, consecrated to the offices of the Trappist order, entered only from within, and accessible exclusively to males. It is here that one finds occasion to remember the Trappist's vow of poverty. The vestments are far from rich, the decorations of the altar far from splendid. The crucifixion scene behind the altar consists of wooden figures carved by one of the monks now dead and painted with little art. No tender light of many hues here streams through long windows rich with holy reminiscence and artistic fancy. The church has, albeit, a certain beauty of its own — that charm which is inseparable from fine proportion in stone and from gracefully disposed columns growing into the arches of the lofty roof. But the cold gray of the interior, severe and unrelieved, bespeaks a place where the soul comes to lay itself in simplicity before the Eternal as it would upon a naked, solitary rock of the desert. Elsewhere in the abbey, of course, greater evidences of votive poverty occur — in the various statues and shrines of the Virgin, in the pictures and prints that hang in the main front corridor — in all that appertains to the material life of the community.



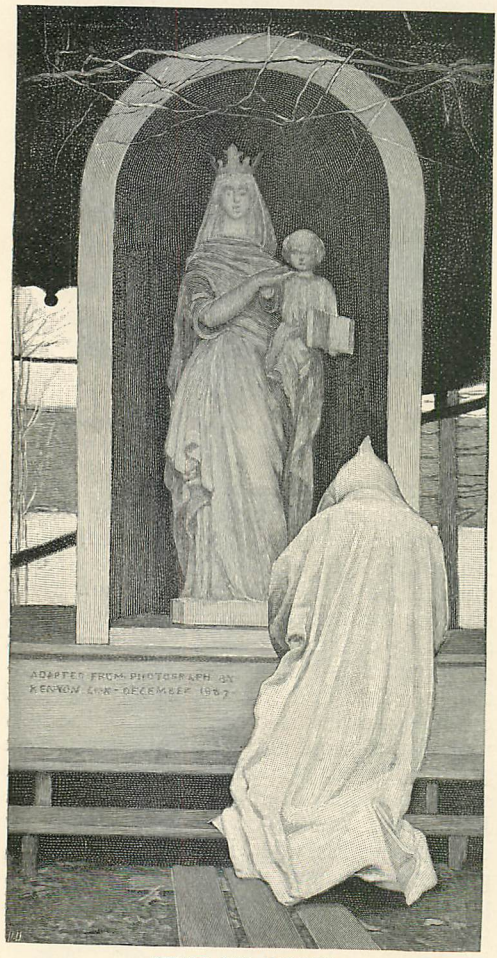
WITHIN THE GATES.

THE COOK.

Just outside the church, beneath the perpetual benediction of the cross on its spire, is the quiet cemetery garth where the dead are side by side, their graves covered with myrtle, and each having for

its headstone a plain wooden crucifix bearing the religious name and the station of him who lies below — Father Honorius, Father Timotheus, Brother Hilarius, Brother Eutropius. Who are they? And whence? And by what familiar names were they greeted on the old play-grounds and battle-fields of the world?

The Trappists do not, as it is commonly understood, daily dig a portion of their own



BEFORE THE MADONNA.

graves. When one of them dies and has been buried, a new grave is begun beside the one just filled, as a reminder to all the survivors that one of them must surely take his place therein. So, too, when each seeks the cemetery inclosure, in hours of holy meditation, and, standing bare-headed among the graves, prays softly for the souls of his departed brethren, he may come for a time to this unfinished grave, and, kneeling on the rude board placed at the head, pray Heaven, if he be next, to dismiss his soul in peace.

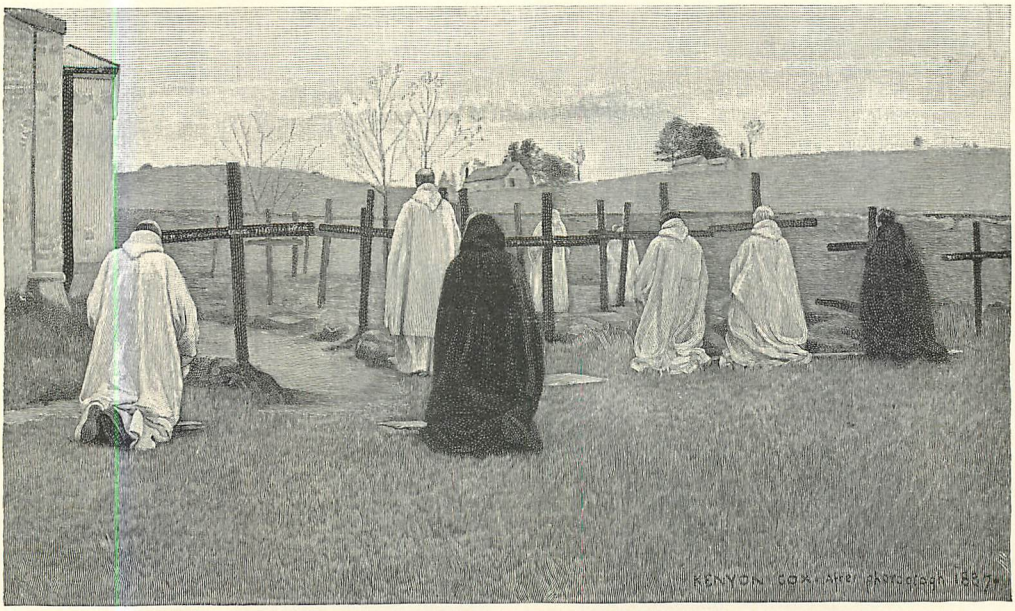
Nor do they sleep in the dark, abject kennel, which the imagination, in the light of medieval history, constructs as the true monk's cell. By the rule of St. Benedict, they sleep apart but in the same place, and the dormitory is a great upper room, well lighted and clean, in the body of which a general framework several feet high is divided into partitions that look like narrow berths.

It is while going from place to place in the abbey and considering the other buildings connected with it that one grows deeply interested in a subject but little understood — the daily life of the monks.

IV.

We have all acquired poetical and pictorial conceptions of monks — praying with wan faces and upturned eyes half darkened by the shadowing cowl, the coarse serge falling away from the emaciated neck, the hands pressing the crucifix close to the heart; and along with this type has always been associated a certain idea of cloistral life — that it was an existence of vacancy and idleness, or at best of deep meditation of the soul broken only by express spiritual devotions. There is another kind of monk, of course, with all the marks of which we seem traditionally familiar; the monk with the rubicund face, sleek poll, good epigastric development, and slightly unsteady gait, with whom, in turn, we have connected a different phase of conventual discipline — fat capon and stubble goose, and midnight convivial chantings growing ever more fast and furious, but finally dying away in a heavy stertorous calm. Poetry, art, the drama, the novel, have each portrayed human nature in orders; the saint-like monk, the intellectual monk, the bibulous, the felonious, the fighting monk (who loves not the hermit of Copmanhurst?), until the memory is stored and the imagination preoccupied.

Living for a while in a Trappist monastery in modern America, one gets a pleasant infusion of actual experience, and is disposed to insist upon the existence of other types no less picturesque and on the whole much more acceptable. He finds himself, for one thing, brought face to face with the working monk. Idleness to the Trappist is the enemy of the soul, and one of his vows is manual labor. Whatever a monk's previous station may have been, he must perform, according to abbatial direction, the most menial services. None are exempt from work; there is no place among them for the sluggard. When it is borne in mind that the abbey is a self-dependent institution, where the healthy must be maintained, the sick cared for, the dead buried, the necessity



AMONG THE GRAVES.

for much work becomes manifest. In fact, the occupations are about as various as those of a modern factory. There is scope for intellects of all degrees and talents of well-nigh every order. Daily life, unremittingly from year to year, is an exact system of duties and hours. The building, covering about an acre of ground and penetrated by corridors, must be kept faultlessly clean. There are three kitchens,— one for the guests, one for the community, and one for the infirmary,— that require each a *coquinarius* and separate assistants. There is a tinker's shop and a pharmacy; a saddlery, where the broken gear used in cultivating the monastery lands is mended; a tailor's shop, where the worn garments are patched; a shoemaker's shop, where the coarse, heavy shoes of the monks are made and cobbled; and a barber's shop, where the Trappist beard is shaved twice a month and the Trappist head is monthly shorn.

Outdoors the occupations are even more varied. The community do not till the farm. The greater part of their land is occupied by tenant farmers, and what they reserve for their own use is cultivated by the so-called "family brothers," who, it is due to say, have no families, but live as celibates on the abbey domain, subject to the abbot's authority, without being members of the order. The monks, however, do labor in the ample gardens, orchards, and vineyard from which they derive their sustenance, in the steam saw-mill and grain-mill, in the dairy and the cheese factory. Thus picturesquely engaged one may find them in autumn: monks gathering apples and making barrel after barrel of pungent cider, which is stored away in the vast cellar as their only beverage except water; monks repairing the shingle roof of a stable; monks feeding the huge swine which they fatten for the board of their carnal guests, or the fluttering multitude of chickens from the eggs and young of which they derive a slender revenue; monks grouped in the garden around a green and purple heap of turnips, to be stored up as a winter relish of no mean distinction.

Amidst such scenes one forgets all else while enjoying the wealth and freshness of artistic effects. What a picture is this young Belgian cheese-maker, his sleeves rolled up above the elbows of his brawny arms, his great pinkish hands buried in the golden curds, the cap of his serge cloak falling back and showing his closely clipped golden-brown hair, blue eyes, and clear delicate skin! Or this Australian ex-farmer, as he stands by the hopper of grist or lays on his shoulder a bag of flour for the coarse brown bread of the monks. Or this

GOING TO WORK.

THE FORTNIGHTLY SHAVE.

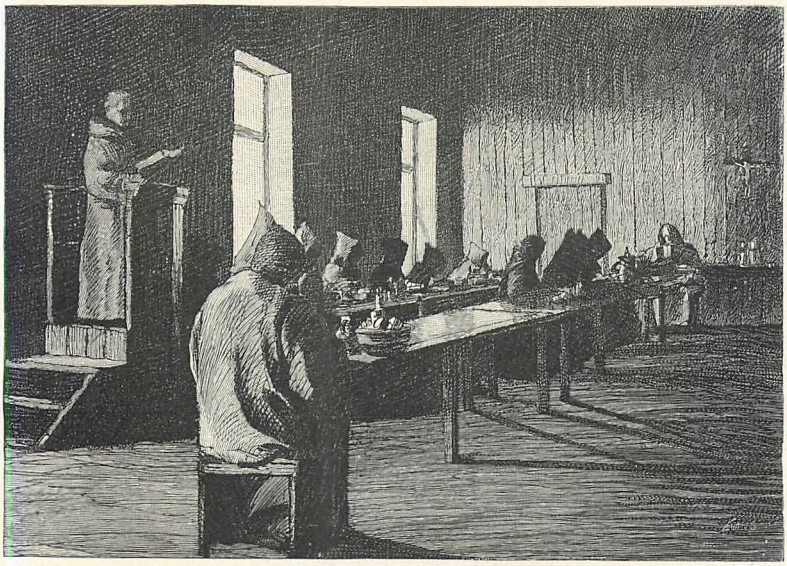
dark old French opera-singer, who strutted his brief hour on many a European stage, but now hobbles around, all hoary in his cowl and blanched with age, to pick up a handful of garlic. Or this athletic, superbly formed young Irishman, thrusting a great iron prod into the glowing coals of the saw-mill furnace. Or this slender Switzer, your attendant in the refectory, with great keys dangling from his leathern cincture, who stands by with folded hands and bowed head while you are eating the pagan meal he has prepared, and prays that you may be forgiven for enjoying it.

From various countries of the Old World men find their way into the Abbey of Gethsemane, but among them are no Americans. Repeatedly the latter have made the experiment, and have always failed to persevere up to the final consecration of the white cowl. The fairest warning is given to the postulant. He is made to understand the entire extent of the obligation he has assumed; and only after passing through a novitiate, prolonged

at the discretion of the abbot, is he admitted to the vows that must be kept unbroken till death.

V.

FROM the striking material aspects of their daily life, however, one is soon recalled to a sense of their subordination to spiritual aims and half of cream. The guest-master, whose business it is to act as your guide through the abbey and the grounds, is warily mindful of his special functions and requests you to address none but him. Only the abbot is free to speak when and as his judgment may approve. It is silence, says the Trappist, that shuts out new ideas, worldly topics, controversy. It is

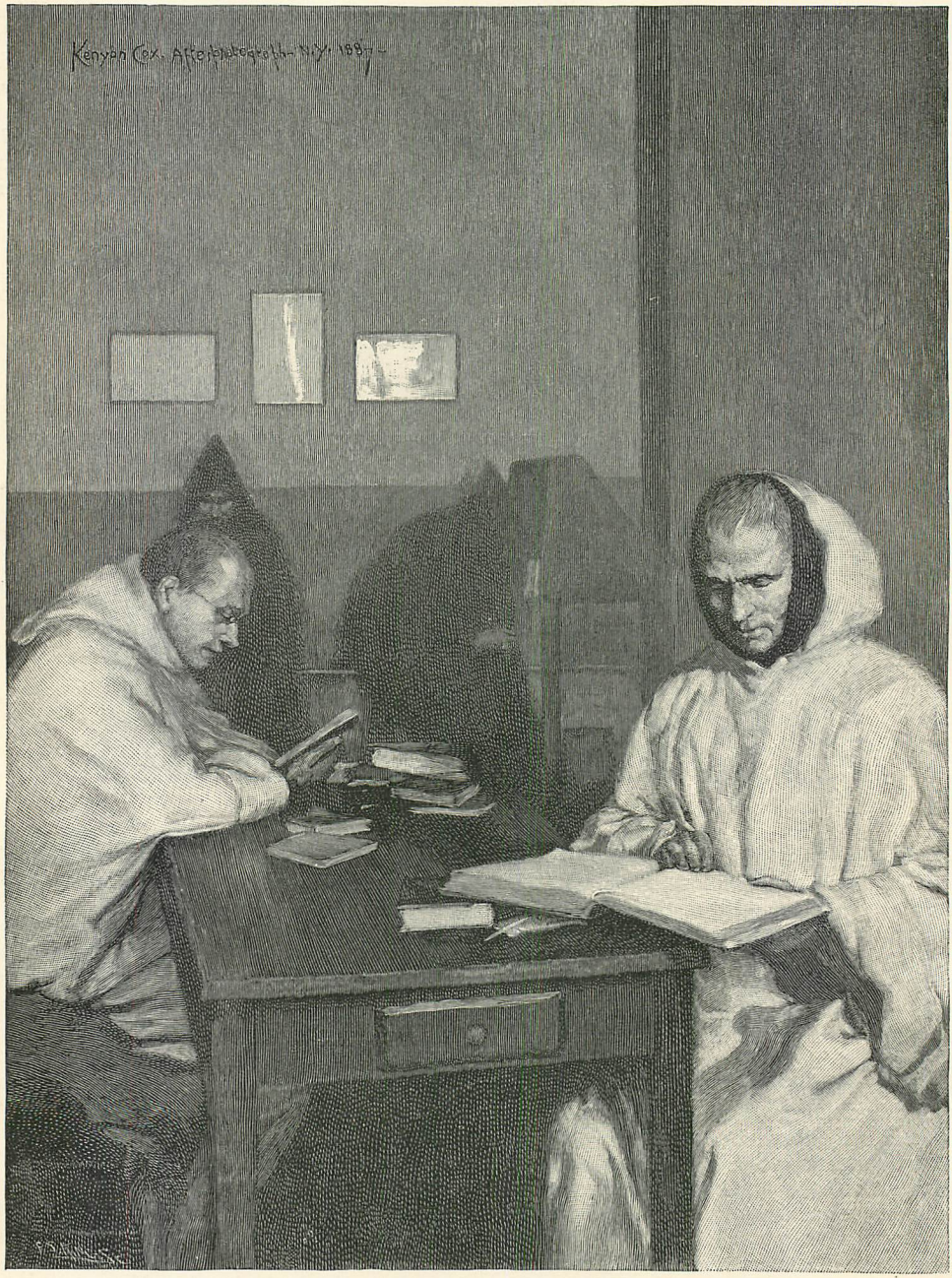


THE REFECTORY.

and pledges; for upon them all, like a spell of enchantment, lies the sacred silence. The honey has been taken from the bees with solemnity; the grapes have been gathered without song and mirth. The vow of life-long silence taken by the Trappist must of course not be construed literally; but after all there are only two occasions during which it is completely set aside — when confessing his sins and when singing the offices of the Church. At all other times his tongue becomes, as far as possible, a superfluous member; he speaks only by permission of his superior, and always simply and to the point. The monk at work with another exchanges with him only the few low, necessary words, and those that provoke no laughter. Of the three so-called monastic graces, *Simplicitas*, *Benignitas*, *Hilaritas*, the last is not his. Even for necessary speech he is taught to substitute a language of signs, as fully systematized as the speech of the deaf and dumb. Should he, while at work, wound his fellow-workman, sorrow may be expressed by striking his breast. A desire to confess is shown by lifting one hand to the mouth and striking the breast with the other. The maker of cheese crosses two fingers at the middle point to let you know that it is made half of milk

silence that enables the soul to contemplate with singleness and mortification the infinite perfections of the Eternal.

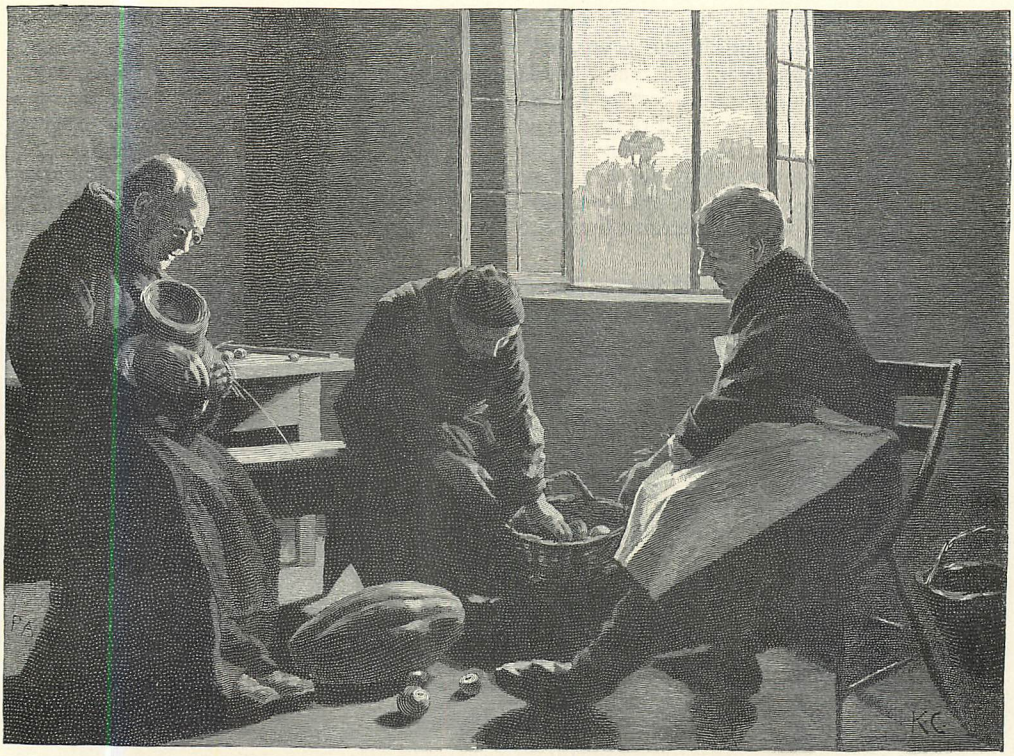
In the abbey it is this all-pervasive hush that falls like a leaden pall upon the stranger who has rushed in from the talking universe and this country of free speech. Are these priests modern survivals of the rapt solitaries of India? The days pass, and the world, which seemed in hailing distance to you at first, has receded to dim remoteness. You stand at the window of your room looking out, and hear in the autumn trees only the flute-like note of some migratory bird, passing slowly on towards the south with all its kind. You listen within, and hear but a key turning in distant locks and the slow-retreating footsteps of some dusky figure returning to its lonely self-communings. The utmost precaution is taken to avoid noise; in the dormitory not even your guide will speak to you, but explains by gesture and signs. During the short siesta the Trappists allow themselves, if one of them, not wishing to sleep, gets permission to read in his so-called cell, he must turn the pages of his book inaudibly. In the refectory, while the meal is eaten and the appointed reader in the tribune goes through a service, if one through carelessness



READING IN THE CHAPTER ROOM.

makes a noise by so much as dropping a fork or a spoon, he leaves his seat and prostrates himself on the floor until bidden by the superior to arise. The same penance is undergone in the church by any one who should distract attention with the clasp of his book.

A hard life, to purely human seeming, does the Trappist make for the body. He thinks nothing of it. It is his evil tenement of flesh, whose humors are an impediment to sanctification, whose propensities are to be kept down by the practice of all austerities. To it in part all his monastic vows are addressed—perpetual and utter poverty, chastity, manual labor, silence, seclusion, penance, obedience. The perfections and glories of his monastic state culminate in the complete abnegation and destruction of animal nature, and in the



AT WORK.

correspondence of his earthly life with the holiness of divine instruction. The war of the Jesuit is with the world; the war of the Trappist is with himself. From his narrow bed, on which are simply a coarse thin mattress, pillow, sheet, and coverlet, he rises at 2 o'clock, on certain days at 1, on others yet at 12. He has not undressed, but has slept in his daily garb, with the cincture around his waist.

This dress consists, if he be a brother, of the roughest dark-brown serge-like stuff, the over-garment of which is a long robe; if a father, of a similar material, but white in color, the over-garment being the cowl, beneath which is the black scapular. He changes it only once in two weeks. The frequent use of the bath, as tending to luxuriousness, is forbidden him, especially if he be young. His diet is vegetables, fruit, honey, cider, cheese, and brown bread. Only when sick or infirm may he take even fish or eggs. His table-service is pewter, plain earthernware, a heavy wooden spoon and fork of his own making, and the bottom of a broken bottle for a salt-cellar. If he wears the white cowl, he eats but one such frugal repast a day during part of the year; if the brown robe, and therefore required to do more work, he has besides this meal an early morning luncheon called "mixt." He renounces all claim to his own person, all right over his own powers. "I am as wax," he exclaims; "mold me as you will." By the law of his patron saint, if commanded to do things too hard, or even impossible, he must still undertake them.

For the least violations of the rules of his order; for committing a mistake while reciting a psalm, responsory, antiphon, or lesson; for giving out one note instead of another, or saying *dominus* instead of *domino*; for breaking or losing anything, or committing any fault while engaged in any kind of work in kitchen, pantry, bakery, garden, trade, or business — he must humble himself and make public satisfaction forthwith. Nay, more: each by his vows is forced to become his brother's keeper, and to proclaim him publicly in the community chapter for the slightest overt transgression. For charity's sake, however, he may not judge motives nor make vague general charges.

The Trappist does not walk beyond the inclosures except by permission. He must repress all those ineffably tender yearnings that visit and vex the human heart in this life. The death of the nearest kindred is not announced to him. Forgotten by the world, by him it is forgotten. Yet not wholly. When he lays the lashes of the scourge on his flesh — it may be on his carious bones — he does it

not for his own sins alone, but for the sins of the whole world; and in his searching, self-imposed humiliations, there is a silent, broad out-reaching of sympathetic effort in behalf of all his kind. Sorrow may not depict itself freely on his face. If a suffering invalid, he must manifest no interest in the progress of his malady, feel no concern regarding the result. In his last hour, he sees ashes strewn upon the floor in the form of a cross, a thin scattering of straw made over them, and his body extended thereon to die; and from this hard bed of death he knows it will be borne on a bier by his brethren and laid in the grave without coffin or shroud.

IN THE SMITHY.

VII.

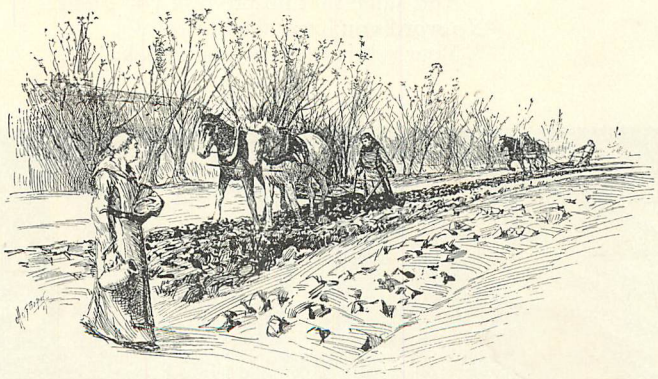
BUT who can judge such a life save him who has lived it? Who can say what undreamt-of spiritual compensations may not come even in this present time as a reward for all bodily austerities? What fine realities may not body themselves forth to the eye of the soul, strained of grossness, steadied from worldly agitation, and taught to gaze year after year into the awfulness and mystery of its own being and deep destiny? "Monasticism," says Mr. Froude, "we believe to have been the realization of the infinite loveliness and beauty of personal purity; and the saint in the desert was the apotheosis of the spiritual man." However this may be, here at Gethsemane you see one of the severest expressions of its faith that the soul has ever given, either in ancient or in modern times; and you cease to think of these men as members of a religious order, in the study of them as exponents of a common humanity struggling with the problem of its relation to the Infinite. One would wish to lay hold upon the latent elements of power and truth and beauty in their system which enables them to say with quiet cheerfulness, "We are happy, perfectly happy." To them there is no gloom.

Excepting this ceaseless war between flesh and spirit, the abbey seems a peaceful place. Its relations with the outside world have always been kindly. During the civil war it was undisturbed by the forces of each party. Food and shelter it has never denied even to the poorest, and it asks no compensation, accepting such as the stranger may give. The savor of good deeds extends beyond its walls, and near by is a free school under its control, where for more than a quarter of a century boys of all creeds have been educated.

THE GARDEN.

There comes some late autumnal afternoon when you are to leave the place. With a strange feeling of farewell, you grasp the hands of those whom you have been given the privilege of knowing, and walk slowly out past the meek sacristan, past the noiseless garden, past the porter's lodge and the misplaced rabbits, past the dim avenue of elms, past the great iron gateway, and, walking along the sequestered road until you have reached the summit of a wooded knoll half a mile away, turn and look back. Half a mile! The distance is infinite! The last rays of the sun seem hardly able to reach the pale cross on the spire which anon fades into the sky; and the monastery bell, that sends its mellow tones across the shadowy landscape, is rung from an immemorial past.

It is the hour of the *Compline*, the *Salve*, and the *Angelus* — the last of the seven services that the Trappist holds between 2 o'clock in the morning and this hour of early nightfall. Standing alone in the silent darkness you allow imagination to carry you once more into the church. You sit in one of the galleries and look down upon the stalls of the monks ranged along the walls of the nave. There is no light except the feeble gleam of a single low red cresset that swings ever-burning before the altar. You can just discern a long line of nameless dusky figures creep forth from the deeper gloom and glide noiselessly into their seats. You listen to the *cantus plenus gravitate* — those long, level notes with sorrowful cadences and measured pauses, sung by a full, unfaltering chorus of voices, old and young.



It is the song that smote the heart of Bossuet with such sadness in the desert of Normandy two and a half centuries ago.

Anon by some unseen hand two tall candles are lighted on the altar. The singing is hushed. From the ghostly line of white-robed fathers a shadowy figure suddenly moves towards the spot in the middle of the church where the bell-rope hangs, and with slow, weird movements rings the solemn bell until it fills the cold, gray arches with quivering sound. One will not in a lifetime forget the impressiveness of the scene — the long tapering shadows that stretch out over the dimly lighted, polished floor from this figure silhouetted against the brighter light from the altar beyond; the bowed, moveless forms of the monks in brown almost indiscernible in the gloom; the spectral glamour reflected from the robes of the bowed fathers in white; the ghastly, suffering scene of the Saviour, strangely luminous in the glare of the tall candles. It is the daily climax in the devotions of the Old World monks at Gethsemane.

James Lane Allen.

A MAN'S REPROACH.

WHEN into my life you came
You gave me no promise, yet still
Dare I charge on you the shame
Of a pledge you have failed to fulfil.

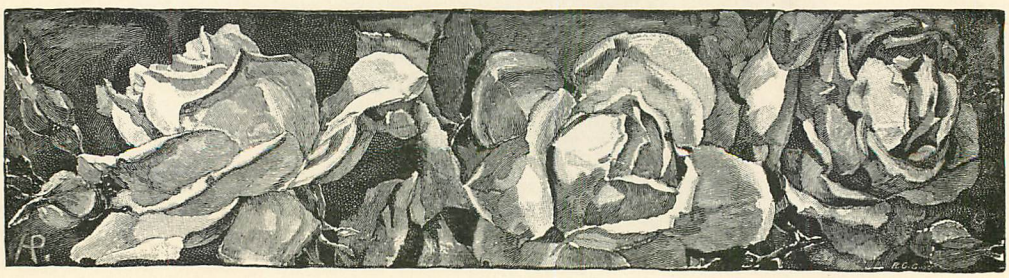
Said not each tone of your voice,
Said not each look of your eye,
"Measure my truth at your choice;
No means of proof I deny."

Was it for nothing your glance
Held itself, flame pure, to mine?
Needed there speech to enhance
The strength of its promise divine?

Was there no pledge in that smile,
Dazzling beyond all eclipse?
Only God measures your guile
When you could lie with those lips!

You fail me, in spite of it all,
And smile that no promise you break.
No word you have need to recall;
Your self is the vow you forsake!

Arlo Bates.



HOME CULTURE CLUBS.

I.

FIRST THOUGHT: "THE MASSES."

HERE is perhaps, says Professor Huxley in a recent paper, "no more hopeful sign of progress among us in the last half-century than the steadily increasing devotion which has been and is directed to measures for promoting physical and moral welfare among the poorer classes." And just before, he says, as to the necessity for such measures, "Natural science and religious enthusiasm rarely go hand in hand, but in this matter their concord is complete."

I do not purpose to write very gravely on this subject. But here is the scientist's verdict, that the proposition to "elevate the masses" is good science; and I quote it to gain, what I particularly covet, the attention of minds that, with or without "religious enthusiasm," need this kind of assurance.

To such especially I purpose simply to tell of a scheme of "elevation," now working well in its second year, kept for a time purposely within narrow limits, but growing, and capable, I believe, of indefinite expansion.

It sprang from certain merely colloquial efforts to point out some very common and rather subtle errors which help to explain why, in so vast a field, human sympathy, large self-sacrifice, and gracious condescensions so often reap the slender harvest they do.

For example, it was admitted that there is much truth in the stern statement that the "masses" we purpose to lift sink to where they are by their own specific gravity; that they lack the buoyancy to float, the intelligence, virtues, aspirations, which are the upholding powers in human life, and that they are where they are because of what they are and what they inwardly lack.

Yet this is only part of the truth, and at best it is not final. People are also, in great part, *what* they are because of *where* they are, their inward lack due much to their outward. Moreover, both what one is and where one is depend much on what and where others are with whose fate one's own is entangled.

It may be just as hard, but it is also just as easy, to keep human merit, as to keep water, from finding its level: with this difference, that human character may have, may acquire, lose, and regain, elasticity. And so we say, even when one is only equal to the station he fills, that the fact is not final. New influences from without may produce new inner powers and merits, which may not only earn better place for self but may liberate others from conditions unworthy of them, to which his own conditions had undeservedly confined them. Though a sunken ship may be mainly of iron, and might never stir to raise itself, we may go down to it and by driving air in and water out may see it, of its own motion, rise again to noble uses. So with a man.

But in the various groups into which the relations or fortunes of life gather us we are not, each one, a separate ship, but are bound together more like the various parts of one or another ship. And while it is mostly by good or bad management that ships float or sink, yet in every ship that floats are many parts that of themselves would sink, and in every ship that sinks are many parts that but for fastenings or entanglements would float. The chances of fortune and the force of merit are not enough to secure "the greatest happiness of the greatest number"; and without that we cannot get the highest good of any. Even of wrecked ships we save what we can. To fortune and merit must be added the factor of *rescue*, whether we call it salvage or salvation. To leave the unfortunate to fight ill-fortune with only their handicapped merit is to leave them to an unintelligent and merciless natural selection to which we would think it inhuman to leave shipwrecked voyagers, and stupid to leave our cattle. So, then, our failures to "elevate the masses" are not because any and every intervention is a meddling with selective forces already adequate to the best results.

Misguided benevolence has its well-known faults. We know the benevolence that does not "help a man to help himself" is not beneficent. We know that nothing is at its best which puts needless obligations upon the beneficiary. We know that to produce merit is at least as good as to find it; that to augment it is better than merely to reward it; that its best rewards are simple recognition, encouragement, and opportunity; and that even in giving these, all gratuitousness is dangerous; and, especially, that there are great risks in all sudden abundance. Benevolence has learned that even in social science there is room and need for sentiment, but that sen-

timent must follow and obey reason, not lead and rule it. All these things we know by heart, and yet our failures go on.

Some say that charity has still too much sentiment. But in fact it has not yet enough. Some say that it has taken on too much science. But really it has not enough. There ought to be no lack of sentiment in the word science. Yet many regard science as something that complicates simple things, whereas it simplifies complex things. If science deals with complex things, so does every other province of human life; but our mental indolence loosely treats complexities as though they were simple, and science as the breeder of complexities. Human benevolence still needs a more scientific thoughtfulness to see the complexity of things too often thus far treated as simple, and a greater depth of sentiment to remember it. Our efforts are still crude.

II.

NOT THE MASS: THE INDIVIDUAL.

We shall never have any great success in "elevating the mass" until we get beyond treating it merely as a mass. Even political science, impersonal as it is, never secures a safe self-government till it recognizes the individual citizen and his rights. But in the "elevation of the mass" a treatment is required that must go much further from mass-treatment than the true functions of the state will allow it to go. General legislation must not know one man from another; and administrative government may distinguish only between those who break, and those who keep, the law. Individual conditions and relations it recognizes; but individuals it cannot justly consider save impersonally and merely as units of the community. It is only when by crime or infirmity one is disqualified as a simple civil unit that government, not by benevolent choice, but for the protection of society at large, enters into personal considerations with him, in order that by disciplinary or sanitary treatment adjusted to his peculiar, personal, inward needs he may as soon as possible be restored to the precious liberty of impersonal citizenship. We can neither ask nor allow civil government to go further. But something must go further. Something must take personal knowledge of those whose inward and outward conditions may be bettered to the advantage of all, and yet who are not in those plights that alone should make them wards of the state. What will do it?

Commerce, trade, all the material industries, have to do with masses as masses, and with individuals both impersonally and personally. Sometimes not merely the personal capacities but even the social qualities of the individual must be taken account of in these provinces of life, and so we see the commercial and the social realms overlapping and in no small degree dominating each other, man making the not always noble discovery that commercial ties have their social, and social ties their commercial, values; with this severe limitation, however, that personal relations, qualities, or wants cannot be set up by or for any one as actual commercial claims save for their actual commercial values.

So, then, we cannot intrust to government nor demand of commerce the exercise of personal benevolence. In commerce we have, and must have, limited only by moral law and the laws of the land, the supreme rule of commercial selection, to which all personal considerations must remain subordinate. A far-sighted commercial selection may see commercial values, qualified by personal considerations, far out to right and left of its trodden path, and the most we can rightly demand of commerce is that it follow those values as far as they reach. Both government, and commerce with virtually all her kindred industries, are incalculably beneficent. Without them how should we "elevate the masses"? Yet they are not enough. We may conceive of government or commerce springing from the most benevolent motives, but even so, government may not rightly go beyond the most obvious common welfare; and commerce and her kin, the moment they step beyond the circle of gain, loss, and rectitude, cease to be themselves.

We turn to society. Will it supply the deficiency? Let us first be sure what we mean. A nation is a social group. So are three friends at a fireside. But public society (if I may presume to quote a sentence or two of my own lately printed) comprises one group of relations, and private society entirely another, and it is simply and only evil to confuse the two. Public society, civil society, comprises all those relations that are impersonal, unselective, and in which all men, of whatever personal inequality, should stand equal. Private society is its antipode. It is personal, selective, assortive; ignores civil equality, and forms itself entirely upon mutual preferences and affinities. Our civil social status has of right no special value in private society, and our private social status has of right no special value in our civil social relations. We make the distinction here in order to set aside the idea of public society: we mean, now, private society. Government can make among men only a civil selection, commerce only a commercial selection; but in society we find at last the operations of a personal selection.

III.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY.

AT first glance we who are unlearned on the great deep of social science might suppose that a perfectly normal social movement ought to work the results we are seeking. Why not? Has one not liberty to choose his social companions as he will? If he will but put away all foolish prides,—pride of place, of purse, of blood, of mind, and that worst pride of all, the pride of morals,—may he not bring himself into benevolent and beneficent personal intercourse with whom he will?

No. We presently find that we are overrating our liberty and our power over certain laws that lie in the very nature of private social relations. What makes the social circle? As the key-note of commerce is gain, so that of society is pleasure. As a normal commerce requires that gains be mutual and approximately equal, society requires that pleasures be the same. Sociality is normally and rightly only a sort of commerce, a social exchange, from which we find we must withdraw as soon as we realize our inability to render a *quid pro quo* of social values. Normally it ignores material values, and is totally uncommercial. Yet we discover that though its movements, too, are immensely beneficent, neither can it, with any good effect, let benevolent intentions sharply oppose themselves to the natural operations of social selection.

The merely formative state of a large part of society in America accounts for some broad and frequent errors made by us as to the true province and limits of private sociality. In one great belt of our country there is the strangest confusion of thought as to where public social relations, over which the individual has no private right of control, and private social relations, over which the public voice has no right of control, touch and bound each other; while in another belt there is almost equal confusion as to what private society might do for public society if it would. But wherever in the world we see population dense enough for private society to be selective, we find it broken into countless small groups, "circles," each of which, however they may overlap one another, owes its continuance to the ability of its members to supply mutual entertainment. This ability lacking, no amount of benevolence can hold them, socially, together.

Benevolence, self-sacrifice, condescension, become repellant forces in the social circle wherever they cannot be paid for in kind. Social selection does not spare even the family circle, but draws its various members apart from one another frequently, and at length permanently. As the century-plant constantly disintegrates and absorbs its old leaves and of their substance sends out new, society divides and absorbs the old family circle and sends out the germs of more numerous new ones. Not in a mean sense only, but in a very noble way private society is a mart. In commerce and the industries the prime necessity laid by each upon himself is that he get for all he gives. In society he requires of himself to give for all he gets. In the commercial exchange the man without commercial resources is intolerable. In the social exchange the man without social resources equal to its demands is not nearly so intolerable to it as it is to him,—not only because its condescensions put debts upon him that he feels he cannot pay, but also because the social circle that does not prize his social resources has probably few or none to offer that he wants.

> What fattens the ox would starve the fox;
> Yet the fox has food that would starve the ox.

That is to say, no one is wholly without social resources, only let those resources find their right social market by a rational social selection.

Now, if social selection were always rational, we should see it reaching out generously across the lines of life and the accidents of fortune, and selecting, rejecting, and assorting men and women according to their abilities to make fairly even exchange with one another of social pleasures and such intellectual and spiritual enlargements, small or great, as these pleasures may yield. But other forces enter and make confusion. Family ties, parental and fraternal affection and pride, hold out more or less stubbornly for the social equality of all the family's members, often in the face of gross inequalities. On the other hand, society often crudely assesses the individual socially by the accidents of family relationship, and counts him far above or below his own true value. Commercial, political, and other outside values intrude themselves, and seek and make all degrees of false appraisements above and below the just mark. Then there is our proneness to prize superficial graces and conventional forms more than inner merit. And there, too, are the spirit of mere caste, and the often still narrower one of coterie; and again our selfish fear of making unlucky selections, and the greater ease of keeping the strait and narrow way of social orthodoxy; these all mar the proper workings of social distribution.

Hence we find no plane of private society, however exalted, where we may not encounter the boor, the fool, and the knave, holding or held in their unearned station on false claims; and none, however humble, where we may not meet the wise, the good, the gentle, over-

looked by the social groups into which their merits ought to bring them, and themselves and the world robbed of their best values by accidental conditions that might easily be removed.

IV.

SOCIAL SELECTION KILLED AND STUFFED.

SOCIAL selection being thus wild and erratic, we naturally utter much fine indignation against it and demand repair of the evil wrought. Our benevolent sentiment hurries forward to ask why, since the comfortable ranks of society have not kept up an intelligent and faithful discrimination, but let their processes of selection be more or less warped by all manner of ignoble motives, why should they hold themselves aloof from and above less fortunate humanity, to its estrangement, embitterment, and degradation? And then we set about to mend the wrong by methods that too often only add to the confusion.

We feel that a moral duty has been neglected and must now be performed. We join hands with others who propose to correct the same evils because, for their part, they see in them a menace to the order and safety of public society; and with yet others, distinctively "religionists," who see religion dammed up, making progress and gathering numbers only in the ranks of comfortable respectability, and irreligion, vulgarity, and bad morals widening like a flood and threatening every guard that the God-fearing can throw around their own children. And so we join to "elevate the masses."

With what result? To find out speedily, with mortification and resentment, that the sorts of people we attempt to elevate either openly spurn or secretly despise any such attempts made in order to satisfy our sense of duty, or to subserve the public interest, or to promote the cause and fortunes of religion. They will not be used either to wipe our conscience clear, or to abate a public nuisance, or as a filling even for churches and church statistics. We recoil from the effort, bruised and sore.

Then when our benevolence and pride have recovered from their wounds, we try another plan: we offer them personal friendship. We see this is what we owe them, and that the real or suspected absence of this is what they resent. Now, friendship implies fellowship; and we lightly assume, contrary to our best knowledge, that friendship means private social companionship, and offer them personal friendship in this form. And ninety-nine times in a hundred they decline this also.

The trouble is, of course, not in the friendship; it is in the form the friendship takes. And the difficulty stands, whether the form be genuine or specious. If genuine, the form will consist in the one to be helped, as well as the helper, generously putting away all false pride and unworthy suspicions, and each receiving from the other at least one social visit under his or her own roof. Most likely one such exchange will show that neither is able to offer a social companionship that is not an unprofitable weariness to the other. If the effort drags on, how it drags!

If only there were pain to relieve or sorrow to comfort, what new life the forced relation would at once display! "In sooth," says the young prince to Hubert, "I would you were a little sick, that I might sit all night and watch with you." Actual, present distress makes fellowships, while it lasts, that cannot be made without it. But in such a case the visit is one of mercy, not of sociality, whereas we are seeking a scheme that will not have to wait for people to fall into pitiful distress or languish when the distress is gone. Sociality cannot be other than a burden, with its weight resting most heavily on the one who was to be helped by it, unless it has its own natural, inherent reasons for being.

To condescend and manage socially is not so hard; to be socially condescended to and managed — that is what cannot last. Such deformed social fellowship soon and rightly goes and hangs itself. The most that such effort can ever do is by rare chance to find some one out of his true social sphere and bring him into it. It can never have any appreciable effect to fit for any sort of true promotion any one who is unfit. In the vast majority of such cases prompt failure puts the friend and the befriended only further apart, and makes the betterment of the lowly seem more nearly impossible than it ever seemed before.

But generally the offers of friendship from the fortunate to those less so are less genuine even than this. We are in haste for results, choose easy methods rather than thorough ones, and have among us many who only half want and half do not want the results that for one reason or another they join with us to get. Hence specious offers of social attention such as we could not be guilty of making to those who are already on our own social plane; proposals to gather our beneficiaries together and meet them *numerously* without having met or tried to meet them individually; ignoring the fact that there are broad social divergencies among *them* — ranks and circles, as there should be, and the spirits of class and coterie, as there ought not to be; extending social attentions that might at least be genuine if offered personally and in our own drawing or sitting rooms, but are only flimsy counterfeits when

tendered promiscuously and in some public or semi-public place, some society's rooms, or church parlors, or other social neutral ground. What wonder, if those to whom we so condescend turn away saying, "You may mean well, but we don't shake hands with anybody's forefinger."

Another trouble: in this sort of lump treatment there is often as little discrimination concerning who shall make these tenders of sociality as concerning who shall receive them. Fortune and station decide, and an indiscrimination that would insure failure to any private enterprise characterizes an effort which really demands the most careful selection of persons for their wisdom, tact, and social experience. Instead, we see the young, the giddy, the old, the stupid, the self-seeking, and the worldly thrown together, and social selections, eliminations, and separations reasserting themselves on the spot; unless — as is more likely — the intended beneficiaries are wholly absent.

Such schemes, so far from "elevating the masses," only estrange and offend them with no end of unfair conditions, and delude the benevolent with the notion that they are doing their best to effect what they are really doing their best to prevent. Only in the pure democracy and unassorted meagerness of numbers of, for instance, a New England farm-village, where there is no distinct "mass" to elevate, can such schemes be apparently harmless. Even there they are not really so; for at any time the establishment of manufacturing or large commercial interests may develop class and mass, and both sides be found handicapped with false notions of how true friendship is to make itself effective between them. Or if no such material development take place, then those who go out into the larger world seeking better fortune, and find the conditions of class and mass, carry with them the most mischievous misconceptions of what private society can and ought to do for the masses, by virtue of their commercial, church, and other relations, and how it should be done.

Here, then, are certainly two truths: (1) That the masses cannot be elevated by mere mass treatment, and (2) that — be it mass treatment or personal treatment — mere sociality would be quite inadequate even if practicable, and quite impracticable even if adequate.

V.

CLASS TREATMENT, THEN?

ALL mass treatment belongs rightly to legislation and government. The "mass," as a mass, has no wants except its *rights*. To presume to accord these by any sort of private condescension is extremely offensive to countless minds that may not be able to define why it is so. Yet naturally one will find himself largely disqualified for any salutary treatment of the lowly if he is known to be opposed to any clear right of the mass.

There is a kind of benevolent effort midway between mass treatment and personal treatment. In nations where arbitrary class distinctions are made and sustained by law, even private efforts at the elevation of others may have a limited effectiveness though made in the guise of *class* treatment.

Yet even where society is thus broken up into classes recognized by law and ancient custom, class wants are class rights. Only law can properly supply them. A want which legislation cannot lawfully supply is clearly not a class want, and private effort to supply it ought not to take the form of class treatment; that is, it should not be offered to people in and by and as classes.

Now, in our own country the idea of classes differing from one another in their rights is intolerable to the very ground principles of the nation's structure. No one who is not helpless or criminal belongs to a class. Every one belongs to the whole people, the whole people to him, and he, first and last, to himself. No American principle is better known or more dearly prized by every American in humble life. Occupations, religious creeds, accidents of birth and fortune, may have their inevitable classifying effect; but no one relation of life has any power arbitrarily to determine one's class in any other relation, and any treatment, whether by intention or oversight, of persons whom any accident of life has grouped together, as being all of a sort, is sure to be, and ought to be, resented as at least a blunder. In any private effort, then, to "elevate the masses," in this country at least, class treatment is out of the question.

Very exact persons may say that the support of public education and public charities by public taxation supplies class wants that cannot truly be called class rights. But in fact these benefactions are supported by public tax not because they are charities to classes, but because they are provisions for the common public peace, safety, and welfare. Though the needs they supply are wants of class, they are defensive rights of the whole public, and as such are properly met by public treatment. Even foundlings given into the arms of private charity are so assigned, not for class treatment, but to reduce their class treatment to the extreme practicable minimum and give them the most that can be given of personal consideration. Now, if individual treatment be best for those whom dependency or delin-

quency has classified, how much more is it imperative for those who rightly refuse to be impersonally classed at all and need rather to unlearn their own inconsistent, numerous, rude, and unjust classifications of one another.

VI.

PRIVATE PERSONAL PROFIT AND PLEASURE.

THUS we drop into our true limitations. Private effort for the elevation of the non-dependent and the non-delinquent lowly is right and highly necessary. But it must be for each helped one's own sake, and not merely for the promotion of some good cause or abatement of some general evil.

Not even for the advancement of Christianity? No! If the great fraternity of man will seek each other's best advancement, Christianity will advance itself never so fast. No mass treatment, no class treatment, no *cause* treatment. It must be individual, personal treatment. It is not the mass, the class, or the cause, it is the individual, that we must elevate. Hence you — I — must know the individual. I must learn four things about him — his capabilities, his needs, his desires, and his surroundings. There is one thing I must give him — true friendship; and one thing I must get of him — his confidence; and two that I must exchange with him — profit and pleasure.

Not pleasure alone, for I cannot long give him, or he give me, as much mere pleasure as he can get without me. Yet not profit alone; for most likely uncommercial profit without pleasure is in his eye not worth its effort. Nor yet mere profit and pleasure separately, side by side, or in alternation; but profit yielding pleasure. A profit he may not as easily get without me, and a pleasure not sought for its own sake, but dependent on the profit. And the profit not merely given, but exchanged. For to know that the profit is mutual makes the pleasure mutual, heightens it, and so animates and sustains the relation; while, also, to require mutual profit restrains each side from reaching out farther across social lines than is good for the best results.

So, the first step with him whom I would elevate is to seek a speaking acquaintance with him. This must be got; but in getting it I shall, if I am wise, keep every good social rule that I need not break. Then, not with rash haste, yet promptly, and on the first personal contact, I would set about to discover what he would like to get that I can give, with only gain to him and no apparent loss to me. Even within this limit he may not wish for what I most wish to give him. But I must begin with what he wants — so it be good — to bring him to what I wish him to want.

Unless he is in some dire distress I must lay no sudden or heavy burden of debt or effort upon him. I must be even more careful to keep the obligation small than to make the benefaction large. My aim must be to produce the most comfortable maximum of beneficence from the most comfortable minimum of benevolence. I must offer no benefit for nothing for which he can in any way pay something. He will like this the better, or if, gently and silently, I have to teach him to like this the better, that is one of the greatest benefits I can do him. Unearned benefits are doubtful benefits; earned benefits live and grow. Yet they need not always be paid for. The child in school must earn every line of his education by study; some one else, perhaps the state, pays for it, and ultimately he repays the state.

So I make nothing gratuitous that can, without discouragement, be made otherwise; and even what is a mere gratuity from me may be no mere gratuity to him. I give him no gratuitous elevation nor even any gratuitous social promotion; but only the opportunity, stimulation, and guidance which he is not able, or perhaps does not yet prize enough, to pay for. Now, plainly, under these limitations, the only elements of true elevation and enlargement that I can enable him to get by earning and yet without paying for them are the various sorts of education and culture of hand, head, and heart.

VII.

CULTURE.

EVEN here we are narrowly hedged in. I have little leisure; he has less. I am tired; he is more so. He is probably not a struggling genius, hungering and thirsting for mental food and drink. He has not the confident hope, the strong ambition, the natural bent, the habit, nor yet, perhaps, the physical stamina, that sustain a man in hard study after eight, nine, ten hours of hard or confining work. It is those who are not equal to this who need help most.

Whatever he and I are going to undertake, its burden must be light. It must be of his choosing, in kind and quantity, and yet of a kind that I can help him with, and in quantity so moderate that it might very comfortably to either of us be more. Again, it must not lay any large tax upon hours of relaxation. Yet must neither quantity nor frequency be so scant as to attenuate the sense of profit and the interest in the pursuit.

But the tax of regularity and punctuality

must be levied and paid. We must meet each other on a regularly recurring day — and no other recurrence is so good as the weekly return — with a fixed and closely observed hour for meeting, and another, just as strictly kept, for separating. And, lastly, the pursuit must be such that I, too, shall visibly gain some pleasure and profit from it; for reasons already given, and also because thus it will gain more value in his esteem, and because thus, too, may I induce others the more numerously to follow my example.

And now are we ready to begin? We have provided unburdensome, inexpensive, pleasurable, and elevating profit. Thus I am offering tangible friendship, inviting confidence, and putting myself in a way to learn his capabilities, needs, desires, and — stop! I have not provided for knowing his habitual surroundings. Until I know them I cannot really know him. How shall I learn what they are and learn it as soon as possible? Manifestly, by observing him in them. But I must not dream of secretly spying into them, nor of indirectly inquiring into them, nor yet of openly and formally investigating or reconnoitering them. There is a wiser, kindlier, friendlier, and far more effective way. It is to hold our weekly meetings in his house.

VIII.

HOME CULTURE.

We must meet in his home. But will not that seem to him like holding him at arms-length? Will it not tax his confidence to see that I do not ask him to my house? It might. So we had better alternate; one week at his house, the next at mine, the third at his, and so on. But first at his. His courage might fail him to come first to me; mine need not fail to go first to him.

Suppose that, after the first, he should want all our meetings to be at my house. That would be good, but not best. Besides my need to know his habitual surroundings, there are two other strong reasons why I should meet him under his own roof: first, to keep *the home* in his world; and, secondly, to bring some little of *my world* into his home.

Book-learning and the like are but a scant third of education and culture. Our home contacts are a full third, and our world contacts another third. Therefore, to get the best results in culture from him whom I purpose to elevate, I must keep these three channels open. To try to lift him only, and not his home, would be for me to pull one way while his home pulls another way. If I succeed in lifting him, and he still holds on to his home as he should, then the lift is a dead lift, and either a great strain or a poor result. And if, as I lift him, I loosen the hold between him and his home, it is a hazardous benefit that estranges him from his family circle. For the hearth-stone is the key-stone of all the world's best order and happiness. The easiest, best, quickest way to lift almost any one is to lift him, house, and all.

Moreover, so many other things — the gas-lit street, the theater, the public dance, the club, the saloon, the reading-room, so many things, good, bad, and indifferent — tend to rob the lowly home of its brightest ornaments, that it behooves me to work the other way. Those who must stay at the fireside, the aged and the little ones, have some rights. They may lack the time, the wits, or the wish, to come formally under my care; and yet they may get large benefit,— stimulations, aspirations,— though it be only by virtue of the new outside "atmosphere," the mere odor of better things, that I unconsciously bring with me when I come thus somewhat within their own home circle: not with mere condescension, but on a definite business with one of its number, mayhap the pride of the flock; a business, too, which they shall see that I myself rightly enjoy. It is far best, for him and for all, that the culture I bring to my one beneficiary be given and received in the home. The more any sort of true culture is shared the more there is for each and every one, especially when it is shared with those we love and who love us. Hence "*home* culture."

But there is still unprovided the third medium of culture; to wit, healthful contact with the outlying world. It is true, he whom I seek to help will often meet me in my own home. But this will give him but a slight contact with my world, for several reasons. First, we meet to pursue an appointed task which will take up the whole time of our meeting. And then, even if there were time to bring him socially into the company of my intimates, he is, most likely, not equipped for that kind of contact, even with me; and much less with them, he alone and they in the plural. He would shun its repetition, and we should soon be driven apart. Again, himself is not his whole self; his domestic ties are a large part of him. And so, as well for his own sake as for his home's own sake, his home must get this outer contact. My visits bring a little, but not as much as is good. How may more be brought?

I see we must avoid mere sociality here also, and anything likely to run into it. I see, too, that, very rightly, the sense of disadvantage is so plainly with my beneficiary and his household that I must all the time do all I can to make him, as nearly as I can, master

of the situation. Under his roof the only larger contact with the world without that he will like will be with that part already nearest to him in taste and culture. I must let him choose the persons.

Even then he will not like, nor would it be best, for them to be mere lookers-on. They must join us in our task. Hence they must be always the same persons, and their homes also must be open to the weekly meetings of the group, in regular routine. By these provisions we shall largely guard against any estrangements of any humble household from the friends and neighbors of its own sort, make the movement seem less mine than the group's own — their self-provision rather than my benefaction, and ward off especially that rude, envious, or frivolous criticism of unsympathetic daily associates which always puts so heavy a strain upon the moral courage of the uncultured. Other good effects will suggest themselves, without mention here.

Working thus in group we shall have other provisions to make, but we can make them. Different members of the group may show varying degrees of energy for the pursuit of the matter we take up. In that case, for those to whom a single weekly hour of reading is not enough we can supply additional *collateral* reading (or other sources of information, but generally books), on the same subject as that in hand at the group's sessions. This collateral work, apart from the sessions of the group, such members can pursue as they may find it convenient, in their own privacy, and so sustain and enliven their interest and continue to prize their own attendance at the regular meetings.

Under this group arrangement the house of each member will receive our visitation much less often than if we were but two persons; but when it comes it will be a more stimulating event. And my own usefulness will thus be brought to its best; for what I can impart to one at a time I may just as well impart to four or six at once.

Four or six; hardly more. More might embarrass some households even to seat them. It would make the visits of the group at the house of each member too infrequent for best effect, and would diminish that mutual personal acquaintanceship and influence which is the thing most needed for the results we seek. Yet the number need never be arbitrary. There may be this reason or that why some member will be really unable to receive the group at his domicile. He may live, for instance, in an inhospitable boarding-house. Yet should he, least of all, be excluded from the group. Two or more members may belong to one household, and one visitation count each time in their case for two. Let us say then that four or six should be about the number of homes represented by the total membership, whatever that number may be. On the other hand, if even so few as four or five members are hard to find, there is no reason why a beginning may not be made with two or three. Yet we must be watchful to add others whenever we can. To put all in two words, we must have and keep the group, and we must keep it small. Hence not mere self-culture, but home-culture; and not the home culture society or association, but each time, however often repeated, a home culture club.

IX.

HOME CULTURE CLUBS.

NEVERTHELESS we find ample room for larger aggregations also. If one group of four or five persons under, or rather around, a leader can make a home culture club, the chance is that three or five or ten clubs may be formed within reach of one another. In such a case great stimulation may come to each club through knowledge of what the other clubs are doing, and a friendly comparison of one another's methods, mistakes, and successes.

REPORT OF HOME CULTURE CLUB NO. —

.....

for weekly meeting (of) .... *1888.*

Number of members present.....

Title of book read in the meeting:

.....

Began at page No.....; *ended at page No*.....

Titles of books read out of meeting:

.....

.....

.....

.....

No. of pages read by each member out of meeting:

.....

Names of visitors present from other Clubs:

.....

.....

Whole number belonging to the Club.....

Next meeting held at .....

.....

Remarks and leader's signature:

Fill out the above at each meeting and mail promptly, that a condensed record of all the clubs may reach each club at its next meeting.

A POSTAL-CARD BLANK.

RECORD OF HOME CULTURE CLUBS.

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888. *Numbers of Clubs, with Titles of Books Read.*

No. 1....Read in meeting: Not to Ourselves, 70 pages. Read out of meeting: Ben Hur, miscellaneous; 40, 150 pages.
" 2....Read in meeting: L'Univers Illustré, one column.
" 3....Read in meeting: Pen Pictures of Modern Authors, 26 pages. Read out of meeting: Shandon Bells, Yolande, George Eliot, miscellaneous; 50, 270, 302, 150 pages.
" 4....Read out of meeting: Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, Triumphant Democracy, miscellaneous; 150, 75, 200 pages.
" 5....Read in meeting: The Sunset Land, 30 pages. Also discussed the question: Is it ever Justifiable to Tell a Lie? Read out of meeting: The Fair God, His One Fault, The Sunset Land; 200, 150, 612 pages.
" 6....Business meeting. Read out of meeting: Life of Longfellow, miscellaneous; 100, 330 pages.
" 7....No meeting, on account of illness of members.
" 8....Read in meeting: The Twenty-ninth of February, 36 pages. Read out of meeting: Humboldt's Travels, Theodolf the Icelander, Life of Hegel, Hegel's Lectures on Philosophy of History, Life of Humboldt, Life of Fichte, Undine; 428, 638, 300, 250, 325, 191 pages.
" 9....Read in meeting: What Social Classes Owe to Each Other, 50 pages. Read out of meeting: Queen Money, Yoke of the Thora, Caleb Field, Hawthorne's Tales, Tolstoï's Stories, miscellaneous; 500, 250, 100, 136, 200 pages.
" 10....Read in meeting: Longfellow's Life and Poems, 25 pages. Read out of meeting: German Literature, Christian Science, Longfellow, United States History, Assyria, miscellaneous; 300, 225, 500, 300, 424 pages.
" 11....Read in meeting: Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings, 30 pages. Read out of meeting: Universal History, Feudal England; 20, 15 pages.
" 12....Read in meeting: United States History, 12 pages. Read out of meeting: Girls who became Famous Women, 193 pages.
" 13....Read in meeting: Boy Travelers in Russia, 43 pages. Read out of meeting: Our Boys of India, Uncle Tom's Cabin; 320, 65 pages.
" 14....Read in meeting: Pickwick Papers, 50 pages. Read out of meeting: Through Storm to Sunshine, From Hand to Mouth, Vice Versa, Under the Shield, Romance of the Republic, Some Other Folks of Woodstock, Gold of Chickoree, miscellaneous; 1592, 914, 836 pages.
" 15....Read out of meeting: History of California, History of Our Own Times, magazines; 200, 175, 150, 75 pages.
" 16....Read in meeting: Soldier and Servant, 43 pages. Read out of meeting: History of England, History of the World, miscellaneous; 1000, 115, 500 pages.
" 17....Read in meeting: Faust, 47 pages. Read out of meeting: Trumps, Don Quixote, Juan and Juanita, Les Misérables, The Fair God, Peveril of the Peak; 392, 234, 98, 236, 176, 210 pages.
" 18....No meeting. Read out of meeting: Sweet Cicely, miscellaneous; 120, 80 pages.
" 19....PARKVILLE, MO.—No report received this week.
" 20....BALTIMORE, MD.—No report received this week.

[Here follows a tabulated summary.]

Even merely to convene at occasional intervals in a common gathering of all the clubs, not in private sociality, but either as an audience to some elevating public entertainment, or for each club to make its own report, and hear the aggregated report, of work done; nay, even the mere sight of their own numbers will kindle enthusiasm, inspiration, *esprit de corps*, public esteem, and new energy and effort.

Hence the plural, the home culture clubs, with their secretary — one for all — receiving weekly from every club a postal-card report of its own work done,— as far as mere figures can tell it,— and sending weekly to every club an engrossed record of the whole work of the previous week in all the clubs, as gathered from these postal-cards. Hence, too, the general meetings of all the clubs together, as often as once in every six or eight weeks.

And these general meetings may be given another value — they may provoke the formation of new clubs. To this end invitations to be present may be given numerously to those of whom it is most desirable to see the clubs made up; and probably both the best and the readiest way to insure this is to allow every member, leaders and all, the right to give the same appointed number of invitations to persons of his choice not yet in any home culture club.

HERE, then, seems to be a complete scheme for the continuous, safe, true befriending of the less fortunate by the moderately more fortunate, applicable to all sorts and conditions of life that do not justify the deprivation or surrender of personal liberty. It appears to be free from the flaws and drawbacks that depreciate so many generous efforts to reach across the gross inequalities of fortune and rank and establish a mutually elevating human fraternity without risk of mischievous social confusion. It offers no gratuitous promotion of any sort, nor even any enervating opportunity; but only opportunity of the stimulating sort, opportunity to earn and achieve true elevation. It purposes to elevate the individual not out from

the home circle, but in it, and, as much as may be, by the participation of the home circle itself in that elevation. It purposes, under the best safeguards, to bring those who may be severed from family ties into contact with family circles, as nearly as may be of their own best affinity. It does not purpose to put any one in any burdensome degree under another's condescension, nor does it call upon any one for tasks wholly unprofitable to self. It involves no chance of unwisely sudden changes in any one's condition. It purposes to be practicable for as few as two or three persons, or for as many thousands; to be good and profitable as far as it goes, little or much, whether in effort, duration, or numbers, and to involve no possible loss in case of possible failure. In any community where books may be borrowed from private hands or public library the expense involved may be made so slight as not to require the question of ways and means to be broached beyond the circle of a very few friends in sympathy with any such work.

X.

WILL THEY WORK?

Two questions remain to be met: First, would this scheme, put into practice, be effective? But the scheme has been tried. It is working. As in the nature of all things, particular clubs will have, are having, their birth, life, and death, and while they live one will differ from another in effectiveness; but the plan works and the work is growing.

The experiment has been cautiously made. Each step has been studied both before and after it was taken, before another has been proposed. Proposals to start clubs in many towns far apart from one another have been held in suspense, and the venture until very lately has been intentionally and entirely confined to one place, the town of Northampton, Massachusetts. Here there have been started one by one, from time to time during the year 1887 and the winter and spring of 1888, twenty home culture clubs. Eighteen still exist, and the only two that have disbanded have done so by reason of changes beyond control, and not for lack of interest or from any discovered fault in the scheme. Many thousands of pages of standard literature have been read and heard around the evening lamp, or in "collateral readings," by those with whom reading had been no habit. Two other clubs have lately been admitted, though meeting in distant towns. The total membership is at present one hundred and forty-four, and the aggregate number of pages read weekly averages about eighteen thousand. But it is recognized that an arithmetical count is but a crude way of indicating the work done, only justified by the absence of any other simple method. Many pages have been not merely read, but studied, recounted, debated. All ranks of society are represented, with those who move in the plainer walks of life distinctly in the majority, and it is believed that the members are being brought into a helpful contact with others from more or less fortunate and refined planes than their own, and are getting that knowledge of and proper regard for one another and one another's widely divergent social conditions which every true interest of society must commend.

And the second question: What errors or abuses is the scheme in danger of? One, undoubtedly, is fashion. In view of this the greatest pains have been taken to avoid enlisting any sudden enthusiasm, or appealing, in the fortunate ranks of society, to the sorts of persons likely to be attracted by mere novelty or vogue. However, should the system anywhere, at any time, so rise into the favor of people of leisure as to become fashionable, and thus tempt light-minded persons of fortune to take it up for their own mere diversion, it will meet the failure it will merit; but the failure need not extend much beyond the time and place of such misuse.

Another abuse to be guarded against is letting the work degenerate into class treatment. We need not expand the thought again. Class treatment, in this country at least, will merely fail to reach the classes reached after.

The one great danger is the error of private sociality. It may work in two ways: persons may form clubs of really diverse social elements,— which will be proper,— but in an indiscreet and impatient goodness of heart undertake to build up a mutual friendship and acquaintanceship by socialities, or let clubs idly drift into them. This would be bad, and only bad, whether for the club itself or as a precedent. For the consequent social confusion would either break up the club or alienate more or less of its members, and leave the remainder a petty social clique getting no good across the ordinary social lines. Or persons may form a club or clubs with members drawn all from one social rank, either in humbler or in higher life. In such a case they may find much profit; but the foremost object of the whole scheme would thus be overlooked from the very start, and a new force added to confirm, where the design should be to offset, the crude assortments made by uncertain fortune and the caprices of private social selection.

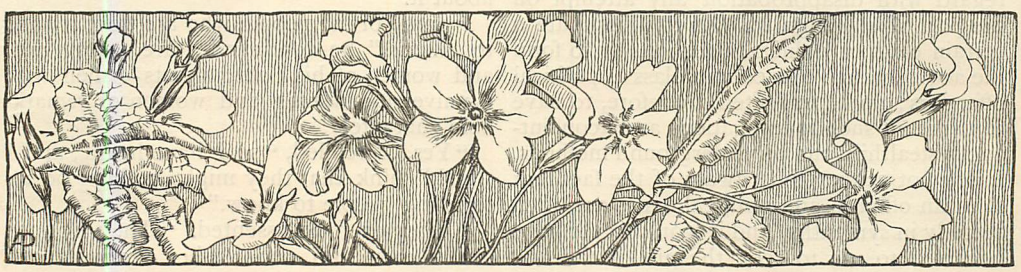
To start these clubs anywhere requires no outlay nor any wide coöperation. Wherever any man or woman of the most ordinary attainments can gather two, three, or four others,

in any sort or degree less accomplished, a club may be formed, and if necessary can be complete in itself; or it may join itself by correspondence to some group of clubs elsewhere, and have the benefit of making weekly reports and getting weekly the aggregated record of the whole group of clubs. Wherever there is such a group of clubs there should be a president and a secretary, and it will probably always be for the best that the secretary receive some small quarterly or semi-yearly compensation in consideration of a business-like attention to his or her duties. An unpaid secretaryship is probably too old a snare to need warning against here.

The home culture clubs are not recommended for filling churches, emptying charitable institutions, or eradicating any great visible public evil, but as means for proving practically our love and care for our less fortunate brother or sister. If the scheme, when time and diverse regions have fairly tried it, wins our needy fellow-man's confidence and kindles his higher desires; if it helps us to correct somewhat the misfortunes of others and to make human fraternity something wider than mere social affinity will, or social assortment ought to, stretch, it will live; if not, it will drag no one with it into the grave.

The home culture clubs are recommended not to zealots only, but to those generous thousands who have seen the poor success of so many efforts to commend the Christianity of the fortunate to the hearts of the unfortunate, and have seen the cause of failure in the neglect to secure personal acquaintance and to carry unprofessional friendly offices into the home, free from the burden of charity on the one hand and of sociality on the other. The plan is submitted to all who believe that to help a lowlier brother to supply any worthy craving of the mind that he may already have is the shortest, surest way to implant those highest cravings of the soul which seek and find repose only in harmony with the Divine will.

G. W. Cable.



THE CRICKET.

THE twilight is the morning of his day.
While Sleep drops seaward from the fading shore,
With purpling sail and dip of silver oar,
He cheers the shadowed time with roundelay,
Until the dark east softens into gray.
Now as the noisy hours are coming — hark!
His song dies gently — it is getting dark —
His night, with its one star, is on the way.
Faintly the light breaks over the blowing oats —
Sleep, little brother, sleep: I am astir.
Lead thou the starlit nights with merry notes,
And I will lead the clamoring day with rhyme:
We worship Song, and servants are of her —
I in the bright hours, thou in shadow-time.

Charles Edwin Markham.

MY MEETING WITH THE POLITICAL EXILES.

OUR first meeting with political exiles in Siberia was brought about by a fortunate accident, and, strangely enough, through the instrumentality of the Government. Among the many officers whose acquaintance we made in Semipalatinsk was an educated and intelligent gentleman named Pavlovski,* who had long held an important position in the Russian service, and who was introduced to us as a man whose wide and accurate knowledge of Siberia, especially of the steppe provinces, might render him valuable to us, both as an adviser and as a source of trustworthy information. Although Mr. Pavlovski impressed me from the first as a cultivated, humane, and liberal man, I naturally hesitated to apply to him for information concerning the political exiles. The advice given me in St. Petersburg had led me to believe that the Government would regard with disapprobation any attempt on the part of a foreign traveler to investigate a certain class of political questions or to form the acquaintance of a certain class of political offenders; and I expected, therefore, to have to make all such investigations and acquaintances stealthily and by underground methods. I was not at that time aware of the fact that Russian officials and political exiles are often secretly in sympathy, and it would never have occurred to me to seek the aid of the one class in making the acquaintance of the other. In all of my early conversations with Mr. Pavlovski, therefore, I studiously avoided the subject of political exile, and gave him, I think, no reason whatever to suppose that I knew anything about the Russian revolutionary movement, or felt any particular interest in the exiled revolutionists.

In the course of a talk one afternoon about America, Mr. Pavlovski, turning the conversation abruptly, said to me, "Mr. Kennan, have you ever paid any attention to the movement of young people into Siberia?"

I did not at first see the drift nor catch the significance of this inquiry, and replied, in a qualified negative, that I had not, but that perhaps I did not fully understand the meaning of his question.

"I mean," he said, "that large numbers of educated young men and women are now coming into Siberia from European Russia; I thought perhaps the movement might have attracted your attention."

The earnest, significant way in which he looked at me while making this remark, as if he were experimenting upon me or sounding me, led me to conjecture that the young people to whom he referred were the political exiles. I did not forget, however, that I was dealing with a Russian officer; and I replied guardedly that I had heard something about this movement, but knew nothing of it from personal observation.

"It seems to me," he said, looking at me with the same watchful intentness, "that it is a remarkable social phenomenon, and one that would naturally attract a foreign traveler's attention."

I replied that I was interested, of course, in all the social phenomena of Russia, and that I should undoubtedly feel a deep interest in the one to which he referred if I knew more about it.

"Some of the people who are now coming to Siberia," he continued, "are young men and women of high attainments — men with a university training and women of remarkable character."

"Yes," I replied, "so I have heard; and I should think that they might perhaps be interesting people to know."

"They are," he assented. "They are men and women who, under other circumstances, might render valuable services to their country; I am surprised that you have not become interested in them."

In this manner Mr. Pavlovski and I continued to fence cautiously for five minutes, each trying to ascertain the views of the other, without fully disclosing his own views, concerning the unnamed, but clearly understood, subject of political exile. Mr. Pavlovski's words and manner seemed to me to indicate that he himself regarded with great interest and respect the "young people now coming to Siberia"; but that he did not dare to make a frank avowal of such sentiments until he should feel assured of my discretion, trustworthiness, and sympathy. I, on my side, was equally cautious, fearing that the uncalled-for introduction of this topic by a Russian official might be intended to entrap me into an admission that the investigation of political exile was the real object of our Siberian journey. The adoption of a quasi-friendly attitude by an officer of the Government towards the

* I am forced to conceal this gentleman's identity under a fictitious name.

exiled enemies of that Government seemed to me an extraordinary and unprecedented phenomenon, and I naturally regarded it with some suspicion.

At last, tired of this conversational beating about the bush, I said frankly, "Mr. Pavlovski, are you talking about the political exiles? Are they the young people to whom you refer?"

"Yes," he replied; "I thought you understood. It seems to me that the banishment to Siberia of a large part of the youth of Russia is a phenomenon which deserves a traveler's attention."

"Of course," I said, "I am interested in it, but how am I to find out anything about it? I don't know where to look for political exiles, nor how to get acquainted with them; and I am told that the Government does not regard with favor intercourse between foreign travelers and politicals."

"Politicals are easy enough to find," rejoined Mr. Pavlovski. "The country is full of them, and [with a shrug of the shoulders] there is nothing, so far as I know, to prevent you from making their acquaintance if you feel so disposed. There are thirty or forty of them here in Semipalatinsk, and they walk about the streets like other people: why should n't you happen to meet them?"

Having once broken the ice of reserve and restraint, Mr. Pavlovski and I made rapid advances towards mutual confidence. I soon became convinced that he was not making a pretense of sympathy with the politicals in order to lead me into a trap; and he apparently became satisfied that I had judgment and tact enough not to get him into trouble by talking to other people about his opinions and actions. Then everything went smoothly. I told him frankly what my impressions were with regard to the character of "nihilists" generally, and asked him whether, as a matter of fact, they were not wrong-headed fanatics and wild social theorists, who would be likely to make trouble in any state.

"On the contrary," he replied, "I find them to be quiet, orderly, reasonable human beings. We certainly have no trouble with them here. Governor Tseklinski treats them with great kindness and consideration; and, so far as I know, they are good citizens."

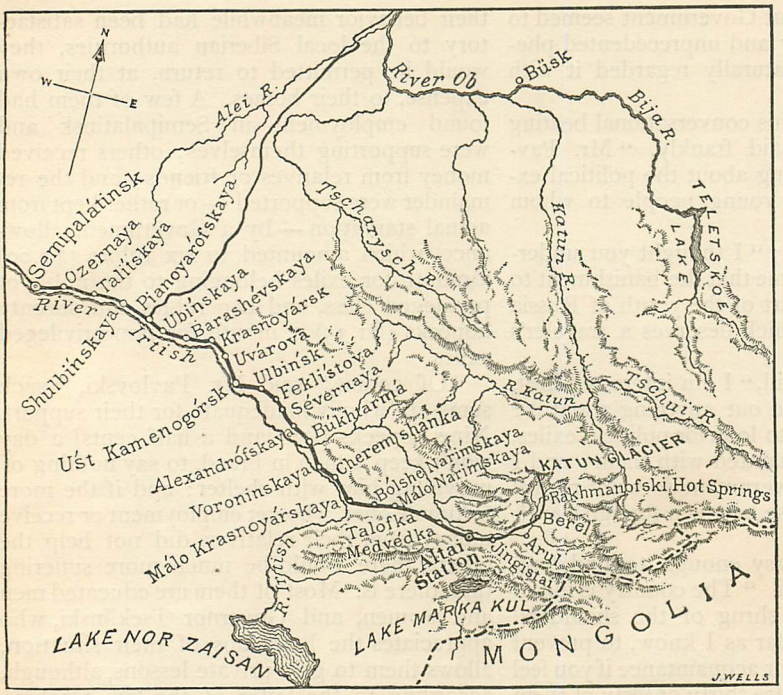
In the course of further conversation, Mr. Pavlovski said that there were in Semipalatinsk, he believed, about forty political exiles,* including four or five women. They had all been banished without judicial trial, upon mere executive orders, signed by the Minister of the Interior and approved by the Tsar. Their terms of exile varied from two to five years; and at the expiration of such terms, if their behavior meanwhile had been satisfactory to the local Siberian authorities, they would be permitted to return, at their own expense, to their homes. A few of them had found employment in Semipalatinsk and were supporting themselves; others received money from relatives or friends; and the remainder were supported — or rather kept from actual starvation — by a Government allowance, which amounted to six rubles ($3.00) a month for exiles belonging to the noble or privileged class, and two rubles and seventy kopecks ($1.35) a month for non-privileged exiles.

"Of course," said Mr. Pavlovski, "such sums are wholly inadequate for their support. Nine kopecks [four and a half cents] a day won't keep a man in bread, to say nothing of providing him with shelter; and if the more fortunate ones, who get employment or receive money from their relatives, did not help the others, there would be much more suffering than there is. Most of them are educated men and women, and Governor Tseklinski, who appreciates the hardships of their situation, allows them to give private lessons, although, according to the letter of the law, teaching is an occupation in which political exiles are forbidden to engage. Besides giving lessons, the women sew and embroider, and earn a little money in that way. They are allowed to write and receive letters, as well as to have unobjectionable books and periodicals; and although they are nominally under police surveillance, they enjoy a good deal of personal freedom."

"What is the nature of the crimes for which these young people were banished?" I inquired. "Were they conspirators? Did they take part in plots to assassinate the Tsar?"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Pavlovski with a smile; "they were only neblagonadezhni [untrustworthy]. Some of them belonged to forbidden societies, some imported or were in possession of forbidden books, some had friendly relations with other more dangerous offenders, and some were connected with disorders in the higher schools and the universities. The greater part of them are administrative exiles — that is, persons whom the Government, for various reasons, has thought it expedient to remove from their homes and put under police surveillance in a part of the empire where they can do no harm. The real conspirators and revolutionists — the men and women who have actually been engaged in criminal activity — are sent to more remote parts of Siberia and into penal servitude. Banishment to the steppe provinces is regarded

* This estimate proved to be too large; the number was twenty-two.



MAP OF ROUTE TRAVELED IN THIS ARTICLE.

as a very light punishment; and, as a rule, only administrative exiles are sent here."

In reply to further questions with regard to the character of these political exiles, Mr. Pavlovski said, "I don't know anything to their discredit; they behave themselves well enough here. If you are really interested in them, I can, perhaps, help you to an acquaintance with some of them, and then you can draw your own conclusions as to their character."

Of course I assured Mr. Pavlovski that an introduction to the politicals would give me more pleasure than any other favor he could confer upon me. He thereupon suggested that we should go at once to see a young political exile named Lobonofski, who was engaged in painting a drop-curtain for the little town theater.

"He is something of an artist," said Mr. Pavlovski, "and has a few Siberian sketches. You are making and collecting such sketches: of course you want to see them."

"Certainly," I replied, with acquiescent diplomacy. "Sketches are my hobby, and I am a connoisseur in drop-curtains. Even although the artist be a nihilist and an exile, I must see his pictures."

Mr. Pavlovski's droshky was at the door, and we drove at once to the house where Mr. Lobonofski was at work.

I find it extremely difficult now, after a whole year of intimate association with political exiles, to recall the impressions that I had of them before I made the acquaintance of the exile colony in Semipalatinsk. I know that I was prejudiced against them, and that I expected them to be wholly unlike the rational, cultivated men and women whom one meets in civilized society; but I cannot, by any exercise of will, bring back the unreal, fantastic conception of them which I had when I crossed the Siberian frontier. As nearly as I can now remember, I regarded the people whom I called "nihilists" as sullen, and more or less incomprehensible "cranks," with some education, a great deal of fanatical courage, and a limitless capacity for self-sacrifice, but with the most visionary ideas of government and social organization, and with only the faintest trace of what an American would call "hard common-sense." I did not expect to have any more ideas in common with them than I should have in common with an anarchist like Louis Lingg; and although I intended to give their case against the Government a fair hearing, I believed that the result would be a confirmation of the judgment I had already formed. Even after all that Mr. Pavlovski had said to me, I think I more than half expected to find in the drop-curtain artist a long-haired, wild-eyed being, who would pour forth an incoherent recital of wrongs and outrages, denounce all governmental restraint as brutal tyranny, and expect me to approve of the assassination of Alexander II.

The log-house occupied by Mr. Lobonofski as a work-shop was not otherwise tenanted, and we entered it without announcement. As Mr. Pavlovski threw open the door, I saw, standing before a large square sheet of canvas which covered one whole side of the room, a blonde young man, apparently about thirty years of age, dressed from head to foot in a suit of cool brown linen, holding in one hand an artist's brush, and in the other a plate or palette covered with freshly mixed colors. His strongly built figure was erect

and well proportioned; his bearing was that of a cultivated gentleman; and he made upon me, from the first, a pleasant and favorable impression. He seemed, in fact, to be an excellent specimen of the blonde type of Russian young manhood. His eyes were clear and blue; his thick light brown hair was ill cut, and rumpled a little in a boyish way over the high forehead; the full blonde beard gave manliness and dignity to his well-shaped head; and his frank, open, good-tempered face, flushed a little with heat and wet with perspiration, seemed to me to be the face of a warm-hearted and impulsive, but, at the same time, strong and well-balanced man. It was, at any rate, a face strangely out of harmony with all my preconceived ideas of a nihilist.

Mr. Pavlovski introduced me to the young artist as an American traveler, who was interested in Siberian scenery, who had heard of his sketches, and who would like very much to see some of them. Mr. Lobonofski greeted me quietly but cordially, and at once brought out the sketches — apologizing, however, for their imperfections, and asking us to remember that they had been made in prison, on coarse writing-paper, and that the outdoor views were limited to landscapes which could be seen from prison and étape windows. The sketches were evidently the work of an untrained hand, and were mostly representations of prison and étape interiors, portraits of political exiles, and such bits of towns and villages as could be seen from the windows of the various cells that the artist had occupied in the course of his journey to Siberia. They all had, however, a certain rude force and fidelity, and one of them served as material for the sketch illustrating the Tiumen prison-yard in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for June.

My conversation with Mr. Lobonofski at this interview did not touch political questions, and was confined, for the most part, to topics suggested by the sketches. He described his journey to Siberia just as he would have described it if he had made it voluntarily, and but for an occasional reference to a prison or an étape, there was nothing in the recital to remind one that he was a nihilist and an exile. His manner was quiet, modest, and frank; he followed any conversational lead with ready tact, and although I watched him closely, I could not detect the slightest indication of eccentricity or "crankiness." He must have felt conscious that I was secretly regarding him with critical curiosity,— looking at him, in fact, as one looks for the first time at an extraordinary type of criminal,— but he did not manifest the least awkwardness, embarrassment, or self-consciousness. He was simply a quiet, well-bred, self-possessed gentleman.

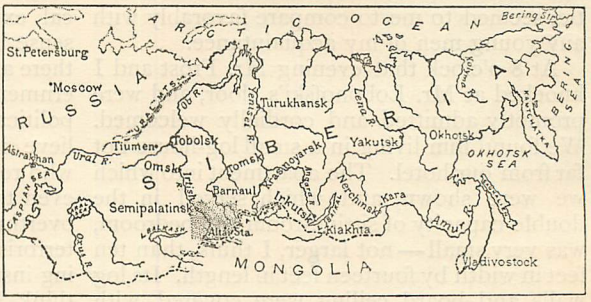
When we took our leave, after half an hour's conversation, Mr. Lobonofski cordially invited me to bring Mr. Frost to see him that evening at his house, and said that he would have a few of his friends there to meet us. I thanked him and promised that we would come.

"Well," said Mr. Pavlovski, as the door closed behind us, "what do you think of the political exile?"

"He makes a very favorable impression upon me," I replied. "Are they all like him?"

"No, not precisely like him; but they are not bad people. There is another interesting political in the city whom you ought to see — a young man named Leontief. He is employed in the office of Mr. Makovetski, a justice of the peace here, and is engaged with the latter in making anthropological researches among the Kirghis. I believe they are now collecting material for a monograph upon Kirghis customary law.* Why should n't you call upon Mr. Makovetski? I have no doubt that he would introduce Mr. Leontief to you, and I am sure that you would find them both to be intelligent and cultivated men."

This seemed to me a good suggestion; and as soon as Mr. Pavlovski had left me I paid a visit to Mr. Makovetski, ostensibly for the purpose of asking permission to sketch some of the Kirghis implements and utensils in the town library, of which he was one of the directors. Mr. Makovetski seemed pleased to learn that I was interested in their little library, granted me permission to sketch the specimens of Kirghis handiwork there exhibited, and finally introduced me to his writing-clerk, Mr. Leontief, who, he said, had made a special study of the Kirghis, and



MAP OF SIBERIA. SHADED PORTION SHOWS ROUTE TRAVELED IN THIS ARTICLE.

* This monograph has since been published in the "Proceedings of the West Siberian Branch of the Imperial Geographical Society."

could give me any desired information concerning the natives of that tribe.

Mr. Leontief was a good-looking young fellow, apparently about twenty-five years of age, rather below the medium height, with light brown hair and beard, intelligent gray eyes, a slightly aquiline nose, and a firm, well-rounded chin. His head and face were suggestive of studious and scientific tastes, and if I had met him in Washington and had been asked to guess his profession from his appearance, I should have said that he was probably a young scientist connected with the United States Geological Survey, the Smithsonian Institution, or the National Museum. He was, as I subsequently learned, the son of an army officer who at one time commanded the Cossack garrison in this same city of Semipalatinsk. As a boy he was enrolled in the corps of imperial pages, and began his education in the large school established by the Government for the training of such pages in the Russian capital. At the age of eighteen or nineteen he entered the St. Petersburg University, and in the fourth year of his student life was arrested and exiled by "administrative process" to western Siberia for five years, upon the charge of having had secret communication with political prisoners in the fortress of Petropavlovsk.

Although Mr. Leontief's bearing was somewhat more formal and reserved than that of Mr. Lobonofski, and his attitude toward me one of cool, observant criticism, rather than of friendly confidence, he impressed me very favorably; and when, after half an hour's conversation, I returned to my hotel, I was forced to admit to myself that if all nihilists were like the two whom I had met in Semipalatinsk, I should have to modify my opinions with regard to them. In point of intelligence and education Mr. Lobonofski and Mr. Leontief seemed to me to compare favorably with any young men of my acquaintance.

At 8 o'clock that evening Mr. Frost and I knocked at Mr. Lobonofski's door, and were promptly admitted and cordially welcomed. We found him living in a small log-house not far from our hotel. The apartment into which we were shown, and which served in the double capacity of sitting-room and bedroom, was very small — not larger, I think, than ten feet in width by fourteen feet in length. Its log walls and board ceiling were covered with dingy whitewash, and its floor of rough unmatched planks was bare. Against a rude unpainted partition to the right of the door stood a small single bedstead of stained wood, covered with neat but rather scanty bed-clothing, and in the corner beyond it was a triangular table, upon which were lying, among other books, Herbert Spencer's "Essays: Moral, Political, and Æsthetic," and the same author's "Principles of Psychology." The opposite corner of the room was occupied by a what-not, or étagère, of domestic manufacture, upon the shelves of which were a few more books, a well-filled herbarium, of coarse brown wrapping-paper, an opera-glass, and an English New Testament. Between two small deeply set windows opening into the court-yard stood a large unpainted wooden table, without a cloth, upon which was lying, open, the book that Mr. Lobonofski had been reading when we entered — a French translation of Balfour Stewart's "Conservation of Energy." There was no other furniture in the apartment except three or four unpainted wooden chairs. Everything was scrupulously neat and clean; but the room looked like the home of a man too poor to afford anything more than the barest essentials of life.

After Mr. Lobonofski had made a few preliminary inquiries with regard to the object of our journey to Siberia, and had expressed the pleasure which he said it afforded him to meet and welcome Americans in his own house, he turned to me with a smile and said, "I suppose, Mr. Kennan, you have heard terrible stories in America about the Russian nihilists?"

"Yes," I replied; "we seldom hear of them except in connection with a plot to blow up something or to kill somebody, and I must confess that I have had a bad opinion of them. The very word 'nihilist' is understood in America to mean a person who does not believe in anything and who advocates the destruction of all existing institutions."

"'Nihilist' is an old name," he said; "and it is no longer applicable to the Russian revolutionary party, if, indeed, it was ever applicable. I don't think you will find among the political exiles in Siberia any 'nihilists,' in the sense in which you use the word. Of course there are, in what may be called the anti-Government class, people who hold all sorts of political opinions. There are a few who believe in the so-called policy of 'terror'— who regard themselves as justified in resorting even to political assassination as a means of overthrowing the Government; but even the terrorists do not propose to destroy all existing institutions. Every one of them would, I think, lay down his arms, if the Tsar would grant to Russia a constitutional form of government and guarantee free speech, a free press, and freedom from arbitrary arrest, imprisonment, and exile. Have you ever seen the letter sent by the Russian revolutionists to Alexander III. upon his accession to the throne?"

FIRST VIEW OF THE ALTAI MOUNTAINS.

"No," I replied; "I have heard of it, but have never seen it."

"It sets forth," he said, "the aims and objects of the revolutionary party, and contains a distinct promise that if the Tsar will grant freedom of speech and summon a national assembly the revolutionists will abstain from all further violence, and will agree not to oppose any form of government which such assembly may sanction.* You can hardly say that people who express a willingness to enter into such an agreement as this are in favor of the destruction of all existing institutions. I suppose you know," he continued, "that when your President Garfield was assassinated, the columns of 'The Messenger of the Will of the People' [the organ of the Russian revolutionists in Geneva] were bordered with black as a token of grief and sympathy, and that the paper contained an eloquent editorial condemning political assassination as wholly unjustifiable in a country where there are open courts and a free press, and where the officers of the Government are chosen by a free vote of the people?"

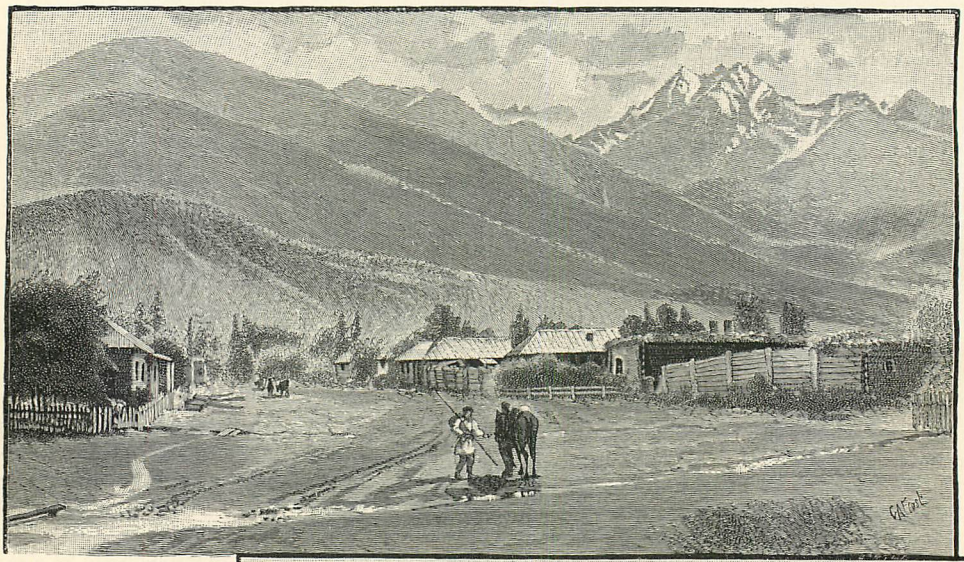
"No," I replied; "I was not aware of it."

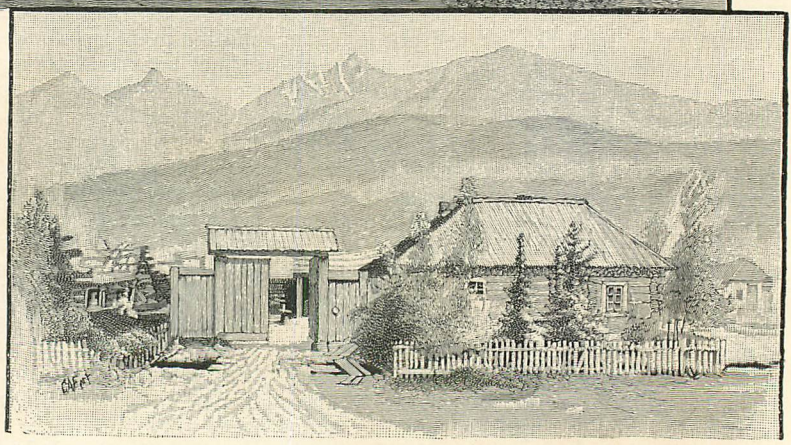
"It is true," he rejoined. "Of course at that time Garfield's murder was regarded as a political crime, and as such it was condemned in Russia, even by the most extreme terrorists."

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by the entrance of three young men and a lady, who were introduced to us as Mr. Lobonofski's exile friends. In the appearance of the young men there was nothing particularly striking or noticeable. One of them seemed to be a bright university student, twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, and the other two looked like educated peasants or artisans, whose typically Russian faces were rather heavy, impassive, and gloomy, and whose manner was lacking in animation and responsiveness. Life and exile seemed to have gone hard with them, and to have left them depressed and embittered. The lady, whose name was Madame Dicheskula, represented apparently a different social class, and had a more buoyant and sunny disposition. She was about thirty years of age, tall and straight, with a well-proportioned but somewhat spare figure, thick, short brown hair falling in a soft mass about the nape of her neck, and a bright, intelligent, mobile face, which I thought must once have been extremely pretty. It had become, however, a little too thin and worn, and her complexion had been freckled and roughened by exposure to wind and weather and by the hardships of prison and étape life. She was neatly and becomingly dressed in a Scotch plaid gown of soft dark serge, with little ruffles of white lace at her throat and wrists; and when her face lighted up in animated conversation, she seemed to me to be a very attractive and interesting woman. In her demeanor there was not a suggestion of the boldness, hardness, and eccentricity which I had expected to find in women exiled to Siberia for

* I now have in my possession a copy of this letter. A part of it may be found translated in Stepniak's "The Russian Storm Cloud," p. 6.

political crime. She talked rapidly and well; laughed merrily at times over reminiscences of her journey to Siberia; apologized for the unwomanly shortness of her hair, which, she said, had all been cut off in prison; and related with a keen sense of humor her adventures while crossing the Kirghis steppe from Akmola to Semipalatinsk. That her natural buoyancy of disposition was tempered by deep feeling was evident from the way in which she described some of the incidents of her Siberian experience. She seemed greatly touched, for example, by the kindness shown to her party by the peasants of Kamishlova, a village through which they passed on their way from Ekaterineburg to Tiumen. They happened to arrive there on Trinity Sunday, and were surprised to find that the villagers, as a manifestation of sympathy with the political exiles, had thoroughly scoured out and freshened up the old village étape, and had decorated its gloomy cells with leafy branches and fresh wild-flowers. It seemed to me that tears came to her eyes as she expressed her deep and grateful appreciation of this act of thoughtfulness and good-will on the part of the Kamishlova peasants.





THE ALTAI STATION AND OUR HOUSE THERE.

About 9 o'clock Mr. Lobonofski brought in a steaming samovar, Madame Dicheskula made tea, and throughout the remainder of the evening we all sat around the big pine table as if we had been acquainted for months instead of hours, talking about the Russian revolutionary movement, the exile system, literature, art, science, and American politics. The cool, reasonable way in which these exiles discussed public affairs, problems of government, and their personal experience impressed me very favorably. There was none of the bitterness of feeling and extravagance of statement which I had anticipated, and I did not notice in their conversation the least tendency to exaggerate or even to dwell upon their own sufferings as a means of exciting our sympathy. Madame Dicheskula, for instance, had been robbed of most of her clothing and personal effects by the police at the time of

her arrest; had spent more than a year in solitary confinement in the Moscow forwarding prison; had then been banished, without trial, to a dreary settlement in the Siberian province of Akmolinsk; and, finally, had been brought across the great Kirghis steppe in winter to the city of Semipalatinsk. In all this experience there must have been a great deal of intense personal suffering; but she did not lay half as much stress upon it in conversation as she did upon the decoration of the old étape with leafy branches and flowers by the people of Kamishlova, as an expression of sympathy with her and her exiled friends. About 11 o'clock, after a most pleasant and interesting evening, we bade them all good-night and returned to our hotel.

On the following morning Mr. Lobonofski, Madame Dicheskula, Mr. Frost, and I took droshkies and drove down the right bank of the Irtish a mile or two, to a small grove of poplars and aspens near the water's edge, where six or eight political exiles were spending the summer in camp. A large Kirghis "yourt" of felt, and two or three smaller cotton tents, had been pitched on the grass under the trees, and in them were living two or three young women and four or five young men, who had taken this means of escaping from the heat, glare, and sand of the verdureless city. Two of the women were mere girls, seventeen or eighteen years of age, who looked as if they ought to be pursuing their education in a high school or a female seminary, and why they had been exiled to Siberia I could not imagine. It did not seem to me possible that they could be regarded in any country, or under any circumstances, as a dangerous menace to social order or to the stability of the government. As I shook hands with them and noticed their shy, embarrassed behavior, and the quick flushes of color which came to their cheeks when I spoke to them, I experienced for the first time something like a feeling of contempt for the Russian Government. "If I were the Tsar," I said to Mr. Frost, "and had an army of soldiers and police at my back, and if, nevertheless, I felt so afraid of timid, half-grown school-girls that I could n't sleep in peaceful security until I had banished them to Siberia, I think I should abdicate in favor of some stronger and more courageous man." The idea that a powerful government like that of Russia could not protect itself against seminary girls and Sunday-school teachers without tearing them from their families, and isolating them in the middle of a great Asiatic desert, seemed to me not only ludicrous, but absolutely preposterous.

We spent in the pleasant shady camp of these political exiles nearly the whole of the long, hot summer day. Mr. Frost made sketches of the picturesquely grouped tents, while I talked with the young men, read Irving aloud to one of them who was studying English, answered questions about America, and asked questions in turn about Siberia and Russia. Before the day ended we were upon as cordial and friendly a footing with the whole party as if we had known them for a month.

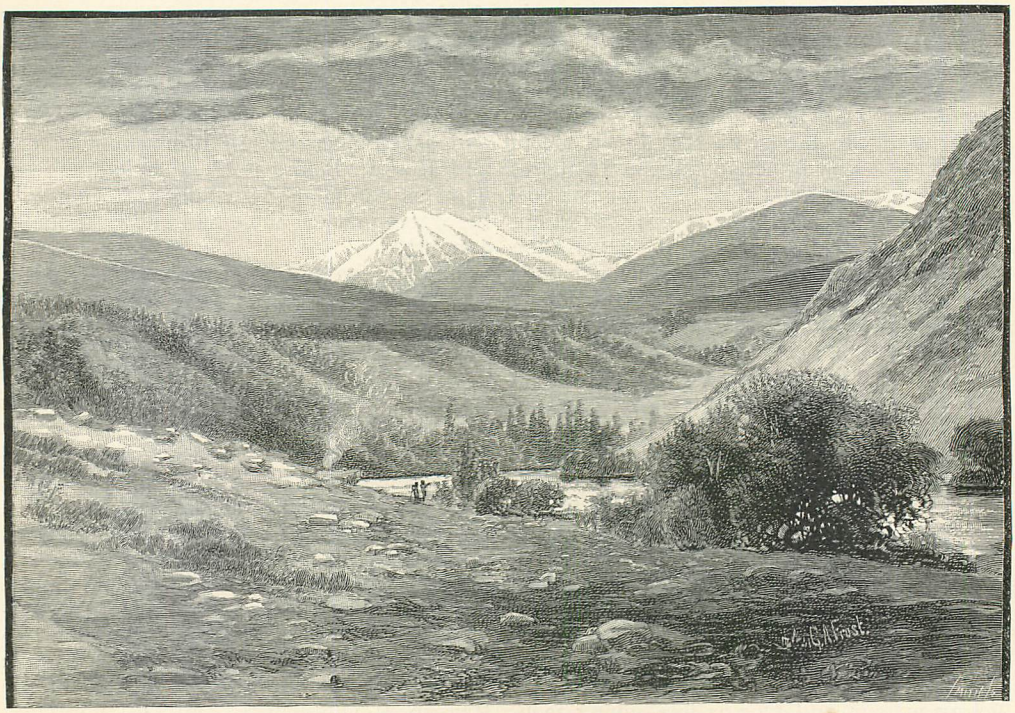
Late in the afternoon we returned to the city, and in the evening went to the house of Mr. Leontief, where most of the political exiles whom we had not yet seen had been invited to meet us. The room into which we were ushered was much larger and better furnished than that in which Mr. Lobonofski lived; but nothing in it particularly attracted my attention except a portrait of Herbert Spencer, which hung on the wall over Mr. Leontief's desk. There were twelve or fifteen exiles present, including Mr. Lobonofski, Madame Dicheskula, Dr. Bogomolets,— a young surgeon whose wife was in penal servitude at the mines of Kara,— and the two Prisedski sisters, to whom reference was made in my article upon the "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December. The general conversation which followed our introduction to the assembled company was bright, animated, and informal. Mr. Leontief, in reply to questions from me, related the history of the Semipalatinsk library, and said that it had not only been a great boon to the political exiles, but had noticeably stimulated the intellectual life of the city. "Even the Kirghis," he said, "occasionally avail themselves of its privileges. I know a learned old Kirghis here, named Ibrahim Konobai, who not only goes to the library, but reads such authors as Buckle, Mill, and Draper."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed a young university student, "that there is any old Kirghis in Semipalatinsk who actually reads Mill and Draper!"

"Yes, I do," replied Mr. Leontief, coolly. "The very first time I met him he astonished me by asking me to explain to him the difference between induction and deduction. Some time afterward I found out that he was really making a study of English philosophy, and had read Russian translations of all the authors that I have named."

"Do you suppose that he understood what he read?" inquired the university student.

"I spent two whole evenings in examining him upon Draper's 'Intellectual Development of Europe,'" replied Mr. Leontief; "and I must say that he seemed to have a very fair comprehension of it."



PICNIC GROUND, VALLEY OF THE BUKHTARMA.

"I notice," I said, "that a large number of books in the library — particularly the works of the English scientists — have been withdrawn from public use, although all of them seem once to have passed the censor. How does it happen that books are at one time allowed and at another time prohibited?"

"Our censorship is very capricious," replied one of the exiles. "How would you explain the fact that such a book as Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' is prohibited, while Darwin's 'Origin of Species' and 'Descent of Man' are allowed? The latter are certainly more dangerous than the former."

"It has been suggested," said another, "that the list of prohibited books was made up by putting together, without examination, the titles of all books found by the police in the quarters of persons arrested for political offenses. The 'Wealth of Nations' happened to be found in some unfortunate revolutionist's house, therefore the 'Wealth of Nations' must be a dangerous book."

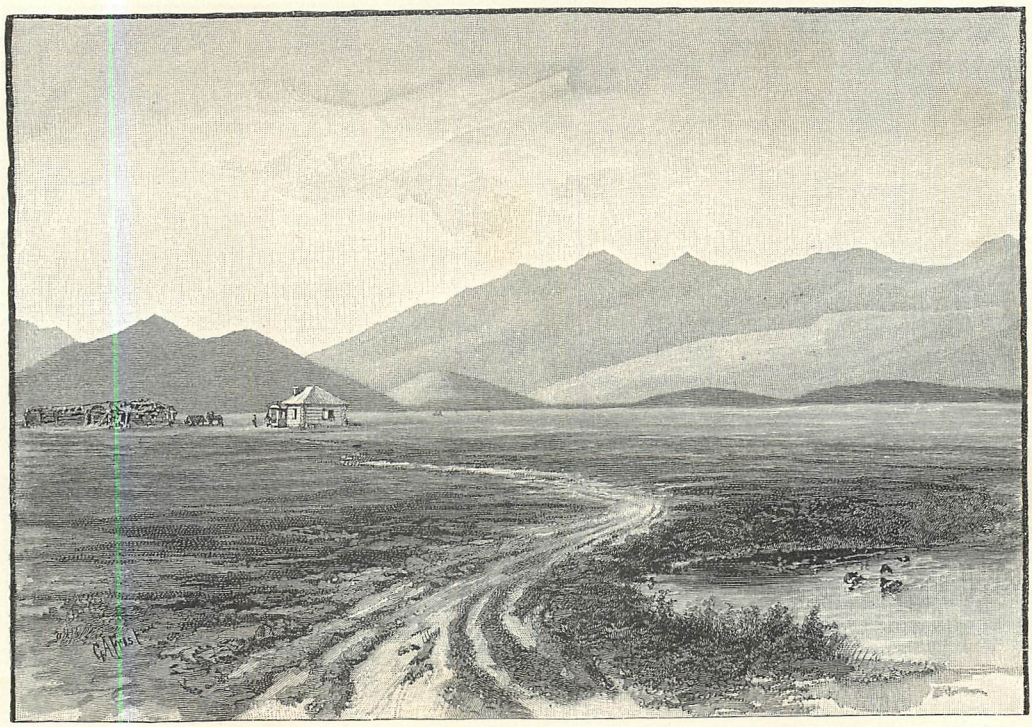
"When I was arrested," said Mr. Lobonofski, "the police seized and took away even a French history which I had borrowed from the public library. In looking hastily through it they noticed here and there the word 'revolution,' and that was enough. I tried to make them understand that a French history must, of course, treat of the French Revolution, but it was of no use. They also carried off, under the impression that it was an infernal machine, a rude imitation of a steam-engine which my little brother had made for amusement out of some bits of wood and metal and the tubes of an old opera-glass." Amidst general laughter, a number of the exiles related humorous anecdotes illustrating the methods of the Russian police, and then the conversation drifted into other channels.

As an evidence of the intelligence and culture of these political exiles, and of the wide range of their interests and sympathies, it seems to me worth while to say that their conversation showed more than a superficial acquaintance with the best English and American literature, as well as a fairly accurate knowledge of American institutions and history. Among the authors referred to, discussed, or quoted by them that evening were Shakspere, Mill, Spencer, Buckle, Balfour Stewart, Heine, Hegel, Lange, Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Bret Harte, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. They knew the name and something of the record of our newly elected President; discussed intelligently his civil-service reform policy and asked pertinent questions with regard to its working, and manifested generally an acquaintance with American affairs which one does not expect to find anywhere on the other side of the Atlantic, and least of all in Siberia.

After a plain but substantial supper, with

delicious overland tea, the exiles sang for us in chorus some of the plaintive popular melodies of Russia, and Mr. Frost and I tried, in turn, to give them an idea of our college songs, our war songs, and the music of the American negroes. It must have been nearly midnight when we reluctantly bade them all good-bye and returned to the Hotel Sibir.

It is impossible, of course, within the limits of a single magazine article, to give even the substance of the long conversations concerning the Russian Government and the Russian revolutionary movement which I had with the political exiles in Semipalatinsk. All that I aim to do in the present paper is to describe, as fairly and accurately as possible, the impression which these exiles made upon me. If I may judge others by myself, American readers have had an idea that the people who are called nihilists stand apart from the rest of mankind in a class by themselves, and that there is in their character something fierce, gloomy, abnormal, and, to a sane mind, incomprehensible, which alienates from them, and which should alienate from them, the sympathies of the civilized world. If the political exiles in Semipalatinsk be taken as fair representatives of the class thus judged, the idea seems to me to be a wholly mistaken one. I found them to be bright, intelligent, well-informed men and women, with warm affections, quick sympathies, generous impulses, and high standards of honor and duty. They are, as Mr. Pavlovski said to me, "men and women who, under other circumstances, might render valuable services to their country." If, instead of thus serving their country, they are living in exile, it is not because they are lacking in the virtue and the patriotism which are essential to good citizenship, but because the Government, which assumes the right to think and act for the Russian people, is out of harmony with the spirit of the time.



COSSACK PICKET OF JINGISTAI.

On Saturday, July 18, after having inspected the city prison, obtained as much information as possible concerning the exile system, and made farewell calls upon our friends, we provided ourselves with a new padorozhnaya and left Semipalatinsk with three post-horses for the mountains of the Altai. The wild alpine region which we hoped to explore lies along the frontier of Mongolia, about 350 miles east of Semipalatinsk and nearly 600 miles due south from Tomsk. The German travelers Finsch and Brehm went to the edge of it in 1876, but the high snowy peaks of the Katunski and Chuiski Alps, east of the Altai Station, had never been seen by a foreigner, and had been visited by very few Russians.

For nearly two hundred versts, after leaving Semipalatinsk, we rode up the right bank of the Irtish, through a great rolling steppe of dry yellowish grass. Here and there, where this steppe was irrigated by small streams running into the Irtish, it supported a luxuriant vegetation, the little transverse valleys being filled with wild roses, hollyhocks, golden-rod, wild currant and gooseberry bushes, and splendid spikes, five feet in height, of dark blue aconite; but in most places the great plain was sun-scorched and bare. The Cossack villages through which we passed did not differ materially from those between Semipalatinsk and Omsk, except that their log-houses were newer and in better repair, and their inhabitants seemed to be wealthier and more prosperous. The Russian love of crude color became again apparent in the dresses of the women and girls; and on Sunday, when all of the Cossacks were in holiday attire, the streets of these villages were bright with the red, blue, and yellow costumes of the young men and women, who sat in rows upon benches in the shade of the houses, talking, flirting, and eating melon seeds, or, after the sun had gone down, danced in the streets to the music of fiddles and triangular guitars.

The farther we went up the Irtish the hotter became the weather and the more barren the steppe, until it was easy to imagine that we were in an Arabian or a north African desert. The thermometer ranged day after day from 90 to 103° in the shade; the atmosphere was suffocating; every leaf and every blade of grass, as far as the eye could reach, had been absolutely burned dead by the fierce sunshine; great whirling columns of sand, 100 to 150 feet in height, swept slowly and majestically across the sun-scorched plain; and we could trace the progress of a single mounted Kirghis five miles away by the cloud of dust which his horse's hoofs raised from the steppe. I suffered intensely from heat and thirst, and had to protect myself from the fierce sunshine by swathing my body in four thicknesses of blanket and putting a big down pillow over my legs. I could not hold my hand in that sunshine five minutes without pain, and wrapping my body in four thicknesses of heavy woolen blanketing gave me at once a sensation of coolness. Mine was the southern or sunny side of the tarantas, and I finally became so exhausted with the fierce heat, and had such a strange feeling of faintness, nausea, and suffocation, that I asked Mr. Frost to change sides with me, and give me a brief respite. He wrapped himself up in a blanket, put a pillow over his legs, and managed to endure it until evening. Familiar as I supposed myself to be with Siberia, I little thought, when I crossed the frontier, that I should find in it a north African desert, with whirling sand-columns,

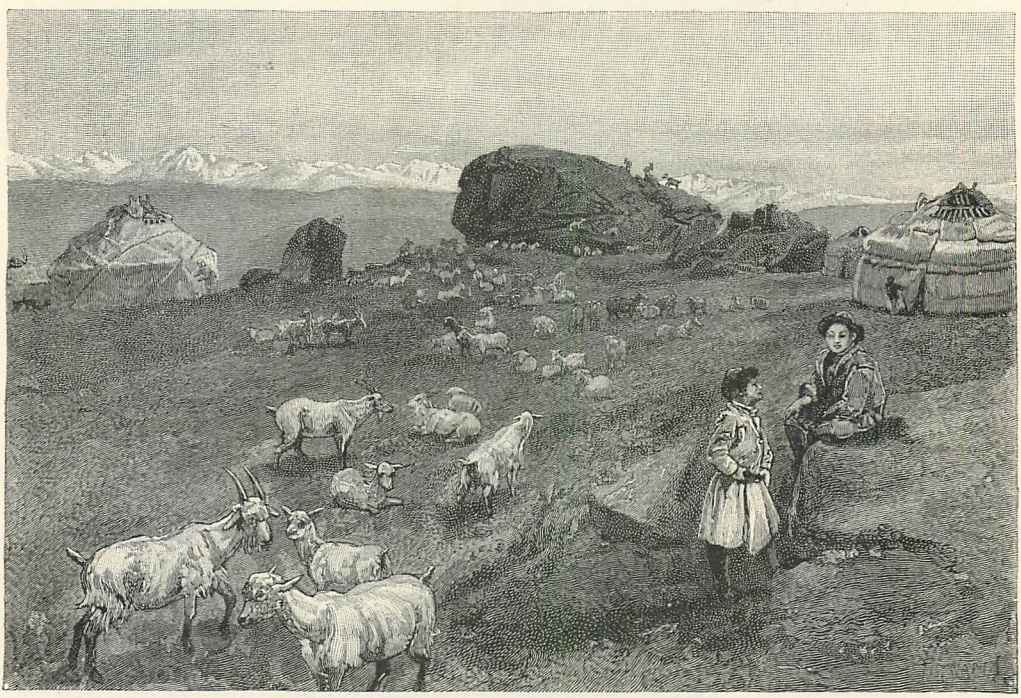
VILLAGE OF ARUL.

ASCENT OF MOUNTAIN-TRAIL FROM BEREL.

and sunshine from which I should be obliged to protect my limbs with blankets. I laughed at a Russian officer in Omsk who told me that the heat in the valley of the Irtish was often so intense as to cause nausea and fainting, and who advised me not to travel between 11 o'clock in the morning and 3 in the afternoon, when the day was cloudless and hot. The idea of having a sunstroke in Siberia, and the suggestion not to travel there in the middle of the day, seemed to me so preposterous that I could not restrain a smile of amusement. He assured me, however, that he was talking seriously, and said that he had seen soldiers unconscious for hours after a fit of nausea and fainting, brought on by marching in the sunshine. He did not know sunstroke by name, and seemed to think that the symptoms which he described were peculiar effects of the Irtish valley heat, but it was evidently sunstroke that he had seen.

At the station of Voroninskaya, in the middle of this parched desert, we were overtaken by a furious hot sand-storm from the southwest, with a temperature of 103° in the shade. The sand and fine hot dust were carried to a height of a hundred feet, and drifted past us in dense, suffocating clouds, hiding everything from sight and making it almost impossible to breathe. Although we were riding with the storm, and not against it, I literally gasped for breath for more than two hours; and when we arrived at the station of Cheremshanka, it would have been hard to tell, from an inspection of our faces, whether we were Kirghis or Americans — black men or white. I drank nearly a quart of cold milk, and even that did not fully assuage my fierce thirst. Mr. Frost, after washing the dust out of his eyes and drinking seven tumblers of milk, revived sufficiently to say, "If anybody thinks that it does n't get hot in Siberia, just refer him to me!"

At the station of Malo Krasnoyarskaya we left the Irtish to the right and saw it no more. Late that afternoon we reached the first foothills of the great mountain range of the Altai, and began the long, gradual climb to the Altai Station. Before dark on the following day we were riding through cool, elevated alpine meadows, where the fresh green grass was intermingled with bluebells, fragrant spirea, gentians, and delicate fringed pinks, and



KIRGHIS ENCAMPMENT ON THE SUMMIT.

where the mountain tops over our heads were white, a thousand feet down, with freshly fallen snow. The change from the torrid African desert of the Irtish to this superb Siberian Switzerland was so sudden and so extraordinary as to be almost bewildering. I could not help asking myself every fifteen minutes, "Did I only dream of that dreary, sun-scorched steppe yesterday, with its sand spouts, its mountains of furnace slag, its fierce heat, and its whitening bones, or is it really possible that I can have come from that to this in twenty-four hours?" To my steppe-wearied eyes the scenery, as we approached the Altai Station, was indescribably beautiful. On our left was a range of low mountains, the smooth slopes of which were checkered with purple cloud shadows and tinted here and there by vast areas of flowers; on our right, rising almost from the road, was a splendid chain of bold, grandly sculptured peaks from 7000 to 9000 feet in height, crowned with 1000 feet of fresh, brilliantly white snow, and belted with a broad zone of evergreen forest; beneath lay a beautiful, park-like valley, through which ran the road, under the shade of scattered larches, across clear rushing mountain streams which came tumbling down in cascades from the melting snows above, and over grassy meadows sprinkled with wild pansies, gentians, fringed pinks, and ripening strawberries. After three thousand miles of almost unbroken plain, or steppe, this scene made upon me a most profound impression. We reached the Altai Station — or, as the Kirghis call it, "Koton Karaghai" — about 6 o'clock in the cool of a beautiful, calm, midsummer afternoon. I shall never forget the enthusiastic delight which I felt as I rode up out of a wooded valley fragrant with wild-flowers, past a picturesque cluster of colored Kirghis tents, across two hundred yards of smooth elevated meadow, and then, stopping at the entrance to the village, turned back and looked at the mountains. Never, I thought, had I seen an alpine picture which could for a moment bear comparison with it. I have seen the most beautiful scenery in the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, of Nicaragua, of Kamtchatka, of the Caucasus, and of the Russian Altai, and it is my deliberate opinion that for varied beauty, picturesqueness, and effectiveness that mountain

DISTANT VIEW OF THE KATUNSKI ALPS.

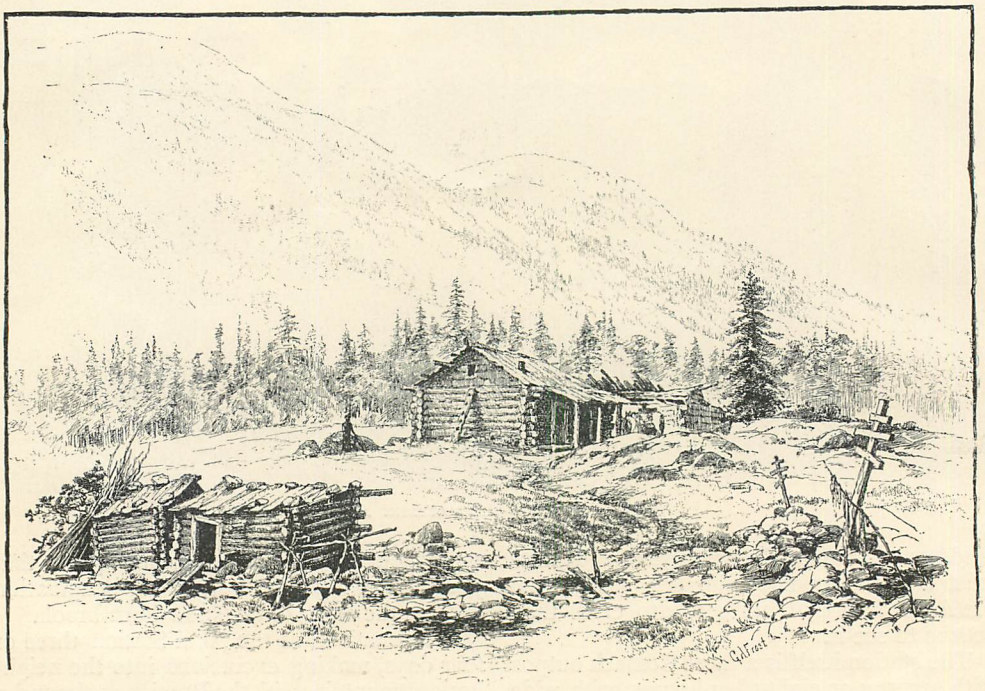
landscape is absolutely unsurpassed. If there exist a more superbly situated village than the Altai Station, I am ready to cross three oceans to see it.

The station itself is a mere Cossack outpost with seventy or eighty log-houses, with wide, clean streets between them and with a quaint wooden church at one end; but to a traveler just from the hot, arid plains of the Irtish even this insignificant Cossack hamlet has its peculiar charm. In front of every house in the settlement is a little inclosure, or front yard, filled with young birches, silver-leafed aspens, and flowering shrubs; and through all of these yards, down each side of every street, runs a tinkling, gurgling stream of clear, cold water from the melting snows on the mountains. The whole village, therefore, go where you will, is filled with the murmur of falling water; and how pleasant that sound is, you must travel for a month in the parched, dust-smothered, sun-scorched valley of the Irtish fully to understand. The little rushing streams seem to bring with them, as they tumble in rapids through the settlement, the fresh, cool atmosphere of the high peaks where they were born two hours before; and although your thermometer may say that the day is hot and the air sultry, its statements are so persistently, so confidently, so hilariously controverted by the joyous voice of the stream under your window with its half-expressed suggestions of snow and glaciers and cooling spray, that your reason is silenced and your imagination accepts the story of the snow-born brook.

We remained at the Altai Station three or four days, making excursions into the neighboring mountains with the Russian commander of the post and his wife, visiting and photographing the Kirghis who were encamped near the village, and collecting information with regard to the region lying farther to the eastward which we purposed to explore.

On Monday, July 27, we started for a trip of about two hundred versts, on horseback, to the Katunski Alps, or "Beilki," which are said to be the highest and wildest peaks of the Russian Altai. The day of our departure happened to be the namesday of Captain Maiefski, the Russian commander of the post; and in order to celebrate that namesday, and at the same time give us a pleasant "send off," he invited a party of friends to go with us as far as the rapids of the Bukhtarma River, about fifteen versts from the station, and there have a picnic. When we started, therefore, we were accompanied by Captain Maiefski and his wife and daughter, the Cossack ataman and his wife, a political exile named Zavalishin and his wife, and three or four other officers and ladies. The party was escorted by ten or fifteen mounted Kirghis in bright-colored "beshmets," girt about the waist with silver-studded belts; and the cavalcade of uniformed officers,

gayly dressed ladies, and hooded Kirghis presented, at least to our eyes, a most novel and picturesque appearance, as it cantered away across the grassy plateau upon which the station is situated, and descended into the green, flowery valley of the Bukhtarma. Captain Maiefski had sent forward to the rapids newly built log-houses situated in the shallow, flower-carpeted valley of the Bukhtarma; and on Tuesday we passed through the picturesque village of Arul and reached a Cossack station called Berel, where we expected to leave the Bukhtarma valley and plunge into the mountains.



THE RAKHMANOFSKI HOT SPRINGS.

early in the morning two Kirghis yourts, a quantity of rugs and pillows, and his whole housekeeping outfit; and when we arrived we found the tents pitched in a beautiful spot among the trees beside the Bukhtarma, where camp-fires were already burning, where rugs and pillows were spread for the ladies, and where delicious tea was all ready for our refreshment. After an excellently cooked and served dinner of soup, freshly caught fish, roast lamb, boiled mutton, cold chicken, pilau of rice with raisins, strawberries, and candies, we spent a long, delightful afternoon in botanizing, fishing, rifle-shooting, catching butterflies, telling riddles, and singing songs. It was, I think, the most pleasant and successful picnic that I ever had the good fortune to enjoy; and when, late in the afternoon, Mr. Frost and I bade the party good-bye, I am sure we both secretly wished we could stay there in camp for a week, instead of going to the Katunski Alps.

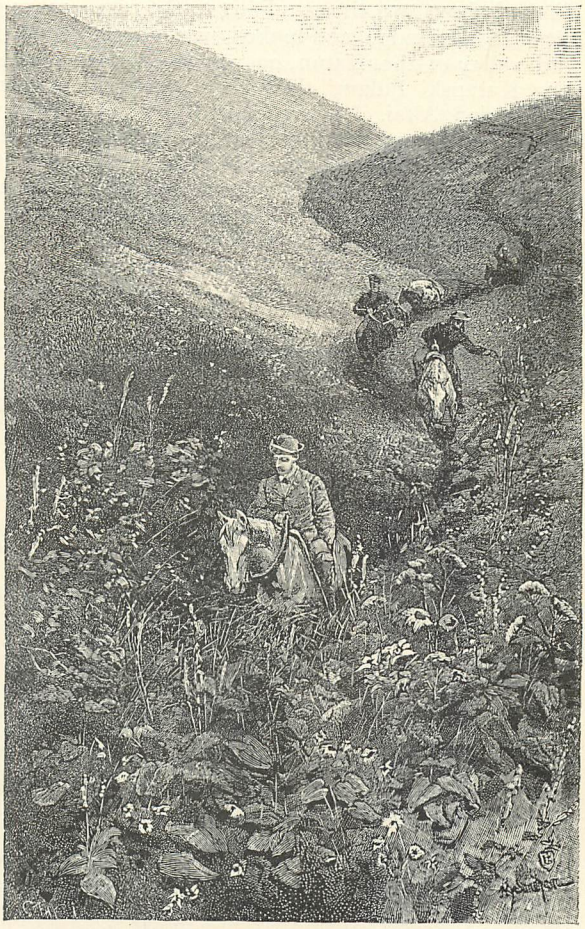
We spent that night at the little Cossack picket of Jingistai, which consisted of two

Wednesday morning, with two Cossack guides, five Kirghis horses, a tent, and a week's provisions, we forded the milky current of the Berel River, and climbed slowly for two hours in zigzags up a steep Kirghis trail which led to the crest of an enormous mound-shaped foot-hill behind the village. After stopping for a few moments at a Kirghis encampment on the summit, two or three thousand feet above the bottom of the Bukhtarma valley, we tightened our saddle-girths and plunged into the wilderness of mountains, precipices, and wild ravines which lay to the northward.

Late in the afternoon, after an extremely difficult and fatiguing journey of 25 or 30 versts, we rode 2000 or 3000 feet down a steep, slippery, break-neck descent, into the beautiful valley of the Rakhmanofski Hot Springs, where, shut in by high mountains, we found a clear little alpine lake, framed in greenery and flowers, and two untenanted log-houses, in one of which we took up our quarters for the night. When we awoke on the fol-

lowing morning rain was falling heavily, and horseback travel in such a country was evidently out of the question. The storm continued, with an occasional brief intermission, for two days; but on the morning of the third the weather finally cleared up, and without waiting for the mountain slopes to become dry, we saddled our horses and went on.

The last sixty versts of our journey were made with great difficulty and much peril, our route lying across tremendous mountain ridges and deep valleys with almost precipitous sides, into which we descended by following the course of foaming mountain torrents, or clambering down the moraines of extinct glaciers, over great heaped-up masses of loose, broken rocks, through swamps, tangled jungles of laurel bushes and fallen trees, and down slopes so steep that it was almost impossible to throw one's body far enough back to keep one's balance in the saddle. Half the time our horses were sliding on all four feet, and dislodging stones which rolled or bounded for half a mile downward, until they were dashed to pieces over tremendous precipices. I was not wholly inexperienced in mountain travel, having ridden on horseback the whole length of the mountainous peninsula of Kamtchatka and crossed three times the great range of the Caucasus, once at a height of twelve thousand feet; but I must confess that during our descents into the valleys of the Rakhmanofski, the Black Berel, the White Berel, and the Katun my heart was in my mouth for hours at a time. On any other horses than those of the Kirghis such descents would have been utterly impossible. My horse fell with me once, but I was not hurt. The region through which we passed is a primeval wilderness, traversed only by the "Diko-Kammenni Kirghis," or "Kirghis of the Wild Rocks," and abounding in game. We saw "marals," or Siberian elk, wolves, wild sheep, and many fresh trails made by bears in the long grass of the valley bottoms. On horseback we chased wild goats, and might have shot hundreds of partridges, grouse, ducks, geese, eagles, and cranes. The flora of the lower mountain valleys was extremely rich, varied, and luxuriant, comprising beautiful wild pansies of half a dozen varieties and colors, fringed pinks, spirea, two species of gentian, wild hollyhocks, daisies, forget-me-nots, alpine roses, trollius, wild poppies, and scores of other flowers that I had never before seen, many of them very large, brilliant, and showy. Among plants and fruits which with us are domesticated, but which in the Altai grow wild, I noticed rhubarb, celery, red currants, black currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, wild cherries, crab-apples, and wild apricots. Most of the berries were ripe, or nearly ripe, and the wild currants were as large and abundant as in an American garden. The scenery was extremely wild and grand, surpassing, at times, anything that I had seen in the Caucasus.



THE DESCENT INTO THE VALLEY OF THE WHITE BEREL.

On Saturday, August 1, we reached the foot of the last great ridge, or water-shed, which separated us from the main chain of the Katunski Alps, and camped for the night in a high mountain valley beside the White Berel, a milky stream which runs out from under a great glacier a few miles higher up. The air was clear and frosty, but we built a big campfire and managed to get through the night without much discomfort. Sunday morning we

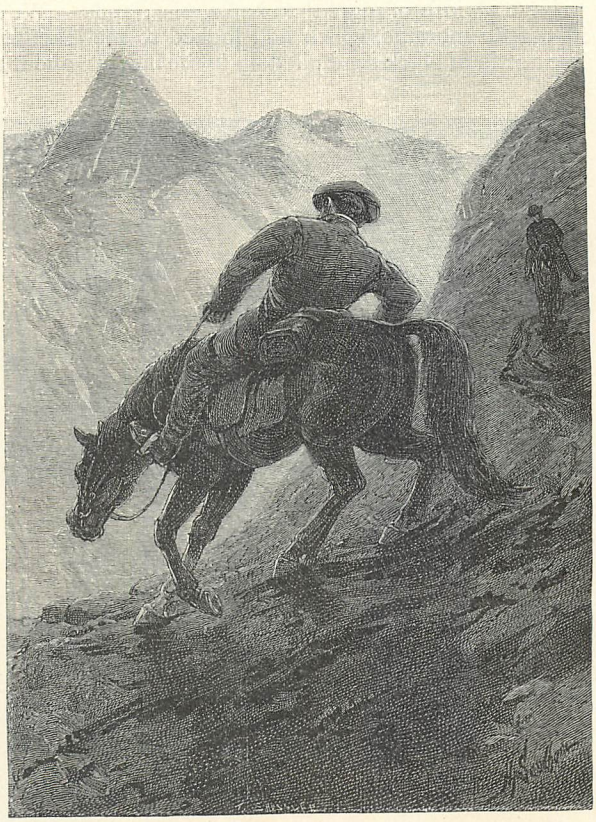
climbed about two thousand feet to the summit of the last ridge, and looked over into the wild valley of the Katun, out of which rise the "Katunski Pillars," the highest peaks of the Russian Altai. I was prepared, to a certain extent, for grandeur of scenery, because I had already caught glimpses of these peaks two or three times, at distances varying from twenty-five to eighty miles; but the near view, from the heights above the Katun, so far surpassed all my anticipations that I was simply overawed. I hardly know how to describe it without using language which will seem exaggerated. The word which oftenest rises to my lips when I think of it is "tremendous." It was not beautiful, it was not picturesque; it was tremendous and overwhelming. The narrow valley, or gorge, of the Katun, which lay almost under our feet, was between 2000 and 3000 feet deep. On the other side of it rose, far above our heads, the wild, mighty chain of the Katunski Alps, culminating just opposite us in two tremendous snowy peaks whose height I estimated at 15,000 feet.* They were white from base to summit, except where the snow was broken by great black precipices, or pierced by sharp, rocky spines, or aiguilles. Down the sides of these peaks, from vast fields of névé above, fell seven enormous glaciers, the largest of them descending from the saddle between the twin summits in a series of ice falls for at least 4000 feet. The glacier on the extreme right had an almost perpendicular ice fall of 1200 or 1500 feet, and the glacier on the extreme left gave birth to a torrent which tumbled about 800 feet, with a hoarse roar, into the deep narrow gorge. The latter glacier was longitudinally divided by three moraines, which looked from our point of view like long, narrow, A-shaped dumps of furnace slag or fine coal dust, but which were in reality composed of black rocks, from the size of one's head to the size of a freight car, and extended 4 or 5 miles, with a width of 300 feet and a height of from 50 to 75 feet above the general level of the glacier. The extreme summits of the two highest peaks were more than half of the time hidden in clouds; but this rather added to than detracted from the wild grandeur of the scene, by giving mystery to the origin of the enormous glaciers, which at such times seemed to the imagination to be tumbling down from unknown heights in the sky through masses of rolling vapor. All the time there came up to us from the depths of the gorge the hoarse roar of the waterfall, and with it blended, now and then, the deeper thunder of the great glaciers, as masses of ice gave way and settled into new positions in the ice falls. This thundering of the glaciers continued for nearly a minute at a time, varying in intensity, and resembling occasionally the sound of a distant but heavy

THE "KATUNSKI PILLARS"—SOURCE OF THE KATUN RIVER.

* Captain Maiefski's estimate of their height was 18,000 feet above the sea level. They have never been climbed nor measured, and I do not even know the height above the sea of the valley bottom from which they rise.

and rapid cannonade. No movement of the ice in the falls was perceptible to the eye from the point at which we stood, but the sullen, rumbling thunder was evidence enough of the mighty force of the agencies which were at work before us.

After looking at the mountains for half an hour, we turned our attention to the valley of the Katun beneath us, with the view to ascertaining whether it would be possible to get down into it and reach the foot of the main glacier, which gave birth to the Katun River. Mr. Frost declared the descent to be utterly impracticable, and almost lost patience with me because I insisted upon the guides trying it. "Anybody can see," he said, "that this slope ends in a big precipice; and even if we get our horses down there, we never can get them up again. It is foolish to think of such a thing." I had seen enough, however, of Kirghis horses to feel great confidence in their climbing abilities; and although the descent did look very dangerous, I was by no means satisfied that it was utterly impracticable. While we were discussing the question, our guide was making a bold and practical attempt to solve it. We could no longer see him from where we stood, but every now and then a stone or small bowlder, dislodged by his horse's feet, would leap suddenly into sight 300 or 400 feet below us, and go crashing down the mountain side, clearing 200 feet at every bound, and finally dashing itself to pieces against the rocks at the bottom, with a noise like the distant rattling discharge of musketry. Our guide was evidently making progress. In a few moments he came into sight on a bold, rocky buttress about six hundred feet below us and shouted cheerfully, "Come on! This is nothing! You could get down here with a telega!" Inasmuch as one could hardly look down there without getting dizzy, this was rather a hyperbolical statement of the possibilities of the case; but it had the effect of silencing Mr. Frost, who took his horse by the bridle and followed me down the mountain in cautious zigzags, while I kept as nearly as I could in the track of our leader. At the buttress the guide tightened my forward and after saddle-girths until my horse groaned and grunted an inarticulate protest, and I climbed again into the saddle. It seemed to me safer, on the whole, to ride down than to try to walk down leading my horse, since in the latter case he was constantly sliding upon me, or dislodging loose stones which threatened to knock my legs from under me and launch me into space like a projectile from a catapult. The first hundred feet of the descent were very bad. It was almost impossible to keep in the saddle on account of the steepness of the incline, and once I just escaped being pitched over my horse's head at the end of one of his short slides. We finally reached a very steep but grassy slope, like the side of a titanic embankment, down which we zigzagged, with much discomfort but without any danger, to the bottom of the Katun valley. As we rode towards the great peaks, and finally, leaving our horses, climbed up on the principal glacier, I saw how greatly we had underestimated distances, heights, and magnitudes from the elevated position which we had previously occupied. The Katun River, which from above had looked like a narrow, dirty white ribbon that a child could step across, proved to be a torrent, thirty or forty feet wide, with a current almost deep and strong enough to sweep away a horse and rider. The main glacier, which I had taken to be about 300 feet wide, proved



THE DESCENT INTO THE GORGE OF THE KATUN.

to have a width of more than half a mile; and its central moraine, which had looked to me like a strip of black sand piled up to the height of 6 or 7 feet like a long furnace dump, proved to be an enormous mass of gigantic rocks, 3 or 4 miles long and from 300 to 400 feet wide, piled up on the glacier in places to the height of 75 feet. Mr. Frost estimated the width of this glacier at two-thirds of a mile, and the extreme height of the moraine at a hundred feet.

PART OF GREAT GLACIER FROM CENTRAL MORAINE — KATUNSKI WATERFALL.

I took the photographic apparatus, and in the course of an hour and a half succeeded in climbing up the central moraine about two miles towards the foot of the great ice fall; but by that time I was tired out and dripping with perspiration. I passed many wide crevasses into which were running streams of water from the surface of the glacier; and judging from the duration of the sound made by stones which I dropped into some of them, they must have had a depth of a hundred feet, perhaps much more. This was only one of eleven glaciers which I counted from the summit of the high ridge which divides the water-shed of the Irtish from that of the Ob. Seven glaciers descend from the two main peaks alone.

We spent all the remainder of the day in sketching, taking photographs, and climbing about the glacier and the valley, and late in the afternoon returned to our camp in the valley of the White Berel. That night — the 2d of August — was even colder than the preceding one. Ice formed to the thickness of more than a quarter of an inch in our tea-kettle, and my blankets and pillow, when I got up in the morning, were covered with thick white frost.

Monday we made another excursion to the summit of the ridge which overlooks the valley of the Katun, and succeeded in getting a good photograph of the two big peaks, against a background of cloudless sky. Our little instrument, of course, could not take in a quarter of the mighty landscape, and what it did take in it reduced to so small a scale that all of the grandeur and majesty of the mountains was lost; but it was a satisfaction to feel that we could carry away something which would

GORGE OF THE KATUN FROM THE FOOT OF THE GLACIER.

suggest and recall to us in later years the sublimity of that wonderful alpine picture.

Monday noon we broke camp and started for the Rakhmanofski Hot Springs; and on the 5th of August, after an absence of ten days, we returned to the Altai Station.

George Kennan.

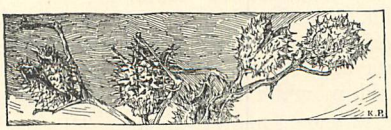
DEATH.

I AM the key that parts the gates of Fame;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place:

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief;
The friend of those that have no friend but me,
I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that Man calls — Life!

Florence Earle Coates.



[*BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.*]

THE GRAYSONS: A STORY OF ILLINOIS.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON,

Author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," "The Circuit Rider," "Roxy." etc.

"SAY, TOM, WON'T YOU WAIT FOR ME?" (SEE PAGE 532.)

XXXI.

HIRAM AND BARBARA.

THE cordiality of his welcome was a surprise to Mason; he could hardly tell why. The days had dragged heavily since his separation from Barbara, and his mind had been filled with doubts. The delay imposed upon him by Barbara's circumstances and then by his own was unwholesome; love long restrained from utterance is apt to make the soul sick. During his last week in Moscow he had copied court minutes and other documents into the folio records in an abstracted fashion, while the conscious part of his intellect was debating his chance of securing Barbara's consent. He fancied that she might hold herself more than ever aloof from him now; that her pride had been too deeply wounded to recover, and that she would never bring herself to accept him.

When he had at length finished all there was for him to do in the clerk's office at Moscow, and Magill had contrived to borrow enough money to pay him his fifty cents a day, Mason was too impatient to wait for some wagon bound for the Timber Creek neighborhood. He started on foot, intending to pass the night under the friendly roof of the Graysons, and to push on homeward in the morning; for he would already be a month late in beginning his college year. His mind was revolving the plan of his campaign against Barbara's pride

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all the way over the great lonely level prairie, the vista of which stretched away to the west until it was interrupted by a column of ominous black smoke, which told of the beginning of the autumnal prairie fires that annually sweep the great grassy plains and keep them free of trees. At length the tantalizing forest, so long in sight, was reached, and he entered the pale fringe of slender poplar-trees — that forlorn hope thrown out by the forest in its perpetual attempt to encroach on the prairie annually fire-swept. But when at last he entered the greater forest itself, now half denuded of its shade, the problem was still before him. He contrived with much travail of mind what seemed to him an ingenious device for overcoming Barbara's fear of his family. He would propose that his mother should write her a letter giving a hearty assent to his proposal of marriage. If that failed, he could not think of any other plan likely to be effective.

Like many conversations planned in absence, this one did not seem so good when he had the chance to test it. The way in which Tom welcomed him at the gate, shaking his hand and taking hold of his arm in an affectionate, informal way, gave him an unexpected pleasure, though nothing could be more natural under the circumstances than Tom's gratitude. And when Tom said, "Barbara 'll be awful glad to see you, an' so 'll Mother," Mason was again surprised. Not that he knew any good reason why Barbara and her mother should not be glad to see him, but he who broods long over his feelings will hatch forebodings. When Hiram looked up from Tom at the gate, he saw Barbara's half-petite figure and piquant face, full as ever of force and aspiration, waiting half-way down the walk. Barbara paused there, half-way to the gate, but she could not wait even there; she came on down farther and met him, and looked in his eyes frankly and told him — with some reserve in her tone, it is true, but with real cordiality — that she was glad to see him. And by the time he reached the porch, Mother Grayson herself — kindly, old-fashioned soul that she was — stood in the door and greeted Mason with tears in her eyes.

After a little rest and friendly talk in the cool, well-kept, home-like sitting-room, Hiram went out with Tom to look about the familiar place. The fruit trees were pretty well stripped of their foliage by a recent wind and the ground was carpeted with brown and red and yellow leaves, while the rich autumn sunlight, which but half warmed the atmosphere, gave one an impression of transientness and of swift-impending change. It was one of those days on which the seasons are for the instant arrested — a little moment of repose and respite before the inevitable catastrophe. The busiest man can hardly resist the influence of such a day; farmers are prone to bask in the slant sunlight at such times and to talk to one another over line-fences or seated on top-rails. The crows fly hither and thither in the still air, and the swallows, gathered in noisy concourse, seem reluctant to set out upon their southward journey. But Mason soon left Tom and entered the kitchen, where he sat himself down upon a bench over against the loom and watched the swift going to and fro of Barbara's nimble shuttle, and listened to the muffled pounding of the loom-comb, presently finding a way to make himself useful by winding bobbins.

The two were left alone at intervals during the afternoon, but Mason could not summon courage to reopen the question so long closed between them. His awkward reserve reacted on Barbara, and conversation between them became difficult, neither being able to account for the mood of the other.

After a while Janet, tired with following Tom the livelong day, came into the kitchen and besought Barbara to sing "that song about Dick, you know"; and though Mason did not know who Dick might be, he thought he would rather hear Barbara sing than to go on trying to keep up a flagging conversation; so he seconded Janet's request. When Barbara had tied a broken string in the "harness" of the loom, she resumed her seat on the bench and sang while she wove.

BARBARA'S WEAVING SONG.

Fly, shuttle, right merrily, merrily,
Carry the swift-running thread;
Keep time to the fancy that eagerly
Weaveth a web in my head.

For Dick he will come again, come again,
Dick he will come again home from afar
With musket and powder-horn,
Musket and powder-horn, home from the war.

Beat up the threads lustily, lustily,
Weave me a web good and strong;
Heart brimful and flowing with joyousness
Ever is bursting with song.

For Dick he will come again, etc.

Warp, hold the woof lovingly, lovingly,
Taking and holding it fast;
Hearts bound together in unity
Love with a love that will last.

For Dick he will come again, come again,
Dick he will come again home from afar
With musket and powder-horn,
Musket and powder-horn, home from the war.

By the time the ditty was ended, Mrs. Grayson was setting the supper-table by the fireplace, doing her best to honor her guest. She took down the long-handled waffle-irons and made a plate of those delicious cates unknown

since kitchen fire-places went out, and the like of which will perhaps never be known again henceforth. She got out some of the apple-butter, of which half a barrel had been made so toilsomely but the week before, and this she flanked with a dish of her peach preserves, kept sacredly for days of state. The "chaney" cups and saucers were also set out in honor of Hiram, and the almost transparent preserved peaches were eaten with country cream, from saucers thin enough to show an opalescent translucency, and decorated with a gilt band and delicate little flowers. This china, which had survived the long wagon-journey from Maryland, was not often trusted upon the table.

"My! What a nice supper we 've got, Aunt Marthy!" said Janet, clapping her hands, as they took their seats at the table.

"It seems to me you 're making company out of me," said Mason, in a tone of protest.

"We sha' n't have you again soon, Mason," said Tom, "and we don't often see the like of you."

The words were spontaneous, but Tom ducked his head with a half-ashamed air when he had spoken them. Barbara liked Tom's little speech: it expressed feelings that she could not venture to utter; and it had, besides, a touch of Tom's old gayety of feeling in it.

When supper was well out of the way Hiram proposed a walk with Barbara, but it did no good. They talked mechanically about what they were not thinking about, and by the time they got back to the house Mason was becoming desperate. He must leave in the morning very early, and he had made no progress; he could not bring himself to broach the subject about which Barbara seemed so loath to speak, and concerning which he dreaded a rebuff as he dreaded death.

They entered the old kitchen and found no one there; the embers were flickering in the spacious fire-place and peopling the room with grotesque shadows and dancing lights.

"Let us sit here awhile, Barbara," he said, with a strange note of entreaty in his tone, as he swung the heavy door shut and put down the wooden latch — relic of the pioneer period.

"Just as you please, Mr. Mason," answered Barbara.

"Oh! say Hiram, won't you?" He said this with a touch of impatience.

"Hiram!" said Barbara, laughing.

He led her to the loom-bench.

"Sit there on high, as you did the night you put me into a state of misery from which I have n't escaped yet. There, put your feet on the chair-rung, as you did that night." He spoke with peremptoriness, as he placed a chair for her feet, so that she might sit with her back to the loom. Then he drew up another shuck-bottomed chair in such a way as to sit beside and yet half facing her, but lower.

"Now," he said doggedly, "we can finish the talk we had then."

"That seems ages ago," said Barbara, dreamily; "so much has happened since."

"So long ago that you don't care to renew the subject?"

"I—" But Barbara stopped short. The feeble blaze in the fire-place suddenly went out.

Hiram did not know where to begin. He got up and took some dry chips from a basket and threw them on the slumbering coals, so as to set the flame a-going again. Then he sat down in his chair and looked up at the now silent Barbara, and tried in vain to guess her mood. But she remained silent and waited for him to take the lead.

"Do you remember what you said then?" he asked.

"No! how can I? It seems so long ago."

"You said a pack of nonsense." As he blurted out this charge Mason turned his head round obliquely, still regarding Barbara.

"Did I? That 's just like me," Barbara answered, with a little laugh.

"No, it is n't like you," he replied, almost rudely. "You 're the most sensible woman I ever knew, except on one subject."

"What 's that?" Barbara was startled by the vehemence and abruptness of his speech, and she asked this in a half-frightened voice.

"Your pride. I looked up to you then, as I do now. You 're something above me — I just worship you." To a man of maturity this sort of talk seems extravagant enough. But one must let youth paint itself as it will, with all its follies on its head. You 've said sillier things than that in your time, sober reader — you know you have!

"I do just worship you, Barbara Grayson," Hiram went on; "but you talked a parcel of fool stuff that night about the superiority of my family, and about your not being able to bear it that my people should look down on you, and — well, a pack of tomfoolery; that 's what it was, Barbara, and there 's no use of calling it anything else."

Barbara was silent.

"Now, I 'm not going to give you a chance to make any more such speeches. But I want to ask you whether, if I should send you a letter from my mother when I get home, and maybe from my sisters too, after I have told them the whole truth, urging you to accept me and become one of our family — I want to know whether, then, you would be

willing; whether you 'd take pity on a poor fellow who can't get along without you. Would that suit you?"

"No, it would n't," said Barbara, looking at the now blazing chips in the fire-place with her head bent forward.

"Well, what on earth *would*, then?" And Mason tilted back his chair in the nervousness of desperation and brought his eyes to a focus on her face, which was strangely illuminated in the flickering foot-lights from the hearth.

"Did I talk that way last summer?"

"Yes, you did."

"It must have hurt you. I can see it hurt you, from the way you speak about it."

"Yes," said Mason; "I 've been in a sort of purgatory ever since."

"And I did n't mean to hurt your feelings. I 'd rather do anything than to hurt your feelings." Here she paused, unable to proceed at once, but he waited for her to show the way. Presently she went on:

"Now, Mr. Mason,—Hiram, I mean,—I 'm going to punish myself for my foolish pride. I must have felt very differently then to what I do now. The more I have seen of you the more I have—admired you." Barbara stopped and took up the hem of her apron and picked at the stitches as though she would ravel them. Then she proceeded, dropping her head lower, "Somehow, I hate to say it,—but I 'm going to punish myself,—the more I have seen of you the more I have—*liked* you. It don't matter much to me now whether your mother likes me or not, and I really don't seem to care what your sisters think about your loving a poor girl from the country."

"Hush! Don't talk that way about yourself," said Hiram. But Barbara was so intent on finishing what she had resolved to say that she did not give any heed to him, but only went on pulling and picking at the hem of her apron.

"I only want to know one thing, Mr. Mason, and that is whether you—whether you really and truly want me?" Her face blushed deeply, she caught her breath, her head bowed lower than before, as though trying in vain to escape from Hiram's steadfast gaze.

"God only knows how I do love you, Barbara," said Hiram, speaking softly now and letting his eyes rest on the floor.

"Well," said Barbara, "as good a man as you deserves to have what he wants, you know"; and here she smiled faintly. "I 'll put in the dust all the wicked pride that hurts you so." And Barbara made a little gesture. Then after a moment she began again, stammeringly, "If—if you really want me, Hiram Mason,—why—then—I 'll face anything rather than miss of being yours. Now will that do? And will you forgive me for keeping you in purgatory, as you call it, all this time?" There were tears in her eyes as she spoke; partly of penitence, perhaps, but more than half of happiness.

When she had finished, Mason got up and pushed his chair away and came and sat down on the loom-bench beside her, Barbara making room for him, as for the first time she lifted her eyes timidly to his.

"I 've been a goose, Barbara, not to understand you before. What a woman you are!"

XXXII.

THE NEXT MORNING.

When Tom waked up the next morning in the gray daybreak, he found that Mason, who should have shared his room, had not come to bed at all. And when Tom came down to uncover the live coals and build up the kitchen fire, he found that the embers had not been covered under the ashes as usual; there were instead smoking sticks of wood that had nearly burned in two, the ends having canted over backward outside of the andirons. The table stood in the floor set with plates and cups and saucers for two, and there were the remains of an early breakfast. There was still heat in the coffee-pot when Tom touched it, and from these signs he read the story of Barbara's betrothal to Mason; he conjectured that this interview, which was to precede a separation of many months, had been unintentionally protracted until it was near the time for Mason's departure. The débris of the farewell love-feast, eaten in the silent hour before daybreak, seemed to have associations of sentiment. Tom regarded these things and was touched and pleased, but he was also amused. This sitting the night out seemed an odd freak for a couple so tremendously serious and proper as the little sister and the schoolmaster.

An hour later, when Tom, having finished his chores, came in for his breakfast, Barbara had reappeared below stairs with an expression of countenance so demure—so entirely innocent and unconscious—that Tom could not long keep his gravity; before he had fairly begun to eat he broke into a merry, boyish laugh.

"What *are* you laughing about?" demanded Barbara, looking a little foolish and manifesting a rising irritation, that showed how well she knew the cause of his amusement.

"Oh! nothing; but why don't you eat your breakfast, Barb? You seem to have lost your appetite."

"Don't tease Barb'ry now," said Mrs. Grayson.

"I 'm not teasing," said Tom; "but I declare, Barb, it must have seemed just like

going to housekeeping when you two sat down to eat breakfast by yourselves this morning."

"O Tom!" broke in Janet, who could n't quite catch the drift of the conversation, "Barbara went to bed with her clothes on last night. When I waked up this morning she was lying on the bed by me with her dress on."

Tom now laughed in his old unrestrained fashion.

"Say, Barbara," Janet went on, "are you going to marry that Mr. Mason that was here yesterday?"

Knowing that she could not get rid of Janet's inquiries except by answering, Barbara said: "Oh, I suppose so," as she got up to set the pot of coffee back on the trivet and hide a vexation that she knew to be foolish.

"Don't you *know* whether you 're going to marry him or not?" put in Janet. "I sh'd think you 'd know. And I sh'd think he 'd be a real nice husband." Then after a few moments of silence, Janet turned on Tom. "Tom, who 's *your* sweetheart?"

"Have n't got any," said Tom.

"Is n't that purty girl that was here yesterday your sweetheart?"

"No!"

"Are n't you *ever* going to get married?"

"Maybe, some day. Not right off, though."

"I wish you would find a good wife, Tom," said Barbara, without looking from her plate. "It would cheer you up." Barbara felt a little guilty at the thought of leaving the brother who had always seemed her chief responsibility.

"Say, Tom, won't you wait for me?" said Janet, solemnly.

"Yes, that 's just what I 'll do," said Tom, looking at her. "I had n't thought of it before; but that 's just exactly what I 'll do, Janet. I 'll wait for you, now you mention it."

"Will you, indeed, and double deed?"

"Yes, indeed, and deed and double deed, I 'll wait for you, Janet."

"That 'll be nice," said Janet, continuing her breakfast with meditative seriousness. "Now I 'm your sweetheart, ain't I?"

XXXIII.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

It was in the last days of October, a few weeks after the proper close of the story which I have just related, when Henry Miller — the most matter-of-fact and unsensational of young men — threw his family into a state of excitement and supplied the gossip of the neighborhood with a fresh topic by announcing at home and abroad that he was going to leave the country, either for the Iowa country to the west of the Mississippi, or for the fertile bottom-lands up north on the "Wisconse" River, as it was called. He was the only son of his father, and had inherited the steady, plodding industry and frugality so characteristic of a "Pennsylvania Dutch" race. Until he was of age he was bound, not only by law, but by the custom of the country, to serve his father much as a bondman or an apprentice might have served, for an able-bodied son was distinctly recognized as an available and productive possession in that day. When he became of age his close-fisted father made no new arrangement with him, offered him no start, paid him no wages, and gave him no share in the produce of the fields. It was enough, in the father's estimation, that Henry would succeed to a large part of the property at his death. But Henry, on mature reflection, had made up his mind that emigration would be better than a reversionary interest that must be postponed to the death of so robust a man as his father, who was yet in middle-life and who came of a stock remarkable for longevity. Was not his grandfather yet alive in Pennsylvania, while his great-grandfather had not been dead many years? It was after calculating the "expectation of life" in the Miller family that Henry notified his father of his intention to go where land was cheap and open a large farm for himself. In vain the father urged that he could not get on without him, and that there would be no one to look after things if the father should die. Henry persisted that he must do something for himself and that his father would have to hire a man, for he should surely leave as soon as the crops were gathered, so as to get land enough open in some frontier country to afford him a small crop of corn the first year.

Henry's mother and sisters were even more opposed to his going than his father was, and they did not hesitate to blame the senior Miller with great severity for not having "done something" for Henry. Henry's father had never before known how unpleasant a man's home may come to be. He was reminded that Henry had not an acre, nor even a colt, that he could call his own, and that other farmers had done better than that. This state of siege became presently quite intolerable, and the elder Miller resolved not only "to do something" for Henry, but to do it in such a way that his son would begin life very well provided for. He wanted to silence the clamor of the house and the neighborhood once for all, and prove to his critics how much they were mistaken.

It was about a week after Henry's first resolution was taken that he and his father were

finishing the corn-gathering. They were throwing the unshucked ears into a great wagon of the Pennsylvania pattern — a wagon painted blue, the "bed" of which rose in a great sweep at each end as though some reminiscence of the antique forms of marine architecture had affected its construction. When all the corn within easy throwing distance had been gathered, Henry, who was on the near side, would slip the reins from the standard over the fore wheel and drive forward the horses, which even in moving bit off the ends of corn ears or nibbled at the greenest-looking blades within their reach.

"Let 's put on the sideboards," said the elder, "and we can finish the field this load." Though Miller's ancestors had come to this country with the Palatine immigration, away back in 1710, there was a little bit of German in his accent; he said something like "gorn" for corn. The sideboards were put up, and these were so adjusted that when they were on the wagon the inclosing sides were rendered level at the top and capable of holding nearly double the load contained without the boards.

"Henry," said the father, when the two were picking near together and throwing corn over the tail-gate of the wagon, "if you give up goin' away an' git married right off, an' settle toun here, I 'm a-mine to teed you that east eighty an' a forty of timber. Eh?"

"That 's purty good," said Henry; "but if your deed waits till I find a wife, it may be a good while coming."

"That eighty lays 'longside of Albaugh's medder an' lower gorn-field," said the father, significantly.

"You mean if I was to marry Rache, Albaugh might give us another slice."

"Of gourse he would; an' I 'd help you put up a house, an' maybe I 'd let you hav' the roan golt. You 'd hav' the red heifer anyhow."

"But I never took a shine to Rache; and if I did, I could n't noways come in. They 's too many knocking at that door."

"But Rachel ain't no vool," said the elder. "She knows a good piece of lant w'en she sees it, an' maybe she 's got enough of voolin' rount."

All that afternoon Henry revolved this proposition in his mind, and he even did what he had never done before in his life — he lay awake at night. The next day, after the midday dinner, he said to himself: "I might as well resk it. Albaugh 's got an all-fired good place, and all out of debt. And that 's a tre-mendous nice eighty father 's offered to give me."

So he went upstairs and put on a new suit of blue jeans fresh from his mother's loom. Then he walked over to Albaugh's, to find Rachel sewing on the front porch.

Rachel had been "kindah dauncey like," as her mother expressed it, ever since her visit to Barbara. She had received as many attentions as usual, but they seemed flat and unrelishable to her now. She began seriously to reflect that a girl past twenty-three was growing old in the estimation of the country, and yet she was further than ever from being able to make a choice between the lovers that paid her court, more or less seriously.

When she looked up and saw Henry Miller coming in at the gate she felt a strange surprise. She had never before seen him in Sunday clothes or visiting on a week-day.

"Hello, Henry! Looking for Ike?" she asked, with neighborly friendliness.

"No, not as I know of. I 've come to talk to you, Rache."

"To me? Well, you 're the last one I 'd look for to come to talk to me; and in daytime, and corn-shucking not begun yet." There was an air of excited curiosity in her manner. It was plain to be seen that she was inwardly asking, "What *can* Henry Miller be up to, anyhow?" but to him she said, "Come in, Henry, an' take a cheer."

"No, I 'll sed down here," he answered, taking a seat on the edge of the porch, like the outdoor man that he was, approaching a house with half reluctance.

The relations between Henry and Rachel were unconstrained. They had played "hide and whoop" together in childhood, and times innumerable they had gone on blackberrying and other excursions together; he had swung her on long grape-vine swings on the hill-side; they had trudged to and from school in each other's company, exchanging sweet-cakes from their lunch-baskets, and yet they had never been lovers.

"Rache," he said, locking his broad, brown hands over his knee, "father says he 'll give me that east-eighty whenever I get married, if I won't go off West."

"You 'll be a good while getting married, Henry. You never was a hand to go after the girls."

"No, but I might chance to get married shortly, for all that. The boys that do a good deal of sparking and the girls that have a lot of beaux don't always get married first. You 'd ought to know that, Rache, by your own experience."

Rachel laughed good-naturedly, and waited with curiosity to discover what all this was leading up to.

"What I 'm thinking," said Henry, with the

air of a man approaching a horse-trade cautiously, lest he should make a false step, "is this: that eighty of our'n jines onto your medder and west corn-field."

"Do you want to sell it?" said Rachel. "You might see father; he 'd like to have it, I expect."

"Can't you guess what it is that I 'm coming at?"

"No, I *can't*," said Rachel; "not to save my life."

"Looky here, Rache," and Henry gave his shoulders a twitch, "the two farms jine; now, what if you and me was to jine?"

"Well, Henry Miller, if you don't beat the Dutch! I never heard the like of that in all my born days!" Rachel had heard many propositions of marriage, but this sort of love-making, with eighty acres of prairie land for a buffer, was a novelty to her.

"Looky here, Rache," he said, in a tone of protest, "I 've knew you ever since you was knee-high to a grasshopper. Now, what 's the use of fooling and nonsense betwixt you and me? You know what *I* am — a good, stiddy-going, hard-working farmer, shore to get my sheer of what 's to be had in the world without scrouging anybody else. And I know just *ex*actly what you air. We 've always got along mighty well together, and if I have n't ever made a fool of myself about your face, w'y, so much the better for me. Now, whaddy yeh say? Let 's make it a bargain."

"W'y, Henry Miller, what a way of talking!"

"Rache, come, go along with me and see where'bouts I 'm going to put up a house. Father 's promised to help me. It 's down by the spring, just beyand your medder fence. Will you go along down?"

"Well, I don't care if I do go down with you, Henry. But it 's awful funny to come to such a subject in that way."

Rachel put on her sun-bonnet, and they went through the orchard together.

"We could put up a nice house there. Father 's willing to throw in a forty of timber too — the forty that joins this eighty over yander. We 'd be well fixed up to begin, no matter what your father done or did n't do for us. Whaddy you think of the plan?"

"You — you have n't said you loved me, or anything," said Rachel, piqued at having her charms quite left out of the account. But she could not hide from herself that Henry's proposition had substantial advantages. She only added, "What a curious man you are!"

"Don't you believe I 'd make a good husband?"

"Yes, of course you would."

"And a good provider?"

"Yes, I 'm shore of that."

"Well, now, I 'm not going to pretend I 'm soft on you. If you say 'No,' well and good; there 's an end. I sha'n't worry myself into consumption. You 've got a right to do as you please. I 'm not going to have folks say that I 'm another of the fools that 's broke their hearts over Rache Albaugh. Once you 're mine, I 'll set my heart on you fast enough. But I never set my heart on anything I might n't be able to get."

Rachel did not say anything to this bit of philosophy. She had in the last two weeks recognized the advisability of her getting married as soon as she could settle herself. But on taking an inventory of her present stock of beaux, she had mentally rejected them all. They were prospectively an unprosperous lot, and Rachel was too mature to marry adversity for the sake of sentiment. She found herself able to listen to Henry Miller's cool-blooded proposition with rather more tolerance than she felt when hearing the kind of love-talk she had been used to. Why not get her father to do as well by her as the Millers would by Henry, or to do better, seeing he was the richer and had but two children? Then they might begin life with plenty of acres and a good stock of butter cows.

Henry showed her where they could put their house, where the barn would be placed, and where they would have a garden. Rachel felt a certain pleasure in fancying herself the mistress of such a place. But it was contrary to all the precedents laid down in the few romances she had read for a woman to marry a man who was not her "slave": that was the word the old romancers took delight in. She tried to coquet with Henry, in order to draw from him some sort of professions of love. A flirtation with a lay figure would have been quite as successful. He was plain prose, and she presently saw that if she accepted him it must be done in prose. She could n't help liking his very prose; she was a little tired of slaves; it seemed, on the whole, better to have a man at least capable of being master of himself.

In much the same tone — the tone of a man buying, or selling, or proposing a co-partnership for business purposes — Henry Miller carried on the conversation all the way back until they reached the corn-crib, where he came to a stand-still.

"Whaddy yeh say, Rachel? Is it a bargain?"

"Well, Henry, it 's sudden like. I want to take time to think it over."

"Then I 'll take back the offer and put out for the Ioway country. I 'm not a-going to have my skelp a-hanging to your belt for days and days, like the rest of them. What 's

the use of thinking? You don't want to take Magill, do you?"

"He 's too old, and his nose is rather red," laughed Rachel.

"Nor Tom Grayson, I suppose?" Henry mentioned Tom as the second because he was the one about whom he had misgivings.

"I give him the sack before the shooting, and I 'm not going to go back to him now."

Rachel faltered a little in this reply, but she spoke with that resolute insincerity for which women hold an indulgence in advance when their hearts are being searched.

"Well," said Henry, "if you think you can do better by waiting, I 'm off. If you think I 'm about as good a man as you 're likely to pick up, here 's your chance. It 's going, going, gone with me. Either I marry you and take father's offer, or I put out for the Ioway country. I don't ask you to think I 'm perfection, but just to take a sober, common-sense look at things."

Rachel saw that it was of no use to expect Henry to court her, and she could not help liking him the better for his honest straightforwardness. She looked down a minute, in the hope that he would say something that might make it easier for her to answer, but he kept his silence.

"Henry," she said at length, rolling a corn-cob over and over under the toe of her shoe, "I 've got a good mind to say 'Yes.' You don't make me sick, like the rest of them. Father 'll be struck when he hears of it. He 's always said I 'd marry some good-for-nothing town-fellow."

"Is it a bargain, good and fast?" said Henry, holding out his hand, as he would have done to clinch the buying of a piece of timber land or a sorrel horse.

"Yes," said Rachel, laughing at the oddness of it and the suddenness of it, "I 'm tired of fooling. It 's a bargain, Henry."

"Good fer you, Rache! Now I begin to like you better than ever."

THE END.

Edward Eggleston.

A MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, AUTHOR OF THE IVORY BLACK STORIES.

IN THREE PARTS. PART I.

THE MOBILIZATION OF THE TROOPS.

MR. PEMBERTON LOGAN SMITH was a member of the Philadelphia Sketch Club; and by his associates in that eminently democratic organization it generally was conceded that if he had not been handicapped by the first two-thirds of his name, and if he had not been born constitutionally lazy, he probably would have made rather a shining light of himself as a landscape painter.

When this opinion was advanced in his presence, as it very frequently was, Pem usually laughed in his easy-going way and said that quite possibly it possessed some of the elements of truth. For Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith knew very well that he was constitutionally lazy, and he as frankly gloried in his double-barreled Philadelphia name as he did in the fact that he was a Philadelphian to the backbone.

"You see, old man," he once explained to his New York friend, the eminent young figure-painter Vandyke Brown, "you New York people have n't much notion of birth, and family connection, and that sort of thing, anyway. There are, I believe," said Pem, airily, "a few good families in New York, but most of your so-called best people have n't the least notion in the world who their grandfathers were; or else — and this amounts to the same thing — they know so much about them that they want to keep them as dark as possible. All you care for over here is money. Now that is n't our way at all. Of course we don't object to a man's having money; but the first thing we want him to have is birth. If he can show that his people came over with Penn,— or before Penn, as mine did,— and if he belongs to the Assembly, and is certain of his invitation to the Charity Ball, and a few things of that sort, we take him in; but if he has n't this sort of a record — well, we think about it. Of course, now and then a fellow who has only money works his way into good society, provided he knows how to give a really good dinner and does n't stint the terrapin. But these are the exceptions; the rule is the other way."

But while Brown and some of the Sketch Club men regretted that Pem did not buckle down to painting and accomplish some of the good work that he undoubtedly was capable of, Pem himself took the matter very easily. He had succeeded in developing enough energy to paint two or three pictures which deserved the praise that they received, and with this much accomplished he seemed to be quite contented to let his case rest.

In the Social Art Club, where the artistic element was infinitesimal, and where Pem's social high qualifications were accepted at their proper high value, he was regarded as an artistic genius of considerable magnitude. But this was only natural, for he really knew something about pictures — instead of only partly knowing how to talk about them.

And in both of his clubs, and pretty generally by his somewhat extensive personal acquaintance, Pem was set down — quite apart from his qualifications as an artist — as a thoroughly good fellow. As a rule a popular verdict of this nature may be critically examined without being reversed. In certain quarters the fact was recognized that he had been a little narrowed by the circumstances of his birth and environment; but even in these quarters it was admitted that there was something very pleasant about him — when he was not shying cocoa-nuts from the heights of his Philadelphia family tree. And finally the three or four people who really knew him well, among whom was his friend Brown, believed that there was an underlying strength and earnestness in his character which would be aroused, and so fully as to become the governing force of his life should any great joy or great calamity overtake him that would stir his nature to its depths.

A good-looking young fellow of five or six and twenty, with pleasant manners, plenty of money, a faculty for taking odd and amusing views of life, and having at least a spark of genius in his composition — a young fellow of this sort, I say, is not to be met with on every street corner; and when he is encountered, commonplace humanity, without precisely knowing why, rejoices in him; and uncommonplace humanity, knowing precisely why, rejoices in him too.

On the whole, therefore, it was very natural, when the Browns were casting about them for an eligible man to whom to offer the tenth section in the car that they had chartered for their Mexican expedition, that Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith should have been accorded the suffrages of the Mexican expeditioners with a flattering unanimity. Quite as naturally, when this offer to join what promised to be an exceptionally pleasant party in an exceptionally pleasant undertaking was made known to him, Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith promptly accepted it. And he was the more disposed to Mexican adventure because he had acquired a very satisfactory command of Spanish in the course of a recently passed delightful year in Spain.

The projector of the Mexican campaign was Mr. Mangan Brown. Through his leather connection in Boston, Mr. Brown had been induced to invest a considerable sum of money in what his Boston friends had described to him, at the time when the investment was made, as the highly philanthropic and very lucrative work of aiding in the railway development of Mexico. A fabulously rich country was waiting, they told him, to be aroused into active commercial life by the provision of adequate means of internal transportation; a sister Republic, they added, was pining to be bound to the great nation of the north by bonds of steel. Honor awaited the men who would accomplish this magnificent international work, while the substantial return for their philanthropy would be unlimited dividends in hard cash. It was a picturesque way of presenting a commercial enterprise, and Mr. Brown was moved by it. Pleased with the prospect of figuring to future generations in the guise of a continental benefactor, and not averse to receiving unlimited dividends, which would be all the more acceptable because they were so honorably earned, he listened to the voice of the Boston charmers — and drew his check in his customary liberal way.

His desire to go to Mexico, in part at least, grew out of his not altogether unnatural wish to find out why some of the promised generous dividends had not been declared. But aside from his financial interest in the sister republic, the erratic visitation of Miss Violet Carmine — now Mrs. Rowney Mauve — had inspired him with a strong curiosity to visit a country that was capable of producing so extraordinary a type of womanhood. And point had been given to this curiosity by the frequent warm invitations extended to him by his remote kinsman, Violet's father, to come to Mexico for a visit of indefinite length, accompanied by his family and a working majority of his friends. Hospitality of so boundless a type, Mr. Brown considered, in itself was a phase of sociology the study of which very well was worth a journey of three thousand miles.

And finally, with an eye to business, Mr. Brown believed that a visit to Mexico might be made to redound very materially to his interest in the matter of the direct importation of Mexican hides.

"The leather business is not what it used

to be, Van," he remarked somewhat gloomily to his nephew, when this feature of the expedition was touched upon. "When I was a young man, serving my time with the late Mr. Orpiment's father, there were chances in leather that nowadays nobody would even dream of. I remember, in '46, our firm brought in two shiploads of hides from Buenos Ayres, which were worth almost their weight in gold. They were made right up into shoes for Scott's army, you see. It always has rested a little heavily on my conscience, Van, that those hides were made up green that way. The shoes that they made of them must have worn out, I should say, in rather less than a week. But I was n't really responsible for it, for I was only a boy in the counting-room; and even Mr. Orpiment was n't responsible for what was done with the hides after they were sold. And our firm certainly made a pot of money out of the transaction. Of course, I can't hope now for anything as good as that was, no matter what I find in Mexico; but I am sure, all the same, that the Mexican leather market is worth looking into — and if all the Mexicans are like our cousin Carmine, they must be worth looking into also.

"By the way, I had a letter from Carmine to-day — he writes extraordinary English — in answer to mine telling him when we are likely to get there; and instead of being horrified at the prospect of having such a lot of us bowling down on him, as I should be, I know, he says that his only regret is that there are not more of us coming. You 'd think that being called upon this way to entertain twelve people, with only one in the whole party that he ever has laid eyes on, and, besides Violet, only four — you and I, Verona and your aunt Caledonia — that have the smallest claim of blood relationship, would upset even a Mexican's extended notions of hospitality. But it does n't a bit. He writes in the friendliest way that he is looking forward with delight to having us all with him for three or four months anyway, and urges us to hurry down as quickly as possible.

"I confess, Van," Mr. Brown went on self-reproachfully, "that this whole-souled sort of welcome makes me feel a little mean about the half-hearted way in which we welcomed Violet. And I really am ashamed to remember how thankful I was when she ran off with your friend Rowney Mauve and got married. To be sure, Violet would n't have been such a — such an abnormity, if it had n't been for that confounded parrot. Thank Heaven, she has consented to leave the parrot at home this time. I *don't* think that I could have gone myself if Violet had insisted, as at first she seemed disposed to, upon taking along that detestable bird. Parrots — parrots are awful things, Van!" And Mr. Brown obviously permitted his thoughts to wander back ruefully into a parrot-stricken past.

As to the party at large, it may be said — with the exception of Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith — to have organized itself. Van and Rose, Verona and young Orpiment, Mr. and Mrs. Gamboge, were so closely bound by blood, marriage, and friendship to each other and to Mr. Mangan Brown that they were as much a part of his plan as he was himself. Rowney Mauve and Violet, the son-in-law and the daughter of their prospective host in Mexico, naturally could not be left out. That Jaune d'Antimoine and his wife Rose (*née* Carthame) should come along was taken for granted by everybody. Indeed, these young French people were very close to the hearts of their American friends, and leaving them out of any plan as pleasant as this Mexican plan promised to be was not to be thought of.

Jaune, by the way, had made a great success in art since that day when Mr. Badger Brush had given him his first order. To be sure, as an animal-painter he could not hope to do work that would rank with Van's figure-painting; but he considered himself, and his wife considered him, as ranking far above young Orpiment. In this opinion, very naturally, neither young Orpiment nor Verona concurred. As to Verona, she entertained the profound conviction that landscape-painting was the very crown and glory of all forms of artistic expression; and she not less firmly believed that her husband was the highest expositor of that highest form of art. There was a little "Evening on the Hills" that young Orpiment had painted, while they were on their wedding journey in the Catskills, that Verona never permitted him to sell, and that she was accustomed to compare — to her husband's advantage — with the finer work of Claude. It will be observed that some years of married life had not in the least degree diminished — it could not well have augmented — the strength of Verona's wifely affection.

The party thus constituted comfortably filled, with one section to spare, the Pullman car that Mr. Mangan Brown, who cared a great deal for comfort and very little for expense, had chartered for the expedition. Mr. and Mrs. Gamboge, out of respect to their superior age, and because of the need for superior privacy involved in the commercial peculiarity of Mrs. Gamboge's back hair, were accorded the cranny that the Pullman people dignify with the name of a "drawing-room"; and each of the other members of the party had a section apiece.

There was some little debate as to what

should be done with the spare section; for they all were agreed that another nice person would be welcome; and equally agreed that it would be a pity, in the interest of nice persons abstractly, to leave vacant a place that so many people very gladly would fill. The suggestion made by Rose to Van, somewhat timidly, it must be confessed, that old Madder should be invited, never came before the house at all. It was voted down promptly in committee. Van had a great deal of theoretical devotion to his father-in-law, but he did not see his way clear to this form of its practical expression. With a wise diplomacy, however, he refrained from making the matter personal. After Rose was married old Madder had taken a little apartment, and his sister kept house for him. It was here that little Madder and Caledonia were to remain while Rose and Van were in Mexico. What would become of the children, Brown asked, if their grandfather went away? And this, of course, settled it.

A similar suggestion, similarly made in private by his wife to Jaune d'Antimoine, in regard to Madame Carthame, similarly received a firm though less skillful negative.

Old Madder probably never knew that his name had been mentioned in connection with the Mexican expedition at all; and the diplomatic Madame d'Antimoine certainly did not permit her severe maternal relative to imagine for a moment that she had been weighed in her son-in-law's balance and found wanting. But after the party had started, old Madder certainly did say to Cremnitz White and Robert Lake, and one or two more of his especial cronies, that nothing under heaven could have induced him to accompany to Mexico, or to any other part of the world, a gang of painters that had n't a single artist among them. And Madame Carthame likewise remarked, addressing her first-floor lodger, that she would not under any circumstances have permitted herself to associate with these her daughter's friends among the *nouveaux riches*.

It really looked as though the odd section in the Pullman would remain vacant — or that it would be utilized only, as Rose suggested, as a cattery. Rose was very fond of cats, and to her mind the suggestion seemed to be a very reasonable one; for she wanted greatly to take her Persian cat, Beaux-yeux, along.

However, the feline member was not added to the party, for at this stage of proceedings Van put a large spoke in the wheel of his Philadelphia friend's fate by suggesting Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith as an eminently fit person to fill the vacancy. And so the organization of the friendly army of invasion was made complete.

THE ENGAGEMENT AT THE FRONTIER.

MRS. GAMBOGE approached the Mexican border with a heavy heart.

"Are the — the custom-house examinations *very* strict?" she asked of Mr. Gamboge, as they waited at the station in El Paso for the train that was to back across from the Mexican side of the river and hook on their car.

There was something in the tone of the lady's voice that caused her husband to look at her sharply, and to observe with some asperity, "You 're not trying to smuggle anything, I hope?"

"N — no," responded Mrs. Gamboge, with a manifest hesitation. "But it — it 's so horrid to have one's things all pulled to pieces, you know."

"You 've got to make the best of it. You 'd have done better if you 'd taken my advice and not brought along such a lot of things to pull," replied Mr. Gamboge, unfeelingly. "What possible use you can have for two big trunks on a trip of this sort I 'm sure I can't imagine."

Mrs. Gamboge did not respond to this unkind remark. She retired at first into a pained and dignified silence, and then into the privacy of the so-called drawing-room. A few minutes later, when Mr. Gamboge — who was a most amiable little round man — followed her to this their joint apartment to make amends for his mild severity, he found the door locked; nor would Mrs. Gamboge for some moments suffer him to enter. When she emerged from her retreat there was an expression of anxiety upon her usually placid face; and until the custom-house examination was ended — which was in a very few minutes, for the customs officials were refreshingly perfunctory in their methods — it was evident that there was a weight upon her mind.

As the train moved away southward from Paso del Norte, Mr. Gamboge went into the "drawing-room" for his cigar-case, and was startled as he entered the apartment by a little shriek of alarm.

"Oh! I thought I 'd locked the door," said Mrs. Gamboge, speaking with some confusion, and at the same time hastily throwing a shawl over a cage-like structure that was lying on the seat. "Do go out, dear. You can come back in a moment."

"Caledonia," said Mr. Gamboge, seriously, "I hope that you have not really been smuggling. Let me see what you have under that shawl."

"I have n't been smuggling. Indeed I have n't — at least nothing that I have n't a perfect right to. Do go away — only for a moment, but do go away."

All this was so out of keeping with the character of his wife — who, excepting in regard to the purely conventional secret of the commercial genesis of her back hair, never had made even an approach towards having a secret from him — that Mr. Gamboge was seriously discomposed.

"Indeed, my dear, you must let me see what you are hiding," he said, at the same time making a step forward and extending his hand towards the shawl.

"Oh, don't! don't, I beg you!" Mrs. Gamboge implored, fairly wringing her plump little white hands. "It 's — it 's only my — my bustle. I 've been taking it off."

"A bustle!" replied Mr. Gamboge with both scorn and indignation. "Bustles are absurdities and monstrosities, and you very well may be ashamed of having anything to do with them. But as you have to my certain knowledge abandoned yourself to this species of deformity for several years past, and never have even remotely hinted that you wanted to make a mystery of your folly, I am at a loss to understand why you want to make a mystery of it now. Come, my dear, you must let me see what you have hidden here. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Caledonia, but indeed I must look." And speaking this firmly, Mr. Gamboge gently disengaged himself from his wife's restraining arms and lifted the shawl.

"It *is* a bustle, sure enough," he said with some confusion. "But what 's this inside of it?" he added in a different tone, as he perceived in the interior of the structure a carefully tied up little package of some apparently soft substance. Mrs. Gamboge made no reply. She was seated upon the sofa, gently sobbing.

"Why, Caledonia," cried Mr. Gamboge in astonishment, as he unwrapped the parcel, "it 's your back hair! And yet you have your hair on, just as usual. I — I am very sorry, Caledonia," he went on humbly, being overcome by the conviction that he had contrived at one and the same time to make a fool and a brute of himself. "Indeed, indeed, dear, I had n't the least notion in the world what it was; I had n't, upon my word. Will you — will you forgive me, Caledonia?" Mr. Gamboge seated himself on the little sofa, placed his arm about his wife's plump waist, and gently drew her towards him. He was very contrite.

Mrs. Gamboge, however, resisted his advances. "Go away," she said between her sobs. "Go away! After all these years that you have been so good to me I never thought that you would do a thing like this. Now go and smoke your cigar. Of course, after a while, I shall get over it, but you had better leave me now."

Mr. Gamboge, however, being truly penitent, was not to be thus repulsed. "I have been very rude," he said, "and, without meaning to be, very unkind. But I beg of you, Caledonia, to forgive me. You know how I love you, and you know that I would love you just as much if you were absolutely bald — which you are not, nor anything like it," Mr. Gamboge hastened to add, perceiving that the expression of his affection in these terms was unfortunate. "Your front hair is quite thick, positively thick, and that is the important place to have hair, after all." He spoke with more assurance, feeling that he was getting upon firmer ground. "So won't you try to forgive me, Caledonia; won't you try, dear?"

"Will you solemnly, solemnly promise," asked Mrs. Gamboge, still sobbing gently, but nestling her head a little closer on his shoulder as she spoke, "never to say a word about what has happened? I know that you won't speak about it to anybody else; but will you promise, on your sacred word of honor, never to speak about it again to me?"

Mr. Gamboge gave the desired pledge, and so peace was restored.

"I was so — so afraid that the custom-house man might find it, you see," Mrs. Gamboge explained a little later, as she still sat, with her husband's arm around her, on the sofa. "I would n't perhaps have minded the custom man," she continued, "nor even Verona, and not much Rose; but I could n't bear the thought that that French young woman, Mrs. d'Antimoine, you know, should see it, for I know how Violet and she would have laughed."

And then she added, "It 's — it 's my spare hair, you know. Don't you think that I did right to bring my spare hair along, dear?"

Mr. Gamboge kissed her, and said that he thought she did.

THE PARLEY UNDER FALSE COLORS.

THAT Mrs. Gamboge was a trifle melancholy during the day following her entry into Mexico cannot be denied; but her gloom was of a gentle, unobtrusive sort, and by no means affected the general high spirits of the party at large.

Violet Mauve, to be sure, was disposed to consider herself personally injured by her arrival at El Paso without having had the opportunity to enjoy the enlivening experience of a train robbery in Texas. Her earnest desire had been to come down to Vera Cruz in Rowney's yacht and join the expedition in the City of Mexico; for she was convinced that Lafitte still sailed the Gulf, and it was the highest ambition of her life to be captured by a real pirate. Rowney's diplomatic suggestion

that their train was pretty certain to be held up and robbed by Texan desperadoes alone had reconciled her to making the journey by rail; and as this pleasant possibility had not been realized she felt herself to be a person whose rights, as a lover of spirited adventure, had been trampled upon.

"Don't you think that Rowney has treated me very badly, Mr. Smith?" she asked with a good deal of indignation, when the safe arrival of the party in El Paso had made further chances for encounters with desperadoes impossible. "He as good as promised me that we should have a train robbery,— and I always have so wanted to be in one,— and for all that we have had in the way of adventure, excepting the horrible risks of our lives at the railway restaurants, we might as well have been spending our time in riding backward and forward between Philadelphia and New York. Oh, how I wish now I 'd insisted upon coming down in the yacht! Meeting a pirate in a long black schooner, with a black flag and a skull and crossbones and a desperately wicked crew, would have been so delightful! Don't you think so? And don't you think that I have been very badly used indeed?"

"Well, in the matter of train-robbers and pirates, Mrs. Mauve, I can't say that I have had enough personal experience to justify me in venturing on a very positive opinion, though I 've no doubt they are great fun, just as you say. But as a Philadelphian I do know about eating,"— Pem spoke with much feeling,—"and I must say that on that score I think that you and all the rest of us have been treated abominably. It is not so much that the food is so wretched at these railway places, you know — for at some of them it really was n't; but it 's this horrible fashion the railway people have of treating their passengers as though they were locomotives — things that food and drink can be shoveled into and pumped into at the end of a section with a rush. But even a locomotive, I fancy," said Pem, gloomily, "would resent having all the coal and water that is to keep it going for the next six hours poked under and into its boiler in twenty minutes; and that 's just what happens to the passengers, you know. I assure you, Mrs. Mauve, I have n't had the faintest approach to a comfortable meal since we left the Missouri River; and I know that I have made a long start towards ruining my digestion for the rest of my life.

"Of course the railway officials themselves must feed in this shocking way when they 're traveling on their own trains. Now I wonder," continued Pem, meditatively, "I wonder what a railway official is like? Do you suppose, Mrs. Mauve, that he has an inside, you know, like ordinary people; or that he is some form of highly specialized life from which environment, and selection, and that sort of thing has eliminated the digestive function altogether? I wish Darwin was n't dead; I 'd write and ask him."

Violet, whose knowledge of the doctrine of evolution was somewhat limited, was rather mystified by the turn that Pem had given to the conversation; but she accepted his suggestions in good part, and, seeing her way clear to answering a portion, at least, of his utterance, asked him, with a very fair show of sympathy, if his friend had been dead long.

Violet did not always quite understand what Pem was talking about; but she recognized the fact that he was a good deal of a piece, in his lazy, easy-going, queer ways, with her own husband, and she liked him accordingly. Indeed, the disposition of the entire party towards its Philadelphia member was of the friendliest sort. In speaking of his great-great-great-uncle, a distinguished Philadelphian of the past century, he had pleased and interested Mr. Mangan Brown by stating that this gentleman had been extensively engaged in the leather business. He had won the heart of Mrs. Gamboge by telling her — shortly after Mr. Gamboge had been giving one of his rather frequent funny little exhibitions of extreme vacillation of purpose — that he greatly admired her husband because of his firmness of character. He commended himself to Mr. Gamboge by the thorough soundness of his rather old-fashioned views upon dinners. The young women of the party liked him because he had the knack of doing and saying just the right things at the right time; of never being in the way, and of always being amusing. And the young men liked him because he could talk shop with them intelligently, and took a lively interest — since the work was to be done by somebody else — in their several artistic projects. In short, Pem found himself, as he was in the habit of finding himself, a general favorite.

"What a pity it is, Van," Rose observed to her husband in the privacy of their chamber in the little Hotel Central in Aguas Calientes, "that your friend Mr. Smith does not get married. I 'm sure that he has the making of a very good husband. Of course he would n't be a husband like you, dear, and his wife could n't expect to be as happy as I am with you. But for just the ordinary sort of husband I 'm sure that he 'd be much better than the average."

"He 'd be obliged to you if he heard that somewhat qualified expression of approval."

"Yes, I suppose he would," Rose answered in good faith. "But I think that he quite de-

serves it, for I believe that he would make a very good husband indeed. And do you know, Van," she continued presently, "I think that there are a great many happy marriages in the world. I mean," she added, by way of making the matter quite clear, "marriages which are happy when they seem as if they certainly must n't be."

Van looked a little puzzled.

"Now you know those people we have noticed sitting opposite to us in the restaurant: the nice little Mexican woman, you know, and the German-looking man in black with the big nose?"

"The man like an underdone undertaker, who drinks beer, and who never opens his mouth except to give an order to the waiter? You don't mean to say that that is a happy marriage, do you, Rose?"

"Indeed I do, and it was because I was thinking about those people that I said that a great many marriages which did n't seem happy really were. She is a dear little woman, Van, and her life has been a regular romance. She has had such heavy sorrows; and now everything has come right, and she is as happy as the day is long."

"Why, what do you know about her, child? Has she been telling you her life's history?"

"That 's just what I 'm coming to. It is so interesting — just like a heroine in an old-fashioned novel. This morning — while you were gone to look at those horrid dead, dried-up monks, you know — I wanted Luciano to bring me some drinking-water. I never shall get used to having chambermen instead of chambermaids, Van: I quite agree with Aunt Caledonia — I think it 's horrid. Well, I went out into the gallery and clapped my hands, and when Luciano came I said *agua*, and then I pointed to my mouth. And he said something in Spanish, and pointed to the full water-bottle on the wash-stand. 'But I want fresh water, cool water,' I said. And Luciano did not understand at all, and only grinned at me. And just then that dear little Mrs. Heintzbach came out of her room and said in such nice English — she 's lived part of her life in California, she told me — that I needed a little help. And then she made Luciano understand what I wanted. So, of course, we got into talk then, and I invited her into our room, and she came, and she was so ladylike and so sweet that we got to be friends almost immediately."

"What! you made friends with that woman in that off-hand way!" Van seemed to be a good deal horrified, and he also seemed to be inclined to burst out laughing.

"I must say that I don't see what there was very remarkable about it," Rose responded, with some dignity. "She is a very charming woman, and not a 'that woman' sort of person at all. She belongs to very nice people, I 'm sure."

"Yes, I 'm sure she does too — on her husband's side, especially," Van answered, with a chuckle. "Go on, Rosey; I 'm immensely interested."

"It 's about her husband that I was going to tell you. For all his silent, grave way, he is a delightful man, Van; as good and as kind as he can be. You see, when Mrs. Heintzbach was a young girl, a mere child of sixteen, her father and mother made her marry a horrid, rich Mexican, a friend of theirs, old enough to be her grandfather. He led her a perfectly shocking life. His jealousy was terrible! Why, he would n't even let her look out of a window on the street. He had all the front windows of their house bricked up, and never let her stir outside of the front door unless he went along with her. She told me, with tears in her eyes, that she knew that it was very wicked, but she could n't help being so glad when he died that she wanted to dance! It was pretty horrible, when you come to think of it, to want to dance because your husband is dead; but, really, considering what sort of husband he was, I don't know that I can blame her."

"And then she married the gam — Mr. Heintzbach, I mean?"

"Yes — at least in a little while. She met him soon after her husband's death. And she had a chance to get to know him then because she was a widow and it was all right for her to see him alone and talk with him comfortably. I never shall get used to the way women are treated here, Van; young girls kept perfect prisoners, and only married women and widows and very old maids given the least bit of freedom. It 's shocking.

"Well, she saw a good deal of him, and she liked him from the first; and of course he liked her. And so, as soon as he decently could, he told her that he loved her; and the end of it was that in less than a year they were married. And he has made her such a good husband, Van! He is so loving and trustful and affectionate, so unlike her first husband, she says."

Brown was chuckling softly. "Did she say anything about her husband's business?" he asked.

"No, not directly. She spoke about his going every evening to the bank, I remember. But it can't be managed like our banks," Rose added reflectively; "for our banks are not open in the evening, are they?"

Brown continued to chuckle. "Some of them are," he answered.

"And she spoke about his being kept out very late — till 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. That is n't like our banks, I 'm sure. And they are traveling almost constantly. She says that there is not a large city in Mexico that she has not visited with her husband. Her own home is in Guanajuato, and she has promised to give us letters of introduction to her people there; they must be very important people, from the way she spoke about them. Won't it be nice, Van, to have letters to the best people in Guanajuato? I thanked her ever so much; and I asked her to come and see us when she is in New York, and she said she certainly would. And early to-morrow morning, after she comes back from church,— she is a very religious woman, and goes to church every morning, she says,— we are to take a walk together in the little San Márcos park. She is very lonely in the early morning, she says, for her husband never gets up till 10 o'clock. Are n't you pleased, Van, that all by myself I have made such a pleasant friend?"

Brown was silent for a moment or two, and then startled his wife by exclaiming: "Well, by Jove! Rosey, you have excelled yourself! You 've picked up some queer friends at one time and another, but I never thought you 'd ring in this way with the wife of a Dutch gambler!"

Rose sprang up with a little gasp. "Van! What do you mean?" she cried.

But her husband, instead of answering her, burst into such fits of laughter that he fairly held his sides. "Oh, what a commentary on all the tracts of the Tract Society," he said at last, speaking with difficulty. "Upon my word, I 'll write a tract myself and call it, 'The Mexican Gambler's Wife; or, The Happy Home'— the gambler a model of all the domestic virtues, you know, and his wife a shining example of simple, unostentatious piety! O Rosey! Rosey! what a treasure-house of unexpected delights you are!" And Brown threw himself on one of the little beds and laughed until the tears rolled from his eyes.

"When you are *quite* done laughing, Van," said Rose with severity, but at the same time with a decidedly frightened look, "will you please tell me just what you mean? I know, of course, that this good Mr. Heintzbach is not a gambler; but he may be something — something perhaps a little queer. Oh, have I done anything *very* silly, Van?" And Rose manifested symptoms of collapse, which were intensified as her husband enfolded her in his arms.

"It is as true as gospel, Rose," said Van, still laughing gently. "Your friend's husband is a gambler, and no mistake. His visits to the principal cities of Mexico are strictly professional. He has come to Aguas Calientes for the fair, and just at present he is the dealer at the table here in the hotel; that 's the 'bank' he goes to every evening and stays at until 3 o'clock the next morning. And I don't doubt that every word his wife said about his domestic virtues was the literal truth. In his way Mr. Heintzbach is a person of the utmost respectability; but — but perhaps when you see your friend again you might say something about our return to New York being a little uncertain; and I don't think I 'd say anything more about their visiting us, if I were you. If Mr. Heintzbach were on Wall street, now, it would be all right; but as his game is n't in stocks, it might be as well — yes, I 'm sure, quite as well — for us to fight a little shy of him. But oh, Rose, my angel, what a delightful thing this is that you have done! And what a perfect howl there will be to-morrow when I tell how you and the gambler's wife have become sworn friends!"

"Van!" cried Rose, springing away from him and facing him with every sign of energy and determination, "if you ever breathe so much as the first syllable of this to anybody I 'll — I 'll drown myself!"

"No, don't drown yourself, Rose. Think how draggled you 'd look. Do it, if you really think you must do it, in some way that will be becoming. Why, my poor little girl!" — Rose was beginning to sob,— "it 's wicked to laugh at you," and Brown succeeded by an heroic effort in mastering another outburst. "After all, it was a natural enough sort of thing to do; and nothing will come of it to bother you, child, for we shall leave here day after to-morrow, and of course you 'll never lay eyes on the gambler's wife again; and I 'll never speak about it to a soul, I give you my word. But — but don't you think there is something just a *little* funny in it all, Rose?"

It was one of the small trials of Vandyke Brown's life that his wife never saw the amusing side of this adventure. As for Mrs. Heintzbach, she set down to the general queerness of Americans the peculiarity of Mrs. Brown's manner when, next day, she presented to that lady the promised letters to her Guanajuato relatives. For while Rose strove hard to maintain a tone of friendly cordiality, the underlying consciousness that she did not really want to be cordial and friendly rather marred the general result. Nor was Mrs. Heintzbach ever able to formulate a satisfactory hypothesis that would account for the fact that while the American party certainly visited Guanajuato, the letters of introduction as certainly remained unused.

THE SKIRMISH AT BUENA VISTA.

MR. MANGAN BROWN and Mr. Gamboge investigated the tanneries of Leon with much interest. In regard to the quality of the raw-hides, they expressed entire approval; but their strictures upon the tanning process, and upon the product in dressed leather, were severe.

"I am glad that the late Mr. Orpiment is not with us, Brown," Mr. Gamboge remarked, with some feeling. "The mere sight of such sole-leather as we have been looking at this morning would have given him an attack of bilious dyspepsia; it would, upon my word! I regard tanning like this," he added slowly and impressively, "as positively immoral. I am not at all surprised, Brown,—not the least bit in the world surprised,—that a nation that accords its tacit approval to tanning of this sort is incapable of achieving a stable government. I may add that I am sure that Mexico will lag behind all other nations in the march of progress until its leather business has been radically remodeled and reformed." And in this possibly extreme opinion Mr. Mangan Brown, who also was deeply moved by what he had seen, entirely concurred.

But the rest of the party, being blissfully ignorant of the tanning iniquities of Leon, were disposed to think the bustling little city altogether charming. Rowney Mauve described it happily as a mixture of the Bowery and the Middle Ages; young Orpiment delightedly made the studies for his well-known picture, "A Mexican Calzada" — the picture that made such a sensation when it subsequently was exhibited in New York; and while Brown was disappointed by his failure to discover so much as a single good picture in any of the churches, his heart was gladdened by finding all around him a rich abundance of material out of which good pictures might be made.

On the whole the verdict of the party already was strongly in favor of Mexico; and after its several members had enjoyed the perfect picturesqueness of Guanajuato — where the noble paintings by Vallejo in the parish church, and the still finer work by Cabrera in the Compañia, suddenly opened the eyes of the artists to the greatness of Mexican art — this pleasing sentiment expanded into and thereafter remained (with the exceptions noted below) one of unmixed approval.

Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith avowedly pined for the flesh-pots of Philadelphia. "I am not at all particular about my food, you know, Mauve," he said plaintively; "but hang it, you know, I do like a solid meal now and then; and except at that queer little place at Lagos, where things certainly were capital, I 'll be shot if I 've had a solid, well-cooked meal since I came into Mexico."

"Have n't you though?" Mauve asked, with a slight air of skepticism. "Now, I was under the impression that I had seen you several times doing some tolerably serious pecking. Anyhow, you stowed away enough at Lagos to last till you get home again."

"Yes," Pem answered, "I did have some satisfactory feeding there. Jove! what a heaven-born genius in the cooking line that jolly old Gascon is! And don't I just wish that I knew where I could get as good a claret for as little money in Philadelphia or New York!" And Pem smacked his lips feelingly as he remembered Don Pedro's inspiring food and drink. But even sustained by this cheering memory, it was not until he was come to the City of Mexico and reposed, as it were, in the culinary bosom of Father Gatillon at the Café Anglais that Pem really was comforted.

The other exception in the matter of entire approval of Mexico was Mrs. Gamboge; and the point of issue in her case was a delicate one. To state it plainly, it was the bare legs of the agricultural laborers. In confidence she confessed to Verona that had she been informed of the custom of excessively rolling up their cotton trousers prevalent among the lower classes of male Mexicans, she certainly would have remained at home. What with this and the equally objectionable custom prevalent among the female Mexicans of the lower classes of insufficiently covering the upper portions of their bodies, Mrs. Gamboge declared that the average of dress among the lower classes of Mexico was reduced to a point considerably below that at which inadequacy of apparel became personally shocking and morally reprehensible. And all the way from Silao to the City of Mexico — which journey, from point to point, was made by the day train — Mrs. Gamboge sat retired within her prison-like "drawing-room," her face resolutely turned away from the windows, and both the blinds close-drawn. Not even the beautiful cañon south of Querétaro, not even the extraordinary loveliness of the Tula Valley, could tempt her forth from the rigid propriety of her retreat.

"Either the railroad company should take the necessary legal measures to compel these men to wear trousers as they are intended to be worn," Mrs. Gamboge declared, "or else it should build a high board fence on each side of the track." And neither from this decided opinion nor from her self-imposed seclusion could she be stirred.

It was with a feeling of some slight relief, therefore, that Mrs. Gamboge found herself,

at the end of the long run from Querétaro, delivered from the prominent presence as a feature of the landscape of unduly bare-legged laborers by the arrival of the train at the Buena Vista station in the City of Mexico. She thought it highly probable that other shocks might here await her; but she had at least the sustaining conviction that the male members of the Mexican lower classes dwelling in cities as a rule kept their trousers rolled down.

As the party moved away from their car towards the gates, at the farther end of the station, they passed the night express train that in a few minutes would start for the north. A little group stood by the steps of the Pullman car, and the central feature of this group was a young woman whose traveling-dress betokened the fact that she was about to depart on the train. "See what stunning eyes she 's got, Rose," Vandyke Brown said in a discreetly low tone, "and look how well she carries herself. I 'd like to paint her. She 'd make no end of an exhibition portrait."

Just at this moment Violet, who was a few steps ahead of them, gave a little shriek; and then the strange young woman gave a little shriek, and then they rushed into each other's arms. Rowney, from whom Violet had broken away to engage in this rather pronounced exhibition of affection, stood by placidly until it should come to an end. He was accustomed to Violet's rather energetic methods, and in the present instance his only regret was that he was not in the running himself. But even Rowney's placidity was a little disturbed when Violet, having detached herself from the young woman, proceeded with a similar vehemence to cast herself first into the arms of an elderly lady, then into those of an elderly gentleman, then into those of a middle-aged gentleman, and finally into the arms of two quite young gentlemen, all of whom embraced her with what Rowney considered, especially upon the part of the young men, most unnecessary fervor, the while patting her vigorously upon the back.

If Rowney had contemplated lodging a remonstrance in regard to this, from a New York standpoint, abnormal exhibition of friendship, he had no opportunity to do so. Before he could open his mouth Violet seized upon him and dragged him into the midst of the little group, where his demoralization for the time being was made complete by finding himself passed rapidly from one pair of arms to another and embraced by these friendly strangers with quite as much enthusiasm as they had manifested in embracing his wife. During this confusing experience he was conscious that for a moment he was clasped in the soft arms of the handsome young woman, and realized, as he remembered his wish of but a moment before, that the fulfillment of human desires is not necessarily attended with perfect happiness.

"O Rowney!" cried Violet, "do be glad to see them; don't look so scandalized and horrified. They are ever so glad to see you. Don't you understand? This is my very dearest, dearest friend, Cármen Espinosa, and this is her uncle, Señor Antonio Ochoa, and this is his younger brother, Señor Manuel Ochoa, and this is her aunt, Doña Catalina,— Don Antonio's wife, you know,— and these are her cousins, Rafael and Rodolfo. Oh! is n't it perfectly delightful! And to think if our train had n't come in exactly on time we should have missed them; for Cármen and all of them are going to Guanajuato to-night!" And Violet once more threw herself into her friend Cármen's arms.

Meanwhile the American party had halted and had gazed at Violet's demonstrative proceedings with a very lively astonishment, that became a less serious emotion as they contemplated the ill grace with which Rowney suffered himself to be inducted into the amicable customs of Mexico.

"Upon my soul, Gamboge," said Mr. Brown in some alarm, "we 'd better get out of this, or Violet will be turning her friends loose at hugging us too. I hope that I should get through with the performance, with the pretty girl, anyway, better than young Mauve did, but there 's no telling; and, I must say, I don't want to try." That Violet would have introduced her friends is quite certain, but just as she was about to begin this ceremony, and while Rowney was endeavoring to atone for his want of animation during the period of the embraces by making such civil speeches as were possible with the limited stock of Spanish at his command, the starting-bell sounded, and the Pullman conductor summoned the party with a firm civility to enter the train. This time, greatly to his relief, Rowney found that nothing more than an ordinary shaking of hands was expected of him; and as he knew in a general way the proper speeches to make on such an occasion, he got through with the business of leave-taking in fairly creditable form.

"Only you ought n't to have said 'Adios,' Rowney," said Violet, correctingly. "That is the same thing as the French *adieu*, you know. You should have said 'Hasta luego,' for that means *au revoir*, and they had just told you that they would be back in the city in a week. It is dreadfully stupid the way in English you say just as much of a 'good-bye' to a person you are going to see again in two hours as you say to a person who is just starting on a journey

around the world. But is n't it lovely that we met them? And don't you think, Rowney, that Cármen is the dearest dear that ever was? It 's the Cármen I 've told you of a thousand times, Rowney; the one who was in the Sisters' school with me. If I were good at letter-writing I should have written to her every week; but I 'm not very good that way, you know, and I don't believe she is either, and so we 've never heard a single word about each other in two years. She did n't even know I was married; and when I said I was married to 'that handsome man, there'— yes, I did say that, and you ought to be very much obliged to me, Rowney — and pointed to where you all were standing, she actually thought I meant Mr. Smith! Was n't that a funny mistake? Mr. Smith certainly is a nice-looking man; but he is not so nice-looking as you are, Rowney, even if I do say it myself and puff you all up with conceit. And now do let us hurry to the hotel. I know that we 'll get something good, and I 'm so hungry that I could eat trunk-straps and top-boots, like the people who are wrecked and spend forty-seven days in an open boat at sea."

And as Violet's condition of incipient starvation was that of the whole party,— for they had breakfasted at 1 o'clock in the afternoon at San Juan del Rio, and it now was after 8 o'clock in the evening,— the move towards the Café Anglais and dinner was made with the least possible delay.

Pem sat next to Violet at dinner, and before she had swallowed her soup he began to ask rather pointed questions about her charming Mexican friend.

"Now I tell you frankly, Mr. Smith," Violet declared with much positiveness, "that until I have had something to eat I shall not say a single word. I have a perfectly clear conscience, and that means, of course, that I 've got a good appetite; and I have. If you 've got a bad conscience, and consequently a bad appetite, that 's no fault of mine; and I don't intend to suffer for your sins. So, there!"

But even when Violet, having satisfied the cravings of hunger, was disposed to be communicative concerning her friend, her communication was eulogistic rather than informing. Beyond the fact that Cármen Espinosa belonged to very nice people whose home was an hacienda up in the Bajío, she had very little to tell. They had been together in the school of the Sagrado Corazon for two years. Then Violet had gone back to her father's hacienda, and a year later had gone on her expedition to New York, that had ended in keeping her there as the wife of Rowney Mauve. A letter or two during the first six months after their separation had been their only attempt at correspondence. Of her friend's life during the past two and a half years she knew nothing. But she was the best and sweetest and dearest girl that ever lived — and so on, and so on.

Pem was rather silent as he smoked his cigar with the other men over their coffee, after the ladies had retired to their rooms. There was some talk among the artists about the work that they intended doing; and presently Pem roused up and said:

"Well, I 'll tell you what I 'm going to do. I 'm going to Guanajuato to paint that view of the Bufa from up by the highest of the *presas*. It 's the finest thing I 've seen in Mexico, and I mean to get it. I 'm going to-morrow."

There was a stir of astonishment at this outburst of vigor on the part of Mr. Smith, and his announcement was met, not unnaturally, with comment tending towards skeptical criticism.

"I did think that you was resolvéd, Mr. Smeeth, not to touch one brush while in thees land," said Jaune d'Antimoine, seriously.

"And so did I," added Brown. "What 's got into you, old man, to break down your virtuous resolution to be lazier than usual?"

"Look here, my dear fellow," Rowney Mauve put in, "I 'd like to know what 's to become of me if you take to working? Don't you see that I rely on you for moral support? But you don't mean it, I 'm sure."

"I do mean it, and I tell you I 'm going to-morrow. I 've always meant to take home one picture from Mexico; at least, I 've always rather thought I would. And the more I think about that view of the Bufa, the more I 'm determined that that shall be what I 'll paint."

Pem had been known to make resolutions of this sort before without any very startling practical results ensuing, and not much faith was placed by anybody in his stout assertion. But faith was compelled, early the next evening, when he stated that he was about to have an early dinner in order to catch the north-bound train, and then bade everybody good-bye. And off he went, with the parting shot from Brown that Saul among the prophets was n't a touch to him.

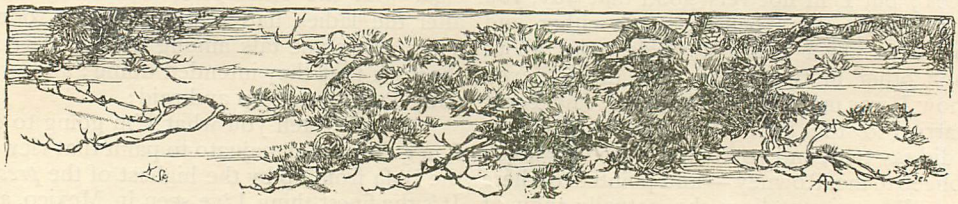
In the privacy of their respective chambers that night Brown and Mauve expressed to their respective wives their astonishment at this extraordinary manifestation of energy on the part of their Philadelphia friend.

Rose smiled in a superior way and said: "Really, Van, I sometimes think that you are about as stupid as even a man can be! Why, don't you see that Mr. Smith has gone after that pretty Mexican girl?"

And Violet, in response to very similar utterances on the part of Rowney Mauve, very similarly replied: "You are a great goose, Rowney. Mr. Smith has gone after Cármen, of course. I knew what he was up to at once, and I thought I 'd help him a little, and so I —I asked him if it would be too much trouble, since he was going to Guanajuato anyway, to take a letter from me to my friend. And you just ought to have seen how very grateful the poor fellow was! But you must n't tell, Rowney; that would n't be the square thing."

(To be continued.)

Thomas A. Janvier.



THE CRYING BOG.

A LEGEND OF NARRAGANSETT.

THE sun sinks slowly to the west,
The night comes veiled in fleecy mist
It rolls across the ocean's breast,
Each swelling wave is lightly kissed,
It pauses at the sunlit land,
Then softly covers sea and strand.

Beside the Petaquamscutt shore,
Beneath the shadow of the hill,
A traveler passes, and once more
Looks toward the mist so white and still.
With hurried steps his way he makes
Among the rushes and the brakes.

His foot is on the oozy marsh,
He backward starts in wild affright,
Above his head he hears the harsh,
Strange cry of hawks: down comes the night,
The whispering rushes bode of ill;
Down comes the night, soft, pale, and chill.

Sudden he hears from out the dark
A baby's cry. Poor little child,
What does it here? Again, and hark,
The cry is clear, and strong, and wild;
Some frightened child is surely near,
A child who cries a cry of fear.

He plunges onward through the reeds,
Relief and succor fain would bring—
The fog is thick, but some one needs,
He strives to find the suffering thing.
Though beast or bird, his manly breast
Would give it shelter, warmth, and rest.

Lo, on the bare and humid ground
A woman crouches, dark of face,
An Indian woman: all unbound,
Her black hair falls in maiden grace;
Her ghastly looks are wan and wild,
Beside her lies a newborn child.

The baby cries its plaintive cry,
The mother answers with a groan;
Recoils in terror, then draws nigh,
And lifts the child with sobbing moan.
She drags her wearied limbs with pain,
The baby cries its cry again.

She feebly hastens toward the shore,
With horror scans her baby's face.
Then hastens faster than before—
The child is of an alien race.
They reach the marsh, the water 's nigh,
The baby cries its plaintive cry.

The traveler shudders, strives to run,
His spell-bound feet his will refuse.
This dreadful deed must not be done,
His muscles tense he cannot use.
He strives to give a warning cry—
He utters it, a voiceless sigh.

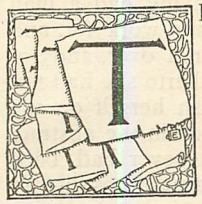
Alone he sees the dreadful deed:
Far in the marsh the child is thrown;
Caught in strange spell, he cannot plead.
And now the mother stands alone
In solitude, despair, and shame,
In wretchedness without a name.

Men call the place the Crying Bog,
And hasten by its tangled reeds;
When night comes veiled in fleecy fog
The ghostly child for pity pleads—
The child whose voice can never die,
Whose only life is in its cry.

Caroline Hazard.

THE EXPERIMENTS OF MISS SALLY CASH.

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.



HE front gate of Mr. Singleton Hooks opened almost immediately upon the public road. Several large white-oaks stood just outside the yard, each with its couple of horse-shoes, for the accommodation both of visitors and of those who came on business. For one of his negro men constantly worked in the blacksmith's shop at the intersection with the main thoroughfare of a neighborhood road that, coursing alongside the garden and front yard, crossed and continued on in a south-easterly direction towards the county-seat.

Half a mile farther west, equally near to the road, but on the south side of it, dwelt Mr. Matthew Tuggle. Claiming to be only a farmer, yet, by trading in horses and by other speculations, he kept himself about even with his next neighbor in prosperity, and it would not have been easy to say which of the two owned the more valuable property.

Different as they were, good friends they had been always. They ought to have been indeed; for their wives were cousins, and fond to affection of each other, as were their daughters, Emeline Hooks and Susan Ann Tuggle. The difference between the heads of these families may have served as a foil to unite them more closely. Mr. Hooks, tall, slender, whose long iron-gray hair and solemn port made him look above though he was somewhat under forty-five; a justice of the peace; a sometimes reader of books judicial, medical, and theological; a deacon, even an occasional exhorter—imagined that he would have more loved and respected his kinsman by marriage but for his worldliness. On the other hand, Mr. Tuggle, stubby, but active as a cat, without a single white streak in his fair bushy hair, professed in every company affection, admiration, even reverence for his Unk Swingle, as, in spite of some not very urgent remonstrances, he always called him.

The most besetting of Mr. Tuggle's sins was dancing. Mourning, as Mr. Hooks often did, the prevalence of this amusement, even among many leading families, yet he neither would nor could deny that, even after he had become a married man, he had liked both the cotillon and the reel, and sometimes indulged even in the jig. Mortifying as it was to confess, down to this very time the sound of the fiddle was so pleasing to his ears that he had to keep himself beyond its reach. Yet he was truly thankful that before it was everlastingly too late he had seen himself a sinner in the broad road, and betaken himself to the strait and narrow way. Often in his affectionate solicitude for Mr. Tuggle, he would say about thus:

"Now there 's Matthy Tuggle: as everybody that know Matthy is ableeged to acknowledge, he 's a toler'ble, passable, good-hearted creeter, ef he could jes ric'lect that his young days is over, and a man 'ith a family of his age ought to set a' egzample by good rights to the risin' generations of his own and other people, 'stid of prancin' his legs, short as they might be, to the fiddle, and no great shakes at dancin' at that which, because he 'll tell you hisself that, in them times when I followed the practice, he never much as hilt a light to the foot I slung in a quintillion when my dander were up, the fiddle chuned accordin' to the scale, and my pard'nter ekal to her business. But, the deffunce betwix' me and Matthy, *I* see they were a jumpin'-off place to sech as that, and I had the jedgment to git out o' the way o' the wrath to come; but Matthy let *his* legs, duck-legs ef they might be, keep on a-runnin' off 'ith him; and which exceptin' o' that, Matthy Tuggle might be'n one o' the pillars o' the church; because he not a bad man in his heart, and Brer Roberts give his opinions he 'll git conwerted from his ways; but ef so, seem to me like high time; and, tell the truth, a body can't help prayin' for him, ef it do look like flingin' away powder and shot. As for him a-callin' me his Unk Swingle, everybody know Matthy will have his jokes, spite o' his knowin' they ain't more 'n a munt in me and his age. Yit I can't help lovin' Matthy, spite o' his young, childless ways. When a man want adwices in his business he know how to give it; and when a body need sech a thing, they ain't nobody got a better back-bone to prize him out o' de-ficulties. That 's Matthy Tuggle, and ef he jes had grace, they—positively, they ain't no tellin'."

Mr. Tuggle, far less loquacious, yet indulged in an occasional antiphon.

"Unk Swingle is a good man, a' excellent good man. Fact, Unk Swing Hooks what I call righteous man, well as bein' of a smart man. I got nothin', course, ag'in his right-

eousness, but yit I cannot foller him in makin' out dancin' sech a devilish, oudacious piece o' business all of a suddent, and special when I ain't forgot before he were conwerted, and his ekal on the floor I have yit to see; but yit he were then jest as honest as he is now; and, natchel supple as them legs o' his'n is, I would n't swear he 'd never spread 'em ag'in to the fiddle, prowided he 's overtook sometime and he can do it ruther onbeknownst. He ain't the old man he make out like, not nigh."

Each of the young ladies had inherited her father's most striking characteristics, physical and moral. Miss Hooks, serious, tall, although religious, was rather more charitable than her father towards the worldly-minded. Miss Tuggle, petite and gay, was fond of the dance and other sports that she believed to be innocent. Both were handsome and nearing to twenty years of age. It had come to be understood that whoever was to marry either would have to bring other things besides good looks, good habits, and good social standing. Nobody could have foreseen that the confidence and affection between these young ladies, so fine, so closely knit in sentiment and in kin, would give place to coldness, suspicion, and jealousy. Indeed nobody, however wise and prudent, can foretell upon any sort of persons, to say nothing of young ladies in special, the effect of domestic afflictions on the one hand, and on the other, the settlement in the neighborhood of a new marriageable man, giving promise of a successful career in an interesting business.

II.

THE plantations, each comprising several hundreds of acres, lay on both sides of the road, and were adjoined, east of Mr. Tuggle, south-east of Mr. Hooks, by that of Miss Sally Cash, near by whose residence led the neighborhood way aforementioned and another, beginning at a point on the main thoroughfare a mile east from Mr. Hooks. Here a country store had been set up lately.

Professing to be as independent a woman as ever drew the breath of life, yet Miss Cash, partly for company's sake, partly for convenience, usually had with her one or another of the young sons of her cousin, Mr. Abram Grice. Left, when a young child, an orphan and poor, with the work of her hands she had paid fully for the care bestowed by her kinsfolk during her minority, and afterwards, by industry, economy, and judicious investments, become owner of a good plantation and about a dozen slaves, all paid for. For some years last past upon her countenance and in her deportment had been visible the air of conscious prosperity.

A tall woman was she, somewhat thin, blue-eyed, reddish-haired. It was only lately that had appeared on her cheek the blush that through her earlier years had delayed. This advent was due, she claimed, to release from her most arduous work, but perhaps mainly to the fact of her never having had a man about the house to delve and work for, and try to please, and be hectored over, and so-forths of various sorts. Hitherto she had not been supposed to be or wish herself on the matrimonial carpet. For men in the abstract I don't remember that she ever had been heard to express either earnest hostility or contempt, because, as often in conversation she frankly admitted, her own father before his death had been a man; not only so, but her own blessed, dear brother, if she had ever had one, must have belonged to the same sex. But when the question came to taking one of these creatures into her house, and giving up to him not only her name, but the property for which so long and laboriously she had toiled, that, to use one of her favorite metaphors, was a gray horse of entirely another color.

Of late, however, contemporaneously with the new sheen upon her face, the tone of her remarks touching the male sex had begun to show some change. Sometimes, after remarks sounding of sarcasm, she would moderate their sharpness, and say about as follows:

"And yit," smiling in the careless manner so common and so secure in ladies of property, "don't you know, thes here lately I be'n a-studyin', and I be'n a-runnin' over in my mind, that ef — that 's that I did n't know but what — good opechunity, you mind — I might make a expeermunt, ef thes only to see what they is in it that make so many women go through what they go through with, ruther than they 'll run the resk of being called old maids, and exact' the same of widders when their husbands has died off and left 'em. Now, fur as the being of dead in love with any man person as ever trod the ground, like warous women that I have knew, and that no matter how much trouble and sickness, and hives and measles, and whoopin'-cough, and the ackuil dyin' o' their offsprings and childern, and husbands in the bargain, and then afterwards gittin' of another, which of course my expeunce have nothin' to do 'ith all nor none of sech; *and*, as fur my a-sendin' roses and pinks, and bubby-blossoms, and even makin' pincushions and knittin' money-pusses for their beaux, as some girls does these days, of course sech as that and them is not to be expected of me, a not'ithstandin' they are a plenty o' women older than what I call for, and them not married at that;

but it would not suit my idees of dilicate, sech as that and them. And — yit — well, thes here lately, a thes a-settin' by myself, I be'n, er ruther my mind be'n, a-consatin' what sech might be if it was to happen onexpected like. Because, don't you know, when a person of my time o' life, and special when she 's a female person, and which I 've freckwent thought, though of course I know that were not the fault of my parrents, although it look right hard *somewheres*, that a orphin child 'ith no more prop'ty than she have, nother father ner mother, ner brother ner sister, she were left in the female kinditions I be'n every sence I knewed myself, and have to scuffle and baffle my own way along and up to my present ockepation o' life, which, a not'ithstandin' I am thankful that not a dollar nor a cent do I owe for this plantation and niggers, hous'le and kitchen furnichurs, stock ner utenchul. But — and ah! there come' in the question — to who? And my meaning is: 'ith a female person in my kinditions, who shall the said prop'ty of sech warous kind go to, when, as the Scriptur' say, the thief knocketh at the door when he ain't be'n a-expectin'; because prop'ty cannot foller a body in the ground, and it would n't be no use ner enjoyment ef it could. So you see fur yourself, that they is more than thes one views to take of thes one loned female, ef indeed she may try to keep herself perfect cool, spite of iduil thoughts occasional. I try to be thankful to the good Lord ef I 've be'n a person that had to work hard, I 've be'n a person as had appetites for my victuals and a plenty o' them. But it go to show what warous thoughts a female person like me their mind will run on sometimes, that she live by her lone self, a not countin' Abom Grice's Tony, and special these long nights, that it 's too soon to go to bed, and she git through the reelin' of broaches and windin' of balls, and she got more stockin's now than she have any use fur, and then to thes set and study in their mind till they git sleepy, which I 'm honest thankful that don't take more 'n 9 o'clock never; and when my head do once touch the piller, then 'Farewell, world,' tell the chickens crow next mornin'."

Talks like these, new to Miss Cash, but becoming more and more oft repeated, led in time to the suspicion that her mind, however resistant theretofore to love's influences, was approaching a reasonable degree of receptivity thereto. But I advance no opinion on the possible connection between the late diversion in her views touching her own possible change of condition and the unexpected demise of Mrs. Tuggle.

For a time the loss of so dear a companion depressed Mr. Tuggle to a degree that hopes were indulged by Mr. Hooks that his affliction might prove a blessing in disguise, and lead him to knock at the door of the church. Much of his time was spent with the Hooks family, from whom, particularly the ladies, he sought the consolation that his daughter had not the heart to offer. These occasions, and others whereat he may have been present, Mr. Hooks essayed to improve by such counsel and warnings as seemed needful and apposite. By degrees, however, it appeared likely that the mourner would look for his most satisfactory relief in substituting, if one every way suited could be found and obtained, another woman in the place of her who had departed from him. Not that Mr. Tuggle made any great change in his dress, or indulged in unseemly gayeties. It was mostly that, when in the company of marriageable ladies, or when being only among gentlemen the subject of marriageable ladies was under discussion, his face evinced an attentiveness that was believed to indicate that his mind was not only interested but decently alert.

Mr. Hooks was sorry to have to admit that he was disappointed.

"It do look like," he said one day to his wife and daughter, "that Matthy, 'stid of takin' of warnin' from his affliction and lookin' forrards to his own latter end, is a-makin' of prip'rations for another lease o' his life, which he ought to know he can't count on no great lenks; but it only go to show when a worldly man like him git to be widowers, what they 'll be fur up and doin' before grace can git a holt on 'em. Now, I 'm not a-denyin' that him and Sally Cash jinds plantations, as both o' 'em jinds along 'ith me; and ef it 's their desires to fling both into one, that 's their business. And, tell the truth, Sally a good, industrous woman that have a good prop'ty, and I 'm not a-findin' fau't 'ith her for sprucin' up so fine lately and carryin' about 'ith her so much red o' one kind and another. For Matthy Tuggle a man worth all her whiles. But it do seem to me, ef I was in Matthy's place, I should ask the question, and I should ask it on my knees —"

"Pshaw, Mr. Hooks!" interrupted his wife. "It 's easy enough asking questions. The thing is answerin' 'em. As for widowers getting married again, they 'll all do it, and them generally does it the quickest that 's the surest they won't in their mind when their wives is a-living. As for Cousin Matthy, I think he behave very decent, considering, and Emeline think the same. He have told us both that if it may n't be impossible for him to look out for another companion, he have made up his mind to be keerful; and a better husband no woman ever had than poor Cousin Betsy. But Mr. Hooks, I wish you would n't be supposening you was in Matthy's place."

"I was only a-sayin', my dear wife, how in sech a case it would be grace, and nothin' but grace would let me stand it; and ef I could only make you more keerful about your l—"

"Do, pray, Mr. Hooks, don't begin on that everlasting subject."

Then she rose and left the room.

"Pa," said Emeline, "if I was in your place, I would n't talk to Ma so much about her bad health, and specially what she says you are always bringing up about her liver."

"Emeline, my darlin'," he said with mournful remonstrance, "you know what your ma is to me and you too, and that what make me so anxious, and try to make her take better keer of herself. You think your ma hain't acknowledged to me, time and time ag'in, that not untwell she were married to me and I told her, that folks *had* livers, when it 's the very importantest, and dilicatest, and danjousest cons'tution o' people? My adwices to you is to try to conwince her of the needcessity of whut she eat, and how she eat. Her appetites is not large, but they *is* resky."

III.

THE changes in the tone of conversation and other deportment of Miss Cash were followed by another that was particularly gratifying to Mr. Abner Hines, a young man anywhere between thirty and forty, who not long before had come into the community and set up the store aforementioned. The merchant was polite, courteous, social, obliging, reasonably easy to be intreated about his prices, and it soon appeared that in time he would do better than had been expected. In the case of Miss Cash, who from the first had regarded the enterprise with considerable interest, her purchases, careful, even stinted at first, lately had been growing notably more generous. Mr. Hines had an ambition to get as much as possible of her ready specie, consistently of course with the rendering of just equivalent, and he began to believe that he had cause to congratulate himself.

"Not," he would say confidentially to several customers, one at a time,—"it 's not that Miss Sally don't yit beat you down in the price, like she always have. But here lately she go for a finer article, and a article that 's fashionabler than what she used to be willin' to put up with. She want the best, she say; and knowin' I got to fall, I generally raises on her in the askin' price, so as to leave room for not droppin' too fur not to make a livin' profit."

Mr. Tuggle was one of those who had commented, though always without any sarcasm, on some of the lady's peculiarities. Yet now he spoke of her invariably in terms not only of much respect but of admiration. Respecting his daughter's feelings and neighborhood opinions of decency, he did not yet go to Miss Cash's house; but whenever he saw her riding-nag standing at a neighbor's gate or at the store he would alight, and deport himself now as if recently he had been studying manners with special reference to her. Outsiders believed that they could see in both a tendency towards each other that understood itself enough not to be in special haste. Mr. Tuggle, although improved in his dress, behaved with more decency than is common with widowers. The seriousness that he took on at the beginning of his bereavement continued, and it was gratifying to all the Hookses; for the ladies of the family, like their head, if coming short of his outward degree, were religious. For a man that had not studied the art of music specially, he was a good singer; and often, on Sunday evenings, when perhaps Mr. Hines (who was fond of visiting, particularly at these two houses) may have called on Susan Ann, and their conversation was not very interesting to one in his lonely condition, he strolled to his next neighbor's, and he and Emeline, joined by her mother, when well enough, would spend quite a time in the singing of hymns. Mr. Hooks liked these exercises, mainly for the hope, feeble as it had become, that before his serious season had fully passed, Mr. Tuggle might see the need of diverging from the broad road along which he had been traveling for, lo! those so many years.

"Ef Matthy," he said one evening after Mr. Tuggle had left—"ef he only had the sperrit ekal to his woices, they 'd be some hopes of his conwictions and conwersions, in course under grace; for everybody that have studied Scriptur' know that 'ithout grace 't ain't worth whiles for a sinner to try to move one blessed peg. But I do think the idee a man at his time o' life a-wishin' and a-wantin' and a actuil' a-desirin' to git married ag'in—"

"Need n't talk to me about widowers," abruptly put in Mrs. Hooks. "They 're as certain to marry again as the days is long. The thing is for 'em to try to marry suitable."

"Well, ef it 's to be Matthy and Sally, the question 'll be how she and Susan Ann is to congeal together; because they 've both of 'em got a temper o' their own, that nary one of 'em is willin' to be runned over, jes dry so."

"My opinions is," said Mrs. Hooks, "that right there 'll be the difficulty, and I have told Matthy so in them words."

"What Matthy say?"

"He said nothing; but he look like he were pestered and jubous in his mind."

"Umph, humph! Well, I 'm thankful it ain't me; and I should never expect it to be

me ef my adwices would be took for the rig'lations—"

But he again, though reluctantly, suspended when approaching a subject painful to his wife to hear discussed.

Many such conversations were had between this loving husband and his wife, always interspersed with affectionate salutary admonitions. Mr. Hooks used to say—that is, before he had become a church-member—that really he had his doubts which he was most cut out for, a lawyer or a doctor; but since that momentous epoch, he was confident in his mind that his proper sphere, had he only known it in time, would have been that the center whereof was the pulpit; and he used almost to intimate what he might do therein even now but for his justice bench, his blacksmith's shop, and his large gin house, in which a considerable portion of the public had interests coördinate with his own.

During all this while Susan Ann Tuggle had grown more and more anxious at the thought of the marriage of her father, especially with Miss Cash. Confidence between parent and child had been checked by the former's prompt rebuke of some sharp words spoken by the latter touching the lady in question, and afterwards they had gotten into the habit of carrying their burdens separately to their relations down the road.

"O Emeline! Emeline! If Pa brings another woman to our house to hector over me, and special' old Miss Sally, I leave for the—for the first place I can find a home at with respectable people."

"Be calm, Susan Ann, and don't be scared and go to fretting before the time comes. I think Cousin Matthy have behaved right well so far, considering. I never heard a parrent talk more affectionate of their daughter than he have been talking about you here lately."

"Oh, these widowers can be affectionate enough, but the more affectionate they are, the more they go on the idea that they must have a mother for their orphan children; but I want nobody in Ma's place, and special' old Miss Sally. Yet I mean to try to hope for the best; but I tell you now, Emeline, that if it come to the worst, I shall take the first chance that comes that 's decent, and get married myself."

More serious, far more pious, than her cousin, Miss Hooks was accustomed to employ Scriptural phrases for her own and others' comfort. With calm earnestness she counseled Susan Ann to possess her soul in patience, and endeavor to remember in all circumstances that afflictions, though they seem severe, are oft in mercy sent.

"And which, Susan Ann," she said in conclusion, "no longer than last Sunday evening, when me and Cousin Matthy were singing for Ma, who was n't well enough to join in with us, and we were a-singing that veriest hymn, and I happen to look at Cousin Matthy, I think I see his eyes water, and I know I see his mouth trimble."

IV.

PROFOUND as was the sense of loss in the breast of Mr. Hooks, when, a few weeks after the events last herein told, his wife followed her cousin on the old-fashioned, unavoidable way, there was no telling to what deeper depths it might have descended but for the merciful fact that he was thoroughly cognizant of the cause to which mainly her departure was attributable. Her pious resignation, he hoped, was credited for all that it had contributed to the comfort that he was enabled to take. But that which seemed the controlling element in that behalf was the recollection of having made an unerring diagnosis of the malady which had torn her from his arms.

"The de-ficulty 'ith my poor, dear Malviny," with calm melancholy he said often during the season of mourning, "were her liver, that kyard her off from this spears of action like the thief of a night when no man can work, but people 's asleep and a not a-lookin' for no sech. I have saw, and I have freckwent noticed, and that more than a munt before she taken down; and it were her complexions and weak stomach she have for her victuals, because her appetites, ever sence I have knowed her, and special' lately, they has not been large, but they has been resky; and I has told her so time and time again, in course in a affectionate way; and when the doctor have to be sent fur, I told *him*, plain as I could speak, no matter what he give, 'ithout they 'd rig'late her liver they would n't fetch her back to her wanted healths. And I give him the credic, he done his lev'lest best; not only bleedin', but calomel and jalap. In course, I 'm not a-denyin' that my poor, dear wife had to go when her time come; but yit, I can't but be thankful I knewd the de-ficulty, and I left down no gaps in the tryin' to powide ag'inst it."

The consolations from this benignant source supported Mr. Hooks to a degree that made him extremely thankful. Recognizing that duties to the living could not be paid fully by a man (especially with his various vast responsibilities) who went about mourning all his days, he turned, after a brief while, his back upon the graveyard, and tried to present, first a resigned, soon a cheerful, face to the world outside of it. It began to be remarked that his conversation, general carriage, even

his person, were brighter than for years. For now he dressed and brushed himself with much care; and before long, instead of bestowing monitory looks and words upon jests and other frivolities of the young and the gay, he not only smiled forgivingly, but occasionally with his own mouth put forth a harmless anecdote at which he laughed as cordially as he knew how, and seemed gratified when others enjoyed it.

Singular as was the contrast, the seriousness in the whole being of Mr. Tuggle seemed to deepen after the affliction that had fallen upon the Hooks family.

"The fack is, Emeline," he said one Sunday evening, "sorry as I 'm obleeged to be fur myself, I can't help symp'thizin' 'ith you, a-knowin' what your ma were to you, and how you miss her. Now Susan Ann, poor girl, she look to me like she think less about her ma than about her who 's to take her place."

"Cousin Matthy," answered Emeline, "if anybody ever stood in need of symp'thy in this wide and sorrowful world, it 's me. Law, Cousin Matthy, you think Pa mean anything by his jokes and getting so many Sunday clothes?"

"Less said about 'em, Emeline,— that is, by me,— soonest mended."

After reflecting a while, she said, "I think Miss Sally a fine woman, don't you?"

"Remockable, remockable; and so do your pa."

"O Cousin Matthy! Do, pray, please, Cousin Matthy, don't let Pa go to courting — at least before poor Ma have been in her grave a decent time, and special' that — oh me! What is a poor orphan girl to do like me!"

"What to do, Emeline? Why, wait and see. Your pa not an old man, by no manner o' means, and it 's natchel he may not be willin' to pass for one before the time come. But wait and see, and be cool and keerful. Any adwices I can give, you know I 'll do it."

Much of other like conversation was had after they had been singing together for some time. For a while Mr. Hooks, while sitting or promenading on his piazza, had listened with more or less interest, until by some chance the selections began to grow extremely sorrowful; when, taking his new hat and his new cane, he walked up the road.

"Evenin', Susan Ann. I left your pa and Emeline a-singin' of hymes I listened to 'em tell they got on them solemn and solemcholy ones, that somehow don't congeal along 'ith me in the troubles be'n on my mind, and I come up here to see ef you could n't stir up somethin' to help out a feller's feelings. What's all the liveliest times 'ith you, Susan Ann?"

"Glad to see you, Cousin Sing'ton," Susan Ann said cordially. "Well, now, let me see. Ay, I 've got it! Did n't Miss Sally look nice and young to-day at church with her new red frock, and her new green calash, and her new pink parasol, and her new white crane-tail fan, and her new striped ribbons, and her cheeks that just blazed like a peach, did n't she?"

"That she did! that she did! Miss Sally begin to look these days nigh same as a young girl, special' sence they have got to be more marryin' men, ah ha! I notice her startin' to spruce up soon arfter your — howbe'ever, a man ought n't to express hisself undilicate to them that 's interested in the case, ahem!"

Her tone changed instantly.

"Cousin Sing'ton, you don't mean Pa? I 'm sure — that is, I think — Miss Sally is setting her cap for *you*, and seem to me she 'd suit; she certain' have been more dressy and pink in the face since — since you come on the carpet."

"Well, it only go to show the deffunce they is in people. Now Emeline say she shore in her mind Miss Sally, ef she had to choose betwix' us, she 'd lay ch'ice on your pa."

"Did Emeline say that, Cousin Sing'ton?" she asked with darkling brow.

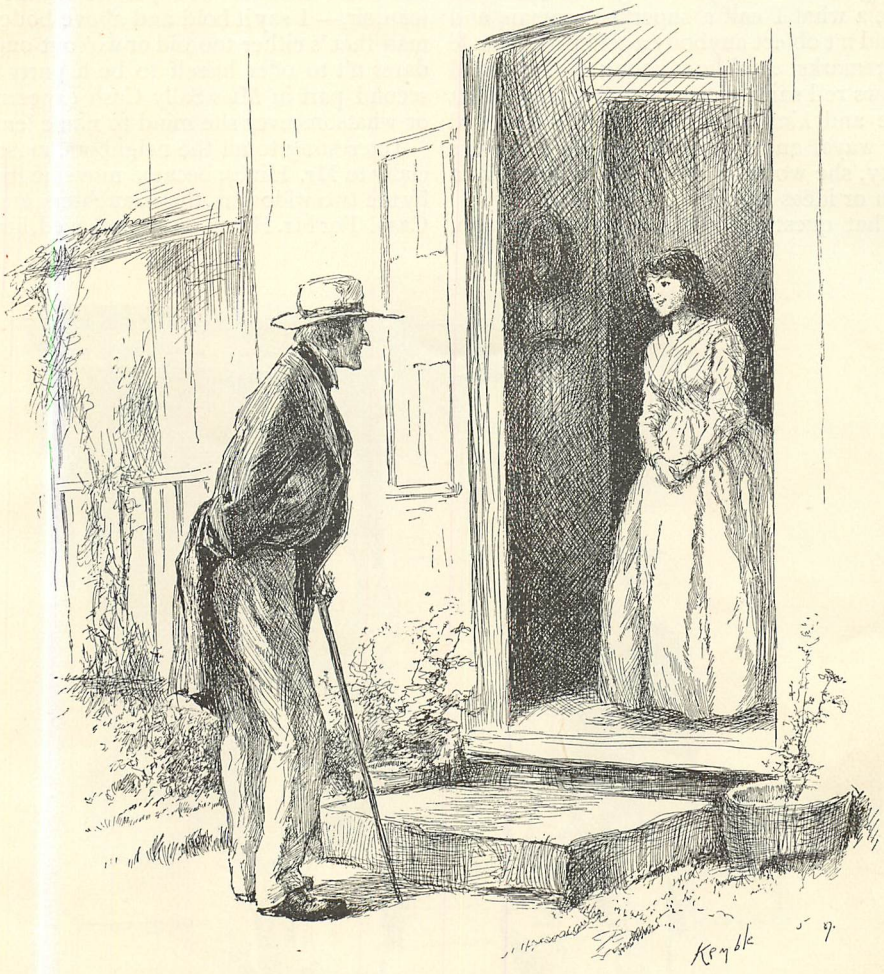
"Now, Susan Ann," with prudent tone, "I don't say them was her wery langwidge, and I don't know as I were ad-zactly in order to name to you them words o' Emeline, because it would seem like a pity fur you and her not to keep on o' bein' the affection't' couples you 've always be'n."

"If Emeline Hooks is trying to marry off Pa to that — the fact of the business, it is n't fair all around, nowhere, Cousin Sing'ton."

"As for suitin' all parties, fur your pa and Sally to jind in banes, Susan Ann, I might have my doubts — that is, in my own minds, and not a-expressin' 'em. Thar, right thar, they is a deffunce, and I should n't wish by no manner o' means for even these few priminary remarks to be named, either to Emeline or your pa."

Susan Ann was silent for a while, then said, "Don't you think Mr. Hines wants to court Emeline, Cousin Sing'ton?"

"Well, now, Susan Ann," he answered, in the manner of one desirous to avoid full disclosures of family secrets, "ef Mr. Hines do, him ner Emeline have named sech to me. I would n' be thunderstruck surprised ef he might desires sech a thing ef he had the prop'ty to put it through. They both know, I supposen, that a man that have the prop'ty I pay taxes on, and it a-increasin' every constant in warous way, I should expect a son-in-law to fetch, ef he can't fetch land, fur him, besides of what goods he have wisible in his stow, to fetch along a reason'ble, size'ble pile



"EVENIN', SUSAN ANN."

o' niggers. These would be my adwices to Emeline and to all young wimming. I don't know how freckwent the times I 've 'membered what my father used to say freckwent when he was a-livin', about people a not allays bein' keerful enough who they got married to, and that is that people ought to be allays keerful not only to look whar they leap, but whar they lope. As for me, that is, my own self, a not'ithstandin' I feel a'most a right young man jes grown, sech is my healths, and my strength, and my sperrit, yit my intentions is to look same as a hawk whar I 'm a-leapin' and whar I 'm a-lopin' both; and as I can't talk 'ith any satisfaction along 'ith Emeline, I shall 'casional' consult your adwices, which, my opinions is, you have a stronger jedgment than her on them important subjects."

The words of Mr. Hooks during this and much other conversation were interpreted by Susan Ann as intimating his wish for her influence in his behalf with Miss Cash, counting upon her exerting it freely after learning that Emeline was rendering like service to Mr. Tuggle.

V.

FRIEND as well as neighbor Miss Cash had been to both the ladies lately deceased. A famous nurse in sickness, she had tended their decline with assiduous, tender care, and the tears shed by her at their departure were as hearty as they were copious. Yet, while observing proper decorum whenever in the company of the bereaved, she grew constantly more lively in gait and conversation, more addicted to visiting, and far more expensive and pronounced in apparel.

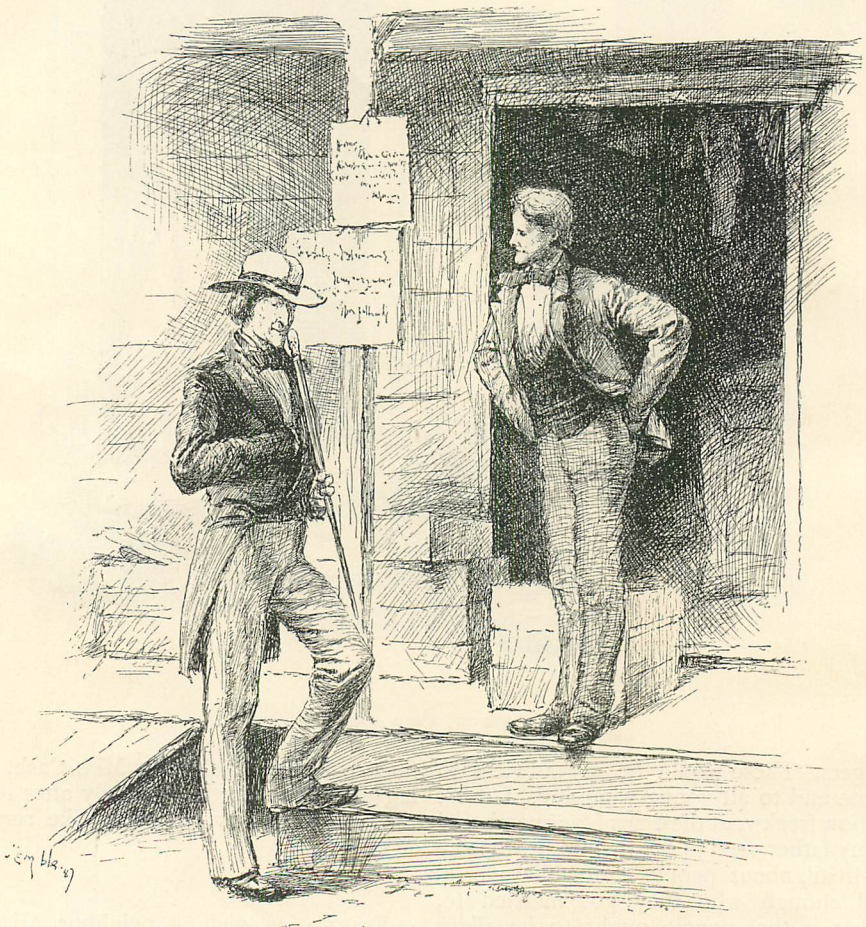
"It ruther astonish," Mr. Hines one day said to Mr. Hooks, after selling to him the materials for yet another suit, "and it put me up to get things fine enough for Miss Sally."

"Right, Mr. Hines, she's right. A' excellent, a fine, a what I call a superfine woman, and I would n't object anybody a-tellin' her I made them remarks. And how young she look! and her jaws red same as a rose. My, my! what a wife and kimpanion, 'ith them looks, and them ways, and them niggers, and warous prop'ty, she would make! Think she have a notion or idees that way, Mr. Hines?"

"That question oversize my information, sir; but I have heard her say that her mind been running on a expeermunt, as she call it, and she don't know what she might do if the right man was to come, and he did n't prove to be too old and wore out."

"Umph, humph! I suppose not, of course; young female, like her. Yaas. I 'm told she drap in your stow right freckwent these days. When she come next time, Mr. Hines, you may 'member my respects, and tell her anything I can help her in any her business of all kind, my requestes is, and also is my desires, she won't hizitate. A superfine female! No man, sir,— I say it bold and above-bode,— no man that 's either too old or wo' out ought to, dares n't to offer hisself to be a party o' the second part in Miss Sally Cash expeermunts, or whatsomeever she mind to name 'em."

Interesting to all the neighbors, most especially to Mr. Hines, became movements made by the two widowers, their daughters, and Miss Cash. For Mr. Hines, as was believed, hoped to be able to win for himself that one of the young ladies whose father Miss Cash would accept eventually. The coolness and reserve that had risen between the cousins neither Miss Cash nor the gentlemen objected to. Indeed, there was no doubt that every one of the six felt that the hand that he or she held had to be played with utmost discretion. Miss Cash manifested great respect for the late serious conversations of Mr. Tuggle, and she laughed consumedly at the new jokes of Mr. Hooks. Nobody doubted that she could choose be-



"THAT QUESTION OVERSIZE MY INFORMATION, SIR."

tween the two; and each of these, conscious that the other was his equal, or nearly so, advanced with slowness and caution. As for the young ladies, each convinced that the other was working against her wishes and interests in the case of Miss Cash, and perhaps remotely in that of Mr. Hines, they became reserved to the degree that, not visiting each other at all, whenever they happened to meet they spoke, but nothing more. With entire coolness Miss Cash seemed to contemplate their cross-firing, and not infrequently she indulged in partly confidential chat about it with Mr. Hines at the store, or at her house, to which, in answer to her kind invitations, he sometimes went.

"Yes," Miss Cash said one day, "ef you have ever heard two girls praise up fathers that 's not their 'n, it 's them. Look like they don't count their own fathers no shakes at all hardly, but it 's they of the other. I agrees with both what they say; because both their parrents is excellent good men, and them fine, good girls."

"People say, Miss Sally," here Mr. Hines ventured to remark, "that in all prob'bility the Cash plantation will jind in either with the Hooks or the Tuggle."

"They all three jinds now already, Mr. Hines; but I know what your meanin's is in your mischievious. It take more than one consents for sech as that, Mr. Hines; which a young lady like me, that have no expeunce, even ef she do think sometimes in a iduil hour of makin' sech a expeermunt, yit she can't but have her doubts, I may even say she can't but be jubous, and in fact downright hizitate on sech a dilicate, and I might actuil' say skeary kinclusion she might have on the subjects of our present remarks. But, Mr. Hines,"—and now she smiled distantly and pleasantly,—"a person might have more than thes one expeermunt in her mind-eye, as the preacher say, and when the time come, you 'll see ef Sairey Cash, which people in gener'l call her Sally, but you 'll see ef she 's the young lady she took herself, ef she understan' herself, and she think she do. For, somehow, I talk with you freer than I talk with some. But I actuil' do want to see them girls do well, and for whoever gets 'em to not have to wait for prop'ty as I am now thankful that I ain't hendered from the havin' of comforts, and even lugjuries when I want 'em."

Noticing his interest in the conversation, she continued to talk at much length, saying, among other things:

"I 'm older than them girls, Mr. Hines,—that is, I 'm some older; and I know their fathers better than they do, and I know them better than their fathers do. Both them girls

MR. MATTHEW TUGGLE.

think they know me perfic', and their fathers has their sispicions about me, which their sispicions is pine blank deffernt. It would all be ruther funny if my mind *were* made up, which it ain't, and it look hard a loned female person have nobody to go to for adwices. But ef you name those few remarks to any or every body, Mr. Hines, I shall never forgive you while the breath is in my body, as in the good healths I always enjoys, I should hope would be for many a years yit to come."

The neighbors at last were growing impatient at the delay of a consummation the more eagerly looked for because of its uncertainty.

"It look like nip and tuck betwix' Sing'ton and Matthy," said old Mr. Pate several times, "and ut 'pear to me like they both of 'em a-expectin' and a-countin' on officiatin' Sally, so to speak. Sing'ton — well, I don't 'member as I ever see a yearlin' boy livelier and jokier. I tell him sometimes don't look out they 'll fetch him up in the church about his world'y ways. But sher! that jes only make him go on yit more livelier. As for Matthy, he ain't

OLD MR. PATE.

peart and gaily as he used to wus; but he look solid and studdy as a jedge that have the case done made up in his head, and he ain't a-pesterin' hisself about how much them lawyers palavvers, and jaws, and jowers 'ith one 'nother and the jury. I jokes Sally too sometimes, and ask her which she goin' take; but she smile, and say them that astes the fewest queschins gits told the fewest lies. But — and you may take my words for it — people ain't a-goin' to be kept waitin' much longer, to my opinions. Sing'ton and Matthy, both of 'em, is men that when they means business they bound to bring it to a head, and see if there any profic in it or not. You mind what I tell you."

VI.

Miss Cash gave a party.

By candlelight the guests arrived. The hostess shone in a white frock whose flounces, furbelows, and gathers — if these be their names — I feel it to be vain at my time of life to undertake to describe. Her hair, I admit, was red; but her cheeks — well, she would have contended, if necessary, that their color was her business; and certain it is, that for every stick of cinnamon that may have been used by her for any purpose under the sun the hard cash had been paid down on Mr. Hines's counter and no grumbling.

Whoever had supposed that Mr. Hooks

would have declined an invitation to a party at that house, even when it was understood that there was to be dancing, knew not the man. That very evening he had ridden down to the store and purchased not only the shiniest pair of silk stockings that could be found in the whole store, and the sleekest pair of pumps, but the longest, widest, stripedest silk cravat; and the latter he had Mr. Hines to tie around his neck, enjoining him to come as nigh the Augusta knot as was possible in a provincial region so remote from that great metropolis.

"Them feet and them legs," contemplating these interesting objects, he remarked at the party to several ladies and gentlemen, as if imparting a pleasant secret—"them legs and them feet 'pear like they forgot tell here lately what they made fur; but my intenchuins is, before they git much older, to conwince 'em o' their ric'lection."

He sat by Susan Ann, and Mr. Tuggle by Emeline; and it was evident that each of these young ladies was intent upon exhibiting before Miss Cash her own especial knight to the best possible advantage.

To one who loves the sound of the fiddle, there is something in its voice that imparts an exhilaration seldom coming from any other music. In the breast of Mr. Hooks on the present occasion that emotion was perhaps the more pronounced because of several years' suppression. When Morris, a negro man belonging to the rich Mr. Parkinson, was called in, even while putting his instrument in tune, the eyes of Mr. Hooks were lit up into fiery brilliancy; his face quivered with almost angry smiles; and he had to breathe, and that hotly, through his nostrils alone; while his elevated mouth was puckered in every possible approach to a point, in order to hold within its accumulating waters.

It was pleasant to everybody to notice how well Mr. Hines looked and behaved. On the whole he was better dressed — that is, more stylishly and perhaps expensively — than any other gentleman present. But of course he had been to Augusta far more often than anybody else there; and besides, being his own buyer as well as seller, he could afford to dress as he pleased. Having confessed to Miss Cash that his early education in dancing had been neglected, she, with kind thoughtfulness for the embarrassment that he must feel otherwise, deputed him to assist in the entertainment of her guests, in which office he deported himself with a satisfaction that hardly could have been greater if it had been his own house.

"Choose pardners!" at length cried Morris in the commanding, menacing tone that only negro-fiddlers ever knew fully how to employ.

Instantly rose Mr. Hooks, and, violently seizing the hand of Susan Ann, led her forth. Mr. Tuggle glanced at Emeline, then lowered his head far down, as if to be more able thus to control his feelings. Emeline did the same.

The surprise manifested by the whole company at the prompt rise of Mr. Hooks and his march to the head of the cotillon was feeble compared with that experienced when they witnessed what he could do in that line. At first, as the figures were called, he moved with measured dignity, his long arms with deliberate exactitude describing immense, majestic arcs, both in the preliminaries of rotary movements and in their consummation. Susan Ann was a noted dancer, and the sight of her agility and grace, together with her appreciative words, inspired her partner to repetition of the noblest exploits of his youth.

"You are the best partner I ever danced with," she whispered.

"Laws, girl!" he answered, indifferent, "wait tell I git warm, and come down 'ith a few o' my double dimmersimmerquibbers."

"Give them some," she replied, looking at Miss Cash, whom she saw already running over with admiration.

"Sashay W' all!"

When came the turn of Mr. Hooks to obey the command, if ever a pair of human legs exhibited suppleness, sprightliness, precision of calculation, the faculty to intertwine and outertwine, to wrap themselves around each other when high lifted from the floor, unwrap themselves at the instant of return, and afterwards to reverse these apparently reckless spires, then surely was the time. There were moments when all, including Susan Ann, evinced apprehension that in one of these audacious exaltations a man so tall and slender, so long disused to such exercise, might lose his balance and fall bodily, perchance head-foremost, in the arena. But no! The arm of the daring vaulter, sometimes both, sometimes alternately extended, sometimes pointing to the zenith, sometimes to the horizon, sometimes at various angles intermediate to horizon and zenith, kept him true as any gyroscope. His countenance the while wore a serious, even threatening, aspect. When Morris, panting and dripping with sweat, gave the last shrieking note and called, "Honors to pardners," the hero descended heavily on one foot, and, extending the other, rested its toes easily on their extreme points, and while one hand hung in the direction towards these, the other's forefinger, far above all heads, pointed to the heavens. Amidst the applause that rose irresistibly, after conducting Susan Ann to her seat, not taking that by her side, he promenaded around the room for some minutes suffering

himself to be admired. Then, pausing in front of his rival, he said:

"Matthy, ain't you goin' to j'in in the egzitin' spote Miss Sally have powided so liber'l' fur the enj'yments and 'ospital'ties of us all?"

"Now that," on his way home said Mr. Pate, "it did n't look like quite fa'r in Sing'ton, him a-knowin' Matthy, 'ith his duck-legs, were onpossible to foller him in them climbin's, the oudaciousest I ever 'spected to live to see. Yit

MISS SALLY CASH.

Matthy not a man people can skeer. He look like he know what he were about, and he smile and answer calm, he have made up his minds to quit dancin'."

VII.

DURING the last wane of the evening, somewhat of abstraction, not wholly unattended by embarrassment, began to be noticeable in the carriage of Miss Cash. She was observed to whisper several times alternately with Mr. Hooks and Mr. Tuggle, who nodded respectfully. As the party was breaking up, Mr. Pate, apparently reluctant to leave, in view of the briefness of human life, especially the fewness of occasions similar to the present that were likely to occur during his own briefer remnant, full of good wishes as of things good to eat and to drink, felt that he ought not to go away without a few valedictory words.

"Sally," he said, with moistened eyes, "a better party, and a more liber'l' powided, I never should hope to put on my Sunday close and go too; no, never endurin' what little balance o' time they is left me to be 'ith you all, which I hope the good Lord, ef he spar' my life, he 'll find he hain't so very many better friends than what I 've tried to be. And I 'll say for Sing'ton Hooks and Matthy Tuggle, I 've knewed 'em from babies, and their ekals for a marry'n' female person to make their ch'ice betwix', other people may know, *I* don't. And, tell the truth, I don't 'member as ever I have wish', before here lately, they was more 'n one Sally Cash to diwide betwix' 'em — boys, as I call 'em, compar'd to me. And my adwices is for you not to be forever and deternal a-hiz-itatin' about a marter which it ain't possible no way to make any big mistakes. Because them boys is, both of 'em, business boys, and natchel' speakin' they don't want to be al'ays hilt betwix' hawk and buzzard in this kind o' style. Good-bye; good-bye. Good-bye, Sing'ton; I did not know you was ekal to sech awful performance. Good-bye, Matthy; you done right not follerin' Sing'ton on that line; but a dignifieder behavior than you I would never wish to go to nobody's party. And it 's a pleasure to see how honer'ble you and Sing'ton has been in the whole case. And my ricommends to both you boys, is to keep on standin' squar' up to the rack tell the fodder fall; and when she do, let him that 's disapp'inted, ef he can't be satisfied, let him leastways try to git riconciled, and then gether up his fishin'-pole, his hook and line, and his bait-gourd, and move to some other hole in the mill-pond; because you both got sense enough to know that the good Lord ain't one that make jes' one lone fish by itself. Good-bye, Sing'ton; good-bye, Matthy; good-bye, all."

When all had departed except the Hookses and the Tuggles, who were requested to remain for a few minutes, the gentlemen were asked to take seats on one side of the room and Emeline and Susan Ann on the opposite, while Miss Cash took her position, from which she could command, in flank, the view of all.

After several modest, significant coughs, she began:

"I ast you all to stay behind because I

wanted to make these few, feeble, and interesting remarks about me and you all. You are all my neighbors, and I 've tried to be you-all's friends, and none of you has knew the extents. I ain't a-blamin' none of you; because I never yit has told you, nary one. And I never told not even myself, not untell here lately, because not untell here lately did I know the ewents and how they would all turns out; and I has never be'n so much conwinced in my own minds that the good Lord know more about me than I do about myself than I be'n thes here lately. Howbe'ever, let me and them keep behind for the present time a-bein'.

"Mr. Hooks, you and Susan Ann has be'n a-thinkin' that me and Mr. Tuggle was a-goin' to nunite in the banes of mattermony. And then again, Mr. Tuggle, you and Emeline has be'n a-countin' on the same 'ith me and Mr. Hooks, which I needs not say you has all be'n mistakened, but in a deffer'nt and warous way. In nary case have I let on ef it was to be, or not so: one reason, because a lady owe it to herself not to be kickin' before she have be'n spurred, and not to say yea nor nay tell she 's ast; which both of you all may n't be surprised hain't never be'n done by none of them gent'men here on the present occasion in this very same room. And I am thankful they did n't. Because I am a person that have my own p'ints o' views and my own ch'ices o' kimpanions like other people, and, not ef I know myself, would it be my desires to pass for the mothers of childern which is not my ownd; ner not their step-mothers even, ef some has be'n a-sispicionin' to the kin-traries."

Looks of surprise went around at the close of this paragraph. Slightly shifting her position, the speaker resumed:

"And yit, both you men has be'n a-co'tin' close and heavy, a'most amejiant when their wife deparched from the famblies in their charges, and, not to save my life, could I turn my backs when both o' you ast me to help you out; and it 's because, I sometimes be'n a-supposenin', they is or they may be somethin' in the a'r that, in sech times, make sech things interestin' and ketchin', even to a moduest female like me."

During the bashful pause ensuing here, the gentlemen looked at each other inquiringly, and the young ladies, moving their chairs some space farther apart, turned and faced alternately the opposite walls.

"Yes, sirs, and yes, ma'ams, you girls; you knewed yourselves, but you knewed not t' other couple; and nary one, nor nary couple betwix' you, has knewed Sally Cash, what little time may be left she may call, or t' other people may call, her by them fambiliar names. Yit, before I come as fur downd as myself, I want to settle up the expeermunts I be'n a-makin' a clean a outside o' Sally Cash; and which I 'll begin by askin' of you, Mr. Hooks, a certing queschin, and that is, is you willin' or is you not, to give Emeline to Mr. Tuggle?"

Here Susan Ann turned and stared at Emeline as if she were a ghost, while Emeline kept her eyes upon the wall, studying it curiously, as if it were covered all over with frescoes from the most ancient masters.

"Well; now, Sally," began Mr. Hooks in much calmness, considering the situation, "the queschin — it ketch me by surprises, and — I may say —"

"That you 'll have to hear," Miss Cash interrupted, "what Mr. Tuggle 'll say to the queschin I 'm a-goin' to put to him in the amejiant spurs o' the awful an' interestin' minutes; and which, that is, Mr. Tuggle, will you let Mr. Hooks have Susan Ann? There 's the whole case betwix' you all."

"Jes so; perpendic'lar; the same as a gate-post," said Mr. Hooks, with deliberate yet utmost emphasis.

Then Emeline, turning, sought the face of Susan Ann, which by this time had become absorbed in the contemplation of the masterpieces on *her* wall. In another moment they were weeping, hugged in each other's arms.

"Come, come; set down, set down," said Miss Cash, "and let me git through 'ith the rest o' my tale. It won't be so very much to you, but it 's everything to me."

Then the native blood rose even through the cinnamon, and a something much like beauty overspread her face.

"When I first begun to talk about makin' a' expeermunt of the gittin' of married myself, it were mostly iduil talk. But somehows, or somehows else, I don't know as I may never know how sech things comes about, yit I got to ruther love to let my mind runned on the interestin' subjects. And then, it come to me, and I begin to think, mayby,— who knows? — ef it were the will of the good Lord, that him, a-knowin' how I have always be'n a orphin and had to work hard to help take keer of myself, and that a'most every sence I were a baby — that, I say, mayby it were His will for me not to git old thes by myself, and never have any pleasant siciety, like other people, o' them to keer anything about, exceptin' o' them might natchil' expects to git whut prop-'ty I got, and then a possible a-wantin' me out o' the way before my time come to deparch, like poor Betsy Tuggle, and poor Malviny Hooks, good friends as they wus to me, and me to them. And not that Abom Grice never even hint sech a thing, but he have freckwent told me that it were my very first juty to look out

"AFTER A DECENT MOMENT STEPPED FORTH MR. ABNER HINES."

for myself. Yit, I know, because I have saw what it is for women to git old thes by theirselves, 'ith no husband, and no childern, and no nobody o' the kinds; and even when their kinfolks may n't want 'em to die, they sispicions 'em of it. And so I thought mayby it were the will o' the good Lord to hender sech as that to me, him a-knowin' how I 've had to scuffle and baffle every sence I were a little bit of a orphin child, and ef anybody ever loved me thes for myself, the good Lord know I don't know who it was — *untell now.* And — O Mr. Hooks, don't ask me yit, not quite yit! I 'll acknowledge everything, and then tell you what I want you to do, when I can git a little more composed in my mind."

Rising, she went to a table whereon were tumblers and a pitcher of water. As she lifted the latter with tottering hand, Mr. Hooks went briskly and took it just as it would have dropped. He poured a glass that with difficulty she drank; then, reseating herself, continued:

"When I see you two men a-courtin' of them girls, it got to be that interestin' to me, that I got so I could n't go to sleep o' nights, tell away yonder a'most midnight; a thes a-layin' and a-thinkin' ef you two men, that have be'n young and happy before, can be young and happy ag'in, why not me, thes one time, that have al'ays be'n a loned female by myself."

She paused, and the tears streamed from her eyes. Emeline and Susan Ann wept in genuine sympathy, and the eyes of Mr. Tuggle were very moist. Mr. Hooks looked down at his pumps and silk stockings, and, perhaps because he recognized the incongruity between what they had been doing so lately and any degree of sadness which he might express, simply rose from his chair.

"Set down, Mr. Hooks; set down. I 'm a'most thoo. But, and, I tell you now, all of you, I 'd of died before I 'd of even peached sech a thing to ary man person that ever preambulated on top o' the ground, first. And

when one o' that same seck of people name to me the very subjects I be'n a-thinkin' and a actuil' a-dreamin' about, ef it did n't 'pears like to me the good Lord sent him a-purpose."

With hand yet trembling, she took from her bosom a marriage-license, and, handing it to Mr. Hooks, said:

"There 's a paper for you, Mr. Hooks, which people is now ready and a-waitin' for you to 'tend to it."

Turning her face towards the dining-room, she called aloud:

"Mimy, you may come in, and the balance of 'em."

The door opened, Mimy and the other negroes, having on every item of Sunday clothes that that plantation had on hand, filed in and took position near the walls. After a decent moment, a-tiptoe, his arm already curved to receive that of his bride, stepped forth Mr. Abner Hines.

"And I do believe, on my soul," Mr. Hooks said some time afterwards, "that arfter I have jinded them two together, hard and fast, a'cordin' to law *and* gospul, that it were in me to make prob'ble the biggest, everlastin'est speech I ever spread myself before a augence; but the fact were, everybody got to laughin' and cryin' so they drownded my woices. Ah, well! it were a ruther egzitin' time all thoo. But everything have swaged down peaceable. The breth'en they forgive me for dancin', when Susan Ann give in the pootty expeunce she told, and it were give' out I would n't do so no more."

R. M. Johnston.

THE KNIGHT IN SILVER MAIL.

SHE left the needle in the rose
And put her broidery by,
And leaning from her casement tall
She heard the owlets cry.
The purple sky was thick with stars,
And in the moonlight pale
She saw come riding from the wood
A knight in silver mail.

His plume was like the snowy foam
That wreathes the roaring tide,
The glory of his golden locks
His helmet could not hide.
She took the lily from her breast
(Like hers, its beauty frail),
And dropped it as he rode beneath —
The knight in silver mail.

About her gown of crimson silk
She drew a mantle dark.
She saw the stately castle-towers
Uprising from the park,
And on the lake the mated swans,
Asleep in shadow, sail,
But left it all to follow him,
The knight in silver mail.

"Oh, I would see thy face, my love,
Oh, I would see thy face!
Why dost thou keep thy visor down?
It is a lonely place."
His voice was like the hollow reeds
That rustle in the gale:
"'T is lonelier in my castle," said
The knight in silver mail.

He let his steed go riderless,
He took her by the hand
And led her over brake and brier
Into a lonesome land.
"Oh, are they headstones all a-row
That glimmer in the vale?"
"My castle-walls are white," replied
The knight in silver mail.

"So close unto thy castle-doors
Why buryest thou the dead?"
"For ten long years I 've slept with them:
Ah, welcome home!" he said.
He clasped her dainty waist around,
And in the moonlight pale
Upraised his visor, and she saw
The knight in silver mail.

At dawn her father's men-at-arms
Went searching everywhere,
And found her with the churchyard dews
A-sparkle in her hair.
And lo! a sight to make the best
And bravest of them quail,
Beside her in the tangled grass,
A skeleton in mail.

Minna Irving.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

HALLECK.

IN sending General Hunter to relieve Frémont, the President did not intend that he should remain in charge of the Department of the West. Out of its vast extent the Department of Kansas was created a few days afterward, embracing the State of Kansas, the Indian Territory, and the Territories of Nebraska, Colorado, and Dakota, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, and Hunter was transferred to its command. General Halleck was assigned to the Department of the Missouri, embracing the States of Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas, and that portion of Kentucky west of the Cumberland River.

Henry Wager Halleck was born in Oneida County, New York, January 15, 1815. Educated at Union College, he entered the military academy at West Point, where he graduated third in a class of thirty-one, and was made second lieutenant of engineers July 1, 1839. While yet a cadet he was employed at the academy as assistant professor of engineering. From the first he devoted himself with constant industry to the more serious studies of his profession. He had attained a first lieutenancy when the Mexican war broke out, and was sent to the Pacific coast. Valuable services in the military and naval operations prosecuted there secured him the brevet of captain from May 1, 1847. On the conquest of California by the United States forces, he took part in the political organization of the new State, first as Secretary of State under the military governors, and afterward as leading member of the convention which framed the constitution under which California was admitted to the Union.

He remained in the army and in charge of various engineering duties on the Pacific coast until August 1, 1854, having been meanwhile promoted captain of engineers. At that date he resigned his commission to engage in civil pursuits. He became a member of a law firm, and was also interested in mines and railroads, when the outbreak of the rebellion called him again into the military service of the Government. He was not only practically accomplished in his profession as a soldier, but also distinguished as a writer on military art and science. Halleck's high qualifications were well understood and appreciated by General Scott, at whose suggestion he was appointed a major-general in the regular army to date from August 19, 1861, with orders to report himself at army headquarters in Washington. A phrase in one of Scott's letters, setting forth McClellan's disregard for his authority, creates the inference that the old general intended that Halleck should succeed him in chief command. But when the latter reached Washington, the confusion and disasters in the Department of the West were at their culmination, and urgent necessity required him to be sent thither to succeed Frémont.

General Halleck arrived at St. Louis on November 18, 1861, and assumed command on the 19th. His written instructions stated forcibly the reforms he was expected to bring about, and his earlier reports indicate that his difficulties had not been overstated — irregularities in contracts, great confusion in organization, everywhere a want of arms and supplies, absence of routine and discipline. Added to this was reported danger from the enemy. He telegraphs under date of November 29:

> I am satisfied that the enemy is operating in and against this State with a much larger force than was supposed when I left Washington, and also that a general insurrection is organizing in the counties near the Missouri River, between Boonville and Saint Joseph. A desperate effort will be made to supply and winter their troops in this State, so as to spare their own resources for a summer campaign.

An invasion was indeed in contemplation, but rumor had magnified its available strength. General Price had, since the battle of Lexington, lingered in south-western Missouri, and was once more preparing for a northward march. His method of campaigning was peculiar, and needed only the minimum of organization and preparation. His troops were made up mainly of young, reckless, hardy Missourians, to whom a campaign was

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an adventure of pastime and excitement, and who brought, each man, his own horse, gun, and indispensable equipments and clothing. The usual burdens of an army commissariat and transportation were of little moment to these partisans, who started up as if by magic from every farm and thicket, and gathered their supplies wherever they went. To quote the language of one of the Missouri rebel leaders: "Our forces, to combat or cut them off, would require only a haversack to where the enemy would require a wagon." The evil of the system was, that such forces vanished quite as rapidly as they appeared. The enthusiastic squads with which Price had won his victory at Lexington were scattered among their homes and haunts. The first step of a campaign, therefore, involved the gathering of a new army, and this proved not so easy in the opening storms of winter as it had in the fine midsummer weather. On the 26th of November, 1861, Price issued a call for 50,000 men. The language of his proclamation, however, breathed more of despair than of confidence. He reminded his adherents that only one in forty had answered to the former call, and that "Boys and small property-holders have in main fought the battles for the protection of your property." He repeated many times, with emphasis, "I must have 50,000 men."* His prospects were far from encouraging. McCulloch, in a mood of stubborn disagreement, was withdrawing his army to Arkansas, where he went into winter quarters. Later on, when Price formally requested his coöperation, McCulloch as formally refused. For the moment the Confederate cause in south-western Missouri was languishing. Governor Jackson made a show of keeping it alive by calling the fugitive remnant of his rebel legislature together at Neosho, and with the help of his sole official relic — the purloined State seal — enacting the well-worn farce of passing a secession ordinance, and making a military league with the Confederate States.

The Confederate Congress at Richmond responded to the sham with an act to admit Missouri to the Confederacy. An act of more promise at least, appropriating a million dollars to aid the Confederate cause in that State, had been passed in the preceding August. Such small installment of this fund, however, as was transmitted failed even to pay the soldiers, who for their long service had not as yet received a penny. In return the Richmond authorities asked the transfer of Missouri troops to the Confederate service; but with this request the rebel Missouri leaders were unable immediately to comply. When, under date of December 30, 1861, Governor Jackson complained of neglect and once more urged that Price be made commander in Missouri, Jefferson Davis responded sarcastically that not a regiment had been tendered, and that he could not appoint a general before he had troops for him.† From all these causes Price's projected winter campaign failed, and he attributed the failure to McCulloch's refusal to help him.‡

The second part of the rebel programme in Missouri, that of raising an insurrection north of the Missouri River, proved more effective. Halleck was scarcely in command when the stir and agitation of depredations and the burning of bridges, by small squads of secessionists in disguise, were reported from various counties of northern Missouri. Federal detachments went promptly in pursuit, and the perpetrators as usual disappeared, only however to break out with fresh outrages when quiet and safety had apparently been restored. It was soon evident that this was not merely a manifestation of neighborhood disloyalty, but that it was part of a deliberate system instigated by the principal rebel leaders. "Do you intend to regard men," wrote Price to Halleck, January 12, 1862, "whom I have specially dispatched to destroy roads, burn bridges, tear up culverts, etc., as amenable to an enemy's court-martial, or will you have them to be tried as usual, by the proper authorities, according to the statutes of the State?" § Halleck, who had placed the State under martial law, to enable him to deal more effectually with this class of offenders, stated his authority and his determination, with distinct emphasis, in his reply of January 22, 1862:

> You must be aware, general, that no orders of yours can save from punishment spies, marauders, robbers, incendiaries, guerrilla bands, etc., who violate the laws of war. You cannot give immunity to crime. But let us fully understand each other on this point. If you send armed forces, wearing the garb of soldiers and duly organized and enrolled as legitimate belligerents, to destroy railroads, bridges, etc., as a military act, we shall kill them, if possible, in open warfare; or, if we capture them, we shall treat them as prisoners of war. But it is well understood that you have sent numbers of your adherents, in the garb of peaceful citizens and under false pretenses, through our lines into northern Missouri, to rob and destroy the property of Union men and to burn and destroy railroad bridges, thus endangering the lives of thousands, and this, too, without any military necessity or possible military advantage. Moreover, peaceful citizens of Missouri, quietly working on their farms, have been instigated by your emissaries to take up arms as insurgents, and to rob and plunder, and to commit arson and murder. They do not even act under the garb of soldiers, but under false pretenses and in the

* War Records.

† Davis to Jackson, Jan. 8, 1862. Ibid.

‡ Price to Polk, Dec. 23, 1861. Ibid.

§ Price to Halleck. Ibid.

guise of peaceful citizens. You certainly will not pretend that men guilty of such crimes, although "specially appointed and instructed by you," are entitled to the rights and immunities of ordinary prisoners of war.

One important effect which Price hoped to produce by the guerrilla rising he was instigating was to fill his army with recruits. "The most populous and truest counties of the State," he wrote, "lie upon or north of the Missouri River. . . . I sent a detachment of 1100 men to Lexington, which after remaining only a part of one day gathered together about 2500 recruits, and escorted them in safety to me at Osceola." His statement was partly correct, but other causes contributed both to this partial success and the partial defeat that immediately followed. Just at the time this expedition went to Lexington, the various Federal detachments north of the Missouri River were engaged in driving a number of secession guerrilla bands southward across that stream. Halleck was directing the joint movements of the Union troops, and had stationed detachments of Pope's forces south of the Missouri River, with the design of intercepting and capturing the fugitive bands. A slight failure of some of the reports to reach him disconcerted and partly frustrated his design. The earliest guerrilla parties which crossed at and near Lexington escaped and made their way to Price, but the later ones were intercepted and captured as Halleck had planned. Pope reports, September 19:

Colonel Davis came upon the enemy near Milford late this afternoon, and having driven in his pickets assaulted him in force. A brisk skirmish ensued, when the enemy, finding himself surrounded and cut off, surrendered at discretion. One thousand three hundred prisoners, including 3 colonels and 17 captains, 1000 stand of arms, 1000 horses, 65 wagons, tents, baggage, and supplies have fallen into our hands. Our loss is 2 killed and 8 wounded.*

On the next day he found his capture was still larger, as he telegraphs: "Just arrived here. Troops much embarrassed with nearly 2000 prisoners and great quantity of captured property."

In anticipation of the capture or dispersion of these north-western detachments of rebels, Halleck had directed the collection of an army at and about Rolla, with the view to move in force against Price. General Samuel R. Curtis was, on December 25, assigned to the command of the Union troops to operate in the south-western district of Missouri. Some 10,000 men were gathered to form his column; and had he known Price's actual condition, the possibility of a short and successful campaign was before him. But the situation was also one of difficulty. The railroad ended at Rolla; Springfield, the supposed location of Price's camp, was a hundred and twenty miles to the south-west, with bad roads, through a mountainous country. Rebel sentiment and sympathy were strong throughout the whole region, and the favoring surroundings enabled Price to conceal his designs and magnify his numbers. Rumors came that he intended to fight at Springfield, and the estimates of his strength varied from 20,000 to 40,000. The greatest obstacle to a pursuit was the severity of the winter weather; nevertheless the Union soldiers bore their privations with admirable patience and fortitude, and Halleck urged a continuance of the movement through every hindrance and discouragement. He writes to McClellan, January 14, 1862:

I have ordered General Curtis to move forward, with all his infantry and artillery. His force will not be less than 12,000. The enemy is reported to have between 35 and 40 guns. General Curtis has only 24; but I send him 6 pieces to-morrow, and will send 6 more in a few days. I also propose placing a strong reserve at Rolla, which can be sent forward if necessary. The weather is intensely cold, and the troops, supplied as they are with very inferior clothing, blankets, and tents, must suffer greatly in a winter campaign, and yet I see no way of avoiding it. Unless Price is driven from the State, insurrections will continually occur in all the central and northern counties, so as to prevent the withdrawal of our troops.

A few days later (January 18) Halleck wrote to Curtis that he was about to reënforce him with an entire division from Pope's army, increasing his strength to fifteen thousand; that he would send him mittens for his soldiers:

Get as many hand-mills as you can for grinding corn. . . . Take the bull by the horns. I will back you in such forced requisitions when they become necessary for supplying the forces. We must have no failure in this movement against Price. It must be the last.

And once more, on January 27, he repeated his urgent admonition:

There is a strong pressure on us for troops, and all that are not absolutely necessary here must go elsewhere. Pope's command is entirely broken up; 4000 in Davis's reserve and 6000 ordered to Cairo. Push on as rapidly as possible and end the matter with Price.

This trying winter campaign led by General Curtis, though successful in the end, did not terminate so quickly as General Halleck had hoped. Leaving the heroic Western soldiers camping and scouting in the snows and cutting winds of the bleak Missouri hills and prairies, attention must be called to other incidents in the Department of the Missouri. While Halleck was gratifying the Government and the Northern public with the ability and

* Pope to Halleck. War Records.

vigor of his measures, one point of his administration had excited a wide-spread dissatisfaction and vehement criticism. His military instincts and methods were so thorough that they caused him to treat too lightly the political aspects of the great conflict in which he was directing so large a share. Frémont's treatment of the slavery question had been too radical; Halleck's now became too conservative. It is not probable that this grew out of his mere wish to avoid the error of his predecessor, but out of his own personal conviction that the issue must be entirely eliminated from the military problem. He had noted the difficulties and discussions growing out of the dealings of the army with fugitive slaves, and hoping to rid himself of a perpetual dilemma, one of his first acts after assuming command was to issue his famous General Order No. 3 (November 20, 1861), the first paragraph of which ran as follows:

> It has been represented that important information respecting the numbers and condition of our forces is conveyed to the enemy by means of fugitive slaves who are admitted within our lines. In order to remedy this evil, it is directed that no such persons be hereafter permitted to enter the lines of any camp or of any forces on the march, and that any now within such lines be immediately excluded therefrom.*

This language brought upon him the indignant protest of the combined antislavery sentiment of the North. He was berated in newspapers and denounced in Congress, and the violence of public condemnation threatened seriously to impair his military usefulness. He had indeed gone too far. The country felt, and the army knew, that so far from being generally true that negroes carried valuable information to the enemy, the very reverse was the rule, and that the "contrabands" in reality constituted one of the most important and reliable sources of knowledge to the Union commanders in the various fields, which later in the war came to be jocosely designated as the "grape-vine telegraph." Halleck soon found himself put on the defensive, and wrote an explanatory letter to the newspapers. A little later he took occasion officially to define his intention:

> The object of these orders is to prevent any person in the army from acting in the capacity of negro-catcher or negro-stealer. The relation between the slave and his master, or pretended master, is not a matter to be determined by military officers, except in the single case provided for by Congress. This matter in all other cases must be decided by the civil authorities. One object in keeping fugitive slaves out of our camp is to keep clear of all such questions. . . . Orders No. 3 do not apply to the authorized private servants of officers nor the negroes employed by proper authority in the camps. It applies only to fugitive slaves. The prohibition to admit them within our lines does not prevent the exercise of all proper offices of humanity in giving them food and clothing outside where such offices are necessary to prevent suffering.†

It will be remembered that the Missouri State Convention in the month of July appointed and inaugurated a provisional State government. This action was merely designed to supply a temporary executive authority until the people could elect new loyal State officers, which election was ordered to be held on the first Monday in November. The convention also, when it finished the work of its summer session, adjourned to meet on the third Monday in December, 1861, but political and military affairs remained in so unsettled a condition during the whole autumn that anything like effective popular action was impracticable. The convention was therefore called together in a third session at an earlier date (October 11, 1861), when it wisely adopted an ordinance postponing the State election for the period of one year, and for continuing the provisional government in office until their successors should be duly appointed.

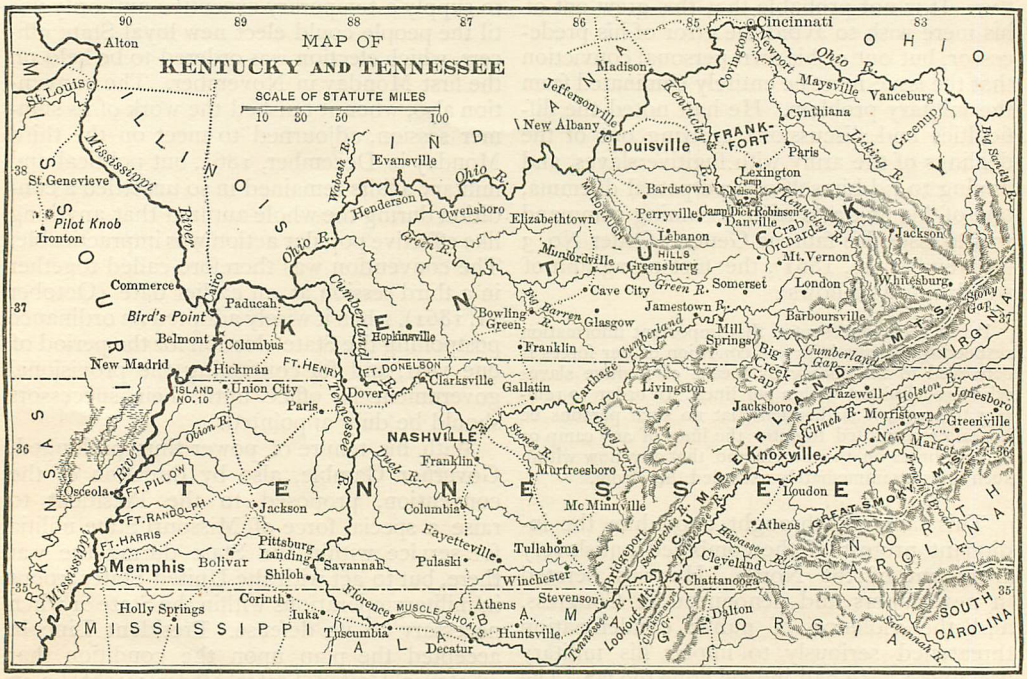
With his tenure of power thus prolonged, Governor Gamble, also by direction of the convention, proposed to the President to raise a special force of Missouri State militia for service within the State during the war there, but to act with the United States troops in military operations within the State or when necessary to its defense. President Lincoln accepted the plan upon the condition that whatever United States officer might be in command of the Department of the West should also be commissioned by the governor to command the Missouri State militia; and that if the President changed the former, the governor should make the corresponding change, in order that any conflict of authority or of military plans might be avoided. This agreement was entered into between President Lincoln and Governor Gamble on November 6, and on November 27 General Schofield received orders from Halleck to raise, organize, and command this special militia corps. The plan was attended with reasonable success, and by the 15th of April, 1862, General Schofield reports, "an active efficient force of 13,800 men was placed in the field," nearly all of cavalry.

The raising and organizing of this force, during the winter and spring of 1861–62, produced a certain degree of local military activity just at the season when the partisan and guerrilla operations of rebel sympathizers were necessarily impeded or wholly suspended by severe weather; and this, joined with the vigorous administration of General Hal-

* War Records.

† Halleck to Asboth, Dec. 26, 1861. Ibid.

leck, and the fact that Curtis was chasing the army of Price out of south-western Missouri, gave a delusive appearance of quiet and order throughout the State. We shall see how this security was rudely disturbed during the summer of 1862 by local efforts and uprisings, though the rebels were not able to bring about any formidable campaign of invasion, and Mistion became, in the public estimation, rather a sign of suspicion than an assurance of honesty and good faith. It grew into one of the standing jests of the camps that when a Union soldier found a rattlesnake, his comrades would instantly propose with mock gravity, "Administer the oath to him, boys, and let him go."



souri as a whole remained immovable in her military and political adherence to the Union.

With the view still further to facilitate the restoration of public peace, the State convention at the same October (1861) session, extended amnesty to repentant rebels in an ordinance which provided that any person who would make and file a written oath to support the Federal and State governments, declaring that he would not take up arms against the United States, or the provisional government of Missouri, nor give aid and comfort to their enemies during the present civil war, should be exempt from arrest and punishment for previous rebellion.

Many persons doubtless took this oath and kept it with sincere faith. But it seems no less certain that many others who also took it so persistently violated both its spirit and letter as to render it practically of no service as an external test of allegiance to the Union. In the years of local hatred and strife which ensued, oaths were so recklessly taken and so willfully violated that the ceremony of adjura-

THE TENNESSEE LINE.

In the State of Kentucky the long game of political intrigue came to an end as the autumn of 1861 approached. By a change almost as sudden as a stage transformation-scene, the beginning of September brought a general military activity and a state of qualified civil war. This change grew naturally out of the military condition, which was no longer compatible with the uncertain and expectant attitude the State had hitherto maintained. The notes of preparation for Frémont's campaign down the Mississippi could not be ignored. Cairo had become a great military post, giving the Federal forces who held it a strategical advantage both for defense and offense against which the Confederates had no corresponding foothold on the great river. The first defensive work was Fort Pillow, 215 miles below, armed with only twelve 32-pounders. To oppose a more formidable resistance to Frémont's descent was of vital importance, which General

Polk's West Point education enabled him to realize.

But the Mississippi, with its generally level banks, afforded relatively few points capable of effective defense. The one most favorable to the Confederate needs was at Columbus, in the State of Kentucky, eighteen miles below Cairo, on a high bluff commanding the river for about five miles. Both the Union and Confederate commanders coveted this situation, for its natural advantages were such that when fully fortified it became familiarly known as the "Gibraltar of the West." So far, through the neutrality policy of Kentucky, it had remained unappropriated by either side. On the first day of September, the rebel General Polk, commanding at Memphis, sent a messenger to Governor Magoffin to obtain confidential information about the "future plans and policy of the Southern party in Kentucky," explaining his desire to "be ahead of the enemy in occupying Columbus and Paducah." Buckner at the same time was in Richmond, proposing to the Confederate authorities certain military movements in Kentucky, "in advance of the action of her governor." On September 3 they promised him, as definitely as they could, countenance and assistance in his scheme; and a week after, he accepted a brigadier-general's commission from Jefferson Davis. While Buckner was negotiating, General Polk initiated the rebel invasion of Kentucky. Whether upon information from Governor Magoffin or elsewhere, he ordered Pillow with his detachment of six thousand men to cross the river from New Madrid and occupy the town of Columbus.

The Confederate movement created a general flurry in neutrality circles. Numerous protests went to both Polk and the Richmond authorities, and Governor Harris hastened to assure Governor Magoffin that he was in entire ignorance of it, and had appealed to Jefferson Davis to order the troops withdrawn. Even the rebel Secretary of War was mystified by the report, and directed Polk to order the troops withdrawn from Kentucky. Jefferson Davis however, either with prior knowledge or with truer instinct, telegraphed to Polk: "The necessity justifies the action."* In his letter to Davis, the general strongly argued the propriety of his course: "I believe, if we could have found a respectable pretext, it would have been better to have seized this place some months ago, as I am convinced we had more friends then in Kentucky than we have had since, and every hour's delay made against us. Kentucky was fast melting away under the influence of the Lincoln Government." He had little need to urge this view. Jefferson Davis had already written him, "We cannot permit the indeterminate quantities, the political elements, to control our action in cases of military necessity";† and to Governor Harris, "Security to Tennessee and other parts of the Confederacy is the primary object. To this all else must give way."‡

To strengthen further and consolidate the important military enterprises thus begun, Jefferson Davis now adopted a recommendation of Polk that

> They should be combined from west to east across the Mississippi Valley, and placed under the direction of one head, and that head should have large discretionary powers. Such a position is one of very great responsibility, involving and requiring large experience and extensive military knowledge, and I know of no one so well equal to that task as our friend General Albert S. Johnston.

Johnston, with the rank of general, was duly assigned, on September 10, to the command of Department No. 2, covering in general the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, part of Mississippi, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian Territory. Proceeding at once to Nashville and conferring with the local authorities, he wrote back to Richmond, under date of September 16:

> So far from yielding to the demand for the withdrawal of our troops, I have determined to occupy Bowling Green at once. . . . I design to-morrow (which is the earliest practicable moment) to take possession of Bowling Green with five thousand troops, and prepare to support the movement with such force as circumstances may indicate and the means at my command may allow.

The movement was promptly carried out. Buckner was put in command of the expedition; and seizing several railroad trains, he moved forward to Bowling Green on the morning of the 18th, having sent ahead five hundred men to occupy Munfordville, and issuing the usual proclamation, that his invasion was a measure of defense. Meanwhile the third column of invaders entered eastern Kentucky through Cumberland Gap. Brigadier-General Zollicoffer had eight or ten thousand men under his command in eastern Tennessee, but, as elsewhere, much scattered, and badly armed and supplied. Under his active supervision, during the month of August he somewhat improved the organization of his forces and acquainted himself with the intricate topography of the mountain region he was in. Prompted probably from Kentucky, he was ready early in September to join in the combined movement into that State. About the 10th he advanced with six regiments through

* Davis to Polk, Sept. 4, 1861. War Records.
† Davis to Polk, Sept. 15, 1861. Ibid.
‡ Davis to Harris, Sept. 13, 1861. Ibid.

Cumberland Gap to Cumberland Ford, and began planning further aggressive movements against the small Union force, principally Home Guards, which had been collected and organized at Camp Dick Robinson.

The strong Union legislature which Kentucky elected in August met in Frankfort, the capital, on the 2d of September. Polk, having securely established himself at Columbus, notified the governor of his presence, and offered as his only excuse the alleged intention of the Federal troops to occupy it. The legislature, not deeming the excuse sufficient, passed a joint resolution instructing the governor "to inform those concerned that Kentucky expects the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally."* The governor vetoed the resolution, on the ground that it did not also embrace the Union troops; the legislature passed it over his veto. Governor Magoffin now issued his proclamation, as directed. Polk and Jefferson Davis replied that the Confederate army would withdraw if the Union army would do the same. To this the legislature responded with another joint resolution, that the conditions prescribed were an insult to the dignity of the State, "to which Kentucky cannot listen without dishonor," and "that the invaders must be expelled." The resolution further required General Robert Anderson to take instant command, with authority to call out a volunteer force, in all of which the governor was required to lend his aid. Kentucky was thus officially taken out of her false attitude of neutrality, and placed in active coöperation with the Federal Government to maintain the Union. Every day increased the strength and zeal of her assistance. A little later in the session a law was enacted declaring enlistments under the Confederate flag a misdemeanor and the invasion of Kentucky by Confederate soldiers a felony, and prescribing heavy penalties for both. Finally, the legislature authorized the enlistment of forty thousand volunteers to "repel invasion," providing also that they should be mustered into the service of the United States and coöperate with the armies of the Union. This was a complete revolution from the anti-coercion resolutions that the previous legislature had passed in January.

Hitherto there were no Federal forces in Kentucky except the brigade which Lieutenant Nelson had organized at Camp Dick Robinson; the Home Guards in various counties, though supplied with arms by the Federal Government, were acting under State militia laws. General Robert Anderson, commanding the military department which embraced Kentucky, still kept his headquarters at Cincinnati, and Rousseau, a prominent Kentuckian, engaged in organizing a brigade of Kentuckians, had purposely made his camp on the Indiana side of the Ohio River. Nevertheless President Lincoln, the governors of Ohio and Indiana, and the various military commanders had for months been ready to go to the assistance of the Kentucky Unionists whenever the emergency should arise. Even if the neutral attitude of Kentucky had not been brought to an end by the advance of the Confederate forces, it would have been by that of the Federals. A point had been reached where further inaction was impossible. Three days before General Pillow occupied Hickman, Frémont sent General Grant to south-eastern Missouri, to concentrate the several Federal detachments, drive out the enemy, and destroy a rumored rebel battery at Belmont. His order says finally, "It is intended, in connection with all these movements, to occupy Columbus, Kentucky, as soon as possible." It was in executing a part of this order that the gun-boats sent to Belmont extended their reconnaissance down the river, and discovered the advance of the Confederates on the Kentucky shore. An unexpected delay in the movement of one of Grant's detachments occurred at the same time; and that commander, with the military intuition which afterward rendered him famous, postponed the continuance of the local operations in Missouri, and instead immediately prepared an expedition into Kentucky, which became the initial step of his brilliant and fruitful campaign in that direction a few months later. He saw that Columbus, his primary objective point, was lost for the present; but he also perceived that another, of perhaps equal strategical value, yet lay within his grasp, though clearly there was no time to be wasted in seizing it. The gun-boat reconnaissance on the Mississippi River, which revealed the rebel occupation of Kentucky, was begun on September 4. On the following day General Grant, having telegraphed the information to Frémont and to the Kentucky legislature, hurriedly organized an expedition of 2 gun-boats, 1800 men, 16 cannon for batteries, and a supply of provisions and ammunition on transports. Taking personal command, he started with the expedition from Cairo at midnight of the 5th, and proceeded up the Ohio River to the town of Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee, where he arrived on the morning of the 6th. A contraband trade with the rebels, by means of small steamboats plying on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, had called special attention to the easy communication between this point and central Tennessee. He landed without opposition and took possession, making

* War Records.

arrangements to fortify and permanently hold the place; having done which, he himself returned to Cairo the same afternoon, to report his advance and forward reënforcements. The importance of the seizure was appreciated by the rebels, for, on the 13th of September, Buckner wrote to Richmond, "Our possession of Columbus is already neutralized by that of Paducah."

The culmination of affairs in Kentucky had been carefully watched by the authorities in Washington. From a conference with President Lincoln, Anderson returned to Cincinnati on September 1, taking with him two subordinates of exceptional ability, Brigadier-Generals Sherman and Thomas. A delegation of prominent Kentuckians met him, to set forth the critical condition of their State. He dispatched Sherman to solicit help from Frémont and the governors of Indiana and Illinois, and a week later moved his headquarters to Louisville, also sending Thomas to Camp Dick Robinson, to take direction of affairs in that quarter. By the time that Sherman returned from his mission the crisis had already developed itself. The appearance of Polk's forces at Columbus, the action of the legislature, the occupation of Paducah by Grant, and the threatening rumors from Buckner's camp, created a high degree of excitement and apprehension. On September 16 Anderson reported Zollicoffer's invasion through Cumberland Gap, upon which the President telegraphed him to assume active command in Kentucky at once. Added to this, there came to Louisville on the 18th the positive news of Buckner's advance to Bowling Green. This information set all central Kentucky in a military ferment; for the widely published announcement that the State Guards, Buckner's secession militia, would meet at Lexington on September 20, to have a camp drill under supervision of Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, and other leaders, seemed too plainly coincident with the triple invasion to be designed for a mere holiday. A rising at Lexington and a junction with Zollicoffer might end in a march upon Frankfort, the capital, to disperse the legislature; a simultaneous advance by Buckner in force and capture of Louisville would, in a brief campaign, complete the subjugation of Kentucky to the rebellion. There remains no record to show whether or not such a plan was among the movements, "in advance of the governor's action," which Buckner discussed with Jefferson Davis on September 3 at Richmond. The bare possibility roused the Unionists of Kentucky to vigorous action. With an evident distrust of Governor Magoffin, a caucus of the Union members of the legislature assumed quasi-executive authority, and through the speakers of the two Houses requested General Thomas, at Camp Dick Robinson, to send a regiment, "fully prepared for fight," to Lexington in advance of the advertised "camp drill" of the State Guards; also promising that the Home Guards should rally in force to support him. Thomas ordered the movement, and, in spite of numerous obstacles, Colonel Bramlette brought his regiment to the Lexington fair ground on the night of the 19th of September. His advent was so sudden that he came near making important arrests. Breckinridge, Humphrey Marshall, Morgan, and other leaders were present, but, being warned, fled in different directions, and the "camp drill," shorn of its guiding spirits, proved powerless for the mischievous ends which had evidently been intended.

At Louisville, General Anderson lost no time in the effort to meet Buckner's advance. There were no organized troops in the city, but the brigade Rousseau had been collecting on the Indiana shore was hastily called across the river and joined to the Louisville Home Guards, making in all some 2500 men, who were sent out by the railroad towards Nashville, under the personal command of Sherman. An expedition of the enemy had already burned the important railroad bridges, apparently, however, with the simple object of creating delay. Nevertheless, Sherman went on and occupied Muldraugh's Hill, where he was soon reënforced; for the utmost efforts had been used by the governors of Ohio and Indiana to send to the help of Kentucky every available regiment. If Buckner meditated the capture of Louisville, this show of force caused him to pause; but he remained firm at Bowling Green, also increasing his army, and ready to take part in whatever movement events might render feasible.

No serious or decisive conflicts immediately followed these various moves on the military chess-board. For the present they served merely to define the hostile frontier. With Polk at Columbus, Buckner at Bowling Green, and Zollicoffer in front of Cumberland Gap, the Confederate frontier was practically along the northern Tennessee line. The Union line ran irregularly through the center of Kentucky. One direct result was rapidly to eliminate the armed secessionists. Humphrey Marshall, Breckinridge, and others who had set up rebel camps hastened with their followers within the protection of the Confederate line. Before further operations occurred, a change of Union commanders took place. The excitement, labors, and responsibilities proved too great for the physical strength of General Anderson. Relieved at his own re-

quest, on October 8, he relinquished the command to General Sherman, who was designated by General Scott to succeed him. The new and heavy duties which fell upon him were by no means to Sherman's liking. "I am forced into the command of this Department against my will," he wrote. Looking at his field with a purely professional eye, the disproportion between the magnitude of his task and the immediate means for its accomplishment oppressed him like a nightmare. There were no troops in Kentucky when he came. The recruits sent from other States were gradually growing into an army, but as yet without drill, equipments, or organization. Kentucky herself was in a curious transition. By vote of her people and her legislature, she had decided to adhere to the Union; but as a practical incident of war, many of her energetic and adventurous young men drifted to Southern camps, while the Union property-holders and heads of families were unfit or unwilling immediately to enlist in active service to sustain the cause they had espoused. The Home Guards, called into service for ten days, generally refused to extend their term. The arms furnished them became easily scattered, and, even if not seized or stolen by young secession recruits and carried to the enemy, were with difficulty recovered for use. Now that the General Government had assumed command and the State had ordered an army, many neighborhoods felt privileged to call for protection rather than furnish a quota for offense. Even where they were ready to serve, the enlistment of the State volunteers, recently authorized by the legislature, had yet scarcely begun.

About the middle of October, Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, returning from a visit to Frémont, passed through Louisville and held a military consultation with Sherman. General Sherman writes:

> I remember taking a large map of the United States, and assuming the people of the whole South to be in rebellion, that our task was to subdue them, showed that McClellan was on the left, having a frontage of less than 100 miles, and Frémont the right, about the same; whereas I, the center, had from the Big Sandy to Paducah, over 300 miles of frontier; that McClellan had 100,000 men, Frémont 60,000, whereas to me had only been allotted about 18,000. I argued that for the purpose of defense we should have 60,000 men at once, and for offense would need 200,000 before we were done. Mr. Cameron, who still lay on the bed, threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Great God! where are they to come from?" I asserted that there were plenty of men at the North, ready and willing to come if he would only accept their services; for it was notorious that regiments had been formed in all the North-western States whose services had been refused by the War Department, on the ground that they would not be needed. We discussed all these matters fully, in the most friendly spirit, and I thought I had aroused Mr. Cameron to a realization of the great war that was before us, and was in fact upon us.*

While recognizing many of the needs which Sherman pointed out, the Secretary could not immediately promise him any great augmentation of his force.

Complaints and requests of this character were constantly coming to the Administration from all the commanders and governors, and a letter of President Lincoln, written in reply to a similar strain of fault-finding from Indiana, plainly indicates why such requirements in all quarters could not be immediately supplied:

> WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 29, 1861.
>
> HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. O. P. MORTON: Your letter by the hand of Mr. Prunk was received yesterday. I write this letter because I wish you to believe of us (as we certainly believe of you) that we are doing the very best we can. You do not receive arms from us as fast as you need them; but it is because we have not near enough to meet all the pressing demands, and we are obliged to share around what we have, sending the larger share to the points which appear to need them most. We have great hope that our own supply will be ample before long, so that you and all others can have as many as you need. I see an article in an Indianapolis newspaper denouncing me for not answering your letter sent by special messenger two or three weeks ago. I did make what I thought the best answer I could to that letter. As I remember, it asked for ten heavy guns to be distributed with some troops at Lawrenceburgh, Madison, New Albany, and Evansville; and I ordered the guns and directed you to send the troops if you had them. As to Kentucky, you do not estimate that State as more important than I do; but I am compelled to watch all points. While I write this I am if not in *range* at least in *hearing* of cannon shot, from an army of enemies more than a hundred thousand strong. I do not expect them to capture this city; but I know they would if I were to send the men and arms from here to defend Louisville, of which there is not a single hostile armed soldier within forty miles, nor any force known to be moving upon it from any distance. It is true the army in our front may make a half-circle around southward and move on Louisville; but when they do, we will make a half-circle around northward and meet them; and in the mean time we will get up what forces we can from other sources to also meet them.
>
> I hope Zollicoffer has left Cumberland Gap (though I fear he has not), because, if he has, I rather infer he did it because of his dread of Camp Dick Robinson, reënforced from Cincinnati, moving on him, than because of his intention to move on Louisville. But if he does go round and reënforce Buckner, let Dick Robinson come round and reënforce Sherman, and the thing is substantially as it was when Zollicoffer left Cumberland Gap. I state this as an illustration; for in fact I think if the Gap is left open to us Dick Robinson should take it and hold it; while Indiana, and the vicinity of Louisville in Kentucky, can reënforce Sherman faster than Zollicoffer can Buckner. . . .
>
> Yours, very truly, A. LINCOLN.†

The conjectures of the President proved substantially correct. Great as was the need of arms for Union regiments, the scarcity among the rebels was much greater. Of the 30,000

* Sherman, "Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 203.

† Unpublished MS.

stands which Johnston asked for when he assumed command, the rebel War Department could only send him 1000. Ammunition and supplies were equally wanting. He called out 50,000 volunteers from Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas, but reënforcements from this and other sources were slow. His greatest immediate help came by transferring Hardee with his division from Missouri to Bowling Green. If, as Sherman surmised, a concentration of his detachments would have enabled him to make a successful march on Louisville, he was unwilling to take the risk. The contingency upon which the rebel invasion was probably based, the expected rising in Kentucky, had completely failed. Johnston wrote to Richmond:

> We have received but little accession to our ranks since the Confederate forces crossed the line; in fact, no such enthusiastic demonstration as to justify any movements not warranted by our ability to maintain our own communications.*

One of his recruiting brigadiers wrote:

> The Kentuckians still come in small squads; I have induced the most of them to go in for the war. This requires about three speeches a day. When thus stirred up they go, almost to a man. Since I have found that I can't be a general, I have turned recruiting agent and sensation speaker for the brief period that I shall remain.†

For the present Johnston's policy was purely defensive; he directed Cumberland Gap to be fortified, and completed the works at Columbus, "to meet the probable flotilla from the North, supposed to carry two hundred heavy guns," while Buckner was vigorously admonished to "Hold on to Bowling Green." He made this order when Buckner had six thousand men; but even when that number was doubled, after the arrival of Hardee, Johnston was occupied with calculations for defense and asking for further reënforcements.‡

LINCOLN DIRECTS COÖPERATION.

At the beginning of December, 1861, the President was forced to turn his serious personal attention to army matters. Except to organize, drill, and review the Army of the Potomac, to make an unfruitful reconnaissance and to suffer the lamentable Ball's Bluff disaster, McClellan had nothing to show for his six months of local and two months of chief command. The splendid autumn weather, the wholesome air and dry roads, had come and gone. Rain, snow, and mud, crippling clogs to military movements in all lands and epochs, were to be expected for a quarter if not for half of the coming year. Worse than all, McClellan had fallen seriously ill. With most urgent need of early action, every prospect of securing it seemed to be thus cut off. In this dilemma Lincoln turned to the Western commanders. "General McClellan is sick," he telegraphed to Halleck on the last day of the year. "Are General Buell and yourself in concert?" The following day, being New Year's, he repeated his inquiry, or rather his prompting suggestion, that, McClellan being incapable of work, Buell and Halleck should at once establish a vigorous and hearty cooperation. Their replies were not specially promising. "There is no arrangement between General Halleck and myself," responded Buell, adding that he depended on McClellan for instructions to this end; while Halleck said, "I have never received a word from General Buell. I am not ready to coöperate with him"; adding, in his turn, that he had written to McClellan, and that too much haste would ruin everything. Plainly, therefore, the military machine, both East and West, was not only at a complete standstill, but was without a programme.

Of what avail, then, were McClellan's office and function of General-in-Chief, if such a contingency revealed either his incapacity or his neglect? The force of this question is immensely increased when we see how in the same episode McClellan's acts followed Lincoln's suggestions. However silent and confiding in the skill and energy of his generals, the President had studied the military situation with unremitting diligence. In his telegram of December 31 to Halleck, he started a pregnant inquiry. "When he [Buell] moves on Bowling Green, what hinders it being reenforced from Columbus?" And he asked the same question at the same time of Buell. Halleck seems to have had no answer to make; Buell sent the only reply that was possible: "There is nothing to prevent Bowling Green being reënforced from Columbus if a military force is not brought to bear on the latter place."

Lincoln was not content to permit this know-nothing and do-nothing policy to continue. "I have just been with General McClellan, and he is much better," he wrote the day after New Year's; and in this interview the necessity for action and the telegrams from the Western commanders were fully discussed, as becomes evident from the fact that the following day McClellan wrote a letter to Halleck containing an earnest suggestion to remedy the neglect and need pointed out by Lincoln's dispatch of December 31. In this letter McClellan advised an expedition up the Cumberland River, a dem-

* War Records.
† Alcorn to Buckner, Oct. 21, 1861. Ibid.
‡ Johnston to Cooper, Oct. 17, 1861. Ibid.

onstration on Columbus, and a feint on the Tennessee River, all for the purpose of preventing reënforcements from joining Buckner and Johnston at Bowling Green, whom Buell was preparing to attack.

Meanwhile Lincoln's dispatch of inquiry had renewed the attention, and perhaps aroused the ambition, of Buell. He and Halleck had, after Lincoln's prompting, interchanged dispatches about concerted action. Halleck reported a withdrawal of troops from Missouri "almost impossible"; to which Buell replied that "the great power of the rebellion in the West is arrayed" on a line from Columbus to Bowling Green, and that two gun-boat expeditions with a support of 20,000 men should attack its center by way of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, and that "whatever is done should be done speedily, within a few days." Halleck, however, did not favorably entertain the proposition. His reply discussed an altogether different question. He said it would be madness for him with his forces to attempt any serious operation against Camp Beauregard or Columbus; and that if Buell's Bowling Green movement required his help it ought to be delayed a few weeks, when he could probably furnish some troops. Leaving altogether unanswered Buell's suggestion for the movement up the Cumberland and the Tennessee, Halleck stated his strong disapproval of the Bowling Green movement, and on the same day he repeated these views a little more fully in a letter to the President. Premising that he could not at the present time withdraw any troops from Missouri, "without risking the loss of this State," he said:

> I know nothing of General Buell's intended operations, never having received any information in regard to the general plan of campaign. If it be intended that his column shall move on Bowling Green while another moves from Cairo or Paducah on Columbus or Camp Beauregard, it will be a repetition of the same strategic error which produced the disaster of Bull Run. To operate on exterior lines against an enemy occupying a central position will fail, as it always has failed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. It is condemned by every military authority I have ever read. General Buell's army and the forces at Paducah occupy precisely the same position in relation to each other and to the enemy as did the armies of McDowell and Patterson before the battle of Bull Run.

Lincoln, finding in these replies but a continuation of not only the system of delay, but also the want of plans, and especially of energetic joint action, which had thus far in a majority of cases marked the operations of the various commanders, was not disposed further to allow matters to remain in such unfruitful conditions. Under his prompting McClellan, on this same 6th of January, wrote to Buell, "Halleck, from his own account, will not soon be in a condition to support properly a movement up the Cumberland. Why not make the movement independently of and without waiting for that?" And on the next day Lincoln followed this inquiry with a still more energetic monition: "Please name as early a day as you safely can, on or before which you can be ready to move southward in concert with Major-General Halleck. Delay is ruining us, and it is indispensable for me to have something definite. I send a like dispatch to Major-General Halleck." This somewhat peremptory order seems to have brought nothing except a reply from Halleck: "I have asked General Buell to designate a day for a demonstration to assist him. It is all I can do till I get arms." Three days later, Halleck's already quoted letter of the 6th reached Washington by mail, and after its perusal the President indorsed upon it, with a heart-sickness easily discernible in the words, "The within is a copy of a letter just received from General Halleck. It is exceedingly discouraging. As everywhere else, nothing can be done."

Nevertheless, something was being done: very little at the moment, it is true, but enough to form the beginning of momentous results. On the same day on which Halleck had written the discouraging letter commented upon above by the President, he had also transmitted to Grant at Cairo the direction, "I wish you to make a demonstration in force on Mayfield and in the direction of Murray." The object was, as he further explained, to prevent reënforcements being sent to Buckner at Bowling Green. He was to threaten Camp Beauregard and Murray, to create the impression that not only was Dover (Fort Donelson) to be attacked, but that a great army to be gathered in the West was to sweep down towards Nashville, his own column being merely an advance guard. Commodore Foote was to assist by a gun-boat demonstration. "Be very careful, however," added Halleck, "to avoid a battle; we are not ready for that; but cut off detached parties and give your men a little experience in skirmishing."

If Halleck's order for a demonstration against Mayfield and Murray, creating an indirect menace to Columbus and Dover, had gone to an unwilling or negligent officer, he could have found in his surrounding conditions abundant excuses for evasion or noncompliance. There existed at Cairo, as at every other army post, large or small, lack of officers, of organization, of arms, of equipments, of transportation, of that multitude of things considered necessary to the efficiency of moving troops. But in the West the sudden increase of armies brought to command,

and to direction and management, a large proportion of civilians, lacking methodical instruction and experience, which was without question a serious defect, but which left them free to invent and to adopt whatever expedients circumstances might suggest, or which rendered them satisfied, and willing to enter upon undertakings amidst a want of preparation and means that better information might have deemed indispensable.

The detailed reports and orders of the expedition we are describing clearly indicate these latter characteristics. We learn from them that the weather was bad, the roads heavy, the quartermaster's department and transportation deficient, and the gun-boats without adequate crews. Yet nowhere does it appear that these things were treated as impediments. Halleck's instructions dated January 6 were received by Grant on the morning of the 8th, and his answer was that immediate preparations were being made for carrying them out, and that Commodore Foote would coöperate with three gun-boats. "The continuous rains for the last week or more," says Grant, "have rendered the roads extremely bad, and will necessarily make our movement slow. This however will operate worse upon the enemy, if he should come out to meet us, than upon us." The movement began on the evening of January 9, and its main delay occurred through Halleck's orders. It was fully resumed on the 12th. Brigadier-General McClernand, with five thousand men, marched southward, generally parallel to the Mississippi River, to Mayfield, midway between Fort Henry and Columbus, and pushed a reconnaissance closely up to the latter place. Brigadier-General Smith, starting from Paducah, marched a strong column southward, generally parallel to the Tennessee River, to Calloway, near Fort Henry. Foote and Grant, with three gun-boats, two of them new iron-clads, ascended the Tennessee to Fort Henry, drew the fire of the fort, and threw several shells into the works. It is needless to describe the routes, the precautions, the marching and counter-marching to mystify the enemy. While the rebels were yet expecting a further advance, the several detachments were already well on their return. "The expedition," says Grant, "if it had no other effect, served as a fine reconnaissance." But it had more positive results. Fort Henry and Columbus were thoroughly alarmed and drew in their outposts, while the Union forces learned from inspection that the route offered a feasible line of march to attack and invest Columbus, and demonstrated the inherent weakness and vulnerability of Fort Henry. This, be it remembered, was done with raw forces and without preparation, but with officers and men responding alike promptly to every order and executing their task more than cheerfully, even eagerly, with such means as were at hand when the order came. "The reconnaissance thus made," reports McClernand, "completed a march of 140 miles by the cavalry, and 75 miles by the infantry, over icy or miry roads, during a most inclement season." He further reports that the circumstances of the case "prevented me from taking, on leaving Cairo, the five-days' supply of rations and forage directed by the commanding officer of this district; hence the necessity of an early resort to other sources of supply. None other presented but to quarter upon the enemy or to purchase from loyal citizens. I accordingly resorted to both expedients as I had opportunity."

Lincoln's prompting did not end with merely having produced this reconnaissance. The President's patience was well-nigh exhausted; and while his uneasiness drove him to no act of rashness, it caused him to repeat his admonitions and suggestions. In addition to his telegrams and letters to the Western commanders between December 31 and January 6, he once more wrote to both, on January 13, to point out how advantage might be taken of the military condition as it then existed. Halleck had emphasized the danger of moving on "exterior lines," and insisted that it was merely repeating the error committed at Bull Run and would as inevitably produce disaster. Lincoln in his letter shows that the defeat at Bull Run did not result from movement on exterior lines, but from failure to use exterior lines with judgment and concert; and he further illustrated how the Western armies might now, by judicious coöperation, secure important military results.

MY DEAR SIR: * Your dispatch of yesterday is received, in which you say, "I have received your letter and General McClellan's, and will at once devote all my efforts to your views and his." In the midst of my many cares I have not seen nor asked to see General McClellan's letter to you. For my own views, I have not offered, and do not now offer, them as orders; and while I am glad to have them respectfully considered, I would blame you to follow them contrary to your own clear judgment, unless I should put them in the form of orders. As to General McClellan's views, you understand your duty in regard to them better than I do. With this preliminary, I state my general idea of this war to be, that we have the greater numbers, and the enemy has the greater facility of concentrating forces upon points of collision; that we must fail unless we can find some way of making our advantage an overmatch for his; and that this can only be done by menacing him with superior forces at different points at the same time, so that we can safely attack one or both if he makes no

* This letter was addressed to Buell, but a copy of it was also sent to Halleck. [War Records.]

change; and if he weakens one to strengthen the other, forbear to attack the strengthened one, but seize and hold the weakened one, gaining so much. To illustrate: Suppose last summer, when Winchester ran away to reënforce Manassas, we had forborne to attack Manassas, but had seized and held Winchester. I mention this to illustrate, not to criticise. I did not lose confidence in McDowell, and I think less harshly of Patterson than some others seem to. In application of the general rule I am suggesting, every particular case will have its modifying circumstances, among which the most constantly present and most difficult to meet will be the want of perfect knowledge of the enemy's movements. This had its part in the Bull Run case; but worse in that case was the expiration of the terms of the three-months' men. Applying the principle to your case, my idea is that Halleck shall menace Columbus and "down river" generally, while you menace Bowling Green and east Tennessee. If the enemy shall concentrate at Bowling Green do not retire from his front, yet do not fight him there either; but seize Columbus and east Tennessee, one or both, left exposed by the concentration at Bowling Green. It is a matter of no small anxiety to me, and one which I am sure you will not overlook, that the east Tennessee line is so long and over so bad a road.

Buell made no reply to this letter of Lincoln's; but Halleck sent an indirect answer a week later, in a long letter to General McClellan, under date of January 20. The communication is by no means a model of correspondence when we remember that it emanates from a trained writer upon military science. It is long and somewhat rambling; it finds fault with politics and politicians in war, in evident ignorance of both politics and politicians. It charges that past want of success "is attributable to the politicians rather than to the generals," in plain contradiction of the actual facts. It condemns "pepper-box strategy," and recommends detached operations in the same breath. The more noticeable point of the letter is that, while reiterating that the General-in-Chief had furnished no general plan, and while the principal commanders had neither unity of views nor concert of action, it ventures, though somewhat feebly, to recommend a combined system of operations for the West. Says Halleck, in this letter:

The idea of moving down the Mississippi by steam is, in my opinion, impracticable, or at least premature. It is not a proper line of operations, at least now. A much more feasible plan is to move up the Cumberland and Tennessee, making Nashville the first objective point. This would turn Columbus and force the abandonment of Bowling Green. . . . This line of the Cumberland or Tennessee is the great central line of the western theater of war, with the Ohio below the mouth of Green River as the base, and two good navigable rivers extending far into the interior of the theater of operations. But the plan should not be attempted without a large force—not less than 60,000 effective men.

The idea was by no means new. Buell had tentatively suggested it to McClellan as early as November 27; McClellan had asked further details about it December 5; Buell had again specifically elaborated it, "as the most important strategical point in the whole field of operations," to McClellan on December 29, and as the "center" of the rebellion front in the West, to Halleck on January 3. Yet, recognizing this line as the enemy's chief weakness, McClellan at Washington, Buell at Louisville, and Halleck at St. Louis, holding the President's unlimited trust and authority, had allowed nearly two months to elapse, directing the Government power to other objects, to the neglect, not alone of military success, but of plans of coöperation, of counsel, of intention to use this great and recognized military advantage, until the country was fast losing confidence and even hope. Even now Halleck did not propose immediately to put his theory into practice. Like Buell, he was calling for more troops for the "politicians" to supply. It is impossible to guess when he might have been ready to move on his great strategic line, if subordinate officers, more watchful and enterprising, had not in a measure forced the necessity upon his attention.

GRANT AND THOMAS IN KENTUCKY.

In the early stage of military organization in the West, when so many volunteer colonels were called to immediate active duty in the field, the West Point education of Grant and his practical campaign training in the Mexican war made themselves immediately felt and appreciated at the department headquarters. His usefulness and superiority were at once evident by the clearness and brevity of his correspondence, the correctness of routine reports and promptness of their transmission, the pertinence and practical quality of his suggestions, the readiness and fertility of expedient with which he executed orders. Any one reading over his letters of this first period of his military service is struck by the fact that through him something was always accomplished. There was absence of excuse, complaint, or delay; always the report of a task performed. If his means or supplies were imperfect, he found or improvised the best available substitute; if he could not execute the full requirement, he performed so much of it as was possible. He always had an opinion, and that opinion was positive, intelligible, practical. We find therefore that his allotted tasks from the very first rose continually in importance. He gained in authority and usefulness, not by solicitation or intrigue, but by services rendered. He was sent to more and more difficult duties, to larger supervision, to heavier responsibilities. From guarding a station at Mexico on the North

Missouri railroad, to protecting a railroad terminus at Ironton in south-east Missouri; from there to brief inspection duty at Jefferson City, then to the command of the military district of south-east Missouri; finally to the command of the great military depot and rendezvous at Cairo, Illinois, with its several outlying posts and districts, and the supervision of its complicated details about troops, arms, and supplies to be collected and forwarded in all directions,—clearly it was not chance which brought him to such duties, but his fitness to perform them. It was from the vantage ground of this enlarged command that he had checkmated the rebel occupation of Columbus, by immediately seizing Paducah and Smithland. And from Cairo also he organized and led his first experiment in field fighting, at what is known as the battle of Belmont.

Just before Frémont was relieved, and while he was in the field in nominal pursuit of Price, he had ordered Grant to clear south-eastern Missouri of guerrillas, with the double view of restoring local authority and preventing reënforcements to Price. Movements were in progress to this end when it became apparent that the rebel stronghold at Columbus was preparing to send out a column.

Grant organized an expedition to counteract this design, and on the evening of November 6 left Cairo with about 3000 men on transports, under convoy of 2 gun-boats, and steamed down the river. Upon information gained while on his route, he determined to break up a rebel camp at Belmont Landing, on the Missouri shore opposite Columbus, as the best means of making his expedition effective. On the morning of the 7th he had landed his troops at Hunter's Point, three miles above Belmont, and marched to a favorable place for attack back of the rebel encampment, which was situated in a large open field and was protected on the land side by a line of abatis. By the time Grant reached his position the rebel camp, originally consisting of a single regiment, had been reënforced by four regiments under General Pillow, from Columbus. A deliberate battle, with about equal forces, ensued. Though the Confederate line courageously contested the ground, the Union line, steadily advancing, swept the rebels back, penetrating the abatis and gaining the camp of the enemy, who took shelter in disorder under the steep river-bank. Grant's troops had gained a complete and substantial victory, but they now frittered it away by a disorderly exultation, and a greedy plunder of the camp they had stormed. The record does not show who was responsible for the unmilitary conduct, but it quickly brought its retribution. Before the Unionists were aware of it, General Polk had brought an additional reënforcement of several regiments across the river and hurriedly marched them to cut off the Federal retreat, which, instead of an orderly march from the battle-field, became a hasty scramble to get out of danger. Grant himself, unaware that the few companies left as a guard near the landing had already embarked, remained on shore to find them, and encountered instead the advancing rebel line. Discovering his mistake, he rode back to the landing, where "his horse slid down the river-bank on its haunches and trotted on board a transport over a plank thrust out for him."* Belmont was a drawn battle; or, rather, it was first a victory for the Federals and then a victory for the Confederates. The courage and the loss were nearly equal: 79 killed and 289 wounded on the Union side; 105 killed and 419 wounded on the Confederate side.

Brigadier-General McClernand, second in command in the battle of Belmont, was a fellow-townsman of the President, and to him Lincoln wrote the following letter of thanks and encouragement to the troops engaged:

> This is not an official but a social letter. You have had a battle, and without being able to judge as to the precise measure of its value, I think it is safe to say that you, and all with you, have done honor to yourselves and the flag, and service to the country. Most gratefully do I thank you and them. In my present position, I must care for the whole nation; but I hope it will be no injustice to any other State for me to indulge a little home pride, that Illinois does not disappoint us. I have just closed a long interview with Mr. Washburne, in which he has detailed the many difficulties you and those with you labor under. Be assured, we do not forget or neglect you. Much, very much, goes undone; but it is because we have not the power to do it faster than we do. Some of your forces are without arms; but the same is true here, and at every other place where we have considerable bodies of troops. The plain matter-of-fact is, our good people have rushed to the rescue of the Government faster than the Government can find arms to put into their hands. It would be agreeable to each division of the army to know its own precise destination; but the Government cannot immediately, nor inflexibly at any time, determine as to all; nor, if determined, can it tell its friends without at the same time telling its enemies. We know you do all as wisely and well as you can; and you will not be deceived if you conclude the same is true of us. Please give my respects and thanks to all.†

Belmont having been a mere episode, it drew after it no further movement in that direction. Grant and his command resumed their routine work of neighborhood police and observation. Buell and Halleck, both coming to their departments as new commanders shortly afterward, were absorbed with difficulties at other points. Secession was not yet

* Force, "From Fort Henry to Corinth," p. 23.

† Lincoln to McClernand, Nov. 10, 1861. Unpublished MS.

quieted in Kentucky. The Union troops at Cairo, Paducah, Smithland, and other river towns yet stood on the defensive, fearing rebel attack rather than preparing to attack rebels. Columbus and Bowling Green were the principal Confederate camps, and attracted and received the main attention from the Union commanders.

The first noteworthy occurrence following Belmont, as well as the beginning of the succession of brilliant Union victories which distinguished the early months of the year 1862, was the battle of Mill Springs, in eastern Kentucky. It had been the earnest desire of President Lincoln that a Union column should be sent to seize and hold east Tennessee, and General McClellan had urged such movement upon General Buell in several dispatches almost peremptory in their tone. At first Buell seemed to entertain the idea and promised compliance; but as his army increased in strength and discipline his plans and hopes centered themselves in an advance against Bowling Green, with the design to capture Nashville. General Thomas remained posted in eastern Kentucky, hoping that he might be called upon to form his column and lead it through the Cumberland Gap to Knoxville; but the weeks passed by, and the orders which he received only tended to scatter his few regiments for local defense and observation. With the hesitation of the Union army at this point, the Confederates became bolder. Zollicoffer established himself in a fortified camp on the north bank of the Cumberland River, where he could at the same time defend Cumberland Gap and incite eastern Kentucky to rebellion. Here he became so troublesome that Buell found it necessary to dislodge him, and late in December sent General Thomas orders to that effect. Thomas was weak in numbers, but strong in vigilance and courage. He made a difficult march during the early weeks of January, 1862, and halted at Logan's Cross Roads, within ten miles of the rebel camp, to await the junction of his few regiments. The enemy, under Zollicoffer and his district commander, Crittenden, resolved to advance and crush him before he could bring his force together. Thomas prepared for and accepted battle. The enemy had made a fatiguing night march of nine miles, through a cold rain and over muddy roads. On the morning of January 19 the battle, begun with spirit, soon had a dramatic incident. The rebel commander, Zollicoffer, mistaking a Union regiment, rode forward and told its commanding officer, Colonel Speed S. Fry, that he was firing upon friends. Fry, not aware that Zollicoffer was an enemy, turned away to order his men to stop firing. At this moment one of Zollicoffer's aides rode up, and seeing the true state of affairs drew his revolver and began firing at Fry, wounding his horse. Fry, wheeling in turn, drew his revolver and returned the fire, shooting Zollicoffer through the heart.* The fall of the rebel commander served to hasten and complete the defeat of the Confederates. They retreated in disorder to their fortified camp at Mill Springs. Thomas ordered immediate pursuit, and the same night invested their camp and made preparations to storm their intrenchments the following morning. When day came, however, it was found that the rebels had precipitately crossed the Cumberland River during the night, abandoning their wounded, twelve pieces of artillery, many small-arms, and extensive supplies, and had fled in utter dispersion to the mountains. It was one of the most remarkable Union victories of the war. General Thomas's forces consisted of a little over six regiments, those of Crittenden and Zollicoffer something over ten regiments.† It was more than a defeat for the Confederates. Their army was annihilated, and Cumberland Gap once more stood exposed, so that Buell might have sent a Union column and taken possession of eastern Tennessee with but feeble opposition. It is possible that the brilliant opportunity would at last have tempted him to comply with the urgent wishes of the President and the express orders of the General-in-Chief, had not unexpected events in another quarter diverted his attention and interest.

There was everywhere, about the months of December, 1861, and January, 1862, a perceptible increase of the Union armies by fresh regiments from the Northern States, a better supply of arms through recent importations, an increase of funds from new loans, and the delivery for use of various war material, the product of the summer's manufacture. Of prime importance to the military operations which centered at Cairo was the completion and equipment of the new gun-boats. A word of retrospect concerning this arm of the military service is here necessary. Commander John Rodgers was sent West in the month of May, 1861, to begin the construction of war vessels for Western rivers. Without definite plans he had purchased, and hastily converted, and armed as best he might, three river steamers. These were put into service in September. They were provided with cannon, but had no iron plating. They were the *Tyler*,‡ of 7 guns; the *Lexington*, of 6 guns; and the *Con-*

* Cist, "Army of the Cumberland," pp. 17, 18.

† Van Horne, "History of the Army of the Cumberland," Vol. I., p. 57.

‡ This vessel seems to have been named the *Tyler* at one time and the *Taylor* at another.

estoga, of 3 guns. Making Cairo their central station, they served admirably in the lighter duties of river police, in guarding transports, and in making hasty trips of reconnaissance. For the great expedition down the Mississippi, projected during the summer and fall of 1861, a more powerful class of vessels was provided.* The distinguished civil engineer James B. Eads designed and was authorized to build 7 new gun-boats, to carry 13 guns each, and to be protected about the bows with iron plating capable of resisting the fire of heavy artillery. They were named the *Cairo*, *Carondelet*, *Cincinnati*, *Louisville*, *Mound City*, *Pittsburg*, and *St. Louis*. Two additional gun-boats of the same type of construction, but of larger size,— the *Benton*, of 16 guns, and the *Essex*, of 5 guns,— were converted from other vessels about the same time. At the time Flag-Officer Foote finally accepted the first seven (January 15, 1862), it had been found impossible to supply them with crews of Eastern seamen. Resort was had to Western steamboatmen, and also to volunteers from infantry recruits. The joint reconnaissance of Grant and Foote to Fort Henry on the Tennessee River, January 14, has been related. A second examination was made by General Smith, who on January 22 reports that he had been within two miles and a half of the fort; that the river had risen fourteen feet since the last visit, giving a better opportunity to reconnoiter; more important, that the high water had drowned out a troublesome advance battery, and that, in his opinion, two iron-clad gun-boats could make short work of it. It is evident that, possessed of this additional information, Grant and Foote immediately resolved upon vigorous measures. Grant had already asked permission to visit Halleck at St. Louis. This was given; but Halleck refused to entertain his project. So firmly convinced was Grant, however, that his plan was good, that, though unsuccessful at first, he quickly renewed the request.† "Commanding-General Grant and myself," telegraphed Foote to Halleck (January 28, 1862), "are of opinion that Fort Henry on the Tennessee River can be carried with four iron-clad gun-boats and troops to permanently occupy. Have we your authority to move for that purpose when ready?" To this Grant on the same day added the direct proposal, "With permission, I will take Fort Henry on the Tennessee, and establish and hold a large camp there." It would appear that no immediate answer was returned, for on the following day Grant renews his proposition with more emphasis.‡

It is easy to perceive what produced the sudden change in Halleck's mind. Grant's persistent urging was evidently the main influence, but two other events contributed essentially to the result. The first was the important victory gained by Thomas at Mill Springs in eastern Kentucky on January 19, the certain news of which was probably just reaching him; the second was a telegram from Washington, informing him that General Beauregard, with fifteen regiments from the Confederate army in Virginia, was being sent to Kentucky to be added to Johnston's army.§ "I was not ready to move," explains Halleck afterward, "but deemed best to anticipate the arrival of Beauregard's forces." It is well also to remember in this connection that two days before, President Lincoln's War Order No. 1 had been published, ordering a general movement of all the armies of the Union on the coming 22d of February. Whatever induced it, the permission now given was full and hearty. "Make your preparations to take and hold Fort Henry," Halleck telegraphed to Grant on the 30th of January. "I will send you written instructions by mail."

Grant and Foote had probably already begun their preparation. Receiving Halleck's instructions on February 1, Grant on the following day started his expedition of 15,000 men on transports, and Foote accompanied him with 7 gun-boats for convoy and attack. Their plan contemplated a bombardment by the fleet from the river, and assault on the land side by the troops. For this purpose General McClernand, with a division, was landed four miles below the fort on February 4. They made a reconnaissance on the 5th, and being joined by another division, under General Smith, were ordered forward to invest the fort on the 6th. This required a circuitous march of eight miles, during which the gun-boats of Flag-Officer Foote, having less than half the distance to go by the river, moved on and began the bombardment. The capture proved easier than was anticipated. General Tilghman, the Confederate commander of the

* To show the unremitting interest of the President in these preparations, and how his encouragement and prompting followed even their minor details, we quote from his autograph manuscript a note to the Secretary of War:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Jan. 24, 1862.

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR.

MY DEAR SIR: On reflection I think you better make a peremptory order on the ordnance officer at Pittsburg to ship the ten mortars and two beds to Cairo instantly, and all others as fast as finished, till ordered to stop, reporting each shipment to the Department here. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

† Grant, "Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 287.

‡ Ibid.

§ McClellan to Halleck and Buell, January 29, 1862. War Records.

fort, had, early that morning, sent away his 3000 infantry to Fort Donelson, being convinced that he was beset by an overpowering force. He kept only one company of artillerists to work the eleven river guns of the fort; with these he defended the work about two hours, but without avail. Foote's 4 iron-plated gun-boats steamed boldly within 600 yards. The bombardment, though short, was well sustained on both sides, and not without its fluctuating chances. Two of the heaviest guns in the fort were soon silenced, one by bursting, the other being rendered useless by an accident with the priming wire. At this point a rebel shot passed through the casemate and the boiler of the gun-boat *Essex*, and she drifted helplessly out of the fight. But the remaining gun-boats continued their close and fierce attack, and five more of the rebel guns being speedily disabled, General Tilghman hauled down his flag and came on board to surrender the fort. McClernand's troops, from the land side, soon after entered the work and took formal possession. On the same day Grant telegraphed to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours"; and his dispatch bore yet another significant announcement eminently characteristic of the man, "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th."

FORT DONELSON.

THE news of the capture of Fort Henry created a sudden consternation among the Confederate commanders in Tennessee. It seemed as if the key-stone had unexpectedly fallen out of their arch of well-planned defenses. Generals Johnston, Beauregard, and Hardee immediately met in a council of war at Bowling Green, and after full discussion united in a memorandum acknowledging the disaster and resolving on the measures which in their judgment it rendered necessary. They foresaw that Fort Donelson would probably also fall; that Johnston's army must retreat to Nashville to avoid capture; that since Columbus was now separated from Bowling Green, the main army at Columbus must retreat to Humboldt, or possibly to Grand Junction, leaving only a sufficient garrison to make a desperate defense of the works and the river;* and immediate orders were issued to prepare for these movements. Nevertheless, Johnston, to use his own language, resolved "to fight for Nashville at Donelson." For this purpose he divided the army at Bowling Green, starting 8000 of his men under Generals Buckner and Floyd, together with 4000 more under Pillow from other points, on a rapid march to reënforce the threatened fort,† while General Hardee led his remaining 14,000 men on their retreat to Nashville.‡ This retreat was not alone a choice of evils. Even if Fort Henry had not fallen and Donelson been so seriously menaced, the overwhelming force of Buell would have compelled a retrograde movement. Had Buell been a commander of enterprise he would have seized this chance of inflicting great damage upon the diminished enemy in retreat. His advance guard, indeed, followed; but Johnston's remnant, marching night and day, succeeded in reaching the Cumberland River opposite Nashville, where, after preparations to cross in haste, the rebel commander awaited with intense eagerness to hear the fate of Donelson.

Of the two commanders in the West, the idea of the movement up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers was more favorably thought of by Halleck than by Buell. Buell pointed out its value, but began no movement that looked to its execution. Halleck, on the contrary, not only realized its importance, but immediately entertained the design of ultimately availing himself of it; thus he wrote at the time he ordered the reconnaissance which demonstrated its practicability: "The demonstration which General Grant is now making I have no doubt will keep them [the enemy] in check till preparations can be made for operations on the Tennessee or Cumberland."§ His conception of the necessary preparations was, however, almost equivalent to the rejection of the plan. He thought that it would require a force of 60,000 men; and to delay it till that number and their requisite material of war could be gathered or detached under prevailing ideas would amount to indefinite postponement.

When at last, through Grant's importunity, the movement was actually begun by the advance to capture Fort Henry, a curious interest in the expedition and its capabilities developed itself among the commanders. Grant's original proposition was simply to capture Fort Henry and establish a large camp. Nothing further was proposed, and Halleck's instructions went only to the same extent, with one addition. As the reported arrival of Beauregard with reënforcements had been the turning influence in Halleck's consent, so he proposed that the capture of Fort Henry should be immediately followed by a dash at the railroad bridges across the Tennessee and their destruction, to prevent those reënforcements from reaching Johnston. But

* Beauregard, Memorandum, Feb. 7, 1862. War Records.

† Johnston to ———, March 17, 1862. War Records.

‡ Johnston to Benjamin, Feb. 8, 1862. War Records.

§ Halleck to McClellan, Jan. 14, 1862. War Records.

with the progress of Grant's movement the chances of success brightened, and the plan began correspondingly to expand. On the 2d of February, when Grant's troops were preparing to invest Fort Henry, Halleck's estimate of coming possibilities had risen a little. He wrote to Buell:

> At present it is only proposed to take and occupy Fort Henry and Dover [Donelson], and, if possible, cut the railroad from Columbus to Bowling Green.

Here we have Donelson added to Henry in the intention of the department commander. That the same intention existed in Grant's mind is evident, for, as already related, on the fall of Henry on the 6th, he immediately telegraphed to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. . . . I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th and return to Fort Henry." It is to be noted, however, that in proposing to destroy Fort Donelson, he still limits himself to his original proposition of an intrenched camp at Fort Henry.

At the critical moment Halleck's confidence in success at Fort Henry wavered, and he called upon Buell with importunity for sufficient help to make sure work of it. Buell's confidence also seems to have been very weak; for, commanding 72,502 men,—46,150 of them "in the field,"—he could only bring himself to send a single brigade * to aid in a work which he had described as of such momentous consequence. Afterward, indeed, he sent eight regiments more; but these were not from his 70,000 in the field. They were raw troops from Ohio and Indiana, which McClellan, with curious misconception of their usefulness, had ordered to Buell, who did not need them, instead of to Halleck, who was trying to make every man do double duty.

Out of this uncertainty about the final result at Fort Henry, the indecision of Buell's character becomes deplorably manifest. McClellan, satisfied that Buell could not advance against Johnston's force at Bowling Green over the difficult winter roads, and having not yet heard of the surrender of Fort Henry, suggested to both Buell and Halleck the temporary suspension of operations on other lines in order to make a quick combined movement up the Tennessee and the Cumberland. This was on February 6. Buell's fancy at first caught at the proposal, for he replied that evening:

> This whole move, right in its strategical bearing, but commenced by General Halleck without appreciation, preparative or concert, has now become of vast magnitude. I was myself thinking of a change of the line to support it when I received your dispatch. It will have to be made in the face of 50,000, if not 60,000 men, and is hazardous. I will answer definitely in the morning.†

Halleck was more positive in his convictions. He telegraphed to McClellan on the same day:

> If you can give me, in addition to what I have in this department, 10,000 men, I will take Fort Henry, cut the enemy's line, and paralyze Columbus. Give me 25,000, and I will threaten Nashville and cut off railroad communication, so as to force the enemy to abandon Bowling Green without a battle.

News of the fall of Fort Henry having been received at Washington, McClellan twenty-four hours later telegraphed to Halleck: "Either Buell or yourself should soon go to the scene of operations. Why not have Buell take the line of [the] Tennessee and operate on Nashville, while your troops turn Columbus? These two points gained, a combined movement on Memphis will be next in order." The dispatch was in substance repeated to Buell, who by this time thought he had made up his mind, for two hours later he answered: "I cannot, on reflection, think a change of my line would be advisable. . . . I hope General Grant will not require further rëenforcements. I will go if necessary." Thus on the night of the 7th, with the single drilled brigade from Green River and the eight raw regiments from Ohio and Indiana, he proposed to leave the important central line on which Grant had started to its chances.

A night's reflection made him doubt the correctness of his decision, for he telegraphed on the morning of the 8th, "I am concentrating and preparing, but will not decide definitely yet." Halleck's views were less changeable: at noon on the 8th, he again urged that Buell should transfer the bulk of his forces to the Cumberland River, to move by water on Nashville. To secure this coöperation, he further proposed a modification of department lines to give Buell command on the Cumberland and Hitchcock or Sherman on the Tennessee, with superior command for himself over both.

No immediate response came from Washington, and three days elapsed when Halleck asked Buell specifically: "Can't you come with all your available forces and command the column up the Cumberland? I shall go to the Tennessee this week."‡ Buell's desire, vibrating like a pendulum between the two brilliant opportunities before him, now swings towards Halleck's proposal, but with provoking indefiniteness and fatal slowness. He answers that he will go either to the Cumberland or to the Tennessee, but that it will require ten days to transfer his troops.§ In this emergency,

* Buell to McClellan, Feb. 5, 1862. War Records.
† Buell to McClellan, Feb. 6, 1862. War Records.
‡ Halleck to Buell, Feb. 11, 1862. War Records.
§ Buell to Halleck, Feb. 12, 1862. War Records.

when hours counted as weeks, Buell showed himself almost as helpless and useless as a dismasted ship, rolling uneasily and idly in the trough of the sea. With, by this time, nearly 100,000 men * in the field, and with certainly a larger proportion of drilled and instructed regiments than could be found either in the camp of Grant or in the camps of the enemy, he could not make himself felt in any direction; he would neither attack the enemy in front nor send decisive help to Grant. He gives forth the everlasting cry of preparation, of delay, of danger.

During his painful hesitation, events forced him to a new conclusion. News came that the rebels had evacuated Bowling Green, and he telegraphed:

> The evacuation of Bowling Green, leaving the way open to Nashville, makes it proper to resume my original plan. I shall advance on Nashville with all the speed I can.

From this last determination, Halleck appealed beseechingly to the General-in-Chief. He announced that Grant had formally invested Fort Donelson and that the bombardment was progressing favorably, but he further explained that since the evacuation of Bowling Green, the enemy were concentrating against Grant. He claimed that it was bad strategy for Buell to advance on Nashville over broken bridges and bad roads, and this point he reiterated with emphasis. He telegraphed on February 16:

> I am still decidedly of the opinion that Buell should not advance on Nashville, but come to the Cumberland with his available forces. United to Grant we can take and hold Fort Donelson and Clarksville, and by another central movement cut off both Columbus and Nashville. . . . Unless we can take Fort Donelson very soon we shall have the whole force of the enemy on us. Fort Donelson is the turning-point of the war, and we must take it, at whatever sacrifice.

But his appeal was unavailing. McClellan took sides with Buell, insisting that to occupy Nashville would be most decisive. Buell had, indeed, ordered Nelson's division to go to the help of Grant; but in the conflict of his own doubts and intentions the orders had been so tardy that Nelson's embarkation was only beginning on the day when Donelson surrendered. McClellan's further conditional order to Buell, to help Grant if it were necessary, offered a yet more distant prospect of succor. If the siege of Donelson had been prolonged, assistance from these directions would of course have been found useful. In the actual state of facts, however, they show both Buell and McClellan incapable, even under continued pressure, of seizing and utilizing the fleeting chances of war which so often turn the scale of success, and which so distinctly call out the higher quality of military leadership.

Amidst the sluggish counsels of commanders of departments, the energy of Grant and the courage and intrepidity of his raw Western soldiers had already decided one of the great crises of the war. Grant had announced to Halleck that he would storm Fort Donelson on the 8th of February, but he failed to count one of the chances of delay. "I contemplated taking Fort Donelson to-day with infantry and cavalry alone," reported he, "but all my troops may be kept busily engaged in saving what we now have from the rapidly rising waters."† This detention served to change the whole character of the undertaking. If he could have marched and attacked on the 8th, he would have found but 6000 men in the fort, which his own troops largely outnumbered; as it turned out, the half of Johnston's army sent from Bowling Green and other points, conducted by Generals Pillow, Floyd, and Buckner, arrived before the fort was invested, increasing the garrison to an aggregate of 17,000 and greatly extending the lines of rifle-pits and other defenses.‡ This presented an altogether different and more serious problem. The enemy before Grant was now, if not superior, at least equal in numbers, and had besides the protection of a large and well-constructed earth-work, armed with seventeen heavy and forty-eight field-guns. It is probable that this changed aspect of affairs was not immediately known to him; if it was, he depended on the reënforcements which Halleck had promised, and which soon began to arrive. Early on the morning of the 12th he started on his march, with the divisions of McClernand and Smith, numbering 15,000. At noon they were within two miles of Donelson. That afternoon and all the following day, February 13, were occupied in driving in the rebel pickets, finding the approaches, and drawing the lines of investment around the

* The following is the force in the whole of the late Department of the Ohio, as nearly as can be ascertained at present: 92 regiments infantry, 60,882 for duty; 79,334 aggregate, present and absent. 11 regiments, 1 battalion, and 7 detached companies cavalry, 9222 for duty; 11,496 aggregate, present and absent. 28 field and 2 siege batteries, 3368 for duty; 3953 aggregate, present and absent. [Buell to Thomas, February 14, 1862. War Records.]

† Grant to Cullum, February 8, 1862. War Records.

‡ General Grant's estimate of the Confederate forces is 21,000. He says he marched against the fort with but 15,000, but that he received reënforcements before the attack, and their continued arrival had, at the time of the surrender, increased his army to about 27,000. Grant, "Personal Memoirs," Vol. I., pp. 299 and 315.

fort. A gallant storming assault by four Illinois regiments upon one of the rebel batteries was an exciting incident of the afternoon's advance, but was unsuccessful.

To understand the full merit of the final achievement, the conditions under which the siege of Donelson was thus begun must be briefly mentioned. The principal fort, or earthwork which bore the military name, lay on the west bank of the Cumberland River, half a mile north of the little town of Dover. The fort occupied the terminal knoll of a high ridge ending in the angle between the river and the mouth of Hickman Creek. This main work consisted of two batteries of heavy guns, primarily designed to control the river navigation. But when General Johnston resolved to defend Nashville at Donelson and gathered an army of 17,000 men for the purpose, the original fort and the town of Dover, and all the intervening space, were inclosed by a long, irregular line of rifle-pits connecting more substantial breastworks and embankments on the favorable elevations, in which field-batteries were planted; the whole chain of intrenchments, extending from Hickman Creek on the north till it inclosed the town of Dover on the south, having a total length of about two and a half miles. Outside the rifle-pits were the usual obstructions of felled trees and abatis, forming an interlacing barrier difficult to penetrate.

The Union troops had had no fighting at Fort Henry; at that place the gun-boats had done the whole work. The debarkation on the Tennessee, the reconnaissance, the march towards Donelson, the picket skirmishing during the 12th and 13th, had only been such as to give them zest and exhilaration. When, on the morning of the 12th, the march began, the weather was mild and agreeable; but on the afternoon of the 13th, while the army was stretching itself cautiously around the rebel intrenchments, the thermometer suddenly went down, a winter storm set in with rain, snow, sleet, ice, and a piercing north-west wind, that made the men lament the imprudence they had committed in leaving overcoats and blankets behind. Grant's army was composed entirely of Western regiments; fifteen from the single State of Illinois, and a further aggregate of seventeen from the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, and Iowa. Some of these regiments had seen guerrilla fighting in Missouri, some had been through the battle of Belmont, but many were new to the privations and dangers of an active campaign. Nearly all the officers came from civil life; but a common thought, energy, and will animated the whole mass. It was neither discipline nor mere military ambition; it was patriot work in its noblest and purest form. They had left their homes and varied peaceful occupations to defend the Government and put down rebellion. They were in the flush and exaltation of a common heroic impulse: in such a mood, the rawest recruit was as brave as the oldest veteran; and in this spirit they endured hunger and cold, faced snow and ice, held tenaciously the lines of the siege, climbed without flinching through the tangled abatis, and advanced into the deadly fire from the rifle-pits with a purpose and a devotion never excelled by soldiers of any nation or epoch.

Flag-Officer Foote, with six gun-boats, arrived the evening of the 13th; also six regiments sent by water. Fort Henry had been reduced by the gun-boats alone, and it was resolved first to try the effect of these new and powerful fighting machines upon the works of Donelson. Accordingly on Friday, February 14, the assault was begun by an attack from the six gun-boats. As before, the situation of the fort enabled the four iron-clads to advance up-stream towards the batteries, the engines holding them steadily against the swift current, presenting their heavily plated bows as a target for the enemy. The attack had lasted an hour and a half. The iron-clads were within 400 yards of the rebel embankments, the heavy armor was successfully resisting the shot and shell from the fort, the fire of the enemy was slackening, indicating that the water-batteries were becoming untenable, when two of the gun-boats were suddenly disabled and drifted out of the fight, one having her wheel carried away, and the other her tiller-ropes damaged.

These accidents, due to the weakness and exposure of the pilot-houses, compelled a cessation of the river attack and a withdrawal of the gun-boats for repairs, and gave the beleaguered garrison corresponding exultation and confidence. Flag-Officer Foote had been wounded in the attack, and deeming it necessary to take his disabled vessels temporarily back to Cairo, he requested Grant to visit him for consultation. Grant therefore went on board one of the gun-boats before dawn on the morning of the 15th, and it was arranged between the commanders that he should perfect his lines and hold the fort in siege until Foote could return from Cairo to assist in renewing the attack.

During all this time there had been a fluctuation of fear and hope in the garrison — from the repulse of McClernand's assault on the 13th, the prompt investment of the fort, the gun-boat attack and its repulse. There was want of harmony between Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, the three commanders within the fort.

Prior to the gun-boat attack a bold sortie was resolved upon, which project was, however, abandoned through the orders or non-compliance of Pillow. That night the second council of war determined to make a serious effort to extricate the garrison. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 15th the divisions of Pillow and Buckner moved out to attack McClernand's division, and if possible open an avenue of retreat by the road running southward from Dover to Charlotte. The Confederates made their attack not only with spirit but with superior numbers. Driving back McClernand's right, they were by 11 o'clock in the forenoon in complete possession of the coveted Charlotte road. Buckner, who simultaneously attacked McClernand's left, did not fare so well. He was repulsed, and compelled to retire to the intrenchments from which he had issued. At this critical point Grant returned from his visit to Foote. What he found and what he did is stated with brevity in the message he hastily sent back:

> If all the gun-boats that can will immediately make their appearance to the enemy it may secure us a victory. Otherwise all may be defeated. A terrible conflict ensued in my absence, which has demoralized a portion of my command, and I think the enemy is much more so. If the gun-boats do not show themselves, it will reassure the enemy and still further demoralize our troops. I must order a charge, to save appearances. I do not expect the gun-boats to go into action, but to make appearance and throw a few shells at long range.*

In execution of the design here announced, Grant sent an order to General C. F. Smith, commanding the second division, who held the extreme left of the investing line, to storm the intrenchments in front of him. His men had as yet had no severe fighting, and now went forward enthusiastically to their allotted task, carrying an important outwork with impetuous gallantry. Learning of his success, Grant in turn ordered forward the entire remainder of his force under Wallace and McClernand. This order was also executed during the afternoon, and by nightfall the whole of the ground lost by the enemy's morning attack was fully regained. There is a conflict of testimony about the object of the attack of the enemy. Buckner says it was to effect the immediate escape of the garrison; Pillow says he had no such understanding, and that neither he nor any one else made preparation for departure. The opportunity, therefore, which his division had during the forenoon to retire by the open road to Charlotte was not improved. By evening the chance was gone, for the Federals had once more closed that avenue of escape.

* Grant to Foote, Feb. 15, 1862. War Records.

During the night of the 15th, the Confederate commanders met in council to decide what they should do. Buckner, the junior, very emphatically gave the others to understand that the situation of the garrison was desperate, and that it would require but an hour or two of assault on the next morning to capture his portion of the defenses. Such a contingency left them no practical alternative. Floyd and Pillow, however, had exaggerated ideas of the personal danger they would be in from the Government if they permitted themselves to become prisoners, and made known their great solicitude to get away. An agreement was therefore reached through which Floyd, the senior general, first turned over his command to Pillow; then Pillow, the second in command, in the same way relinquished his authority to Buckner, the junior general. This formality completed, Floyd and Pillow made hasty preparations, and taking advantage of the arrival of a rebel steamer boarded it, with their personal followers, during the night, and abandoned the fort and its garrison.

As usual, the active correspondents of Western newspapers were with the expedition, and through their telegrams something of the varying fortunes of the Kentucky campaign and the Donelson siege had become known to the country, while President Lincoln at Washington gleaned still further details from the scattering official reports which came to the War Department through army channels. His urgent admonitions to Buell and Halleck in the previous month to bring about efficient coöperation have already been related. The new and exciting events again aroused his most intense solicitude, and prompted him to send the following suggestion by telegraph to Halleck:

> You have Fort Donelson safe, unless Grant shall be overwhelmed from outside, to prevent which latter will, I think, require all the vigilance, energy, and skill of yourself and Buell, acting in full coöperation. Columbus will not get at Grant, but the force from Bowling Green will. They hold the railroad from Bowling Green to within a few miles of Fort Donelson, with the bridge at Clarksville undisturbed. It is unsafe to rely that they will not dare to expose Nashville to Buell. A small part of their force can retire slowly towards Nashville, breaking up the railroad as they go, and keep Buell out of that city twenty days. Meantime Nashville will be abundantly defended by forces from all South and perhaps from here at Manassas. Could not a cavalry force from General Thomas on the Upper Cumberland dash across, almost unresisted, and cut the railroad at or near Knoxville, Tennessee? In the midst of a bombardment at Fort Donelson, why could not a gun-boat run up and destroy the bridge at Clarksville? Our success or failure at Fort Donelson is vastly important, and I beg you to put your soul in the effort. I send a copy of this to Buell.

Before this telegram reached its destination, the siege of Donelson was terminated.

On Sunday morning, the 16th of February, when the troops composing the Federal line of investment were preparing for a final assault, a note came from Buckner to Grant, proposing an armistice to arrange terms of capitulation. The language of Grant's reply served to crown the fame of his achievement:

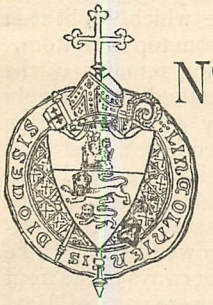
> Yours of this date, proposing armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

His resolute phrase gained him a prouder title than was ever bestowed by knightly accolade. Thereafter, the army and the country, with a fanciful play upon the initials of his name, spoke of him as "Unconditional Surrender Grant." Buckner had no other balm for the sting of his defeat than to say that Grant's terms were ungenerous and unchivalric, but the necessity compelled him to accept them. That day Grant was enabled to telegraph to Halleck:

> We have taken Fort Donelson and from 12,000 to 15,000 prisoners, including Generals Buckner and Bushrod R. Johnson; also about 20,000 stand of arms, 48 pieces of artillery, 17 heavy guns, from 2000 to 4000 horses, and large quantities of commissary stores.

By this brilliant and important victory Grant's fame sprang suddenly into full and universal recognition. Congress was in session at Washington; his personal friend and representative, Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, member from the Galena district of Illinois, lost no time in proposing a resolution of thanks to Grant and his army, which was voted without delay and with generous gratitude. With even more heartiness, President Lincoln nominated him major-general of volunteers, and the Senate at once confirmed the appointment. The whole military service felt the inspiring event. Many of the colonels in Grant's army were made brigadier-generals; and promotion ran, like a quickening leaven, through the whole organization. Halleck also reminded the Government of his desire for larger power. "Make Buell, Grant, and Pope major-generals of volunteers," he telegraphed the day after the surrender, "and give me command in the West. I ask this in return for Forts Henry and Donelson."

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.



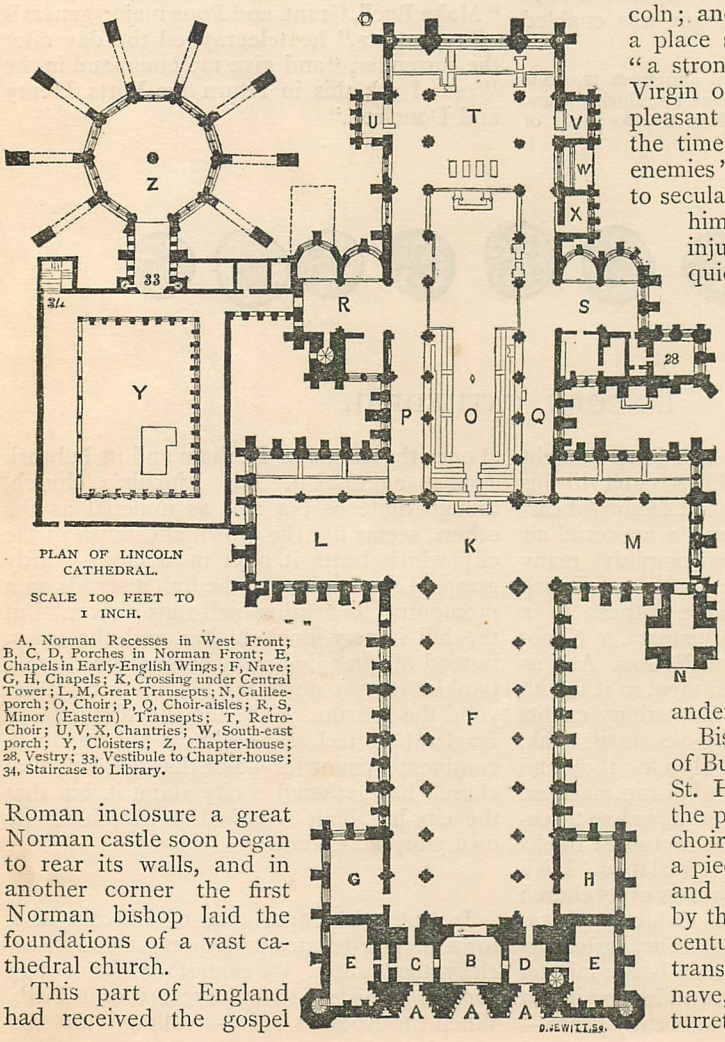
SEAL OF THE SEE OF LINCOLN.

NO man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but dignity of carriage and a masterful air may accomplish many inches; — the yard-stick bears false witness to a Louis Quatorze, a Napoleon, or a Nelson. And as it is with men, so it is with cities. Canterbury counts twenty thousand souls and looks small, weak, and rural. Lincoln counts only a few thousand more, but, domineering on its hill-top, makes so brave a show of municipal pride, has so truculent an air and attitude, that no tourist thinks to patronize it as a mere provincial town. It is a city to his eye; and the greatness of its church simply accentuates the fact. Canterbury's cathedral almost crushes Canterbury, asleep in its broad vale. Durham's rock-borne minster projects so boldly from the town behind it that it still seems what it really was in early years — at once the master of Durham and its bulwark against aggression. But Lincoln's church, though quite as big and as imperial as the others, seems but the crown and finish of the city which bears it aloft in a close, sturdy grasp. Like Durham cathedral, it stands on a promontory beneath which runs a river. But the hill is very much higher, and the town, instead of spreading away behind the church, tumbles steeply down the hill and far out beyond the stream. Here for the first time in England we feel as we almost always do in continental countries — not that the cathedral church has gathered a city about it, but that the city has built a cathedral church for its own glory and profit.

I.

IN truth, the importance of Lincoln as a town long antedates its importance as an ecclesiastical center. We cannot read far enough back in its history to find a record of its birth. When the Romans came — calling it *Lindum*

Colonia, making it mark the meeting-place of two of their great roads, and fortifying it as one of their chief stations — a British town was already lying a little to the northward of the spot they chose. After their departure and the coming of the English, Lindum flourished again, and still more conspicuously when the Danes took and kept it. At the advent of William the Norman it was one of the four chief towns in England, ruled in almost entire independence by a Danish oligarchy of twelve hereditary "lawmen," and containing 1150 inhabited houses, many of them mansions according to the standard of the age. William came from the north after his conquest of York and probably entered by that Roman gate-way which still stands not far from the cathedral; and with his coming began a new and yet more prosperous era for the town. In one corner of the Roman inclosure a great Norman castle soon began to rear its walls, and in another corner the first Norman bishop laid the foundations of a vast cathedral church.



PLAN OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

SCALE 100 FEET TO 1 INCH.

A, Norman Recesses in West Front; B, C, D, Porches in Norman Front; E, Chapels in Early-English Wings; F, Nave; G, H, Chapels; K, Crossing under Central Tower; L, M, Great Transepts; N, Galilee-porch; O, Choir; P, Q, Choir-aisles; R, S, Minor (Eastern) Transepts; T, Retro-Choir; U, V, X, Chantries; W, South-east porch; Y, Cloisters; Z, Chapter-house; 28, Vestry; 33, Vestibule to Chapter-house; 34, Staircase to Library.

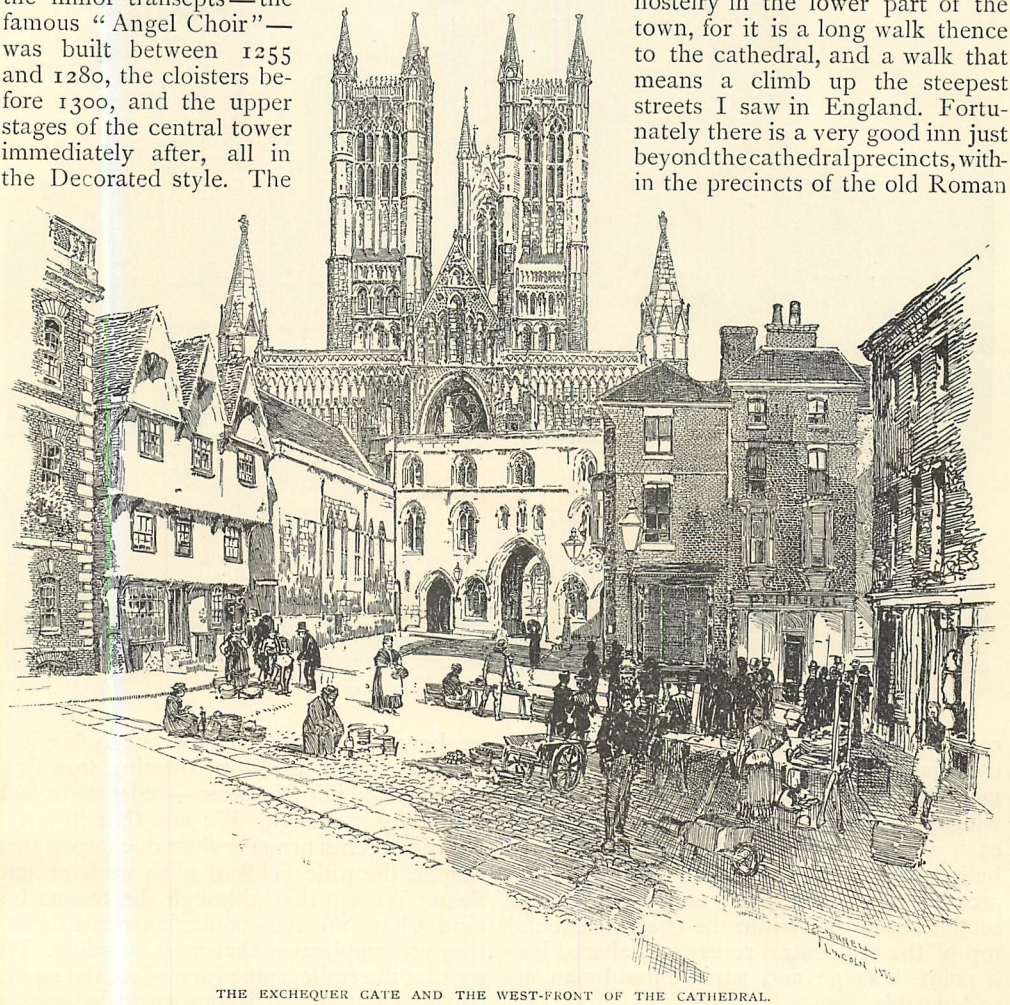
This part of England had received the gospel from Paulinus, the famous archbishop of the north, and was at first included in the wide diocese of Lichfield. In 678 a new see was formed which was called of Lindsey after the province, or of Sidnacester after the episcopal town — probably the modern town of Stow. Two years later it was divided, another chair being set up at Leicester. About the year 870 this chair was removed to Dorchester, and hither about 950 the chair of Sidnacester was likewise brought. When the Normans took control the chief place of the united sees was changed again, Lincoln being chosen because of that dominant station and that civic importance which to continental eyes seemed characteristic of the episcopal name.

II.

REMIGIUS was the first Norman bishop of Dorchester, the first bishop of Lincoln; and about the year 1075, "in a place strong and fair," he began "a strong and fair church to the Virgin of virgins, which was both pleasant to God's servants and, as the time required, invincible to his enemies"; and he gave it in charge to secular canons, although he was himself a Benedictine. It was injured by a great fire in 1141, quickly repaired by Bishop Alexander in the later Norman style, and then almost utterly destroyed in 1185 by an earthquake which "split it in two from top to bottom." Nothing remains of the first cathedral of Lincoln to-day except a portion of Remigius's west-front (built into the vast Early-English façade), and the lower stages of the western towers, which, like the doorways in the front itself, were parts of Alexander's reconstructions.

Bishop Hugh of Avalon or of Burgundy — in the calendar, St. Hugh of Lincoln — began the present church, building the choir, the minor transepts, and a piece of the great transepts; and his immediate successors, by the middle of the thirteenth century, had completed these transepts, together with the nave, the west façade and its turrets and chapels, the great

Galilee-porch on the southern side, the vestry, the chapter-house, and the two lower stories of the central tower. These parts are all still the same and are all in the Lancet-Pointed (Early-English) style. The presbytery beyond the minor transepts — the famous "Angel Choir" — was built between 1255 and 1280, the cloisters before 1300, and the upper stages of the central tower immediately after, all in the Decorated style. The earliest Perpendicular manner — close akin to the latest Decorated — is revealed in the upper stories of the western towers; and in many of the older portions of the church both Decorated and Perpendicular windows were inserted.



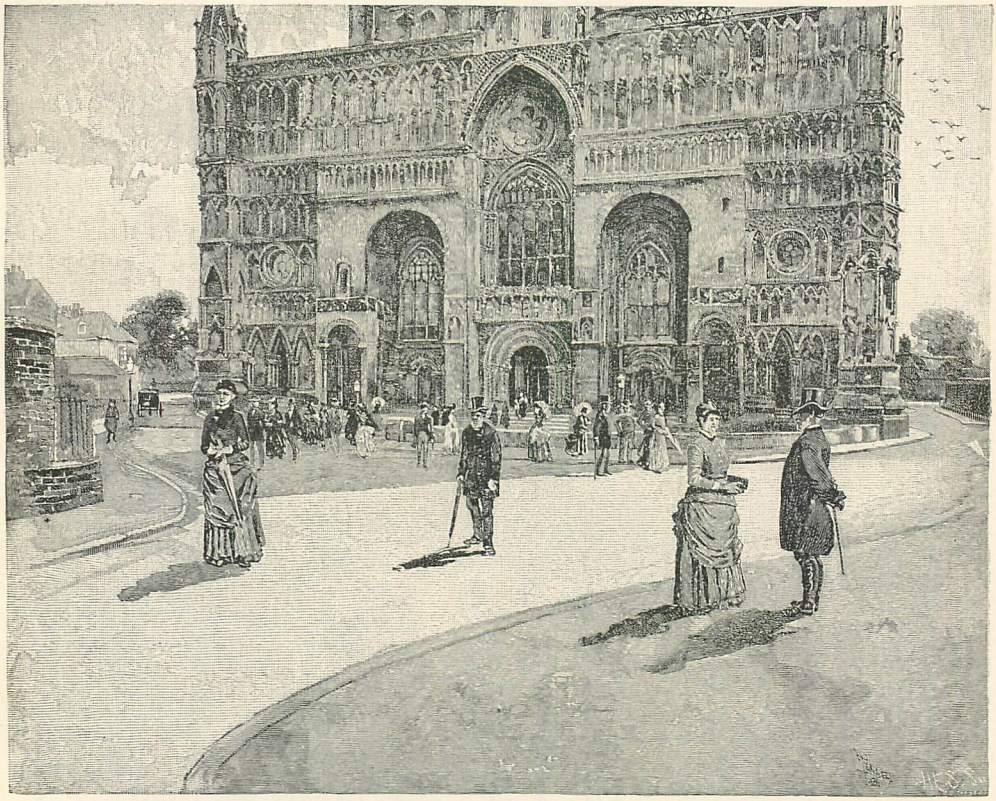
THE EXCHEQUER GATE AND THE WEST-FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The church of Lincoln is thus a most interesting one to study after we have been at Salisbury and Lichfield. At Salisbury we found a church wholly in the Early-English manner with a Decorated spire. At Lichfield we found one almost wholly in the Decorated manner with Early-English transepts. At Lincoln Lancet-Pointed work is again preponderant, but Decorated work is very conspicuous and singularly fine, Norman features still remain, and Perpendicular art brings its accent into the majestic whole.

III.

If the traveler is wise he will not choose a hostelry in the lower part of the town, for it is a long walk thence to the cathedral, and a walk that means a climb up the steepest streets I saw in England. Fortunately there is a very good inn just beyond the cathedral precincts, within the precincts of the old Roman station. As we leave its door we turn a corner, where a curious half-timbered house overhangs the street, and see to the westward the Roman gate and the Norman castle, and to the eastward the "Exchequer Gate," a tall three-storied structure of the Decorated period. This admits us into a small paved square — the Minster Yard — surrounded on three sides by low ecclesiastical dwellings. Filling the whole of the fourth side, just in front of us, rises the enormous façade of the church, peculiarly English in conception, and individual in its naïve incorporation of inharmonious Norman features.

The front which remained after the earthquake — with five great, round-arched re-



THE FAÇADE FROM THE MINSTER YARD.

cesses of graduated height, three of them inclosing low, round-arched portals — was made the nucleus of the new façade. Wide wings finished by turrets were thrown out on each side of it and a high reach of wall was built up above, all covered with Lancet-Pointed arcades in close-set rows; and to bring some semblance of unity into the effect, the round top of the tall central recess was altered into a pointed shape and surmounted by an arcaded gable.

What are we to say of such a front as this? It is not a design in any true sense of the word, and we may believe that it would not have been even had the architect been unhampered by the Norman wall. Like the contemporary façade at Salisbury, which was built under no constraint, the newer part is simply a huge screen, misrepresenting the breadth, and still more grossly the height, of the church behind it; and even as a screen it is ungraceful in outline and weak in composition — elaborately decorated, but almost devoid of architectural sinew and bone. When we study it on paper there is only one verdict to give — a very big piece of work but a very bad one. Yet when we stand in its mighty shadow our indictment weakens. Then we see how hugely big it is and how its bigness — its towering, frowning, massive, and imperious air — redeems its lack of dignity in design. We see that its great Norman arches preserve their due importance despite the wide fields of alien work around them. We see that although the towers behind it have no true connection with its mass, they yet supplement that mass superbly. We see that the endless repetition of similar niches is at least a successful decorative device, greatly to be preferred to such a counterfeit of architectural designing as the blank windows of the Salisbury façade; — although on paper they may seem but to reveal a want of inventive power, in actuality they give a wonderful effect of repose combined with richness. In short, we see, when face to face with Lincoln, that there may be such a thing in architecture as successful sin — that if a bad piece of work is only big and bold enough it may appear wholly grand and almost beautiful. The front of Lincoln is not a good church-front. It is not an organic composition. It is not even a very clever attempt to unite alien elements in an harmonious whole. But all the same it is a splendid stretch of wall, and one which

gives the observer an emotion such as stirs him very seldom when he views an English cathedral from the west.

IV.

BENEATH the central arch we enter a square porch out of which opens on each hand another of smaller size. Lying under the Norman towers these porches are Norman in body themselves, but are covered with Perpendicular vaults, lined with Perpendicular carvings, and encumbered by eighteenth-century constructions which the tottering state of the arches between them are so widely spread, that the effect of the long perspective is a little too open and empty, and the triforium seems a little too heavy by contrast. The vaulting, moreover, is far from satisfactory. Diverging ribs in fan-like groups start from each vaulting-shaft and end at equal intervals along a longitudinal mid-rib. The effect of such a design (a common one in large English churches) is never so pleasing as that of a design which shows transverse ribs spanning the nave from shaft to shaft with diagonal ribs crossing between them; for it accords less logically with walls that are conspicuously

THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL.

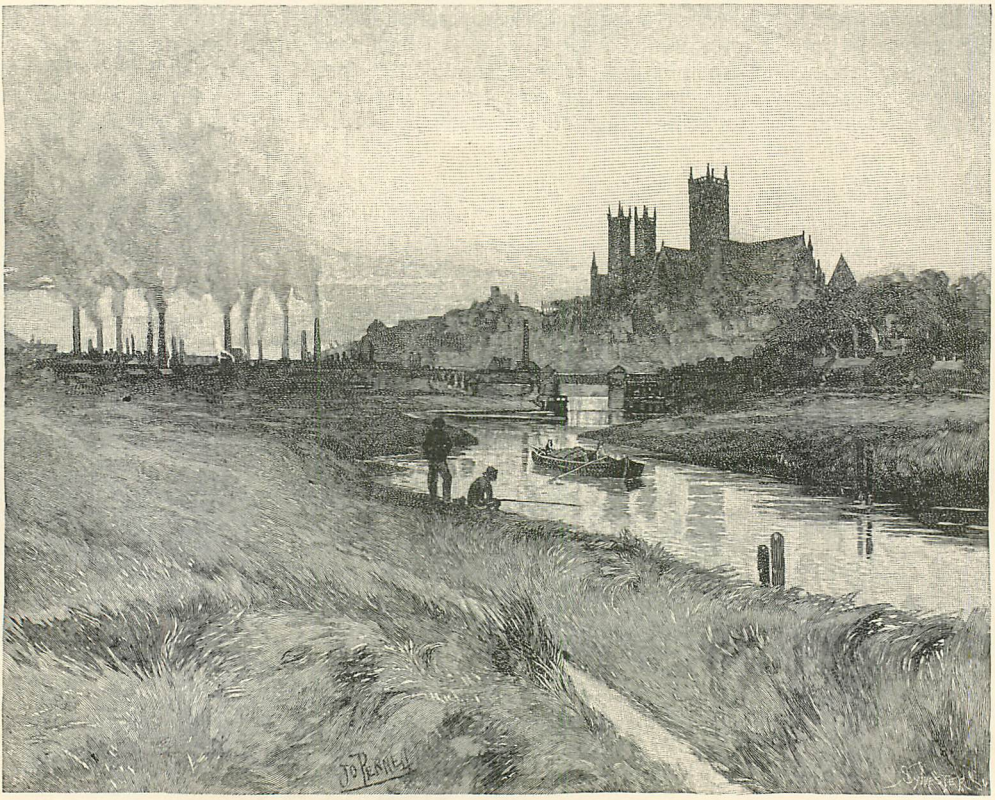
towers prescribed. Beyond them lie large chapels, forming the Early-English wings of the façade; and behind these but unconnected with them, and divided from the nave-aisles by a low wall only, are again two chapels of a somewhat later date.

The nave itself is more richly adorned than the contemporary Early-English nave at Salisbury, and is more majestic than the still richer Decorated nave at Lichfield. But its piers are so widely spaced and, in consequence, the divided into compartments, it accentuates length too evidently, and its great conical masses have a heavy and crushing look. The lower the church, the more these faults offend; and Lincoln is very low indeed. Its nave is but eighty feet in height and its choir is eight feet lower still.

The central tower opens above the crossing as a lofty lantern. Its lower stages were built early in the thirteenth century, but almost immediately fell, to be at once rebuilt,

before the year 1250, in exact repetition of the first design.

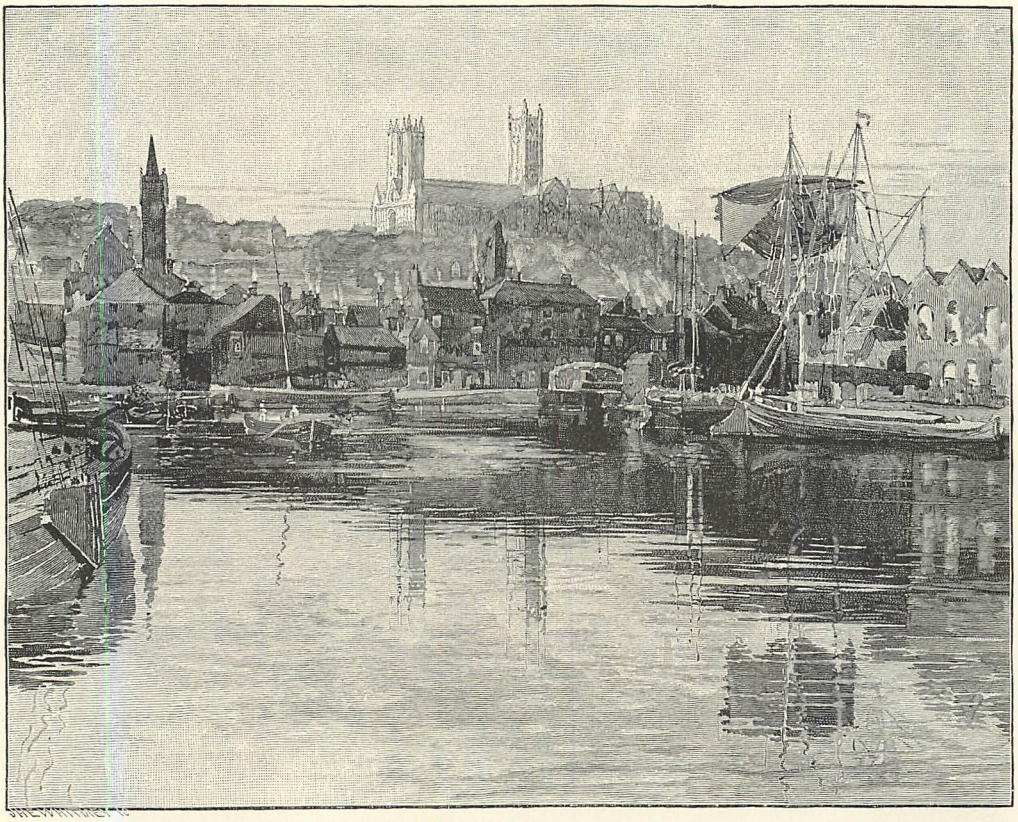
The most noteworthy features in the great transept are the two rose-windows which, close beneath the vaulting, face each other across its length — the "Bishop's Eye" shining at the southern end and overlooking "the quarter of the Holy Spirit" to invite its influence, the "Dean's Eye" shining at the northern end and watching "the region of Lucifer" to guard against his advances. Circular windows of later than a Norman date are not very common in England, and when we see how beautiful are these and how interesting in their contrast, we do not wonder that their fame is wide.



ON THE BANKS OF THE WITHAM.

The "Dean's Eye" is an Early-English window of about 1220,— a wheel-window rather than a rose, a perfect example of plate-tracery applied to a round opening. The stone-work is light and graceful, but it is a flat plate pierced, not an assemblage of curved and molded bars; and the design which impresses itself upon the eye — the pattern which makes the window's beauty — is formed by the openings themselves, not by the stone-work that surrounds them. The "Bishop's Eye" dates from about 1330, when the Decorated style was no longer young and had passed from its "geometrical" into its "flowing" stage. In design it does not deserve unstinted praise, for its shape is not strongly enough accentuated by the main lines of the traceries. But apart from this want of perfect adaptation, the traceries are very beautiful; and no one can mistake the share they play in the effect of the window. The pattern which makes the beauty of this window is not encircled by the delicate bars of stone, but is composed by these bars. The plate-traceried window (if I may repeat a phrase already used in a similar connection *) appears as a beautiful design done in large spots of light upon an opaque ground. The true traceried window appears as a beautiful design etched in black upon a luminous ground. Fortunately, both the luminous pattern in the Dean's window and the luminous background in the Bishop's are still formed by ancient glass, royally magnificent in color.

* See "Lichfield Cathedral," THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, July, 1888.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE POOL.

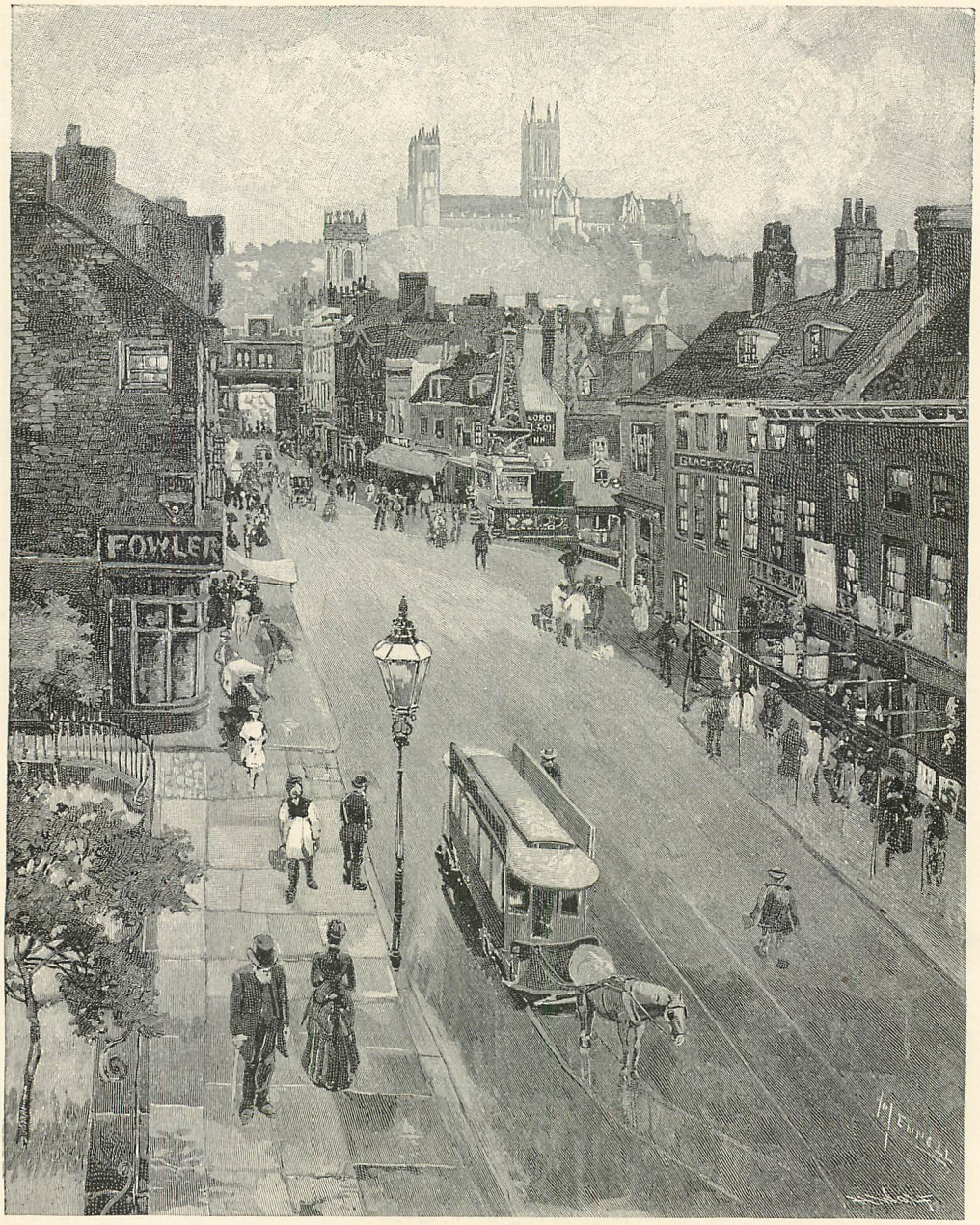
V.

THE original choir-screen — or, at least, a rich and massive choir-screen of the Decorated period, a veritable bit of wall — still stands at Lincoln between the angle-piers to the eastward of the crossing. Only when we enter beneath its doorway is the full glory of the vast east-limb revealed. Two distinct designs unite in harmony in this east-limb — St. Hugh's Early-English design of the choir proper and the later Decorated design of the so-called Angel Choir beyond the minor transepts.*

No fiercer architectural battle has ever been fought than the one for which the choir of St. Hugh has supplied the field. The question at issue is one which appeals to something more than cold antiquarian curiosity. When it is asked whether the choir of Lincoln may rightly be called "the earliest piece of pure Gothic work in the world," how shall national pride, international prejudice and jealousy, fail of their effect upon the answer? In truth, they have variously tinged so many different answers that in reading about this choir we almost feel as though no point in the history of medieval art had been accurately established nor the relative value of any of its characteristics definitely appraised. But it is just this fact which gives the subject its interest for the transatlantic traveler. He might care little about the claims set up for Lincoln if they were merely claims between English church and church. But it is worth his while to try to understand them for the sake of better understanding how the course of architectural development varied between land and land.

It is impossible to formulate a definition of "pure Gothic" work which would satisfy both sides of the Channel. If we were to say both *pure* and *complete*, and speak in a very abstract way, we might, no doubt, succeed. But it is difficult to give even an abstract definition of purity alone, leaving completeness out of sight — for a mere lack of some one char-

* As will be seen from the plan, the "ritual choir" with the high-altar at its eastern end is carried beyond these transepts; but, architecturally speaking, the space beyond them forms, first the presbytery and then the retro-choir. Architecturally speaking the Angel Choir is not the choir of Lincoln, but a vast accessory space constructed, as so often, to meet the needs of relic-worship.



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE HIGH STREET.

acteristic is, in the eyes of many, as great a blot, as conspicuous a mark of the Transitional stage, as the presence of an alien characteristic. And in any case it is hard to make theories — theories in which taste must come to the aid of logic in many decisions — fit so complicated a development as that of Pointed architecture. Whether a feature or detail is perfectly pure, perfectly harmonious with the Gothic ideal, or only approximately pure, only Transitional; which features and details are of prime and which of secondary importance; how many, if any at all, that are not perfectly pure may consist with a general effect which is entitled to the perfect name — all these are questions that arise in ever-changing application as we pass from church to church, and that men must answer differently in accordance with those æsthetic leanings which, among Europeans, are often merely ingrained preposses-

sions for familiar local types. The best thing an American can do is to notice just how Frenchmen worked in the year 1200 and just how Englishmen worked; and then, if he cares for cut-and-dried beliefs, to decide for himself which of them it was whose work was purest.

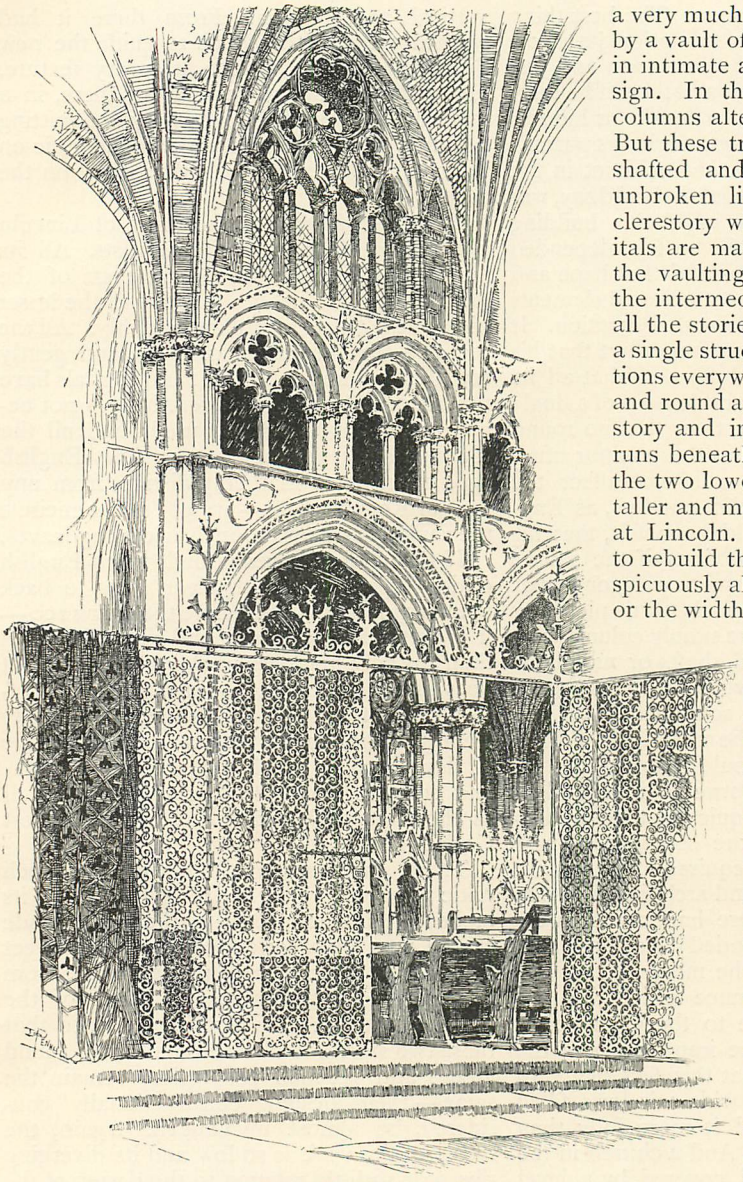
To the mind of a French architect in the year 1200 the chief essential, I should say, was the general impression which his building would produce; and this, he felt, depended more upon its proportions and the shape and disposition of its main constructional elements than upon details of form and decoration. It seemed to him much more important that his church should be very lofty and that all its stories should form inseparable parts of a single architectural conception, than that no round arch should appear even in those minor situations where its shape could not affect the structural design. He did not feel, as English critics say he should have felt, that his result would be inharmonious if the square abacus, instead of the round or polygonal abacus, were used in the capitals of his piers; or if some of these piers were simply columnar — were devoid of attached shafts or moldings. But he did feel that his vaulting-shafts should be integrally united in some way with the piers, while even above the most richly molded pier an Englishman could contentedly let his vaulting-shafts be borne by independent corbels. He was not so quick as the Englishman to see that the more complicated new system of construction required more complicated sections for jamb and arch-line, and that the effect would be more harmonious were these sections gently rounded instead of being square and sharp. But he more quickly saw that the greater importance which the new system of vaulting gave to the chief points of support decreased the importance of the walls between them; that this fact ought to be explained, and that wide windows filled with traceries explained it more fully than mere groups of lancets. And a church in the Pointed style unvaulted, covered by a level ceiling, would have seemed to him the negation of all good sense and taste. Occidental builders had first used the Pointed arch in their vaults, in answer to the constructional necessity for making curves of different lengths meet at a common height. From the vault it had descended to the other portions of the fabric, in answer to the æsthetic need for harmony and the growing wish for altitude and vertical accentuation. From there it had worked with creative touch to guide the new development and dictate its every feature. How, then, could it be omitted there, in a work in the new style, except by committing a patent sin against constructional logic on the one hand, purity of æsthetic effect on the other?

Let us look now at the choir of Lincoln and see in what its purity consists. All its arches are pointed. The great piers of the main arcade are richly shafted, and the lesser piers of the triforium still more richly. All the sections are defined by complex and gently rounded moldings. All the main capitals have the round abacus, and where it does not occur a polygonal form is used; and all the sculptured foliage is of that true Early-English type which is so markedly distinct from any type of Romanesque — upright stalks encircle the capital and bear coronals of curling leaves.

If this choir was really built when English critics (apparently with clear facts to back them) say it was — just before the year 1200 — it is certainly both purer and richer in detail than any contemporary work in France.* But does this mean that it is purer in general effect, more truly and distinctively Gothic in feeling, farther on the path towards that stage in development which means perfect purity and completeness both — the entire as well as the impeccable realization of the highest Gothic ideal?

There are many reasons why a French critic may well answer, No. Although all its arches are pointed, those of the main arcade are so very slightly pointed that their effect differs to a scarcely perceptible degree from the effect of semicircles, and those of the triforium are but a trifle more acute, so that these two stories might be rebuilt with round arches and yet their proportions remain the same — their design, constructionally considered, be almost unchanged. Again, the sweep of the vault is so low and its diverging ribs bear so little relation to the design of the wall-compartments, that it seems rather to crush the choir than to soar above it, and actually conflicts with that expression of verticality which should be the animating spirit of every line in a work of Pointed architecture. Moreover, we are told by some authorities that even this vault was not built until after the fall of the tower — that a ceiling of flat boards was the covering St. Hugh bestowed

* It would be hopeless in the space here at command to report the various opinions which have been advanced with regard to the exact age of this work or the degree to which it was affected by foreign example. Even among English critics there are one or two who doubt whether the whole choir was built by St. Hugh, although all agree that it was purely English in its origin. Among foreign critics many have asserted some continental influence imported by St. Hugh or by his architect, while Viollet-le-Duc declares that everything is purely English, but decides, therefore, that the year 1200 must have seen the beginning rather than the completing of the work.



ONE BAY OF THE ANGEL CHOIR.

upon his choir. If this be true then a contemporary Frenchman might well have called it incomplete in style, inharmonious in effect, and thought its purity and perfection of detail matters of secondary moment. And even if it be not true, he might still have been willing to point to churches of his own and ask impartiality to decide whether they were not further on the road to complete purity than St. Hugh's.

If we look at the nave of Noyon Cathedral, for instance,— which I choose because it was built some thirty years before the earliest date claimed for the choir of Lincoln,— we see a very much taller structure covered by a vault of soaring effect designed in intimate accord with the wall-design. In the main arcade we find columns alternating with true piers. But these true piers are beautifully shafted and molded; they rise in unbroken lines to the base of the clerestory windows; here their capitals are matched by the capitals of the vaulting-shafts which stand on the intermediate columns, and thus all the stories are united as parts of a single structural idea. Square sections everywhere appear in the arches, and round arches appear in the clerestory and in a little arcade which runs beneath it. But the arches of the two lower stories are very much taller and more sharply pointed than at Lincoln. It would be impossible to rebuild these stories without conspicuously altering either their height or the width of their bays, or leaving in each a broad, plain field of wall — without tearing the whole design apart and producing a new design of utterly different aspect. In short, the constructional skeleton of Noyon's nave may be called much more purely or, at the very least, much more emphatically Gothic than the skeleton of Lincoln's choir, although the decorative integument at Lincoln is both more richly and more harmoniously developed.

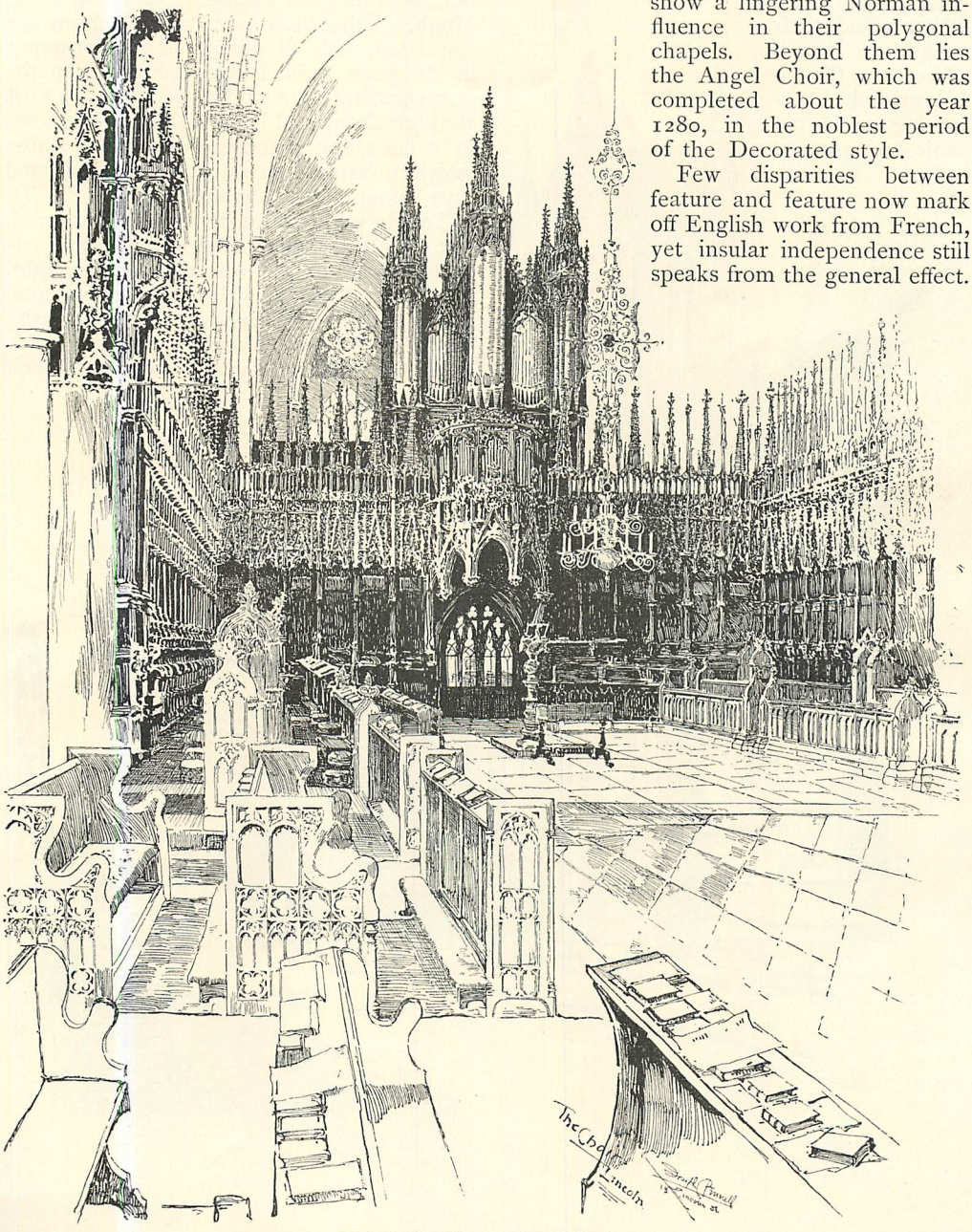
However, the chief thing to remember in connection with this famous quarrel is that even if Lincoln be counted "the earliest piece of pure Gothic work in the world," the fact cannot sustain the claim that English architects "invented" or "introduced" the Pointed style. This claim has often been made in the past and even now is sometimes made; but it is untenable to a point beyond the need for serious discussion. No facts in all architectural history are more certain than that in twelfth-century France — in the central districts of what we now call France, in the *domaine royal*, the province of the Ile-de-France — pointed arches were first used as the basis of a consistent architectural scheme, and that thence their use

was spread abroad, northward to England, eastward to Germany, southward to Italy and Spain. We need not go for dates in confirmation to the soil of France itself. We have seen the character of the late-Transitional choir at Canterbury and know how nearly it approaches to true Gothic in feature and effect; and we know that it was built by Frenchmen while Englishmen were building the Norman naves of Peterborough and Ely. The most that can be claimed for English architects is that, after borrowing the new idea, they developed it in an independent way and, as regards certain forms and details, more rapidly than their Gallic rivals.

VI.

THE minor or eastern transepts of Lincoln belong also to the time of St. Hugh and show a lingering Norman influence in their polygonal chapels. Beyond them lies the Angel Choir, which was completed about the year 1280, in the noblest period of the Decorated style.

Few disparities between feature and feature now mark off English work from French, yet insular independence still speaks from the general effect.

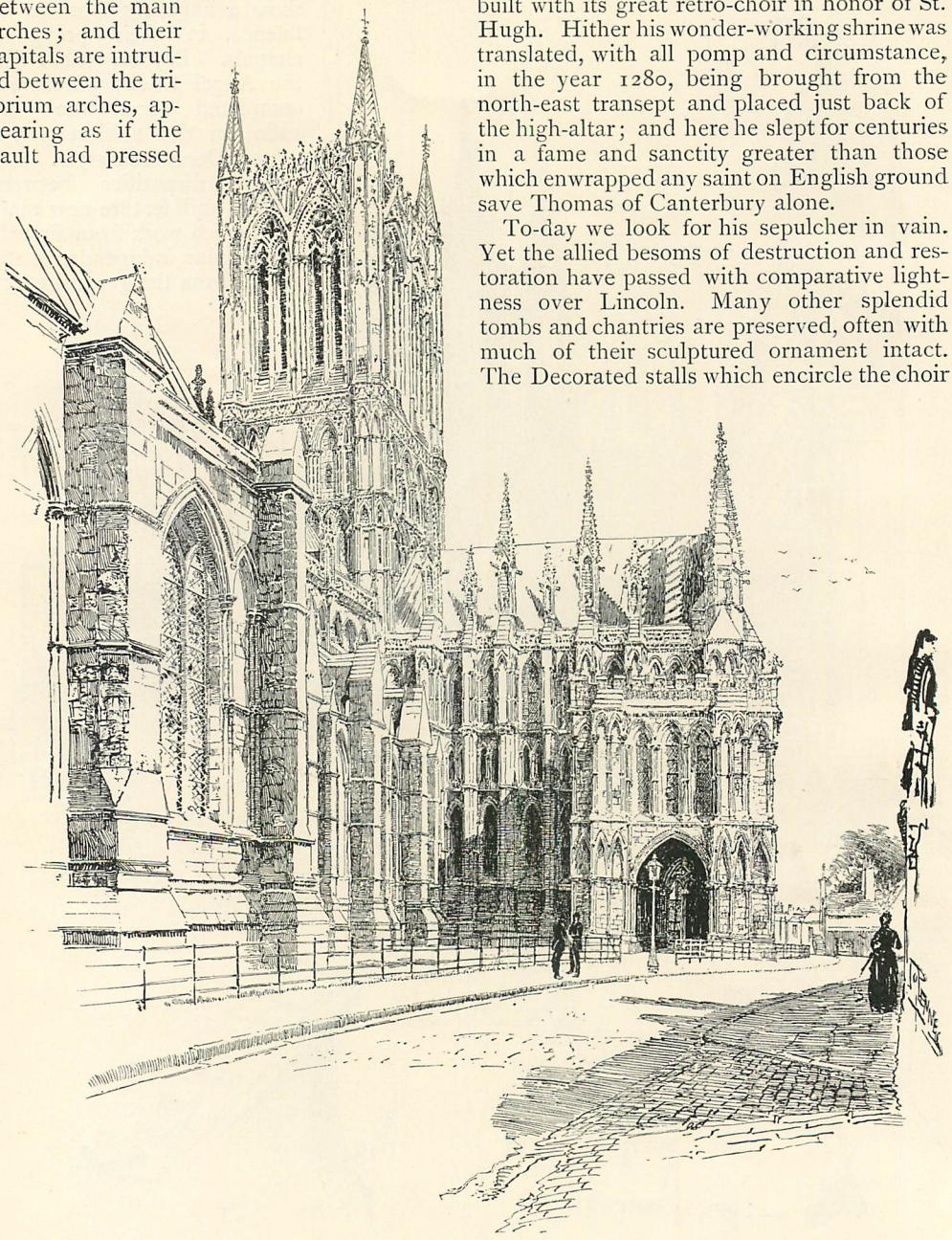


THE CHOIR STALLS, LOOKING WEST.

The low proportions of the Angel Choir suffice to make it almost as unlike any contemporary foreign work as the choir of St. Hugh is unlike the nave of Noyon. Its beauty best appears when we study one of its bays in isolation, forgetting that it is a part of so immensely long a church. Then the design seems to have but a single fault — the vaulting-shafts are not integral, vital parts of it. Their supporting corbels are simply intruded between the main arches; and their capitals are intruded between the triforium arches, appearing as if the vault had pressed them from their proper station on the clerestory string-course. So in truth it did, not in the actual stone, of course, but in the designer's thought. A vault of this form and height could not have started from a loftier point.

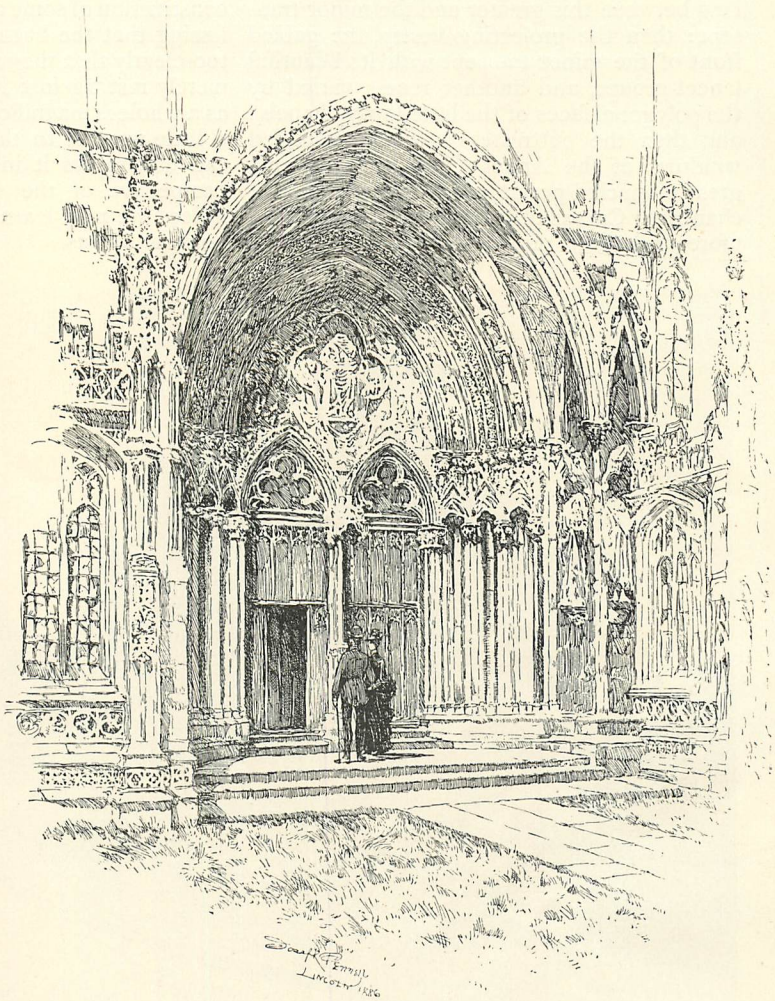
There is no Lady-Chapel at Lincoln; the whole cathedral was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, as had been the church of an English congregation which occupied the site before the Normans came. The presbytery was built with its great retro-choir in honor of St. Hugh. Hither his wonder-working shrine was translated, with all pomp and circumstance, in the year 1280, being brought from the north-east transept and placed just back of the high-altar; and here he slept for centuries in a fame and sanctity greater than those which enwrapped any saint on English ground save Thomas of Canterbury alone.

To-day we look for his sepulcher in vain. Yet the allied besoms of destruction and restoration have passed with comparative lightness over Lincoln. Many other splendid tombs and chantries are preserved, often with much of their sculptured ornament intact. The Decorated stalls which encircle the choir



THE CENTRAL TOWER AND THE GALILEE-PORCH.

proper are of admirable workmanship and striking effect. The altar-screen is likewise of the Decorated period, although painfully restored. The blank arcades in the aisles seem surprisingly rich, even after one has seen those in the "Nine Altars" at Durham. The minor transepts are shut off from the choir by tall screens of iron tracery, lovely and yet vigorous as only hammered iron-work can be. Architectural carving is everywhere profuse and usually of the greatest beauty, and the figures in the triforium spandrels, which have given the Angel Choir its popular name, are of unique importance in English interior decoration. The effect of all this lavish adornment is greatly increased by the diversified plan of the structure, which at every step gives varying lights and shadows, new combinations of form, fresh perspectives with fresh accords and contrasts; and altogether the east-limb of Lincoln dwells in my mind as more richly pictorial in aspect than any part of any other English cathedral. Of course the mood of the moment has much to do with imprinting such impressions; yet I venture to record this one with the claim that it cannot be very far away from the truth.



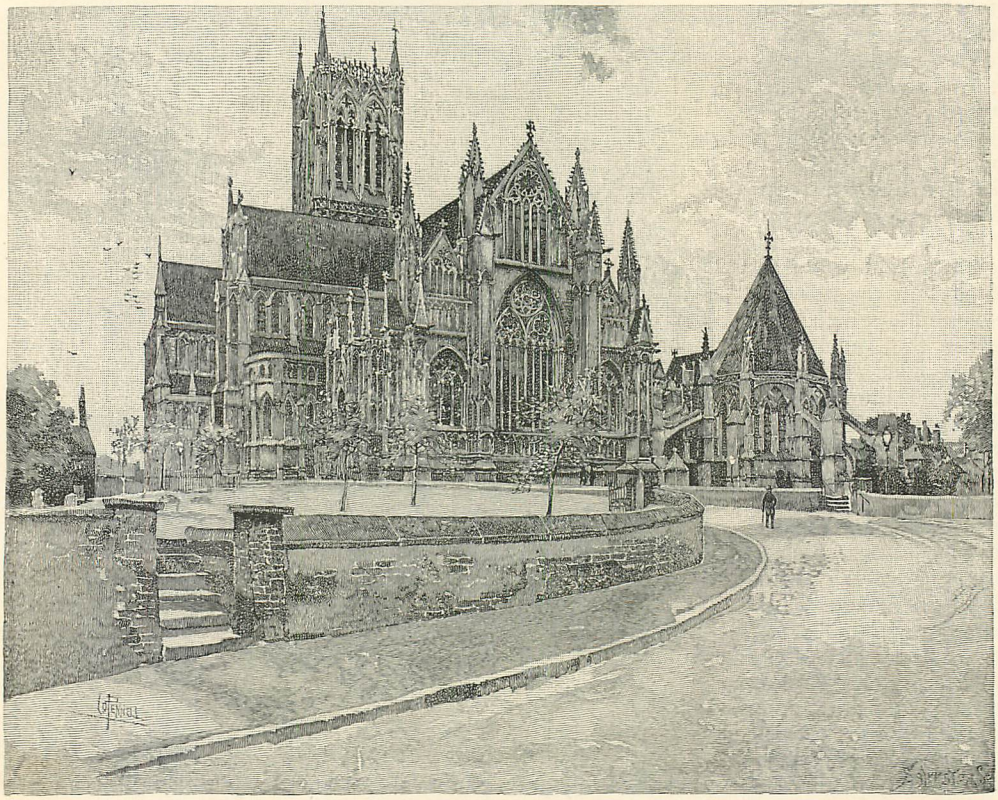
THE SOUTH-EAST PORCH.

VII.

BUT it is only when we pass outside the church again and make its mighty circuit that the full value of its complex plan and its rich adornment is made clear. I would not say that Lincoln is the most beautiful of English cathedrals inside. I am not quite sure that it is the most impressive outside when seen from a distance. But I am certain that it is the most beautiful and the most interesting outside when studied foot by foot under the shadow of its walls. It is more varied in outline and feature than Canterbury itself, and it is vastly more ornate.

Even the west-front is extraordinarily interesting in detail, especially in its Norman portions; and when we turn its southern shoulder, beauty and charm increase at every step. First we see the flanks of the Norman towers and on a line with them the low Early-English chapels; and then, set considerably back, the long stretch of the nave with lancet-windows and graceful flying-buttresses, a delicate arcade above the clerestory, and over this an open parapet bearing great canopied niches of the Decorated period. Then comes the side of the transept with the Galilee-porch in bold projection — richly shafted, exquisitely vaulted, and peculiar by reason of its cruciform plan; then the transept-end where the Bishop's Eye looks out beneath a lofty gable; then a deep and shadowy re-

cess between this greater and the minor transept; then the projecting vestry, the gabled front of the minor transept with its beautiful lancet-groups, and another recess varied by the polygonal faces of the little lowly chapels; and then the buttresses and the traceried windows of the Angel Choir rising over a great pinnacled porch and two Perpendicular chantries. Carven ornament has been growing more and more profuse as we have passed thus eastward from the earlier to the later work; and here in this south-eastern porch the climax is reached. There is no other large porch in a similar situation in England, and, I think, no porch at all which is so ornate in design.



THE EAST-END AND THE CHAPTER-HOUSE.

Nor is there any falling off in beauty of general effect when we turn to the northward and view the east-end of the church and the polygonal chapter-house beyond. We may prefer the treatment of some other east-end, granting that here the upper window (which lights the space between the vaulting and the high-pitched outer roof) is so large that it injures the effect of the principal window, and that the aisle-gables are shams, representing nothing behind them; and we may prefer the construction of some other chapter-house, confessing that the buttresses of this one show too clearly that they are later additions which merely rest against its walls. But the group as a whole is magnificent; and when we stand a little way off to the south-east so that we can encompass it in a single gaze with the perspective of the whole south-side — then indeed we may learn what architectural composition means.

Low as are the vaulted ceilings of Lincoln, its outer roofs, in the six great arms formed by nave and choir and doubled transepts, are unusually high and steep; and, beautifully supported by the lesser roofs — lower in varying degree — of the many chapels, aisles, and porches, they as beautifully support the three tall towers. Far off to the westward rise the sturdy Norman pair with their delicate early-Perpendicular tops, harmonizing well with their greater brother — that central tower which is the crown in beauty as in constructional importance of the whole splendid pile. This late-Decorated central tower of Lincoln has but one real rival — the Perpendicular central tower of Canterbury. Built to bear a lofty wooden spire, while the Canterbury tower

was meant to be spireless from the first, it is nevertheless almost as fine in form, almost as superbly complete in its present spireless state, while in loveliness of feature and enrichment it is beyond compare.

VIII.

THERE is no such wide-spreading Close around Lincoln as around most English cathedrals, yet even here a green environment does not lack. Along the south side of the church runs a border of grass with a street beyond it, and the low walls of the Vicar's Court, flanked by ecclesiastical houses. To the eastward the grass stretches out into a wide lawn, again with a street as its boundary; and to the northward chapter-house and cloisters look on a still broader reach of turf.

The cloisters were from the first almost as purely ornamental, as little required by actual needs, as they are to-day; for there was never a monastic chapter at Lincoln. But whatever the chapter, a house for its councils was required; and a singularly beautiful one was built by the canons of Lincoln. It is decagonal in shape and about sixty feet in diameter, with a complex vault supported by a central pillar, from which the ribs diverge like palm-branches from a palm. There are other chapter-houses which resemble it in general design — as at Salisbury, Wells, and Westminster; but to my mind there is no other so perfect. Its proportions are faultless and the sweep of its ceiling is graceful beyond words. The central pier, with its circle of ten isolated marble shafts; the sharply pointed blank arcade, which surrounds its walls above the stone benches; the lancet windows, which in groups of two fill every face except the one that opens by its whole width into the stately vestibule; the rich vaulting-shafts, which rise between smaller blank lancets in every angle — all are perfect in themselves and in perfect harmony, in close architectural union, with each other. Whatever may be the case in their larger constructions, no one ever surpassed the English in constructions such as this. There is nothing lovelier in the world than this little interior, and there is nothing better as a work of Gothic art.

From the mere position of chapter-house and cloisters we might almost feel sure that they were not built as parts of a great monastic establishment, for in such an establishment their proper place would have been on the south side of the nave. Three sides of the cloisters still stand in their original Decorated form; but the north side, with the library above, was burned in the seventeenth century and was reconstructed by Sir Christopher Wren. Of course this piece of Renaissance work is out of keeping with all else, yet it is not wholly unwelcome, for it adds to the historic interest of a richly historic spot. Where these cloisters stand once ran the wall of the Roman station, and within them are preserved fragments of a tessellated Roman floor. Beginning, therefore, with these fragments, running the eye over the huge, near body of the church, and then coming back to Sir Christopher's walls, we find signs and symbols of almost all the generations which make England's glory when she counts her treasures of art. There is but one great gap — no sign or token appears of that sturdy race of English builders who had their Church of Mary on this same spot between the going of the Roman and the coming of the Norman. "Saxons" or "Anglo-Saxons" these builders are popularly called, but they were the first Englishmen, the men of true, undiluted English blood. And if names were always applied in accordance with facts, the name of "Early-English architecture" would be given to their primitive round-arched work, and not to the Lancet-Pointed work of those thirteenth-century Englishmen whose blood was tinged with a Norman strain.

IX.

BUT if no relics of the first phase of English art remain in or about Lincoln Cathedral, down in the town of Lincoln we may find them. Here stand two tall church-towers, built in that primitive round-arched style which had once been used by all western Europe, which before the Conquest the Norman had already altered into another round-arched style of quite different aspect, but which the German was still employing. In Germany it was never abandoned — only developed — until it was exchanged for the Pointed style of France. But in England it was at once suppressed by the conquerors' style, and not out of it but out of the Norman style grew the Early-English Pointed. Here at Lincoln we may be almost sure that we see its last gasp for life; for these towers were built by an English colony from the upper town after the architects from over-sea had there begun the great cathedral-church.

Nor are these the only relics of remote antiquity in the low valley and steep, climbing streets of Lincoln. The trace of the Roman is everywhere; not merely in excavated bits of pavement and carving, but in the great "Newport Gate" near castle and church, in the line of the far-stretching highways, in the twelve miles of "Foss Dyke" which, connecting the Witham with the Trent, still serve the purposes of commerce. And the trace of the Norman is still more plainly seen; not only in his hill-top church and castle, but in

several dwellings on the hill-side streets. All of these are yet in use and one of them still keeps, in its name of the "Jew's house," a record of the fact that few but Jews were able in the twelfth century to dwell in habitations of hewn and carven stone. Timbers sheltered the Christian citizen; only God and his priests and the Hebrew pariah could afford the costlier material.

The Jews, in truth, played as conspicuous and at times as martyr-like a rôle in medieval Lincoln as in medieval York. It would be interesting to tell of their dramatic persecution in the fourteenth century were there not in Lincoln's history so many chapters of still greater significance, and had not the architectural chapter been so long in the telling. The diocese was an immense one, even after the Normans set off Cambridgeshire to form the diocese of Ely, for besides its present territory it included, until Reformation times, what are now the sees of Peterborough and Oxford; and the size and strength of the episcopal city, and its situation in the center of England on the high road to the north, helped to insure the permanence of its early renown. Whether we look at its burghers' record or its bishops', there is never an age when great names and deeds are wanting.

Here, for example, King Stephen was defeated and imprisoned in 1141; here was a focus of conflict in the critical reign of King John, and again in the early tempestuous years of King Henry III.; here was a Royalist defense, a Parliamentary siege and triumph, in 1644; and always the burghers as a body were more influential actors than has often been the case on English soil.

Among the bishops who here held sway was first Remigius, the cathedral founder; then Robert Bloet, the chancellor of William Rufus, who was called akin in nature to his patron and thought to be rightly punished when "his sowle, with other walking spretes," was compelled to haunt the cathedral aisles; then Alexander, who repaired the church of Remigius, and, although "called a bishop, was a man of vast pomp and great boldness and audacity," and "gave himself up to military affairs" in the wars of Stephen. Then, after a long interregnum, came one who was never consecrated but enjoyed the temporalities of the see for seven years—Geoffrey Plantagenet, the illegitimate son of Henry II. From 1186 to 1200 ruled St. Hugh, the builder — perfect, we are told, in his daily life, and a model bishop before the world. Another Hugh, who came from Wells, soon followed him, and then in 1235, Robert Grosseteste, than whom no man of his time was more remarkable in himself or more conspicuously before the nation — a scholar, a builder, a stern disciplinarian in his diocese, and a bold-fronted upholder of the rights of the English Church against the king on the one hand and the pope on the other. Thus the list runs on, often a great name, never a quite inconspicuous one, until in the year 1395 we reach Henry Beaufort, afterwards Bishop of Winchester and Cardinal of Rome, immortalized in a rather unjust light by Shakspere's hand. He was followed by Philip of Repington, at first an outspoken Wickliffite, then a truckling recanter, and, in consequence, a man whom princes delighted to honor; and he by Richard Fleming, who was the executive of the Roman Church in that act of the results of which the poet says:

> The Avon to the Severn runs,
> The Severn to the sea;
> And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
> Wide as the waters be.

Here at Lincoln, coming from the chair of Rochester, sat John Russell, who played an important political part just before Henry VII. gained the throne; and here for a twelvemonth ere he went to York and became a cardinal, Henry VIII.'s ill-used great servant, Wolsey. After the Reformation, bishops of political fame everywhere grew fewer, but Lincoln's succession kept well to the front in the more peaceful walks of intellectual life, and furnished many archbishops to the neighboring chair at York. An honored name occurs in our own day — the name of Christopher Wordsworth, who was first canon and archdeacon at Westminster, and died as Bishop of Lincoln in 1885.

X.

THE south side of Lincoln, wrote Fuller, in his "Worthies" many generations since, "meets the travelers thereunto twenty miles off, so that their eyes are there many hours before their feet." We count by minutes now where Fuller counted by hours; yet they must be dull eyes to which Lincoln does not speak with entrancing power as the railroad crosses the flat wolds towards the base of the roof-piled hill, as they see it ever nearer and nearer, tremendously crowned yet not crushed by its three-towered church, until the encircling river is in the immediate foreground, until at last the church shows paramount as the rail is left and the steep and twisting streets are climbed.

Upon second thoughts I am inclined to say in very positive fashion that when thus beheld, and not only when beheld quite near at hand, Lincoln shows the finest exterior in England. Certainly Durham, apart from its environment, is not its peer, and Durham is

its only rival in dignity of site. Durham, intrinsically, is grand, majestic, and imposing; but Lincoln is all this and very beautiful as well. No other cathedral has so strong yet graceful a skyline, and no other so fine a group of spireless towers. Individually each tower may be surpassed elsewhere, but all three together they are matchless. Not even the knowledge that they once bore spires which now are gone hurts their air of perfect fitness to the church they finish and the site they crown. And as to sites, while Durham is made more picturesque by the trees about it and the castle walls beside it, Lincoln's loftier perch and closer union with the town give it the nobler look. But comparisons are futile. Durham stands superbly in front of its city; Lincoln stands superbly above its city; each is unparalleled in its way, and it is hopeless to determine which way is really finer.

Of course with such a cathedral one need not pick one's point of view; the difficulty would be to find a place above the horizon whence the church of Lincoln could not be well seen. But to my mind there is one point of view from which it is almost better worth seeing than from very near or from very far. This is from the Vicar's Court — a beautiful walled garden sloping down the hill to the southward of the choir. Seen from here in summer, a mass of trees conceals the greater part of the long body; but the tall transept-fronts show clearly, and the roof-lines, and above them the great tower at just the right distance for appreciating its majesty of form and its loveliness of decoration.

Almost all the old ecclesiastical dwellings have disappeared except for frequent fragments built into newer walls. But we scarcely regard their absence, Lincoln the church and Lincoln the secular town have so much else to show us in so many shapes and styles.

M. G. van Rensselaer.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

General Lee's Views on Enlisting the Negroes.

[THE subjoined letters, which contain their own explanation, are sent to us through the Hon. W. L. Wilson, M. C., by the Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Charlestown, West Virginia, who assures us that they have not before appeared in print.— EDITOR.]

RICHMOND, January 7, 1865.

TO GENERAL R. E. LEE.

DEAR GENERAL: I regret that in the succession of stirring events since the commencement of the present war I have had so little opportunity to renew our former, to me at least, exceedingly agreeable acquaintance, and particularly that I have so rarely, if ever, met with a suitable occasion to interchange views with you upon the important public questions which have been and are still pressing on us with such intense interest.

It would have demanded, indeed, in view of the scarcely less than awful weight of care and responsibility Providence and your country have thrown upon you, and which you will pardon me for saying has been grandly met, no ordinarily favorable opportunity to have induced me to intrude upon your over-burdened time and attention for such a purpose; and in approaching you now, in this form, upon a subject which I deem of vital importance, I offer no other apology than the momentous character of the issue fixed upon the hearts and minds of every Southern patriot.

I refer to the great question now stirring the public mind as to the expediency and propriety of bringing to bear against our relentless enemy the element of military strength supposed to be found in our negro population; in other words, and more precisely, the wisdom and sound policy, under existing circumstances, of converting such portions of this population as may be required into soldiers, to aid in maintaining our great struggle for independence and national existence.

The subject is one which recent events have forced upon our attention with intense interest, and in my judgment we ought not longer to defer its solution; and although the President in his late annual message has brought it to the attention of Congress, it is manifestly a subject in which the several States of the Confederacy must and ought to act the most prominent part, both in giving the question its proper solution and in carrying out any plans that he may devise on the subject. As a member of the Virginia Senate, having to act upon the subject, I have given it much earnest and anxious reflection, and I do not hesitate to say here, in advance of the full discussion which it will doubtless undergo, that the general objections to the proposition itself, as well as the practical difficulties in the way of carrying it out, have been greatly lessened as I have more thoroughly examined them. But it is not to be disguised that public sentiment is greatly divided on the subject; and besides many real objections, a mountain of prejudice growing out of our ancient modes of regarding the institution of Southern slavery will have to be met and overcome, before we can attain to anything like that degree of unanimity so extremely desirable in this and all else connected with our great struggle. In our former contest for liberty and independence, he who was then at the head of our armies, and who became the Father of his Country, did not hesitate to give his advice on all great subjects involving the success of that contest and the safety and welfare of his country, and in so doing perhaps rendered more essential service than he did in the field; nor do I perceive why, upon such a subject and in such a crisis as the present, we should not have the benefit

of your sound judgment and matured wisdom. Pardon me therefore for asking, to be used not only for my own guidance, but publicly as the occasion may require: Do you think that by a wisely devised plan and judicious selection negro soldiers can be made effective and reliable in maintaining this war in behalf of the Southern States? Do you think that the calling into service of such numbers of this population as the exigency may demand would affect injuriously, to any material extent, the institution of Southern slavery? Would not the introduction of this element of strength into our military operations justify in some degree a more liberal scale of exemptions or details, and by thus relieving from active service in the field a portion of the intelligent and directing labor of the country (as seems to be needed) have a beneficial bearing upon the question of subsistence and other supplies?

Would not, in your judgment, the introduction of such a policy increase, in other regards, our power of defense against the relentless warfare the enemy is now waging against us?

These are but some of the leading inquiries which suggest themselves. But I beg, General, if from a sense of duty and the promptings of your elevated patriotism, overriding unwise and ill-timed delicacy, you consent to reply to these inquiries, for the purpose before frankly indicated, that you will give me your views, as fully as your engagements will allow, upon every other question that may occur to you as likely to conduce to a wise decision of this grave and, as deemed by many, vitally important subject. With highest esteem,

Your obedient servant,

Andrew Hunter.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTH VIRGINIA,
11th January, 1865.

HON. ANDREW HUNTER, RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR SIR: I have received your letter of the 7th inst., and, without confining myself to the order of your interrogatories, will endeavor to answer them by a statement of my views on the subject. I shall be most happy if I can contribute to the solution of a question in which I feel an interest commensurate with my desire for the welfare and happiness of our people. Considering the relation of master and slave, controlled by humane laws and influenced by Christianity and an enlightened public sentiment, as the best that can exist between the white and black races while intermingled as at present in this country, I would deprecate any sudden disturbance of that relation, unless it be necessary to avert a greater calamity to both. I should therefore prefer to rely upon our white population to preserve the ratio between our forces and those of the enemy which experience has shown to be safe. But in view of the preparations of our enemies it is our duty to provide for continued war, and not for a battle or campaign, and I fear that we cannot accomplish this without overtaxing the capacity of our white population. Should the war continue, under existing circumstances, the enemy may in course of time penetrate our country and get access to a large part of our negro population. It is his avowed policy to convert the able-bodied men into soldiers, and to emancipate all.

The success of the Federal arms in the South was followed by a proclamation of President Lincoln for two hundred and eighty thousand men, the effect of which will be to stimulate the Northern States to procure as substitutes for their own people the negroes thus brought within their reach. Many have already been obtained in Virginia, and should the fortune of war expose more of her territory, the enemy would gain a large accession to his strength.

His progress will thus add to his numbers and at the same time destroy slavery in a manner most pernicious to the welfare of our people. Their negroes will be used to hold them in subjection, leaving the remaining force of the enemy free to extend his conquest. Whatever may be the effect of our employing negro troops, it cannot be as mischievous as this. If it end in subverting slavery, it will be accomplished by ourselves, and we can devise the means of alleviating the evil consequences to both races. I think, therefore, we must decide whether slavery shall be extinguished by our enemies and the slaves be used against us, or use them ourselves at the risk of the effects which may be produced upon our social institutions. I believe that with proper regulations they can be made efficient soldiers. They possess the physical qualifications in an eminent degree. Long habits of obedience and subordination, coupled with the moral influence which in our country the white man possesses over the black, furnish an excellent foundation for that discipline which is the best guarantee of military efficiency. Our chief aim should be to secure their fidelity.

There have been formidable armies composed of men having no interest in the cause for which they fought beyond their pay or hope of plunder. But it is certain that the surest foundation upon which the fidelity of an army can rest, especially in a service which imposes peculiar hardships and privations, is the personal interest of the soldier in the issue of the contest. Such an interest we can give our negroes by giving immediate freedom to all who enlist, and freedom at the end of the war to the families of those who discharge their duties faithfully (whether they survive or not), together with the privilege of residing at the South. To this might be added a bounty for faithful service.

We should not expect slaves to fight for prospective freedom when they can secure it by going to the enemy, in whose service they will incur no greater risk than in ours. The reasons that induce me to recommend the employment of negro troops at all render the effects of the measures I have suggested upon slavery immaterial, and in my opinion the best means of securing the efficiency and fidelity of this auxiliary force would be to accompany the measure with a well-digested plan of gradual and general emancipation. As that will be the result of the continuance of the war, and will certainly occur if the enemy succeed, it seems to me advisable to adopt it at once, and thereby secure all the benefits that will accrue to our cause.

The employment of negro troops under regulations similar in principle to those above indicated would, in my opinion, greatly increase our military strength, and enable us to relieve our white population to some extent. I think we could dispense with our reserve forces except in cases of necessity.

It would disappoint the hopes which our enemies base upon our exhaustion, deprive them in a great measure of the aid they now derive from black troops, and thus throw the burden of the war upon their own

people. In addition to the great political advantages that would result to our cause from the adoption of a system of emancipation, it would exercise a salutary influence upon our whole negro population, by rendering more secure the fidelity of those who become soldiers and diminishing the inducements to the rest to abscond.

I can only say, in conclusion, that whatever measures are to be adopted should be adopted at once. Every day's delay increases the difficulty. Much time will be required to organize and discipline the men, and action may be deferred until it is too late.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. Lee, General.

Some Errors in General Sherman's "Grand Strategy."

IN the February CENTURY is a paper from General Sherman on "The Grand Strategy of the War of the Rebellion." Near the outset of this paper the distinguished author makes a statement as to "the two great antagonist forces" of which the following is the gist:

First. That the belligerent populations, leaving out Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, were in round numbers nineteen and nine millions respectively.

Second. That while the entire Federal army averaged (from January, '62–May, '65) from 500,000 to 800,000 "present," the Confederate army averaged about 569,000 men — this last number being determined by taking one-sixteenth of the nine millions which is assumed as the total population of the Confederacy.

Third. That the three States of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri furnished to each belligerent a "fair quota," and may be left out of the count.

First. To get a population of nine millions in the Confederate States, General Sherman has included the entire slave population of these States in 1860. By the Census of that year, the 11 Confederate States had in round numbers 5,450,000 whites and 3,650,000 blacks. Now the slave population of these States not only furnished no soldiers to the South,— it supplied much the larger part of the 178,975 colored troops which were enrolled during the war on the side of the North. Nay more — the records of the War Department show that besides some 22,000 white Union troops obtained from scattered points throughout the South, the State of Virginia (West Virginia) furnished 31,872, and that of Tennessee 31,092 men to the Federal army. Hence, in setting down the belligerent populations, not only is it misleading to include the slaves on the Confederate side, but large sections of West Virginia and East Tennessee should be transferred from the Southern to the Northern side. Considering population with reference to the men contributed to the two armies, is it not evident that (omitting Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland) the two belligerents drew from populations which were in the neighborhood of *twenty* millions and *five* millions, instead of *nineteen* millions and *nine* millions? It is not intended here to ignore the fact that the slave population of the South was in many ways a source of strength to that section, and that its presence enabled the South to send to the field a larger percentage of white men than could otherwise have been spared. But it is absurd to estimate, as General Sherman does, that the slaves approached, in the value of their contributions to the struggle, an equal number of white people.

Second. The total number of men furnished to the Federal armies was 2,778,304 (or about 2,300,000 when reduced to a three-year standard); and of these, as General Sherman states, there was an average after January 1,'62 of from 500,000 to 800,000 present in the field. No report of the total number of Confederates enrolled exists, but General Sherman would have us believe that the Confederate Government was able to keep an average of 569,000 men actually in the field. Its limited resources in the way of armament and supplies would have made this impossible — but look at it simply as a question of population. It appears from Phisterer's figures that the average strength of the Federal armies present in the field was about one-fourth of the total number of troops furnished. If the Confederates showed the same proportion between enrolled men and those "present," there must have been over 2,000,000 Confederate troops enrolled during the war out of a total white population of about *five millions!*

This result might have given the author pause. But while the Confederate records are defective, there was no necessity for such wild statements as General Sherman makes. Many returns of the Confederate armies exist, and from these an approximate estimate of the total Confederate strength can be obtained. There never was a time, for instance, when the Army of Northern Virginia numbered 100,000 men present. It rarely even approached it; and yet this army generally exceeded in strength the main western Confederate army. It is doubtful whether there was at any date, throughout the Confederacy, more than half the men "present" that General Sherman assumes as the average strength of the Southern armies, and it is very certain that their real average strength was less than half of the numbers he gives. The total number of Confederates enrolled during the war was probably between 600,000 and 700,000 men. The former estimate was given by a Northern writer upon a careful examination of the records twenty years ago, and the best estimates at the War Records office to-day do not vary greatly from that number.

Third. It is certain that Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland furnished far more troops to the Northern than to the Southern side, which, considering the fact that these States were occupied almost entirely by Union troops, is not surprising. Phisterer credits

Maryland	with	46,638	Union troops.
Missouri	"	109,111	" "
Kentucky	"	75,760	" "

If General Sherman means by "fair quota" that these States contributed forces to the two armies in the same proportion as that existing between the total Northern and Southern armies, he may be near the truth. But if he means, as seems probable, that they contributed equal or nearly equal numbers to the two sides, he is as wide of the mark as he is in the points above noted.

W. Allan.

MCDONOUGH, MARYLAND, April 14, 1888.

SIDEREAL ASTRONOMY: OLD AND NEW.*

I. THE DATA IT HAS COLLECTED.

WHEN did astronomy have its beginnings on the earth? There have been many learned attempts to answer this question. They all have led to the conclusion that long before the historic period there was a large common stock of knowledge; so large, in fact, that one distinguished writer finds it simplest to ascribe the origin of astronomy to the teaching of an extinct race: "Ce peuple ancien qui nous à tout appris — excepté son nom et son existence," his commentator adds.

Astronomy is older than the first records of any nation. In order that the records might exist, it was first necessary to divide the years and times by astronomical observations. On the other hand, I believe the travelers of to-day have found no tribe so degraded as to be without some knowledge of the sort.

It is extremely doubtful if animals notice special celestial bodies. Birds seem to be inspired by the approach of day and not by the actual presence of the sun. It is a question whether dogs "bay the moon" or only the moon's light. A friend maintains that her King Charles spaniel watched the progress of an occultation of Venus by the crescent moon with the most vivid interest. This is the only case which I have been able to collect in which the attention of animals has been even supposed to have been held by a celestial phenomenon. The actions of the most ignorant savages during a total solar eclipse, compared with those of animals, throw much light on the question of whereabouts in the scale of intelligence the attention begins to be directed to extra-terrestrial occurrences. The savages are appalled by the disappearance of the sun itself, while animals seem to be concerned with the advent of darkness simply.

I am told that the Eskimos of Smith's Sound have *names* for a score or more of stars, and that their long sledge-journeys are safely made by the guidance of these stars alone. I have myself seen a Polynesian islander embark in a canoe, without compass or chart, bound for an island three days' sail distant. His course would need to be so accurately laid that at the end of his three days he should find himself within four or five miles of his haven; if he passed the low coral island at a greater distance, it could not be seen from his frail craft. There can be little doubt but that he used the sun by day and the stars by night to hold his course direct.

There must have been centuries during which such knowledge was passed from man to man by word of mouth, woven into tales and learned as a part of the lore of the sailor, the hunter, or the tiller of the soil. No one can say how early this knowledge of the sky was put into the formal shape of maps, globes, or catalogues. Eudoxus is said to have constructed a celestial globe B. C. 366. Globes would naturally precede maps, and maps mere lists or catalogues.

The prototype of all sidereal catalogues is the *Almagest* of Ptolemy (A. D. 150), which includes not only the observations of Ptolemy, but those of the great Hipparchus (B. C. 127). It contains the description of 1022 stars, their positions, and their brightness. Here we meet for the first time the name *magnitude* of a star. Ptolemy divides all the stars into magnitudes — degrees of brightness. Sirius, Capella, are of the first magnitude; the faintest stars visible to the eye are of the sixth. But Ptolemy has gone further, and divides each magnitude into three parts. The moderns divide each class into ten parts, that is, decimally.

SCALE OF MAGNITUDES.

IN assigning magnitudes in this way, we have unconsciously adopted a scale. A star of the third magnitude is brighter than one of the fourth. How much brighter? Sirius and the brightest stars are about one hundred times more brilliant than the very faintest stars which can be seen with the naked eye. In general a star of any magnitude, as fifth, is four-tenths as bright as the star of the next brighter magnitude, as fourth. Ten fifth-magnitude stars taken together are as bright as four fourth-magnitude stars, and so on. This relation between the brightness of stars of consecutive magnitudes gives us a means of computing the total amount of light received from stars. For example, there are ten stars in our sky as bright as the brilliant star Vega, or Alpha Lyræ, which we see in our zenith during the summer months. The collective light of these ten first-magnitude

* This article contains only a reference to the important advances in sidereal astronomy which have been made by the aid of photography during the past two years.

stars is ten times that of Vega. The 37 second-magnitude stars are together 7.4 times as bright as Vega; the 128 third-magnitude stars are 10.2 times as bright; and so on down to the 4328 sixth-magnitude stars, which, taken together, are 22.1 times as bright. Taking all the stars visible to us without a telescope and adding their brilliancy, we find that all the naked-eye stars give us a light 67.6 times as bright as that from Vega. Now the stars of the seventh and eighth magnitudes have been counted; there are 13,593 of the seventh, 57,960 of the eighth, and they too send light to us, although they are individually invisible. All the seventh-magnitude stars taken together give us 27.8 times as much light as Vega, and the eighth give us 47.4 as much; so that we have from both of these classes 75.2 times the light of Vega; that is, actually more light comes to us from stars so faint as to be individually invisible than from the less numerous and brighter stars that we see with the naked eye. We may recollect that more than half of the light of a star-lit night comes from the collective luster of stars, each of which is totally invisible except in the telescope.

METHODS OF NAMING THE STARS.

IN Ptolemy's *Almagest*, and for fifteen centuries later, there were two and but two ways of designating a particular star. Some few of the brighter stars had special names.

By far the greater number were described by their situation in their constellation. The brightest star in Taurus was the eye of the Bull, and so for others, as the belt and sword of Orion. This was all very well for the brighter stars, and it did not require that the boundaries of the constellations should be very accurately fixed. There was no mistaking Regulus, Cor Leonis — the heart of the lion. But when we come to the small pairs of stars which make the paws of the Great Bear, or to some of the stars in the windings of Serpens, then it is evident that Ptolemy must have had accurately bounded constellations laid down on charts or globes. Not a single ancient globe or chart has come down to us. The oldest extant are but Arabian copies of the tenth century.

Where, then, do we derive our figures of the constellations? If any one of my readers will ask some astronomical friend to show him a copy of Flamsteed's *Atlas Cœlestis* he will see the beautiful and spirited drawings of the constellation figures, and be charmed and delighted with their vigor and character. Who could have drawn these outlines, instinct with life? Who of the ancients knew the whole character of the timid hare, or who could draw Andromeda, and put a modern resignation in her chained despair? These figures were drawn by a master indeed, for they are from the hand of Albert Dürer himself. If we follow the history of how he came to make them for an edition of Ptolemy, and think of him patiently fitting his marvelously free outlines to match the stars in the sky and the crabbed descriptions in Ptolemy's book, the pleasure does not diminish. About 1603 Bayer introduced the practice of designating the brighter stars of each constellation by the letters of the Greek alphabet, so that Cor Leonis or Regulus became α Leonis; Aldebaran became α Tauri, and so on. As the number of the well-determined stars has vastly increased, the practice of referring to them by their numbers in some well-known catalogue has come into vogue; so that α Leonis, for example, might be known as Bradley, 1406, from its number in Bradley's catalogue; or as Lalande, 19,755, and so on. It is not to be denied that astronomical nomenclature in this direction could be greatly improved.

URANOMETRIES.

THE word *Uranometry* has received a limited technical meaning in astronomy. It is used to denote a description of the fixed stars which are visible to the naked eye only. The description of each star places it in its proper constellation, assigns its latitude and longitude, and gives its brightness or magnitude. Variable stars, which change their brightness periodically,— and there are many such,— are treated separately.

Ptolemy's *Almagest* (1022 stars) was an incomplete uranometry, since there were more than 3000 stars visible to him. Al-Sûfi's revision of it, in the tenth century, added no stars, but simply revised the magnitudes given by Ptolemy. Bayer (1603) gave 1200 stars. None of the very important works of Flamsteed (1753), Harris (1725), Wollaston (1811), Harding (1822), were complete. That is, no one gave every star down to a certain brightness. It was reserved for Argelander (1843) to give in the *Uranometria Nova* the position of brightness of every star visible to the naked eye at Bonn. This was a picture of the sky; changes could no longer occur without detection. This work gave the places of 3256 stars, from first to sixth magnitudes, and very careful eye-estimates of their magnitudes. Argelander's work has been repeated by Heis (1872). The southern sky has been treated in the same way by Dr. Gould, in the *Uranometria Argentina* (1879), containing 6694 southern and 991 northern stars, of magnitudes between the first and seventh. Houzeau, during a residence in Jamaica, made a uranometry which embraces every star in

both hemispheres, and which has a special value owing to the fact that the estimates of magnitude were all made by a single person.

We have, then, a complete picture of our sky, as seen with the naked eye, based on eye-estimates of the brightness of the stars. It should be said that the magnitudes so determined are extremely accurate, approaching closely to the exactness which can be reached with the best photometers, or instruments for measuring the relative brightness of stars.

THE HARVARD PHOTOMETRY.

UP to 1877, when Professor Pickering became director of the Harvard University Observatory, there was no single observatory devoted to photometry as a chief end. The important works of this nature had been done as a part of other duties. Professor Pickering turned the whole strength of the observatory in this direction, and by means of new methods and new instruments he and his assistants have just completed a work of the first importance—the *Harvard Photometry*. It contains the positions and the measured brightness of 4260 stars visible at Cambridge, together with a comparison with the magnitudes of all other observers. The actual number of single observations is 95,000. Each one of these consists in a direct photometric comparison of the relative brightness of a star with one of the polar stars. The polar stars are always visible; the stars to be measured were taken as they crossed the meridian; and these direct measures, suitably combined, give the relative brightness of each of the stars of the list. We have now a sure basis for all future work, and a perfect picture of the sky at this time.

THE NUMBER OF THE STARS.

THE total number of stars one can see will depend very largely upon the clearness of the atmosphere and the keenness of the eye. There are in the whole celestial sphere about 6000 stars visible to an ordinarily good eye. Of these, however, we can never see more than a fraction at any one time, because a half of the sphere is always below the horizon. If we could see a star in the horizon as easily as in the zenith, a half of the whole number, or 3000, would be visible on any clear night. But stars near the horizon are seen through so great a thickness of atmosphere as greatly to obscure their light, and only the brightest ones can there be seen. As a result of this obscuration, it is not likely that more than 2000 stars can ever be taken in at a single view by any ordinary eye. About 2000 other stars are so near the South Pole that they never rise in our latitudes. Hence, out of 6000 supposed to be visible, only 4000 ever come within the range of our vision, unless we make a journey towards the equator.

As telescopic power is increased, we still find stars of fainter and fainter light. But the number cannot go on increasing forever in the same ratio as with the brighter magnitudes, because, if it did, the whole sky would be a blaze of starlight. If telescopes with powers far exceeding our present ones were made, they would no doubt show new stars of the twentieth and twenty-first, etc., magnitudes. But it is highly probable that the number of such successive orders of stars would not increase in the same ratio as is observed in the eighth, ninth, and tenth magnitudes, for example. The enormous labor of estimating the number of stars of such classes will long prevent the accumulation of statistics on this question; but this much is certain, that in special regions of the sky, which have been searchingly examined by various telescopes of successively increasing apertures, the number of new stars found is by no means in proportion to the increased instrumental power. If this is found to be true elsewhere, the conclusion may be that, after all, the stellar system can be experimentally shown to be of finite extent and to contain only a finite number of stars. In the whole sky an eye of average power will see about 6000 stars, as I have just said. With a telescope this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful telescopes of modern times will show more than 60,000,000 stars. Of this number, not one out of one hundred has ever been catalogued at all.

In Argelander's *Durchmusterung* of the stars of the northern heavens, there are recorded as belonging to the northern hemisphere:

10	stars	between	the	1.0	magnitude	and	the 1.9 magnitude.
37	"	"		2.0	"	"	2.9 "
128	"	"		3.0	"	"	3.9 "
310	"	"		4.0	"	"	4.9 "
1,016	"	"		5.0	"	"	5.9 "
4,328	"	"		6.0	"	"	6.9 "
13,593	"	"		7.0	"	"	7.9 "
57,960	"	"		8.0	"	"	8.9 "
237,544	"	"		9.0	"	"	9.5 "

In all 314,926 stars, from the first to the 9½ magnitudes, are contained in the northern sky; or about 600,000 in both hemispheres. All of these can be seen with a 3-inch object-glass.

THE CHARTS OF THE BERLIN ACADEMY.

IN 1824 Bessel wrote to the Academy of Berlin somewhat as follows:

> It is of the highest astronomical interest that every fixed star in the sky should be known, and its position fixed. Completeness in this task is unattainable; but when we once have maps of all the stars down to a

certain magnitude, then the object will be attained. The limit I set is at those stars which can just be plainly seen in one of Fraunhofer's excellent comet-seekers; * that is, at about the ninth or tenth magnitude.

Bessel then gives briefly the reasons why such a complete list would be valuable, in addition to its importance as a finished picture of the sky so far as it went; and continues:

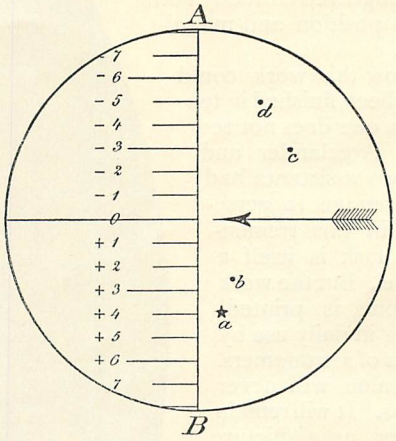
For all these reasons I have often expressed my hope that we might have such a complete list, if even over only a portion of the sky; and I think the time of an astronomer, and of an observatory, could not be better spent than in aiding a systematic attempt to carry out this plan. I myself designed the instruments of the Koenigsberg Observatory for such a purpose, and since 1821 I have observed as many as possible of the stars from 15° north to 15° south of the equator. In all there are 36,000 observations of 32,000 stars. If the stars are equally numerous over the whole sky, there are 125,000 such. I am about to carry on these zones up to 45° from the equator.

With this introduction Bessel unfolds his plan, which was to have 24 astronomers join in an undertaking to make the 24 separate charts required to extend round the whole 24 hours, and in width over the 30° from 15° north to 15° south of the equator. He himself made a small chart as a beginning, "to break the path," and as a model. The Academy welcomed Bessel's plan, and the work began in 1825.

The first two charts were received in 1828, and the work on the others continued slowly. One of these charts has a great history. It had been engraved but not yet distributed, and was lying in the Berlin Observatory for examination. On the evening of September 23, 1846, Le Verrier's letter, giving the place of a new planet, Neptune, was received in Berlin. The planet had never been seen, but its existence had been predicted from the otherwise inexplicable motions of Uranus. The predicted place of the planet fell within the limit of the lately finished chart, which was taken to the telescope. In very truth there was an eighth-magnitude star in the sky which was not on the chart. This star was in motion; it had the planetary light and disc; it was, in fact, Neptune. The proposal of Bessel had borne splendid fruit. Besides this major planet, many of the minor planets (asteroids) were discovered by these maps. Finally, in 1859, thirty-five years after Bessel's letter, this series was finished. But before it was finished a greater undertaking was begun, of which we must give a short account. One thing must be continually kept in sight. Every one of the systematic *Durchmusterungen*, as the Germans say,—we have no word for them,—is the direct outcome of Bessel's original proposition.

ARGELANDER'S "DURCHMUSTERUNG."

ARGELANDER was Bessel's pupil. In the great zones of Koenigsberg, Bessel had pointed the telescope on the stars as they passed, and Argelander read the verniers which showed their position. Finally Argelander had an observatory of his own at Bonn, and his two young assistants, Drs. Krueger and Schoenfeld, were all to him that he had been to Bessel. The years 1852 to 1862 were spent in the tremendous task of observing every star plainly visible in such a comet-seeker as we have described, over more than half of the whole heavens. The telescope was pointed and fixed in position. The time of the passage of every star over a wire in the field of view was noted; the part of the wire crossed by the star was also noted, and finally the brightness of the star.



The circle shows the field of view of the telescope. Half of it is covered with a thin plate of glass with a scale painted on it: *a*, *b*, *c*, *d* are stars moving in the direction of the arrow. The telescope itself is fixed. As each one comes to the edge, A B, the time is noted to the nearest half of a second. The division of the scale is also noted where each star touches it (+ 4, for *a*, − 5, for *d*). Finally the brightness in magnitudes is recorded (*a*, 8th mag.; *d*, 9.3 mag.). The observer at the telescope records the magnitude and the scale. The time is called out by him and noted by an assistant on a chronometer.

Not counting the time for the computations, the observations alone lasted seven years and one month. 1797 hours were spent in observing the comet-seeker zones, on 625 nights; and 227 other nights were used in part or wholly in revision zones to correct errors of one nature or another, or to solve doubts.

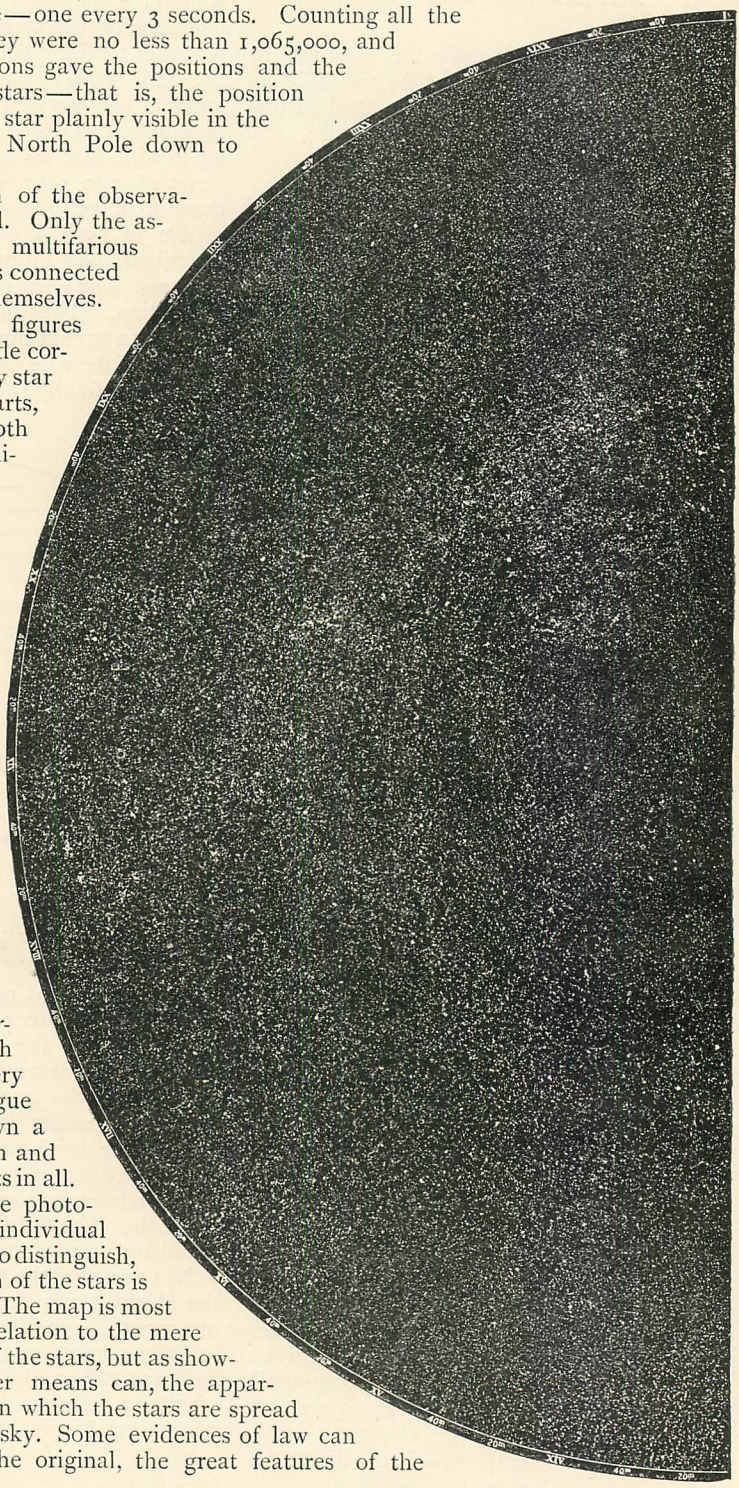
* A telescope with about 3 inches aperture, magnifying 10 times.

In the comet-seeker zones 850,000 single observations were made, or on the average 473 stars per hour, or 8 per minute. In specially rich parts of the Milky Way more than 16 stars per minute were often observed, and the richest zone had 1226 stars in the hour, or 20½ per minute—one every 3 seconds. Counting all the observations together they were no less than 1,065,000, and this million of observations gave the positions and the brightness of 324,198 stars—that is, the position and brightness of every star plainly visible in the telescope used, from the North Pole down to 2° south of the equator.

The very enumeration of the observations makes one fatigued. Only the astronomer can know the multifarious nature of the calculations connected with the observations themselves. Millions on millions of figures had to be made, and made correctly; and, finally, every star had to be engraved on charts, and engraved correctly both as to position and magnitude.

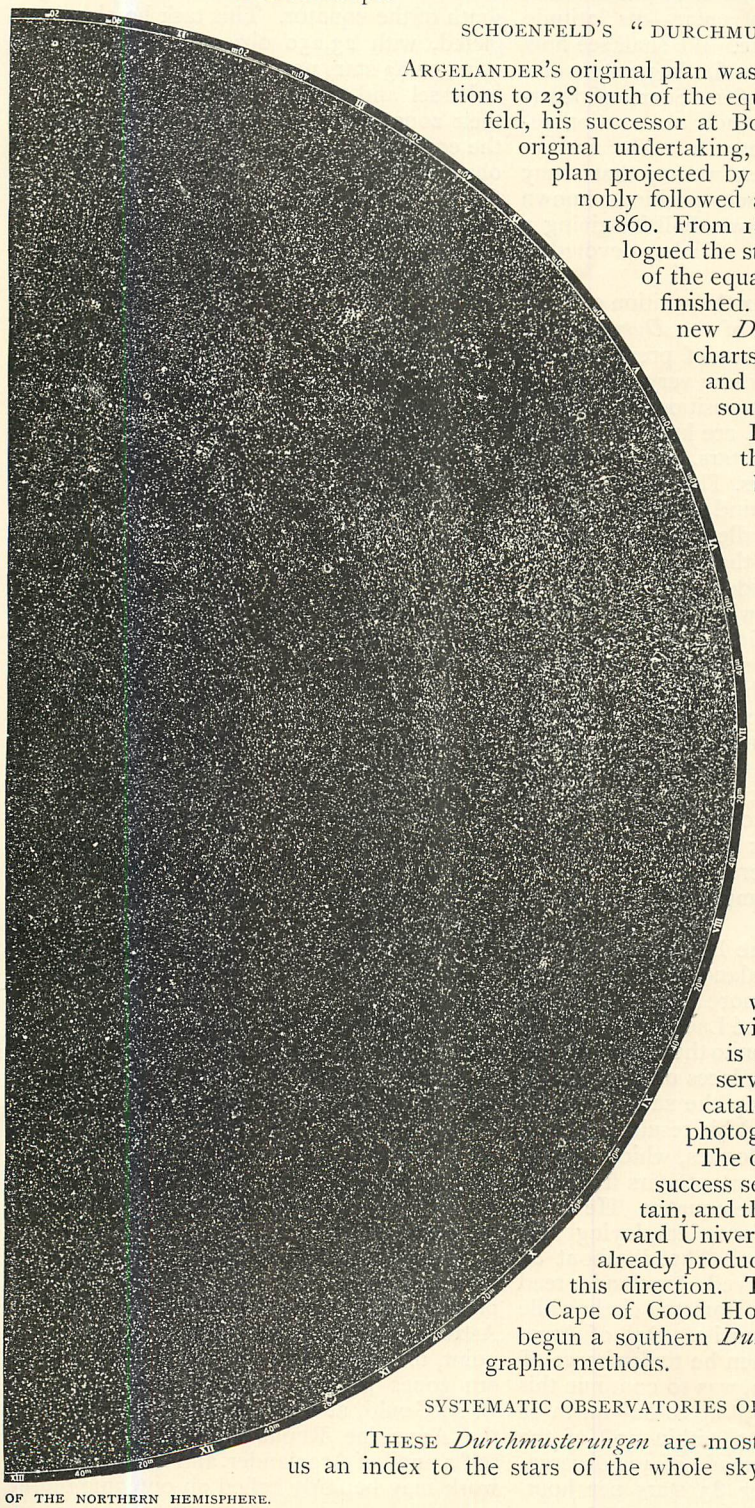
How this work could have been finished in ten years, one does not see. That Argelander and his two assistants had the courage to persevere in this tremendous task is itself a marvel. But the work is done, is printed, and is in daily use by scores of astronomers. Its value will never be less. It will remain forever as a picture of the sky, available for every purpose.

Mr. Proctor has done a very useful work in representing the results of Argelander's *Durchmusterung* in a single chart, which is here reproduced. For every star in Argelander's catalogue Mr. Proctor has laid down a dot, correct as to position and magnitude—324,198 dots in all. The resulting map is here photographed down so that the individual dots are, in general, hard to distinguish, but the law of aggregation of the stars is all the better brought out. The map is most interesting, not only in relation to the mere positions and brilliancy of the stars, but as showing, better than any other means can, the apparently capricious manner in which the stars are spread over the surface of the sky. Some evidences of law can be made out, and, in the original, the great features of the



R. A. PROCTOR'S CHART OF THE STARS

Milky Way come forth in a most striking manner. It must be remembered that this map contains, besides the stars visible to the naked eye, all those visible in an ordinary three-inch telescope.



OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

SCHOENFELD'S "DURCHMUSTERUNG."

ARGELANDER'S original plan was to extend his observations to 23° south of the equator. Professor Schoenfeld, his successor at Bonn, and his aid in the original undertaking, in 1885 completed the plan projected by Bessel in 1824, and so nobly followed at Bonn from 1852 to 1860. From 1876 to 1884 he has catalogued the stars from 2° to 23° south of the equator, and the work is just finished. Soon we shall have this new *Durchmusterung*, with its charts, showing the position and brightness of 133,658 southern stars.

It is most desirable that this enumeration should be extended over the whole southern sky. So long ago as 1866 the work was begun in the Southern Hemisphere, but apparently it was abandoned, though there is reason to believe that the observatory of the Argentine Republic at Cordoba may begin anew. Professor Stone, at Cincinnati, has partly completed the zone between 23° and 31° (south).

A recognition of the enormous advantages which photography would have over ordinary visual methods of charting is now leading several observatories to attempt the cataloguing of stars from photographic negatives.

The difficulties are many, but success seems to be tolerably certain, and the observatories of Harvard University and of Paris have already produced wonderful results in this direction. The observatory of the Cape of Good Hope, also, has seriously begun a southern *Durchmusterung* by photographic methods.

SYSTEMATIC OBSERVATORIES OF THE STARS IN ZONES.

THESE *Durchmusterungen* are most important. They give us an index to the stars of the whole sky. But it is clear that

the positions of the separate stars cannot be accurate when so many as eight or ten per minute are observed. What the astronomer wants is the *accurate* position of a star — its latitude and longitude, as it were. We shall see how much pains is necessary to fix the position of a single star with real precision. Scores of observations are needed, and each observation requires at least five minutes to make and an hour to calculate. When we say that many thousand stars have their positions known with this high precision, we shall be giving a feeble idea of the amount of labor devoted to this question.

But it is impossible to fix the position of every one of the 600,000 stars of the *Durchmusterungen* with this last degree of precision, and yet it is important to know very closely the place of each star. The positions of all faint comets, of asteroids, etc., are known by referring them to neighboring stars. We must know the positions of these stars. These positions are determined by a special kind of observations — zone observations, so called. A telescope is fixed in the meridian so that it can only move north and south. A divided circle is attached to this, the indications of which give the altitude of the stars seen in the field. One observer at the telescope moves it slowly up and down until some star enters the field. The motion is stopped. The transit of the star is observed over spider lines stretched in the field, while a second observer reads the altitude of this star from the divided circle. In this way it is possible to obtain very accurate positions, and by confining the work to a narrow zone the observations are increased as to number, and the subsequent computations are much simplified.

Before the days of the Berlin charts, or of the *Durchmusterung*, Lalande in Paris (1790) had fixed the places of more than 50,000 stars in this way, and the Abbé Lacaille (1751) had made a special expedition to the Cape of Good Hope to determine the places of 9766 southern stars. Bessel took up the same research in the years 1821–33, and his results are given in two magnificent catalogues, which include 62,000 of the most important stars from 15° south to 45° north of the equator. He made 75,011 single observations, employing 868 hours in observing alone. That is, about 84 stars per hour were observed. Argelander read the altitudes of the stars from the circle while Bessel observed their transits. One of Argelander's first works, when he took charge of the observatory at Bonn, was to continue this series of zones from 45° up to 80° north of the equator — that is, to within 10° of the Pole. In this region he made 26,424 observations of 22,000 stars, or 83 stars per hour. Not content with this extension of Bessel's zones to the north, Argelander next began a series of southern zones from 15° to 31° south of the equator. This task he also completed, with 23,250 observations of 17,600 stars, or 83 stars per hour.

Bessel and Argelander alone had pushed their zones from 31° south to 80° north of the equator, making nearly 125,000 separate observations and fixing the positions of 101,600 stars. We have no space to speak of the 38,000 observations made at the Naval Observatory in Washington in the years 1846–49, or of the zones observed by Lieutenant Gilliss, of our navy, in Chili (1850), which covered the region for 25° round the South Pole (27,000 stars). It is most unfortunate for the credit of American astronomers, as well as for the good of the science, that these collections are not yet suitably published.

One would think that the 100,000 stars of Bessel and Argelander would have been sufficient for the needs of astronomy. But the German Astronomical Society, at its meeting in Bonn in 1867, deliberately resolved upon the task of accurately determining the position of *every* star as bright as the ninth magnitude contained in Argelander's *Durchmusterung*.

The veteran Argelander presided at this meeting, and it is curious to note how serious the undertaking appeared to be to him. No one knew better how gigantic a task it was. The plan was well laid. A set of 539 very well determined stars was assumed as fundamental, and the society resolved that the position of the stars to be determined should be referred to these. The sky was cut up into zones five degrees wide, and various observatories undertook to finish one or more of these zones. The Polar Zone (90° to 80° north of the equator) had lately been completed by Carrington, in England, and did not need revision.

The observatories of Kazan (80°–75°), Dorpat (75°–70°), Christiania (70°–65°), Helsingfors (65°–55°), Harvard University (55°–50°), Bonn (50°–40°), Lund (40°–35°), Leyden (35°–30°), Cambridge, England (30°–25°), Berlin (25°–15°), Leipzig (15°–5°), Albany (5°–1°), Nikolaief (1° to 2° south), joined in the work, and to-day it is nearly completed.

But this is only a beginning. Schoenfeld's *Durchmusterung* to 23° south will soon be printed, and it is the intention of the German Astronomical Society to push the zones to this point, to join on to the great series of southern zones printed by our countryman Dr. B. A. Gould, at the National Observatory of the Argentine Republic. Dr. Gould is himself a pupil of Argelander, and his magnificent work may be fairly called an outcome of the

spirit of Bessel, the master. 105,000 observations of some 73,000 stars, from 23° south to 65° south of the equator, have been printed by Dr. Gould as part of the results of fourteen years' labor in a foreign country. Thus from the North to the South poles the labors of Carrington, Argelander, Bessel, Gould, and Gilliss * have given us an almost complete catalogue of accurate positions of nearly all the principal stars. Besides this we shall shortly have the region from 80° north to 2° south completely re-observed, and by 1900 the region to 23° south will be done also.

SPECIAL CATALOGUES OF STARS.

BESIDES these gigantic undertakings there have been scores of separate catalogues pretending to greater precision even, the very names of which we cannot mention. The observatories of Greenwich, Oxford, Edinburg, Paris, Poltava, Dorpat, Bonn, Berlin, Palermo, Washington, Harvard University, Melbourne, Cape of Good Hope, and many others have issued such accurate collections.

It is also necessary to say that a certain small number of stars — several thousands — have had their positions and motions determined with extreme precision; and of these again, a few hundreds of the brightest stars have been observed for so long, and for so many times, that their resulting positions are now almost as accurate as they can be made, and their motions so well known as to admit of very little improvement by the work of the next generation. These are our fundamental stars, so called.

Such, then, are our data: a few hundred stars determined with the last degree of precision, a few thousand nearly as well, two hundred thousand with considerable accuracy, and nearly a half a million separate stars known by the approximate positions of the *Durchmusterungen*, or additional to these from the southern zones. We can add to these too the two hundred thousand or more stars laid down in the ecliptic charts of Paris, Vienna, and Clinton (New York), which serve as nets to catch the minor planets just now, but which have an incalculable value as accurate pictures of the sky at a given instant.

The brightness of some 10,000 stars is very accurately known, and that of nearly half a million has been very approximately fixed. Lastly, the distances of some fifteen of the brighter stars from the earth are known with tolerable certainty, and that of a few more with a good degree of approximation.

These are the materials available — mighty monuments to human ingenuity, skill, patience, devotion. But what further problems will they solve for us? What far-reaching conclusions can be drawn? In a succeeding article I will try to show to what results a combination of the data so painfully accumulated may lead, and what conclusions may safely be drawn even now.

The science of the positions and the motions of the stars is not so young as that other science so well described by Professor Langley in his admirable articles on "The New Astronomy" (THE CENTURY for September, October, December, 1884, and March, 1885), but it has its modern period as well as the historical one which has been here set forth. The old astronomy has set itself to solve such problems as these: What is the rate at which the whole solar system is moving on through space? What are the distances and what are the masses of the stars? What is the shape of the stellar cluster to which our sun belongs? Are the stars in general broken up into subordinate universes? or do they, as a whole, form one mighty system, with one common motion?

Some of these and other such questions are answered; some seem almost unanswerable; some are still in the way of solution.

Edward S. Holden.

* Two Germans, one Englishman, two Americans.

STILL DAYS AND STORMY.

YESTERDAY the wind blew
Down the garden walks:
Marigolds, the day through,
Trembled on their stalks.

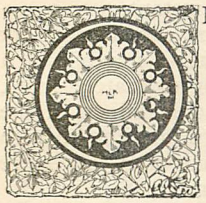
But to-day the wind 's dead,
Marigolds are still:
Miss they what the wind said,
Do they take it ill?

Yesterday my love stood
Hearkening to me;
Fair flower of womanhood,
All a-tremble she.

But to-day she 's sad, still,
Makes no true-love sign:
Is her lover to her will,
Is she yet mine?

Richard E. Burton.

THE HEART OF THE SOUTHERN CATSKILLS.



N looking at the southern and more distant Catskills from the Hudson River on the east, or on looking at them from the west, from some point of vantage in Delaware County, you see, amidst the group of mountains, one that looks like the back and shoulders of a gigantic horse. The horse has his head down grazing; the shoulders are high, and the descent from them down his neck very steep; if he were to lift up his head, one sees that it would be carried far above all other peaks, and that the noble beast might gaze straight to his peers in the Adirondacks or the White Mountains. But the head and neck never come up: some spell or enchantment keeps them down there amidst the mighty herd; and the high, round shoulders and the smooth, strong back of the steed are alone visible. The peak to which I refer is Slide Mountain, the highest of the Catskills by some two hundred feet, and probably the most inaccessible; certainly the hardest to get a view of, it is hedged about so completely by other peaks. The greatest mountain of them all, and apparently the least willing to be seen, only at a distance of thirty or forty miles is it seen to stand up above all other peaks. It takes its name from a landslide which occurred many years ago down its steep northern side, or down the neck of the grazing steed. The mane of spruce and balsam fir was stripped away for many hundred feet, leaving a long gray streak visible from afar.

Slide Mountain is the center and the chief of the southern Catskills. Streams flow from its base and from the base of its subordinates to all points of the compass: the Rondout and the Neversink to the south; the Beaverkill to the west; the Esopus, or Big Ingin, to the north; and several lesser streams to the east. With its summit as the center, a radius of ten miles would include within the circle described but very little cultivated land; only a few poor, wild farms here and there in the numerous valleys. The soil is poor, a mixture of gravel and clay, and subject to slides. It lies in the valleys in ridges and small hillocks as if dumped there from a huge cart. The tops of the southern Catskills are all capped with a kind of conglomerate or pudding-stone, a rock of cemented quartz pebbles which underlies the coal measures. This rock disintegrates under the action of the elements, and the sand and gravel which result are carried into the valleys and make up most of the soil. From the northern Catskills, so far as I know them, this rock has been swept clean. Low down in the valleys the old red sandstone crops out, and as you go west into Delaware County, in many places it alone remains and makes up most of the soil, all the superincumbent rock having been carried away.

Slide Mountain had been a summons and a challenge to me for many years. I had fished every stream that it nourished, and had camped in the wilderness on all sides of it, and whenever I had caught a glimpse of its summit I had promised myself to set foot there before another season had passed. But the seasons came and went, and my feet got no nimbler and Slide Mountain no lower, until finally, one July, seconded by an energetic friend, we thought to bring Slide to terms by approaching him through the mountains on the east. With a farmer's son for guide we struck in by way of Weaver Hollow, and, after a long and desperate climb, contented ourselves with the Wittenburg, instead of Slide. The view from the Wittenburg is in many respects more striking, as you are perched immediately above a broader and more distant sweep of country, and are only about two hundred feet lower. You are here on the eastern brink of the southern Catskills, and the earth falls away at your feet and curves down through an immense stretch of forest till it joins the plain of Shokan, and thence sweeps away to the Hudson and beyond. Slide is south-west of you, six or seven miles distant, but is visible only when you climb into a tree-top. I climbed and saluted him, and promised to call next time.

We passed the night on the Wittenburg, sleeping on the moss, between two decayed logs, with balsam boughs thrust into the ground and meeting and forming a canopy over us. In coming off the mountain in the morning we ran upon a huge porcupine, and I learned for the first time that the tail of a porcupine goes with a spring like a trap. It seems to be a set-lock, and you no sooner touch with the weight of a hair one of the quills than the tail leaps up in the most surprising manner, and the laugh is not on your side. The beast cantered along the path in my front, and I threw myself upon him, shielded by my roll of blankets. He submitted

quietly to the indignity, and lay very still under my blankets, with his broad tail pressed close to the ground. This I proceeded to investigate, but had not fairly made a beginning when it went off like a trap, and my hand and wrist were full of quills. This caused me to let up on the creature, when it lumbered away till it tumbled down a precipice. The quills were quickly removed from my hand, and we gave chase. When we came up to him he had wedged himself in between the rocks so that he presented only a back bristling with quills, with the tail lying in ambush below. He had chosen his position well, and seemed to defy us. After amusing ourselves by repeatedly springing his tail and receiving the quills in a rotten stick, we made a slip-noose out of a spruce root, and after much manœuvring got it over his head and led him forth. In what a peevish, injured tone the creature did complain of our unfair tactics! He protested and protested, and whimpered and scolded like some infirm old man tormented by boys. His game after we led him forth was to keep himself as much as possible in the shape of a ball, but with two sticks and the cord we finally threw him over on his back and exposed his quilless and vulnerable under side, when he fairly surrendered and seemed to say, "Now you may do with me as you like." His great chisel-like teeth, which are quite as formidable as those of the woodchuck, he does not appear to use at all in his defense, but relies entirely upon his quills, and when those fail him he is done for.

After amusing ourselves with him a while longer, we released him and went on our way. The trail to which we had committed ourselves led us down into Woodland Valley, a retreat which so took my eye by its fine trout brook, its superb mountain scenery, and its sweet seclusion, that I marked it for my own, and promised myself a return to it at no distant day. This promise I kept, and pitched my tent there twice during that season. Both occasions were a sort of laying siege to Slide, but we only skirmished with him at a distance; the actual assault was not undertaken. But the following year, reënforced by two other brave climbers, we determined upon the assault, and upon making it from this, the most difficult, side. The regular way is by Big Ingin Valley, where the climb is comparatively easy, and where it is often made by ladies. But from Woodland Valley only men may essay the ascent. Larkins is the upper inhabitant, and from our camping-ground near his clearing we set out early one June morning.

One would think that nothing could be easier to find than a big mountain, especially when one is encamped upon a stream which he knows springs out of its very loins. But, for some reason or other, we had got an idea that Slide Mountain was a very slippery customer and must be approached cautiously. We had tried from several points in the valley to get a view of it, but were not quite sure we had seen its very head. When on the Wittenburg, a neighboring peak, the year before, I had caught a brief glimpse of it only by climbing a dead tree and craning up for a moment from its topmost branch. It would seem as if the mountain had taken every precaution to shut itself off from a near view. It was a shy mountain and we were about to stalk it through six or seven miles of primitive woods, and we seemed to have some unreasonable fear that it might elude us. We had been told of parties who had essayed the ascent from this side, and had returned baffled and bewildered. In a tangle of primitive woods, the very bigness of the mountain baffles one. It is all mountain; whichever way you turn — and one turns sometimes in such cases before he knows it — the foot finds a steep and rugged ascent.

The eye is of little service; one must be sure of his bearings and push boldly on and up. One is not unlike a flea upon a great shaggy beast, looking for the animal's head, or even like a much smaller and much less nimble creature: he may waste his time and steps, and think he has reached the head when he is only upon the rump. Hence I closely questioned our host, who had several times made the ascent. Larkins laid his old felt hat upon the table, and, placing one hand upon one side and the other hand upon the other side, said: "There Slide lies, between the two forks of the stream, just as my hat lies between my two hands. David will go with you to the forks, and then you will push right on up." But Larkins was not right, though he had traversed all those mountains many times over. The peak we were about to set out for did not lie between the forks, but exactly at the head of one of them; the beginnings of the stream are in the very path of the Slide, as we afterward found. We broke camp early in the morning, and, with our blankets strapped to our backs and rations in our pockets for two days, set out along an ancient, and in places obliterated, bark road that followed and crossed and re-crossed the stream. The morning was bright and warm, but the wind was fitful and petulant, and I predicted rain. What a forest solitude our obstructed and dilapidated wood road led us through! — five miles of primitive woods before we came to the forks, three miles before we came to the

"burnt shanty" (a name merely — no shanty there now for twenty-five years past). The ravages of the bark peelers were still visible, now in a space thickly strewn with the soft and decayed trunks of hemlock-trees and overgrown with wild cherry, then in huge mossy logs scattered through the beech and maple woods: some of these logs were so soft and mossy that one could sit or recline upon them as upon a sofa.

But the prettiest thing was the stream soliloquizing in such musical tones there amidst the moss-covered rocks and bowlders. How clean it looked, what purity! Civilization corrupts the streams as it corrupts the Indian. Only in such remote woods can you now see a brook in all its original freshness and beauty. Only the sea and the mountain forest brook are pure; all between is contaminated more or less by the work of man. An ideal trout brook was this, now hurrying, now loitering, now deepening around a great bowlder, now gliding evenly over a pavement of green-gray stone and pebbles; no sediment or stain of any kind, but white and sparkling as snow water, and nearly as cool. Indeed, the water of all this Catskill region is the best in the world. For the first few days one feels as if he could almost live on the water alone; he cannot drink enough of it. In this particular it is indeed the good Bible land, "a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

Near the forks we caught, or thought we caught, through an opening, a glimpse of Slide. Was it Slide? Was it the head, or the rump, or the shoulder of the shaggy monster we were in quest of? At the forks there was a bewildering maze of underbrush and great trees, and the way did not seem at all certain; nor was David, who was then at the end of his reckoning, able to reassure us. But in assaulting a mountain, as in assaulting a fort, boldness is the watch-word. We pressed forward, following a line of blazed trees for nearly a mile; then turning to the left, we began the ascent of the mountain. It was steep, hard climbing. We saw numerous marks of both bears and deer; but no birds, save at long intervals the winter wren flitting here and there and darting under logs and rubbish like a mouse. Occasionally its gushing lyrical song would break the silence. After we had climbed an hour or two, the clouds began to gather, and presently the rain began to come down. This was discouraging; but we put our backs up against trees and rocks, and waited for the shower to pass.

"They are wet with the showers of the mountain and embrace the rock for want of a shelter," as they did in Job's time. But the shower was light and brief, and we were soon under way again. Three hours from the forks brought us out on the broad level back of the mountain upon which Slide, considered as an isolated peak, is reared. After a time we entered a dense growth of spruce, which covered a slight depression in the table of the mountain. The moss was deep, the ground spongy, the light dim, the air hushed. The transition from the open, leafy woods to this dim, silent, weird grove was very marked. It was like the passage from the street into the temple. Here we paused awhile and ate our lunch, and refreshed ourselves with water gathered from a little well sunk in the moss.

The quiet and repose of this spruce grove proved to be the calm that goes before the storm. As we passed out of it we came plump upon the almost perpendicular battlements of Slide. The mountain rose like a huge rock-bound fortress from this plain-like expanse. It was ledge upon ledge, precipice upon precipice, up which and over which we made our way slowly and with great labor, now pulling ourselves up by our hands, then cautiously finding niches for our feet and zigzagging right and left from shelf to shelf. This northern side of the mountain was thickly covered with moss and lichens, like the north side of a tree. This made it soft to the foot and broke many a slip and fall. Everywhere a stunted growth of yellow birch, mountain-ash, and spruce and fir opposed our progress. The ascent at such an angle with a roll of blankets on your back is not unlike climbing a tree; every limb resists your progress and pushes you back, so that when we at last reached the summit, after twelve or fifteen hundred feet of this sort of work, the fight was about all out of the best of us. It was then nearly 2 o'clock, so that we had been about seven hours in coming seven miles.

Here on the top of the mountain we overtook spring, which had been gone from the valley nearly a month. Red clover was opening in the valley below and wild strawberries were just ripening; on the summit the yellow birch was just hanging out its catkins, and the claytonia, or spring beauty, was in bloom. The leaf-buds of the trees were just bursting, making a faint mist of green, which, as the eye swept downward, gradually deepened until it became a dense, massive cloud in the valleys. At the foot of the mountain the Clinton, or northern green lily, and the low shad bush were showing the berry, but long before the top was reached they were found in bloom. I had never before stood amidst blooming claytonia, a flower of April, and looked down upon a field that held ripening strawberries. Every thousand feet of elevation seemed to

make about ten days' difference in the vegetation, so that the season was a month or more later on the top of the mountain than at its base. A very pretty flower which we began to meet well up on the mountain-side was the painted trillium, the petals white, veined with pink.

The low, stunted growth of spruce and fir which clothes the top of Slide has been cut away over a small space on the highest point, laying open the view on nearly all sides. Here we sat down and enjoyed our triumph. We saw the world as the hawk or the balloonist sees it when he is 3000 feet in the air. How soft and flowing all the outlines of the hills and mountains beneath us looked! The forests dropped down and undulated away over them, covering them like a carpet. To the east we looked over the near-by Wittenburg range to the Hudson and beyond; to the south Peak-o'-Moose, with its sharp crest, and Table Mountain, with its long level top, were the two conspicuous objects; in the west, Mt. Graham and Double Top, about 3800 feet each, arrested the eye; while in our front, to the north, we looked over the top of Panther Mountain to the multitudinous peaks of the northern Catskills. All was mountain and forest on every hand. Civilization seemed to have done little more than to have scratched this rough, shaggy surface of the earth here and there. In any such view, the wild, the aboriginal, the geographical greatly predominate. The works of man dwindle, and the original features of the huge globe come out. Every single object or point is dwarfed; the valley of the Hudson is only a wrinkle in the earth's surface. You discover with a feeling of surprise that the great thing is the earth itself, which stretches away on every hand so far beyond your sight.

The Arabs believe that the mountains steady the earth and hold it together; but they had only to get on the top of a high one to see how insignificant they are, and how adequate the earth looks to get along without them. To the imaginative Oriental people mountains seemed to mean much more than they do to us. They were sacred; they were the abodes of their divinities. They offered their sacrifices upon them. In the Bible mountains are used as a symbol of that which is great and holy. Jerusalem is spoken of as a holy mountain. The Syrians were beaten by the children of Israel because, said they, "Their gods are gods of the hills; therefore were they stronger than we." It was on Mount Horeb that God appeared to Moses in the burning bush, and on Sinai that he delivered to him the law. Josephus says that the Hebrew shepherds never pasture their flocks on Sinai, believing it to be the abode of Jehovah. The solitude of mountain-tops is peculiarly impressive, and it is certainly easier to believe that the Deity appeared in a burning bush there than in the valley below. When the clouds of heaven too come down and envelop the top of the mountain — how such a circumstance must have impressed the old God-fearing Hebrews! Moses knew well how to surround the law with the pomp and circumstance that would inspire the deepest awe and reverence.

But when the clouds came down and enveloped us on Slide Mountain the grandeur, the solemnity, was gone in a twinkling; the portentous-looking clouds proved to be nothing but base fog, that wet us and extinguished the world for us. How tame, and prosy, and humdrum the scene instantly became! But when the fog lifted, and we looked from under it as from under a just-raised lid, and the eye plunged again like an escaped bird into those vast gulfs of space that opened at our feet, the feeling of grandeur and solemnity quickly came back.

The first want we felt on the top of Slide, after we had got some rest, was a want of water. Several of us cast about, right and left, but no sign of water was found. But water must be had; so we all started off determined to hunt it up. We had not gone many hundred yards before we chanced upon an ice-cave beneath some rocks — vast masses of ice, with crystal pools of water near. This was good luck indeed, and put a new and brighter face on the situation.

Slide Mountain enjoys a distinction which no other mountain in the State, so far as is known, does — it has a thrush peculiar to itself. This thrush was discovered and described by Eugene Bicknell of New York in 1880, and has been named Bicknell's thrush. A better name would have been Slide Mountain thrush, as the bird, so far as I know, has only been found on that mountain. I did not see or hear it upon the Wittenburg, which is only a few miles distant. In its appearance to the eye among the trees one would not distinguish it from the gray-cheeked thrush of Baird, or the olive-backed thrush, but its song is totally different. The moment I heard it I said, "There is a new bird, a new thrush," as the quality of all thrush songs is the same. A moment more and I knew it was Bicknell's thrush. The song is in a minor key, finer, more attenuated, and more under the breath than that of any other thrush. It seemed as if the bird was blowing in a delicate, slender, golden tube, so fine and yet so flute-like and resonant the song appeared. At times it was like a musical whisper of great sweetness and power.

The birds were numerous about the summit, but we saw them nowhere else. No other thrush was seen, though a few times during our stay I caught a mere echo of the hermit's song far down the mountain-side. A bird I was not prepared to see or hear was the black poll warbler, a bird usually found much farther north, but here it was amidst the balsam firs uttering its simple, lisping song.

The rocks on the tops of these mountains are quite sure to attract one's attention, even if one have no eye for such things. They are masses of light reddish conglomerate, composed of round, wave-worn quartz pebbles. Every pebble had been shaped and polished upon some ancient sea-coast, probably the Devonian. The rock disintegrates where it is most exposed to the weather and forms a loose sandy and pebbly soil. These rocks form the floor of the coal formation, but in the Catskill region only the floor remains; the superstructure has never existed or has been swept away; hence one would look for a coal mine here over his head in the air, rather than under his feet.

This rock did not have to climb up here as we did; the mountain stooped and took it upon its back in the bottom of the old seas, and then got lifted up again. This happened so long ago that the memory of the oldest inhabitant of these parts yields no clew to the time.

A pleasant task we had in re-flooring and re-roofing the log hut with balsam boughs against the night. Plenty of small balsams grew all about, and we soon had a huge pile of their branches in the old hut. What a transformation, this fresh green carpet and our fragrant bed, like the deep-furred robe of some huge animal wrought in that dingy interior! Two or three things disturbed our sleep. A cup of strong beef-tea taken for supper disturbed mine; then the porcupines kept up such a grunting and chattering near our heads, just on the other side of the logs, that sleep was difficult. In my wakeful mood I was a good deal annoyed by a little rabbit that kept whipping in at our dilapidated door and nibbling at our bread and hard-tack. He persisted even after the gray of the morning appeared. Then about 4 o'clock it began gently to rain. I think I heard the first drop that fell. My companions were all in sound sleep. The rain increased, and gradually the sleepers awoke. It was like the tread of an advancing enemy which every ear had been expecting. The roof over us was of the poorest, and we had no confidence in it. It was made of the thin bark of spruce and balsam, and was full of hollows and depressions. Presently these hollows got full of water, when there was a simultaneous downpour of bigger and lesser rills upon the sleepers beneath. Said sleepers, as one man, sprang up, each taking his blanket with him; but by the time some of the party had got themselves stowed away under the adjacent rock, the rain ceased. It was little more than the dissolving of the night-cap of fog which so often hangs about these heights. With the first appearance of the dawn I had heard the new thrush in the scattered trees near the hut — a strain as fine as if blown upon a fairy flute, a suppressed musical whisper from out the tops of the dark spruces. Probably never did there go up from the top of a great mountain a smaller song to greet the day, albeit it was of the purest harmony. It seemed to have in a more marked degree the quality of interior reverberation than any other thrush song I had ever heard. Would the altitude or the situation account for its minor key? Loudness would avail little in such a place. Sounds are not far heard on a mountain-top; they are lost in the abyss of vacant air. But amidst these low, dense, dark spruces, which make a sort of canopied privacy of every square rod of ground, what could be more in keeping than this delicate musical whisper? It was but the soft hum of the balsams, interpreted and embodied in a bird's voice.

It was the plan of two of our companions to go from Slide over into the head of the Rondout, and thence out to the railroad at the little village of Shokan, an unknown way to them, involving nearly an all-day pull the first day through a pathless wilderness. We ascended to the topmost floor of the tower, and from my knowledge of the topography of the country I pointed out to them their course, and where the valley of the Rondout must lie. The vast stretch of woods, when it came into view from under the foot of Slide, seemed from our point of observation very uniform. It swept away to the south-east, rising gently towards the ridge that separates Lone Mountain from Peak-o'-Moose, and presented a comparatively easy problem. As a clew to the course, the line where the dark belt or saddle-cloth of spruce which covered the top of the ridge they were to skirt ended and the deciduous woods began, a sharp, well-defined line, was pointed out as the course to be followed. It led straight to the top of the broad level-backed ridge which connected two higher peaks and immediately behind which lay the head-waters of the Rondout. Having studied the map thoroughly and possessed themselves of the points, they rolled up their blankets about 9 o'clock and were off, my friend and myself purposing to spend yet another day and night on Slide. As our friends plunged down

into that fearful abyss, we shouted to them the old classic caution, "Be bold, be bold, be not *too* bold." It required courage to make such a leap into the unknown as I knew those young men were making, and it required prudence. A faint heart or a bewildered head, and serious consequences might have resulted. The theory of a thing is so much easier than the practice. The theory is in the air, the practice is in the woods; the eye, the thought, travel easily where the foot halts and stumbles. However, our friends made the theory and the fact coincide; they kept the dividing line between the spruce and the birches, and passed over the ridge into the valley safely; but they were torn and bruised, and wet by the showers, and made the last few miles of their journey on will and pluck alone, their last pound of positive strength having been exhausted in making the descent through the chaos of rocks and logs into the head of the valley. In such emergencies one overdraws his account; he travels on the credit of the strength he expects to gain when he gets his dinner and some sleep. Unless one has made such a trip himself (and I have several times in my life) he can form but a faint idea what it is like — what a trial it is to the body and what a trial it is to the mind. You are fighting a battle with an enemy in ambush. How those miles and leagues which your feet must compass lie hidden there in that wilderness; how they seem to multiply themselves; how they are fortified with logs, and rocks, and fallen trees; how they take refuge in deep gullies, and skulk behind unexpected eminences! Your body not only feels the fatigue of the battle, your mind feels the strain of the undertaking; you may miss your mark; the mountains may out-manœuvre you. All that day, whenever I looked down upon that treacherous wilderness, I thought with misgivings of those two friends groping their way there, and would have given something to have known how it fared with them. Their concern was probably less than my own, because they were more ignorant of what was before them. Then there was just a slight shadow of fear in my mind that I might have been in error about some points of the geography I had pointed out to them. But all was well, and the victory was won according to the campaign which I had planned. When we saluted our friends upon their own doorstep a week afterward, the wounds were nearly all healed and the rents all mended.

When one is on a mountain-top he spends most of the time in looking at the show he has been at such pains to see. About every hour we would ascend the rude lookout to take a fresh observation. With a glass I could see my native hills forty miles away to the north-west. I was now upon the back of the horse, yea, upon the highest point of his shoulders, which had so many times attracted my attention as a boy. We could look along his balsam-covered back to his rump, from which the eye glanced away down into the forests of the Neversink, and on the other hand plump down into the gulf where his head was grazing or drinking. During the day there was a grand procession of thunder-clouds filing along over the northern Catskills, and letting down veils of rain and enveloping them. From such an elevation one has the same view of the clouds that he has from the prairie or the ocean. They do not seem to rest across and to be upborne by the hills, but they emerge out of the dim west, thin and vague, and grow and stand up as they get nearer and roll by him, on a level but invisible highway, huge chariots of wind and storm.

In the afternoon a thick cloud threatened us, but it proved to be the condensation of vapor that announces a cold wave. There was soon a marked fall in the temperature, and as night drew near it became pretty certain that we were going to have a cold time of it. The wind rose, the vapor above us thickened and came nearer, until it began to drive across the summit in slender wraiths, which curled over the brink and shut out the view. We became very diligent in getting in our night wood and in gathering more boughs to calk up the openings in the hut. The wood we scraped together was a sorry lot,— roots and stumps and branches of decayed spruce, such as we could collect without an ax, and some rags and tags of birch bark. The fire was built in one corner of the shanty, the smoke finding easy egress through large openings on the east side and in the roof over it. We doubled up the bed, making it thicker and more nest-like, and as darkness set in stowed ourselves into it beneath our blankets. The searching wind found out every crevice about our heads and shoulders, and it was icy cold. Yet we fell asleep, and had slept about an hour when my companion sprang up in an unwonted state of excitement for so placid a man. His excitement was occasioned by the sudden discovery that something like a bar of ice was fast taking the place of his backbone. His teeth chattered and he was convulsed with ague. I advised him to replenish the fire, and to wrap himself in his blanket and cut the liveliest capers he was capable of in so circumscribed a place. This he promptly did, and the thought of his wild and desperate dance there in the dim light, his tall form, his blanket flapping, his teeth chattering, the

porcupines outside marking time with their squeals and grunts, still provokes a smile, though it was a serious enough matter at the time. After a while the warmth came back to him, but he dared not to trust himself again to the boughs; he fought the cold all night as one might fight a besieging foe. By carefully husbanding the fuel, the beleaguering enemy was kept at bay till morning came; but when morning did come, even the huge root he had used as a chair was consumed. Rolled in my blanket beneath a foot or more of balsam boughs, I had got some fairly good sleep, and was most of the time oblivious to the melancholy vigil of my friend. As we had but a few morsels of food left, and had been on rather short rations the day before, hunger was added to his other discomforts. At that time a letter was on the way to him from his wife, which contained the prophetic sentence, "I hope thee is not suffering with cold and hunger on some lone mountain-top."

Mr. Bicknell's thrush struck up again at the first signs of dawn, notwithstanding the cold. I could hear his penetrating and melodious whisper as I lay buried beneath the boughs. Presently I arose and invited my friend to turn in for a brief nap, while I gathered some wood and set the coffee brewing. With a brisk, roaring fire on, I left for the spring to fetch some water and to make my toilet. The leaves of the mountain golden-rod, which everywhere covered the ground in the opening, were covered with frozen particles of vapor, and the scene, shut in by fog, was chill and dreary enough.

We were now not long in squaring an account with Slide, and making ready to leave. Round pellets of snow began to fall, and we came off the mountain on the 10th of June in a November storm and temperature. Our purpose was to return by the same valley we had come. A well-defined trail led off the summit to the north; to this we committed ourselves. In a few minutes we emerged at the head of the slide that had given the mountain its name. This was the path made by visitors to the scene. When it ended, the track of the avalanche began: no bigger than your hand apparently had it been at first, but it rapidly grew, until it became several rods in width. It dropped down from our feet straight as an arrow until it was lost in the fog, and looked perilously steep. The dark forms of the spruce were clinging to the edge of it, as if reaching out to their fellows to save them. We hesitated on the brink, but finally cautiously began the descent. The rock was quite naked and slippery, and only on the margin of the Slide were there any bowlders to stay the foot, or bushy growths to aid the hand. As we paused, after some minutes, to select our course, one of the finest surprises of the trip awaited us: the fog in our front was swiftly whirled up by the breeze, like the drop-curtain at the theater, only much more rapidly, and in a twinkling the vast gulf opened before us. It was so sudden as to be almost bewildering. The world opened like a book and there were the pictures; the spaces were without a film, the forests and mountains looked surprisingly near; in the heart of the northern Catskills a wild valley was seen flooded with sunlight. Then the curtain ran down again, and nothing was left but the gray strip of rock to which we clung, plunging down into the obscurity. Down and down we made our way. Then the fog lifted again. It was Jack and his beanstalk renewed; new wonders, new views, awaited us every few moments, till at last the whole valley below us stood in the clear sunshine. We passed down a precipice and there was a rill of water, the beginning of the creek that wound through the valley below; farther on, in a deep depression, lay the remains of an old snow-bank: winter had made his last stand here, and April flowers were springing up almost amidst his very bones. We did not find a palace, and a hungry giant, and a princess, etc., at the end of our bean-stalk, but we found a humble roof and the hospitable heart of Mrs. Larkins, which answered our purpose better. And we were in the mood, too, to have undertaken an eating bout with any giant that Jack ever discovered.

Of all the retreats that I have found amidst the Catskills there is no other that possesses quite so many charms for me as this valley, wherein stands Larkins's humble dwelling; it is so wild, so quiet, and has such superb mountain views. In coming up the valley, you have apparently reached the head of civilization a mile or more lower down; here the rude little houses end, and you turn to the left into the woods. Presently you emerge into a clearing again, and before you rises the rugged and indented crest of Panther Mountain, and near at hand, on a low plateau, rises the humble roof of Larkins, — you get a picture of the Panther and of the homestead at one glance. Above the house hangs a high, bold cliff covered with forest, with a broad fringe of blackened and blasted tree-trunks, where the cackling of the great pileated woodpecker may be heard; on the left a dense forest sweeps up to the sharp, spruce-covered cone of the Wittenburg, nearly four thousand feet high; while at the head of the valley rises Slide over all. From a meadow just back of Larkins's barn a view may be had of all these mountains, while the terraced side of Cross Mountain bounds the view immediately to the east. Running from the top of Panther to-

wards Slide one sees a gigantic wall of rock, crowned with a dark line of fir. The forest abruptly ends, and in its stead rises the face of this colossal rocky escarpment, like some barrier built by the mountain gods. Eagles might nest here. It breaks the monotony of the world of woods very impressively.

I delight in sitting on a rock in one of these upper fields and seeing the sun go down behind Panther. The rapid-flowing brook below me fills all the valley with a soft murmur. There is no breeze, but the great atmospheric tide flows slowly in towards the cooling forest; one can see it by the motes in the air illuminated by the setting sun: presently, as the air cools a little, the tide turns and flows slowly out. The long, winding valley up to the foot of Slide, five miles of primitive woods, how wild and cool it looks, its one voice the murmur of the creek! On the Wittenburg the sunshine long lingers; now it stands up like an island in a sea of shadows, then slowly sinks beneath the wave. The evening call of a robin, or a thrush at his vespers, makes a marked impression on the silence and the solitude.

The following day my friend and I pitched our tent in the woods beside the stream where I had pitched it twice before and passed several delightful days, with trout in abundance and wild strawberries at intervals. Mrs. Larkins's cream-pot, butter-jar, and bread-box were within easy reach. Near the camp was an unusually large spring, of icy coldness, which served as our refrigerator. Trout or milk immersed in this spring in a tin pail would keep sweet four or five days. One night some creature, probably a lynx or a wildcat, came and lifted the stone from the pail that held the trout and took out a fine string of them and ate them up on the spot, leaving only the string and one head. In August bears come down to an ancient and now brushy bark peeling near by for blackberries. But the creature that most infests these backwoods is the porcupine. He is as stupid and indifferent as the skunk; his broad, blunt nose points a witless head. They are great gnawers, and will gnaw your house down if you are not watchful. Of a summer evening they will walk coolly into your open door if not prevented. The most annoying animal to the camper-out in this region, and the one he needs to be most on the lookout for, is the cow. Backwoods cows and young cattle seem always to be famished for salt, and they will fairly lick the fisherman's clothes off his back, and his tent and equipage out of existence, if he give them a chance. On one occasion some wood-ranging heifers and steers that had been hovering around our camp for some days made a raid upon it when we were absent. The tent was shut and everything snugged up, but they ran their long tongues under the tent, and, tasting something savory, hooked out John Stuart Mill's "Essays on Religion," which one of us had brought along thinking to read in the woods. They mouthed the volume around a good deal, but its logic was too tough for them, and they contented themselves with devouring the paper in which it was wrapped. If the cattle had not been surprised at just that point, it is probable the tent would have gone down before their eager curiosity and their thirst for salt.

The raid which Larkins's dog made upon our camp was amusing rather than annoying. He was a very friendly and intelligent shepherd dog, probably a collie. Hardly had we sat down to our first lunch in camp before he called on us. But as he was disposed to be too friendly, and to claim too large a share of the lunch, we rather gave him the cold shoulder. He did not come again; but a few evenings afterward, as we sauntered over to the house on some trifling errand, the dog suddenly conceived a bright little project. He seemed to say to himself, on seeing us, "There come both of them now, just as I have been hoping they would; now while they are away I will run quickly over and know what they have got that a dog can eat." My companion saw the dog get up on our arrival, and go quickly in the direction of our camp, and he said that something in the cur's manner suggested to him the object of his hurried departure. He called my attention to the fact, and we hastened back. On cautiously nearing camp, the dog was seen amidst the pails in the shallow water of the creek, investigating them. He had uncovered the butter and was about to taste it when we shouted, and he made quick steps for home, with a very "kill-sheep" look. When we again met him at the house next day he could not look us in the face, but sneaked off, utterly crestfallen. This was a clear case of reasoning on the part of the dog, and afterward a clear case of the sense of guilt from wrong-doing. The dog will probably be a man before any other animal is.

John Burroughs.

UNTO the United States God has poured a vast heterogeneous population. The picture which John painted in the Apocalypse may be seen here, with a difference: men gathered out of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, but not before the throne of God, nor praising him. Every phase of individual character is here represented; every race, every nationality, every language, every form of religion. Here are the Irishman, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Swede, the Norwegian, the German, the Hungarian, the Pole, the Italian, the Spaniard, the Portuguese. Here are the Celt, the Anglo-Saxon, the African, the Malay. Here is the negro, with his emotional religion; the Roman Catholic, with his ceremonial religion; the Puritan, with his intellectual religion; and the unbelieving German, with his no religion at all. Hither they have come trooping, sometimes beckoned by us, sometimes thrust upon us, sometimes invading us; but, welcome or unwelcome, still they come. To America the language of the ancient Hebrew prophet may be almost literally applied:

The sons of strangers also shall build thy walls,
And their kings shall serve thee;
. . . . . .
Thy gates also shall be open continually;
They shall not be shut by day nor by night;
That men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles,
And that their kings may be brought.*

This heterogeneous people occupy a land which embraces every variety of climate from northern Europe to middle Asia, and every variety of wealth from the wheat fields of Russia to the silver mines of Golconda. Its fertile soil gives every variety of production from the pine-trees of Maine to the orange groves of Florida. It has for agriculture vast prairies of exhaustless wealth; for mines, mountains rich in coal, iron, copper, silver, gold; for mills, swift running rivers; for carriage, slow and deep ones; and for commerce, a harbor-indented coast line, lying open to two oceans and inviting the commerce of both hemispheres. I do not dwell upon the magnificence of this endowment,— that is a familiar aspect,— but upon its diversity. The nation which occupies such a land must be diverse in industry as it is heterogeneous in population. The simplicity of social and industrial organization has long since passed away. There are few richer men in the world than in America, and none who have amassed such wealth in so short a time; there are no poorer men in the world, and nowhere men whose poverty is so embittered by disappointed hopes and shattered ambitions. In the Old World men are born to poverty, and accept their predestined lot with contentment, if not with cheerfulness. In America the ambitious youth sees a possible preferment in the future; counts every advance only a step towards a further advancement, and attributes every failure to injustice or ill-luck. Society, thus made up of heterogeneous population, subjected to the educational influence of widely differing religions, engaged in industries whose interests often seem to conflict, if they actually do not, and separated into classes by continually shifting partition walls, is kept in perpetual ferment by the nature of its educational, political, and social institutions. The boys of the rich and the poor sit by each other's side in the same school-room; their fathers brush against each other in the same conveyance. The hod-carrier and the millionaire hang by the same strap, and sway against each other in the same horse-car. Every election brings rich and poor, cultivated and ignorant, into line to deposit ballots of equal weight in the same ballot-box, and makes it the interest of each to win the suffrage of the other for his candidate and his party. The caldron, political and ecumenical, is always seething and boiling; the bottom thrown to the top, the top sinking in turn to the bottom. The canal-boat driver becomes President; the deck hand a railroad magnate. The son of the President mingles with the masses of the people in the battle for position and preferment, and the son of yesterday's millionaire is to-morrow earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. In the Old World men live like monks in a monastery; each class, if not each individual, has its own cell. Here all walls are down, and all classes live in commons. All this is familiar; it is enough here to sketch it in the barest outlines; for my only purpose in recalling it is to ask the reader to consider what is its moral meaning. It can have but one. Into this continent God has thrown this heterogeneous people, in this effervescent and seething mass, that in the struggle they may learn the laws

* Isaiah lx. 10, 11. The whole chapter applies in a remarkable manner to the present condition of the United States.

of social life. African, Malay, Anglo-Saxon, and Celt, ignorant and cultivated, rich and poor, he flings us together under institutions which inextricably intermix us, that he may teach us by experience the meaning of the brotherhood of man.

Our national history confirms this interpretation — if any confirmation were needed. The questions of our national history have all been social, not theological. We can hardly conceive that battles were fought, as bitter as our civil war, over the question whether God should be defined as existing in one Person or in three; whether the Son should be defined as proceeding from the Father or created by Him; whether he should be described as of the same substance or only as of like substance. We can hardly conceive that Europe was plunged into fierce wars by the question whether righteousness was imputed or imparted. But these were the real questions of the past, and if they seem insignificant to us now, it is only because we do not look beneath the form to the substance of the issues involved — issues as sublime as ever demanded the supremest concentration and the most devoted zeal of men. For these questions men once willingly died; for them they now unwillingly keep awake for half an hour of a Sunday afternoon. The questions for which we have fought, and are willing to fight again if need be, are questions of a different sort. Slavery, temperance, labor and capital, the tariff, public education: these present the questions of our national life, and they are all aspects and phases of one question — What are the divine laws of social life? Are there any principles of government, known or discoverable, which will enable men who differ in origin, in condition, in race, and in religious belief to live harmoniously together in one commonwealth — that is, in one social and political organization, fashioned and carried on so as to promote their common welfare?

This is certainly a question which the clergy and the Church must help to answer. It is emphatically a religious question.* If the Church does not interest itself in what concerns humanity, it cannot hope that humanity will interest itself in what concerns the Church. Why, indeed, should it? If the Church shelters itself under the plea that religion is a matter between the individual soul and God, it adopts a very much narrower definition of religion than that of the Bible. The Hebrew prophet who asked, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" had a conception of religion two parts of which have to do with our relations to our fellow-men, and one part with our relations to God. Christ's summary of the law and the prophets puts as much emphasis on the brotherhood of man as on the fatherhood of God. Indeed, it could not be otherwise. A religion which did not teach us how to live on earth would have small claims upon our respect when it claimed to teach us how to prepare for heaven. A captain who does not know how to manage a ship at sea cannot be trusted to bring her into port. A teacher who cannot tell his boys how to get along with each other in school is not the man to prepare them to get along with each other as men in manhood. Christianity is not merely individual; it is organic. That Judaism is so no Bible student will for a moment question. It deals mainly with organisms — religious organization in an established church, political organization in a Jewish commonwealth. Hebrew scholars even doubt whether the Old Testament knows anything about a future life; it certainly concerns itself mainly about the life that now is. The New Testament equally concerns itself with social organization. It undertakes to build up, not merely individual Christians here and there, but a Christian society. Christ begins his mission by proclaiming that the kingdom of God is at hand. His first published sermon is an explanation of the duties which men owe to one another, and of the principles on which they are to act, if the kingdom of righteousness and peace is ever to be established on the earth. His second sermon is a prophetic survey of the processes by which that kingdom will be developed. He does not lay more stress upon the declaration, "One is your Master, even Christ," than upon the accompanying declaration, "All ye are brethren." The minister who does not discover laws of social life in the Bible has studied it to very little purpose. The minister who does not teach those laws does not follow the example of either the Old Testament prophets, the New Testament apostles, or the divine Master of both.

To whom else shall the people look for instruction in the moral principles of a true social order if not to the ministry? Shall they look to the politicians? I am not going to enter upon any cheap satire of the politicians. They are like the preachers, some good and some bad. But, good or bad, their function in a democracy is not to inculcate, still less to discover, great principles. They are executive officers, not teachers. They are appointed to formulate in law and so set in motion the principles which, under the instruction of

* "Every political question is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious question."—*Mazzini.*

others, the people have adopted. This is what more or less effectively they are doing; and this is what they ought to do. The politician is not a motive power; he is a belting, and connects the motive power with the machinery. He gets things done when the people have determined what they want done. The bankers and financiers deliberate and discuss, and when the popular determination as to currency is reached as the result of this discussion, Congress incorporates it in a law. The politicians will never determine what is the best legal method of dealing with the liquor traffic. When the people have determined, the politicians may be trusted to carry that determination into effect. The people cannot learn the moral laws of the social order from the politicians; the politicians must learn them from the people. The master does not take orders from his servant; the servant takes them from his master. Shall we then look to the editors for moral instruction in sociology? The editors ought to be public teachers, but with few exceptions they have abdicated. The secular press is devoted to secular news-gathering and to party service; the religious press, to ecclesiastical news-gathering and denominational service. There are some notable exceptions, but they do but prove the rule. Not long since I heard the editor of one of the wealthiest and most successful, though not most influential, of American journals say in a public debate, that the daily paper was organized to make money, and that was what it ought to be organized for. So long as this is deemed true by the editors, the newspaper cannot be a teacher. The world has never paid for leadership until the leader was dead. Such a press can only crystallize the public sentiment which others have created, and so make efficacious a feeling which otherwise would effervesce in emotion. This it does, and for this service we are duly grateful. But it cannot — at least it generally does not — do the work of an investigator. It does not discover laws of life. It does not create; it only represents. It is a reservoir, without which the mill could not be driven; but the reservoir must itself be fed by the springs among the hills. The real formers of public opinion are the teachers and the preachers, the schools and the churches. The former are necessarily empirical; they deduce the laws of life from a study of past experience. The latter ought to be prophets. Their sympathy with all classes of men, their common contact with rich and poor, their opportunities for reflection and meditation, and their supposed consecration to a work wholly unselfish and disinterested, ought to combine with their piety to give them that insight into life which has always been characteristic of a prophetic order. I do not mean to demand of the ministry the impossible; but if this is not their function, it would be difficult to say what function they have. They cannot formulate public opinion in laws as well as the politicians; they cannot represent that public opinion which is already formed as well as the journalists; they cannot extract the truth from a scientific study of life as well as the teacher and the scholar. But so far as natural selection, aided by special studies and a generally quiet life, can equip any class of men for a prophetic function, and so fit them to discern the great moral laws of the social order, the ministry are so equipped. If they will leave the professional teachers to expound the secular, that is, the empirical side of social science, the newspapers to reflect the conclusions respecting such science as are formed, and the politicians to embody those opinions and principles in law, and will devote themselves to the spiritual study of the Book, and of life,— that book which is always being written and is never finished,— they can be leaders of the leaders. They can lay the foundations on which other men shall rear the superstructure. They speak, or can speak, to all classes in the community, for they belong to none. They address audiences of personal friends, whom they have counseled and aided in the hours when friendship is the most full of sweet significance. They speak to these friends at a time when baser passions are allayed and moral sentiments are awakened. The very smallness of their auditory as compared with that of the journalist adds force to their counsels and affords protection from misapprehension.

The pulpit for to-day, then, must be competent to give instruction in the moral laws which govern social and industrial life — the organized life of humanity. The age requires this instruction; the people desire it; the ministers should give it.

It cannot be expected in such a paper as this that I should attempt to unfold a Christian sociology. This has yet to be done, by the interchange of many opinions, and the interaction of many minds. I may, however, indicate certain lines of thought as illustrative of the kind of teaching which the exigency of the nineteenth century demands of the pulpits in America.

I. What is the Christian law of liberty?

"The true liberty of a man," says Carlyle, "you would say consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path and to walk therein. To learn or be taught what work he was actually able to do; and then by permission, persuasion, or even compulsion to be set about doing of the same. . . .

O! if thou really art my senior, seigneur, my Elder, Presbyter, or Priest — if thou art in any way my *wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to conquer and command me. If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure you in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and handcuffs, leave me not to walk over precipices!" *

No! this is not liberty; it is servitude. Servitude may be better than walking over precipices; it may be in every way justifiable if the freeman be a lunatic, and is bent upon pushing men weaker than himself over precipices. But it is not liberty. We hold in this country that men can be kept from walking over precipices, or thrusting their fellows over, without the use of brass collars, whips, and handcuffs; but how this is to be done we do not yet, I fear, very clearly discern. When the mob of anarchists, aroused to frenzy by the appeals of Most and Parsons and Spies, march to burn and kill and destroy, and are met by steel bayonets and whistling rifle-balls, we have come to Carlyle's definition of liberty, to brass collars, whips, and handcuffs. These are preferable to the precipice; but they are not liberty. "Liberty," says Webster's Dictionary, "is ability to do as one pleases." "Freedom is exemption from the power and control of another." How can a great heterogeneous people, made up of every nationality, race, class, and religion, be thus free, be endowed with this ability to do as they severally please? For if Webster is right, liberty is a large ability. It is power; it is competence.

On my lawn is a goat tethered by a rope to a stake. He is not at liberty. Why not cut the rope and let him go where and do as he pleases? Because, if I do, he will gnaw the bark of the young trees, trample down the garden beds, pull up the strawberry plants by the roots. In a word, because he is not able to perceive and be obedient to an invisible law, he must be subjected to a visible and tangible one. If it were possible to train him so that he would leave the young trees alone, would keep out of the garden, and would eat only the grass and the burdocks, of which latter he is fond, and which we should be glad to have him destroy, he might be set free, to go where and do what he pleases. Because he cannot be taught to please to do right, he must be tethered. We have also a collie dog. Fond as he is of a ramble with his young masters, the boys have only to say to him, "No, Victor; go home," and he lies quietly down on the lawn and looks wistfully and pathetically after them. Formerly they had to tie him when they went off for a ramble. But he has learned obedience, and therefore has acquired liberty. This is a very simple illustration of a very simple truth; namely, that liberty is not exemption from law; it is spiritual perception of and voluntary obedience to law. The goat can never be made free, because it can never be taught to perceive and to respect the invisible law. Law and liberty are not opposites. We come into liberty when we become a law unto ourselves. Liberty and independence are not synonymous; liberty is voluntary subjection.

Aristotle classifies government in three classes — government by the one, government by the few, government by the many. We have added in America a fourth class — self-government. The mass cannot do what all the individuals in the mass are incapable of doing. If the individual American cannot govern himself, the American people cannot govern themselves. A pack of wolves is no more capable of freedom than is a single wolf. The first condition of self-government in a community is that each individual should possess the power of self-government in himself. Each individual must be endowed with ability to do as he pleases or the state cannot be free. If even a considerable minority are engaged in schemes for pushing their fellows over the precipice, we must have recourse to Carlyle's brass collars, whips, and handcuffs. But the first condition of self-government is the ability to recognize an invisible law, and to subject one's self to its restraint. This is what Isaiah means when, in that resplendent picture of peaceful industry replacing war, he declares that the law shall go out of Zion. This is what Christ means when he says, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The law of liberty is the supremacy of the individual conscience in the individual life. It is the law written within, and therefore needing no whips and handcuffs imposed from without. If ever our churches by their preaching shall lighten the sanctity of the divine law, shall suffer the people to forget that the Father of mankind is also its lawgiver, shall let the Old Testament, with its Thou shalt and Thou shalt not, drift into obscurity; if ever the ties of family life are loosened, and children forget to honor their father and their mother, and to obey their parents in the Lord; if ever the community comes to entertain a contempt for its appointed law-makers and its interpreters of law, and to allow its self-imposed requirements to be disregarded with impunity; if ever sheriffs and governors dally with mobs, entreating where they should command, and giving promises where they should give shot and ball; if ever Justice drops her sword and wishes to retain her office by virtue of her scales alone; if ever

* "Past and Present," p. 213.

entire states are allowed to dissever their allegiance to the constitution of the land and fight for lawlessness and call it liberty — unless in that hour there are ministers in the pulpits to recall Mount Sinai, and fathers to remember the story of Eli, and governors to bear the sword not in vain, and a national determination to maintain liberty by maintaining law at any cost of blood and treasure, the end of the republic will not be far distant.

"Despotism may govern without faith," says De Tocqueville, "but liberty cannot. Religion is much more necessary in the republic which they [the atheistic republicans] set forth in glowing colors than in the monarchy which they attack; it is more needed in democratic republics than in any other. How is it possible that societies should escape destruction, if the moral tie be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? And what can be done with a people who are their own masters, if they be not submissive to the Deity?"*

That question I leave to the reflection of the reader.

II. What is the Christian conception of labor?

Throughout the Middle Ages war was the only honorable pursuit. He who plundered others was knighted; he who clothed the naked earth with fertility by his toil was a villein. Down to our own time, in England, the only refuge of the younger sons of the nobility has been the Church, the army, and the civil service. The scion of noble stock might walk the deck of a man-of-war, but if he drove a nail in making her iron sides he was an outcast. He might preach borrowed sermons in the pulpit, but if he were to do one honest day's work in laying up the stone work or shaping the rafters of the church he became a pariah. Nor can we say that even in American society this conception of labor as an indignity has no root and breathes out no pernicious odor upon the air. The iron masters of the Lehigh Valley tell me that they cannot find workingmen enough and must send to Europe for them; the Pacific coast is beginning to ask, If the Chinese must go, who can be found to till our vineyards, and tend our small fruits, and make our vegetable gardens for us? But almost every village has too many lawyers for justice, too many doctors for health, too many shopkeepers for trade, and too many ministers for good morals. Twice in the last two or three years I have received letters from fathers saying, "My son wants to be a farmer; I should like to send him to college and fit him for a profession. What should I better do?" What nobler profession is there than to obey God's mandate to Adam, to dress the earth and keep it; to win back a Garden of Eden from the thistle-cursed wilderness? So far has this conception of labor as an indignity entered into thought, that the Church itself imagines that toil was inflicted upon man as a penalty for sin. Our systems of education are corrupted by this servile conception of labor. The brain is educated, but not the eye to see, nor the hand to fashion, nor the muscle to do, nor the body to endure. We live in a country which clamors for men who know how to compel reluctant Nature to disclose her secrets; and yet it is hardly a quarter of a century since scientific schools were engrafted on even our higher education; and not yet are the simplest principles which underlie the industries of the vast majority of our people inculcated in our public schools, or known to the teachers in them. Seven and a half millions of men are engaged in various agricultural employments, that require for their best prosecution an intelligent comprehension of the chemistry of nature, of comparative physiology, and of the great laws of trade on which the markets of the world depend; but the student may go through the entire curriculum of the public school — primary school, grammar school, high school, and even State university — and hardly know that there is a chemistry of nature, or that a comparison of the physiological structure of the animal race has been made, unless in his later years he has learned these facts in an "optional." The highest ambition of the laborer in the lower ranks of the hierarchy of labor is to reduce his hours from twelve to ten, or from ten to eight, or even from eight to six; and the highest ambition of the laborer in the higher ranks of labor is to retire, *i. e.*, to reduce his hours of labor to none at all.

Christianity has a very different conception to give to the world, and the Christian ministry are the men to give it. It depicts, in the prose poem with which the history of the race begins, an Eden which the innocent children of God were appointed to dress and to keep. In the primitive commonwealth, which was to serve as a pattern for future generations, war is discouraged, agriculture honored and ennobled. Abraham is a farmer; Moses, a herdsman; David, a shepherd boy; Paul, a tent-maker; Christ, a carpenter. In the glowing picture of the future golden age which awaits the world the spears are not laid aside, but beaten into pruning-hooks; nor the swords hung up ingloriously to rust away, but converted into plowshares. The benediction of God is bestowed on the laborer. The Hebrew painter takes his brush to paint a picture of

* De Tocqueville, "Democracy in America," Vol. I., p. 393.

ideal womanhood. This is what he places on his easel:

"She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff."

Which picture I beg permission to recommend to the thoughtful consideration of those who have in charge the higher education of women.

That is not the higher education for either man or woman which educates them away from honest industry, from hard work; which teaches the boy to shun the plow, or the girl to shun the spindle; which puts in either men or women an ambition to escape labor, not to perform it. What does the eight-hour movement mean? Does it mean two hours more for head, and heart, and home; for books, and wife, and children, and love? Does it mean less hand work, and more head work; less factory work, and more home work; fewer hours with the "boss," and more with the tired wife and neglected babes? Then all hail to it. An age in which seven men can gather from the willing earth food for one thousand ought to redeem humanity from drudgery — but not from toil. For if the eight-hour movement means merely less work — less in factory or at home, for "boss" or for children, of head or of hand, then it means more idleness, more drink, more wretchedness, more paupers.

III. What is the Christian conception of wealth?

The unchristian conception of wealth is expressed in the saying, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It finds its perfect illustration in the saying of the French Bourbon, "The State! I am the State." This was the mental attitude of all the Roman emperors. Rome was their private property — its citizens their cattle, its wealth their personal estate. The American Republic no longer believes this to be true. That public office is a public trust is professed by all Americans, even if it is believed only by a few. What is true of office is true of property. I criticise Henry George as not sufficiently radical. He objects to private property in land. He does not go far enough. The Bible objects to private property in anything. The doctrine that property is a trust is far more explicitly taught in the New Testament than the doctrine of a vicarious atonement, or a Trinity in Unity. The latter are deductions from Biblical statements, the former is itself a Biblical statement. Property is a trust; life is a service; the poor are the beneficiaries; the duty of the trustee is to give them food in due season; the judgment is an accounting; the self-server is an unprofitable servant; the server of his age and race is a faithful and wise servant, who has proved his capacity for rulership. This is not figure; it is not Oriental imagery; it is not theological fiction; it is plain, simple, matter-of-fact, prosaic truth. The man who takes his property to be his own and uses it on himself is as truly guilty of embezzlement as the clerk who filches from his employer's till. No Bible student doubts this; but not many Bible preachers are accustomed to preach it, and fewer still of Bible Christians adopt and act upon it.

This truth is not more clearly announced by the Bible than it is by that other great revelator of spiritual truth — life. Our country is rich. What made it so? We have been digging coal and iron out of the Pennsylvania hills, and pumping oil out of its reservoirs; we have been gathering grain from the wheat-fields of Dakota, and cotton from the cotton-fields of Texas, and silver from the Rocky Mountains, and gold from the Pacific coast. Whose are they? Who stored them there? We are rich as the child is rich who discovers the preserves which his mother has put away in her closet; and, like the child, we shall pay dearly for our theft if we imagine that the treasure we have found is ours,— ours to do with as we please. It is His who put it there; and for our use of it or abuse of it we shall account to Him. It is a hopeful sign of American civilization that never before in the world's history were there so many men of wealth using their wealth as a trust, not as a private possession. I visited, not long since, one of the largest single coal-mine owners in Pennsylvania. He had built up in the wilderness a village with five thousand population. No roof covered more than two tenements; every tenement had about it ground for a garden plot. The day-school was kept open ten months in the year; evening schools afforded special facilities for such as wished to pursue special studies; a great hall furnished them with opportunity for every kind of recreation, from a ball to a lecture; a free library and reading-room gave an evening lounging-place free from beer and tobacco; there was not a liquor shop in the town; the ladies of the mansion equipped every year a Christmas-tree for the children of the village, dressing many out of the hundreds of dolls with their own hands; but what was best of all, the owner of mine, and land, and cottages

lived in the midst of his workingmen, and administered with his own hands the estate which furnished the one thousand workingmen with employment, the five thousand villagers with bread, and homes, and life. I thought how it would have delighted the heart of grim old Carlyle to have visited Drifton, and how even John Ruskin would have found something to praise in such a mining community.

I do not ask that men of wealth shall give more money to the Church, which is often stronger when it is poor than when it is rich; nor to the poor and thriftless, whom unearned money only keeps in poverty. I urge that the power to make money, like any other power, is a trust bestowed on the possessor for humanity. The preacher who preaches for his salary, not for the spiritual well-being of his parishioners, is a mercenary; the physician who practices for his fees, not to cure the sick, is a mercenary; the lawyer who pleads for his honorarium, not for justice, is a mercenary; the politician who enacts laws for what he can make, not for the community, is a mercenary; no less the manufacturer, the merchant, the trader, the man on 'change, who transacts his business to make money, not to give the community its meat in due season, is a mercenary. In the history of the nineteenth century, the doctrine that wealth is a trust must stand by the side of the doctrine that labor is an honor and liberty is an obedience. The materialism that threatens the American Church is not the materialism of Herbert Spencer. It is the materialism of the railroad, the factory, the shop; the materialism that puts thinghood above manhood; that does not know that things were made for man, not man for things — that God gives us, not Irishmen to build our railroads, but railroads to build Irishmen; not Hungarians to dig our mines, but mines to develop manhood in Hungarians.

These illustrations may serve at least to indicate the lines of investigation to which the needs of the nineteenth century invite the American preacher. If he will go to his Book for this purpose, he will find it quite as rich in sociological as in theological instruction; quite as fertile in its suggestions respecting the duty of man to man as in its suggestions respecting the nature and government of God. He will find his New Testament telling him that in Christ's kingdom the strong are to serve the weak; the rich, the poor — *i. e.*, the factory owner his hands, the railroad prince his trainmen; that controversies are to be settled, not by wage of battle or its modern equivalent, strikes and lockouts, but by mutual concessions and ultimate appeal to an impartial tribunal — in other words, by conciliation and arbitration; that the State is not a "social compact," nor government a "necessary evil"; that the one is a divinely constituted organism, and the other the necessary condition of its existence; that the judicial function does not belong to humanity, and therefore the judicial system will never become truly Christian till it ceases to be an effort to administer justice and becomes an effort to administer mercy; that the brotherhood of man is an integral part of Christianity no less than the fatherhood of God, and that to deny the one is no less infidel than to deny the other. In short, while he will find in the Book which he is appointed to interpret no light upon scientific details of political or industrial organization, he will find the great moral laws of the social order, if not clearly revealed at least definitely indicated, and in them abundant material for sermons which will be interesting because giving instruction which is both imperatively needed and eagerly desired. Sir Henry Maine has shown very clearly that democracy is not yet "triumphant democracy"; it is still an experiment. The American Revolution determined our right to try it on this continent without fear of foreign intervention; a civil war determined our right to try it without fear of domestic disruption. We have still to work the problem out. Whether a people diverse in race, religion, and industry can live happily and prosperously together, with no other law than the invisible law of right and wrong, and no other authority than the unarmed authority of conscience, is the question which America has to solve for the world. No one class in the community has a more potent influence in determining what shall be its answer to that question than the American clergy.

Lyman Abbott.

THE ONLY FOE.

WILD, threatening sky, white, raging sea,
Fierce wind that rends the rifted cloud,
Sets the new moon's sharp glitter free,
And thunders eastward, roaring loud!

A fury rides the autumn blast,
The hoary brine is torn and tossed;
Great Nature through her spaces vast
Casts her keen javelins of the frost.

Her hand that in the summer days
Soothed us with tender touch of joy,
Deals death upon her wintry ways;
Whom she caressed she would destroy.

Life shrinks and hides; all creatures cower
While her tremendous bolts are hurled,
That strike with blind, insensate power
The mighty shoulder of the world.

Be still, my soul, thou hast no part
In her black moods of hate and fear;
Lifted above her wrath thou art,
On thy still heights, serene and clear.

Remember this,—not all the wild,
Huge, untamed elements have force
To reach thee, though the seas were piled
In weltering mountains on thy course.

Only thyself thyself can harm.
Forget it not! And full of peace,
As if the south wind whispered warm,
Wait thou till storm and tumult cease.

Celia Thaxter.

GEORGE KENNAN.

A WELL-KNOWN literary man who met Mr. Kennan on his return from Siberia declared, "I have been talking with a man who has seen hell!" It is not strange that the world is curious about one whose experiences can be thus graphically described. We wish further knowledge of the personality of him who has traversed the awful circles and himself tasted the fire. Indeed, he who tells us such tales may justly be asked for an account of himself. Sober second-thought has a right to learn the quality of the man who describes inconceivable horrors as actual, living facts. There is reason in seeking to know the experience which gives value to the judgment of one who, standing on the basis of his own statements alone, asks the world to believe the incredible, and relates that which must from its very nature be unverifiable.

It may well enough be that not only to the readers of this magazine, but to all the world as well, Mr. Kennan's history is centered around the expedition of 1885 to study the exile system. His career up to that time was but a preparation for that high service; his mental equipment, his physical traits, his characteristics and qualities are of value as they show his power to do this work. The very facts of his life take on new importance as educators for it, or slip away unnoticed as out of relation to it. Large and small become relative terms in this view of things, and especially do some minor events take on a new interest. It is said that the hour brings the man: never was a truer instance of it than this work and this worker; never does a whole previous life seem more entirely a preparation for such work. Keen, quick, discriminating, yet especially just and accurate, strong in body and with a stout purpose, of an unconquerable will and an indomitable courage, and with an eager interest in all strange places and peoples, Nature had made him for her service. Nursed on difficulties, and trained by necessity, he yet had never parted company with industry and perseverance, while readiness of resource was both his inheritance and his habit. Books and life had equally been his tutors; he had learned to write readily, to collate, and to compare. Business, law, and government had given him knowledge. The difficult speech of Russia was his familiar tongue, and a strange and sharp special training had made this far country like another home to him. Surely here was the man, and the hour also had come, for the world was waking to the faint cries of the oppressed and asking for the truth.

Born in Norwalk, Ohio, on the 16th of February, 1845, canny Scotch and impetuous Irish blood mingle with the sturdy English currents in the veins of George Kennan; but for four generations the Kennans have been Americans. His father, John Kennan, a young

lawyer from western New York, had found home and wife in what was then a small town of Ohio. His mother was Mary Ann Morse, daughter of a Connecticut clergyman, and it is not without interest to learn that she was of the same family as the great inventor of telegraphy, S. F. B. Morse. It may have been but a coincidence, but it may have been some subtle influence of heredity that determined the trend of life for the boy who sent his first message over the wires the day he was six years old, and who from that time onward found in their constant use both vocation and avocation. It is also curious to notice a passionate love of travel in the father, and a deep devotion to nature, and an unusual mechanical skill — qualities, all of them, which repeat themselves in the son, this last developed into an extraordinary quickness at supplying unexpected needs and a wonderful readiness of adaptation, whether in things physical or in more important matters. From his mother too came strong mental and moral impulses, making him a quick observer and a stern judge of life; and from her came the intellectual ability and love of literature so noticeable in the boy who would have an education at whatever cost, and so conspicuous in the cultivation of the man.

The coveted "education" was no light matter to this seeker after knowledge, as appears by the price he willingly paid for the hope. A college course was the goal at which he aimed, if indeed that can be called a goal which is intended only as a sort of landing-place in an upward way already planned. But it was one thing to plan and another to accomplish the end. Circumstances that could neither be helped nor hindered laid upon the shoulders of this boy the duty of assisting in the support of the family, and at the somewhat tender age of twelve George Kennan began that life as a telegraphist which prevented any further regular school-going, but which, with equal pace, led the way to a very different career. Courage and endurance and industry were not the least of the qualities that were at once exhibited and educated in the struggle of the years that followed. It has already been said that he became a regular operator at Norwalk at the age of twelve. For the next five years, not only there but at Wheeling, Columbus, and Cincinnati,—for thoroughness and skill brought rapid promotion,—he never ceased both study and recitation, whether it was 3 or 4 o'clock of the night when he laid down his work. It was at Cincinnati, in the latter part of 1863, that he finally gave up the hard-fought battle; and from that time on there was no more school for Kennan, and of the plan of a collegiate course only the unconquerable desire remained. It was now in the midst of our civil war, and the extreme pressure of work at this important junction of lines, added to the unremitting mental and physical strain of double duties, had well-nigh broken down a constitution not used to give way. Pursued, however, by the failure of life-long hopes and seemingly hemmed in by an inexorable future, the young man fell into much despondence. He was filled with the patriotic fervor of the time too, and the spirit of adventure had already taken hold of him so that he left no stone unturned to procure an appointment as telegraph operator in the field, and, failing in this, besieged the authorities for other difficult service.

It was perhaps as much because wearied with importunities as on account of old family friendship, that General Anson Stager, then Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at last acceded to his request for a place in the Russian-American telegraph expedition. That brilliant scheme has been so long forgotten that it may not be amiss to remind the reader what it was, the more especially as its work had a determining influence upon young Kennan's whole future. The failure of the first Atlantic cable made it seem for a time as if no such medium of inter-continental communication could be accomplished. In this emergency the Western Union Telegraph Company saw a possibility of a land route through British Columbia and Alaska on the one side, and over the vast barren spaces of Siberia on the other, with the short and quite possible cable across Behring's Straits to connect the two. Work was actually begun upon the line, but the success of the second Atlantic cable put an end to the overland experiment midway in its career. While it was still a plan however, the restless and gloomy youth in Cincinnati, sitting one day at his place in the office, thinking hopelessly of his appeal to General Stager, suddenly jumped into life at the receipt of a laconic message sent over the wires by that gentleman's own hand, "Can you start for Alaska in two weeks?" and with the confident courage alike of his age and his temperament replied, "Yes, in two hours!" This eager candidate for hardships was still to undergo six baffling weeks of desperate fever and many months of rough life and adventure in Central America and California before the expedition actually left for eastern Asia on July 3, 1865. Scarcely twenty years old, there were eight years of work behind him in which unwearied industry and much professional ability had already been evidenced and appreciated,— years in which the burdens of life had fallen somewhat heavily upon shoulders eager for other tasks,— but as

the ship sailed out of the harbor of San Francisco and he turned his face to Kamtchatka, the very golden gate of promise opened before him.

The two years spent in the wilds of eastern Siberia, with its camps on the boundless steppes, its life in the smoky huts of the wandering Koraks, its arctic winters, its multiplied hardships, and its manifold interests and excitements, proved a very preparatory school for another and vastly more important Siberian journey. Not the least of its advantages was the knowledge of the language then first acquired in those months of often solitary life among the wild tribes of Siberia. Among this man's many qualifications for his work is an unusual linguistic ability. Not only is a language very easy to him, but almost without his own knowledge he possesses himself of a certain inner sense of its use, and a facility at its idiom. He has been called among the first — if not, indeed, the best — of Russian scholars in America. However this may be, a strong sense of the genius of the language is his to that degree that those fortunate friends who have been introduced by him to some of the leading Russian novelists are sometimes heard to express the wish that he would give over more important work and take to translating. It goes without saying that his acquaintance with Korak and Caucasian, Georgian and Kamtchatkan, wild Cossack and well-to-do citizen, nihilist and soldier, has given him a range of speech seldom possessed in a foreign tongue by any one man, and obviously of inestimable value in the difficult work before him. Certainly no other Russian traveler can equal him in this indispensable adjunct to investigation. Mr. Kennan's brilliant story of these strange months of work and travel for the telegraph company is too well known to require any retelling of its experiences, but it is only between the lines that we get knowledge of the physical endurance, the unbounded resource, the nerve, the skill that made the result possible, the high spirits and buoyant temperament that filled with gayety the most tedious days, and upheld the little party of three or the lone worker in the most appalling surroundings. Nothing was impossible to the man who so successfully made that journey and did that work. It is well to remember also that this was the first great opportunity for adventure which had opened before one whose scanty boyhood was spent over travelers' tales, whose favorite study was geography, and whose very babyhood laid out his blocks into towns and cities, among which his toy ships sailed their complicated voyages. Long horseback rides through beautiful scenery never yet spread out before civilized eyes; adventurous journeys and hair-breadth escapes from snow and seas; life in sumptuous homes, or frozen tents, or dirty huts, as fortune chanced; tedious and enforced idleness, or hard and responsible labor — all this filled up the long days that were in some sort double days, divided only by the twilight of the arctic night. This was indeed the taste of blood to the lion's cub, and life seemed made for travel. All too soon the brief experiment ended; but our young telegrapher was a full-fledged traveler now, and much too loath to go home again for any haste. A whole winter he spent in St. Petersburg, clinging to a thread of chance that the telegraph project might be revived; but he was by no means unemployed, as always and everywhere he was watching, observing, studying; while the quick, eager glance, the extraordinary perception of detail, and the equally quick recognition of under-currents and the reasons of things, served him as well among the varied elements of the Russian capital as it had done among the fierce savages of the provinces. It was to be expected that so friendly a man would make many Russian friends; and it was equally a matter of course that so close an observer would learn much of Russian habits, and still more of Russian life. All unconsciously to himself he was laying broad and deep the foundations of his life work, and preparing the way for an unparalleled undertaking as brave and heroic as any deed of knight or warrior, and far-reaching in its results beyond any knowledge of his or ours.

Both the work of the telegraph company, and the overland journey from Kamtchatka to St. Petersburg, had given him much knowledge of the people, and he had frequently turned aside to explore the prisons. Thus it was that when he came home in the spring of 1868, his portfolio was full of material for lectures and magazine articles, all of which he meant should furnish him the sinews of travel for a certain journey into the Caucasus. It was then that Kennan first appeared in print. With the exception of a few private letters printed during his absence in the local newspapers, his first work as a writer was an article in "Putnam's Magazine" for that year, called "Tent Life with the Wandering Koraks," and this and the series which followed it were shortly after expanded into the book already referred to, "Tent Life in Siberia" being published in 1870. The story of the lecturing experience is eminently characteristic both of the temper of the man and of his mental habit. Lectures to crowded halls alternated with audiences of a round dozen. To great cities and little hamlets, to church societies and female seminaries and dignified assemblies, wherever he could find place, he offered his strange tales of an unknown land. It was still the palmy time of the lyceum lec-

ture, and well he improved his opportunity. If failure were his portion on one night, he made it the entering wedge of success the next. Full of industry, courage, philosophy, above all possessed by the determination not to fail, come what would, he laid siege to success. The literary skill evinced, considerable as it was, was the least of the qualities brought out in this little *entr'acte* of his life. Most of all it exhibited those elements of character which later held firm in the tremendous strain put upon his whole being by this explorer of human life and death. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the money was secured and the trip to the Caucasus enjoyed. The fall and winter of 1870 were spent in a solitary horseback journey through Daghestan. It was then that occurred that famous ride down the face of a precipice, a feat rarely performed by mortal man, and made a test of courage by a fierce Georgian nobleman; it was in the strange country beyond the mountains that he became the companion of gypsies, and made one of a merry group of peasants greeting their governor with feasts and games; it was here that he saw the wild horsemanship that makes the glory of those remote regions, and learned for himself anew to fear nothing and to be a brother to all. The whole tour was full of the wildest adventure, testing the physical courage of the man almost beyond belief, abundantly proving once more his extraordinary ability to adapt himself to the most adverse conditions, to render the least promising environment tributary to his ends, and showing his remarkable power of bending men as well as things to his purpose, and his success at winning their confidence, whether in palace or hut. A single ride across the mountains gives him a prince for a companion, a single night around the camp-fire makes the wildest Tartar his friend.

It is pertinent to speak particularly of these journeys, since they give the answer to the question as to what knowledge Mr. Kennan possesses as a basis of judgment on Russian affairs; but the next few years of his life, although spent in less exciting pursuits, have perhaps no less bearing upon his ability to judge correctly of men and things. He was now a hardened traveler, an accomplished Russian scholar, and possessed of wide and varied experience of that strange and many-peopled empire, but he knew little — almost nothing since his busy boyhood — of life in its normal conditions. It was therefore of the utmost value to his after-work that on his return to this country he engaged in various apparently irrelevant occupations, although these attempts were in no sense intended to be life pursuits. The boy had dedicated himself to travel and literature, and the man would fulfill the vow, but there were other considerations to be taken into account — there was a *meanwhile* to be undergone. One of these temporary undertakings was in the law department of the Mutual Life Insurance Company in New York City, and this resulted eventually in an engagement by the Associated Press to report the decisions of the Supreme Court at Washington. Thus there came to him a certain acquaintance with the law; and in a seven-years' life in Washington he learned much of government, its duties and functions. As editor for the Southern States, and afterward for some years as "night manager," of the Associated Press in that city, the man — as did the boy — worked all night and came home to work all day, for even this busy profession was not enough for his superabundant energies. His passion "far countries for to see," to which a human interest had now been added, was by no means satisfied. Many plans of many kinds occupied his mind, one of the more important being a well-grounded scheme for the rescue of the *Jeannette* expedition. It is enough to say of this that Commander Gorringe offered to sacrifice his Egyptian collection, if need be, to furnish the funds for it. Kennan also gave much thought and work to the efforts for the relief of Lieutenant Greely. But all the time his chief desire, the end he wished eventually to attain, was another journey to Russia to study the exiles, and this he was always trying to bring about. That small portion of his time not occupied by his regular work he filled full of other labor, leaving his pen no more time to rust out than his body; and in the constant stream of articles he put forth and the lectures he delivered — including an extremely successful course of "Lowell Institute lectures" at Boston — he invariably spoke of the exile system in the most kindly manner. As he himself has told us in his preface to the Siberian papers, all his prepossessions were in favor of the government as against the revolutionists, and so again he unwittingly paved the way for the journey he was to make, and rendered possible the tour which was to be so full of horrors and yet so valuable to mankind. Various reasons moved him to this desire. Mr. Kennan is a great lover of accuracy, and time and trouble count for nothing with him until he is sure of all his statements, even in those minor particulars which sometimes seem immaterial. Therefore he wished to verify more completely certain assertions he believed accurate, but which had been fiercely disputed, and to see with his own eyes further details of a life with which he thought himself very familiar; and, whether the result should agree with his accepted views or not, he was entirely ready to meet it. Yet feeling,

as he did at this time, that the Russian administration was much traduced and misrepresented, his strong sense of justice and fair play led him to take every occasion to dispute this position from the basis of personal knowledge. He was always and everywhere, both publicly and in private, a sincere defender of the Czar's government, insisting upon his own acquaintance with the facts to the entire confusion of his opponents for the most part. The writer of this remembers certain private encounters of such a nature, and his vigorous, energetic, even combative, and altogether unconquerable advocacy of the lenient treatment of political prisoners by Russia, mingled with a sort of contempt for the nihilists, and a rooted belief that the public was altogether deceived by false statements, both as to their character and condition. However, since his facts were questioned, he became yet more determined to see again for himself and more thoroughly this Siberia, that he might know still more certainly of what he spake, and answer altogether both his own questions and those of his opponents. He would retrace his steps that he might verify his words. Either he would recede from his well-known position, or he would, once and forever, put an end to these complaints against a great government. Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, public events and personal affairs held him in the United States for some time longer. But already THE CENTURY had determined to be sponsor for this great undertaking, and after two short preparatory trips to Europe, Mr. Kennan sailed from New York on the 2d of May, 1885, sent out by that magazine, and with him went a skillful artist, Mr. George A. Frost, to supplement his work. At last he had entered upon the service he had so long dreamed of, and for which so many experiences had unconsciously prepared him. Just half his life had been given to Russia, either in travel or in thought, and the years spent in America had been no less valuable to his equipment than the others. Again he sailed away from our shores as he had done twenty years before, on a voyage of discovery, full of exultant hope. From this journey he returned in August, 1886, and it may safely be presumed that he will not go to Russia again!

With this last trip all the world will shortly be familiar from his own graphic account of the terrible journey. Let us hope that he will not fail to show how much his success was the result of his personality, his knowledge, ability, and genius for his work. His own feeling about it was epitomized in a private letter written soon after his return. He says:

> My last trip to Siberia was the very hardest and at the same time the most interesting of my whole life. I would not have believed two years ago, that at my age and after my tolerably varied and extended experience of life, there were yet in store for me so many strong, fresh, horizon-breaking sensations. I do not mean that I regarded myself as an extinct volcano of emotion, or anything of that kind,—my emotions never were volcanic,—but I believed that I had already experienced the strongest sensations of human existence, and that I could never again be as deeply moved as I had been in the early years of manhood, when the whole world was strange, fresh, and exciting. But it was a mistake. What I saw and learned in Siberia stirred me to the very depths of my soul—opened to me a new world of human experience, and raised, in some respects, all my moral standards. I made the intimate acquaintance of characters as truly heroic in mold—characters of as high a type—as any outlined in history, and saw them showing courage, fortitude, self-sacrifice, and devotion to an ideal beyond anything of which I could believe myself capable. It is about some of these characters—some of the people we call "nihilists"—that I wish to talk to you. I can reflect to you only a small part of the influence they exerted upon me, but I can at least explain to you how it happened that I went to Siberia, regarding the political exiles as a lot of mentally unbalanced fanatics, bomb-throwers, and assassins, and how, when I came away from Siberia, I kissed those same men good-bye with my arms around them and my eyes full of tears. You will, I am sure, understand that it was no ordinary experience which brought about such a revolution as that.

In 1879 Mr. Kennan married Emeline Rathbone Weld, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Medina, N. Y., and brought her to Washington. Of this part of his life it is enough to quote the words of a close friend: "The side of his nature displayed in his home relations is of the most tender and charming character—indeed, the home life is ideal."

Mr. Kennan is of slight physique, somewhat delicate in appearance,—so thin, so white, so dark is he,—but possessed of great powers of endurance, especially in the capacity to bear strain. Lithe and active, his nervous energy is intense, and a considerable muscular development enables him to perform feats, both of action and of endurance, apparently quite beyond his strength. Siberia and the Caucasus alike assent to this, and many times he has proved its truth in less conspicuous places. A buoyant and sanguine temperament is joined to a wonderful recuperative power physically; these things and a sound body enable him to recover at once from the awful strain he so frequently and lightly puts upon himself, and allow him to play with hardship like an athlete in a race. The man who meets him for the first time is struck with his hearty, reassuring manner, his cordial hand-grasp, his steady, square, and penetrating look, his ease and readiness of speech. An erect and active habit of body goes along with an alertness of mind; but just as his steps are both sure and quick, so is decision joined to the ready mind, and with them is a certain

soberness of judgment. Enthusiastic and romantic, his sympathies are quick and tender. But although a certain frank disclosure of himself awaits any friendly seeking, he is a man of reserved nature, and his confidence is difficult to reach. It may indeed be objected that some of these qualities are contradictory; be that as it may, they each and all appear and reappear in this man in quick succession. His affections are particularly deep and strong, and he holds his friends by a firm grasp, even unto death, through good and evil report. Much might be said of his friendships — not only of the devotion he gives, but of that which he receives. A curiously strong magnetic power draws men to him. His friends know no bounds to their admiration, and they love him like a woman.

Mr. Kennan's peculiar buoyancy of temperament appears in his spirits, which reach both the heights and the depths. In his happy hours of a joyous temper,— almost frolicsome in those rare moments when work is forgotten,— fond of story-telling, a wit, and in particular a good talker, he is a much-sought companion for the lighter hours of life: a diligent student of men and affairs, with a quick perception and a steady grasp of a subject, based on unusual experience, he is equally ready for the more serious discussion of causes or events. At work again, he is altogether at work. Few men are so entirely and strenuously at work as he. It is laughingly said, albeit with something of truth, that he will spend hours over a statement and take a whole day to verify a fact. He produces his results with the greatest care and by the most painstaking methods. There is constant physical and mental strain, and even a temporary cessation of actual labor brings no relief from tension until the work is done, when, the pressure off, it is altogether off. At play, pleasure, or work, thoroughness and entire absorption is the note of his life. Says the friend already quoted:

> When he is off duty and on a holiday, there never is a more genial, lively, quick-witted, merry fellow than he. His appreciation of fun is great, and he not only enjoys it, but is willing to bear a goodly share in the frolic. He is apt with a good story, and very responsive to wit and humor. No one ever presented two so totally different phases as he. When he is in the midst of the winter's work, when every minute is precious, he is as silent and pre-occupied as an oarsman in an inter-collegiate race. The pressure is so constant, and the breathing spells so rare, that, when they come, there is but little inclination for anything but the breathing. There is no sparkle, no liveliness, only that intense concentration and painful pre-occupation. It is mental travail of the most distressing kind.

Mr. Kennan has a deep and abiding love of Nature, a careful and affectionate regard for her beautiful things — her clouds and flowers, her mountains and sea. A lover of music, he is possessed of a quick ear and is not without a working knowledge of the art. A man of wide reading and of fine intellectual tastes, always given free rein, he has not only much acquaintance with general literature, but some particular lines of reading he has pursued with the thoroughness which characterizes all that he does. It is obvious that this is true in regard to Russian affairs, for only a constant reader of both periodical and standard literature in that language could so keep abreast of the life and thought of a foreign country. His books are well read, and the wide range of subjects they embrace is no less noticeable than the fullness of certain departments. One might almost trace his mental development in these books, but surer ground would be found in the complete card index which marks the steps of all his reading and thinking. Nothing makes greater impression of the thoroughness and accuracy of the man, and of his equipment for his work.

George Kennan's mental and physical characteristics peculiarly fit him for the task of observation, while the qualities of his character give especial value to his judgment of facts. Great physical courage, partly temperamental and partly the result of character, combined with a natural confidence in his own power, break before him the most impassable barriers. A phenomenal readiness at expedients furnishes him with a device in every most desperate situation. To these he adds the peculiar facility of adaptation to strange peoples, and the great talent for languages already alluded to. Fortunately he has the scientific habit of mind to a marked degree, and, be the occasion large or small, he sees and sets down the minutest particulars of his surroundings. Details are both noted and recorded. He does not so much select salient points as put down *all* he sees. If for this reason he sometimes fails to give due proportion to matters and events, he believes it his business to give you the facts — you may draw your own conclusions. This is not to say that he draws no conclusions of his own. Quite the contrary. He is a man of much thought and has thought well on many things. Probably the first impression he would make upon a stranger would be that of balanced judgment, and this certainly is the expression of long acquaintance. Just and fair, a man who sees all things and who weighs well both sides of a matter, his final conclusion may safely be trusted.

Equally striking is his tremendous will power, ever pushing him on to success. To this there seems to be no limit. He has a feeling of pleasure in overcoming obstacles, he loves a difficulty, he delights to match his

powers against opposition; as he himself expresses it, he has a certain pride and pleasure in doing, by the sheer force of his own manhood, something which all nature conspires to prevent. In every direction his standards are exacting. His ideals are fine and high. Purity, sincerity, honesty, truth, and honor are dear to him. Character is the sharp test he puts to himself and other men, and on that standpoint alone he finds common ground with those about him. To him the purpose of life is an ever-heeded question, and its best use a never-forgotten aim. Life means much to him, and constantly more and more. Being asked on one occasion what end he proposed to himself when as a boy he sought so eagerly for a wider field, he answered somewhat after this fashion: "I wanted a full life, a life in which all one's self is satisfied. My idea of life was one into which were crowded as much of sensation and experience as possible. It seemed to me that if I should grow old and miss any of the sensations and experiences I might have had, it would be a source of great unhappiness and regret to me." Mr. Kennan has not grown old, but he has already tasted more sensations and experiences than most men, and these experiences have wrought upon him until he wishes more than to feel them for himself — he would make them factors in the world's progress. He has put his life in jeopardy every hour, and he would make that risk the price of hope for the prisoners of despair. He has come home to cry aloud, that we who think ourselves too tender to listen to the story of such suffering may feel and see the horror and the glory of it. He is no longer content to tell the traveler's tale; but to-day, and to-morrow, and until the deed is done, he must needs strive to open the blinded eyes of History, and help her to loose the chains that bind a whole people.

Anna Laurens Dawes.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

An Administrative Novelty.

WHAT is the remedy for the lawlessness of law-officers? Who will keep the keepers? The fact is notorious that, all over the land, plain statutes are disregarded by those who are plainly bidden to enforce them; that sheriffs and constables and policemen stand and look on while the laws which they have sworn to execute are dishonored before their faces. This is the feature of our political administration that is most troublesome and discouraging. That evil and desperate men may be found among us, who, for selfish purposes, are ready to defy the laws, is not marvelous; that the men who are intrusted with the execution of law should, in so many instances, appear to be in league with the law-breakers, guaranteeing them immunity in their transgressions, is certainly alarming.

This is more particularly true with respect to the laws which restrain liquor selling. It has come to be the settled policy of the dealers in strong drink to resist all laws which interfere with their business. Not unfrequently, in organized bodies, they vote to disobey the laws of the State. Such action is, of course, the essence of anarchy. It would seem that the custodians of law should resent conduct of this kind as especially insulting to them, and that they should be ready to try conclusions with those who thus defy them. But in many cases we find the police authorities ignoring this challenge, and apparently taking their orders, not from the statutes, but from the anarchical groups who have assumed the power to annul the statutes. This spectacle is more familiar than it ought to be. The complete paralysis of the police force of many cities, in presence of certain vicious classes, is a lamentable sign.

It is sometimes said that this is due to a failure of public sentiment; that if the people were determined to have the laws enforced, they would be enforced. But this is not altogether just. Often the police department is so organized that the people cannot bring the power of public opinion to bear upon it in any effective way. It is under the control of commissioners who are not elected by the people, or who are elected for such terms that it may require several years to bring in a majority of trustworthy men. And it must be admitted that it is difficult to keep the popular attention fixed on a question of this nature, and the popular indignation up to boiling-point, for three or four years at a stretch. This is one reason why municipal reform often goes forward so haltingly. If the executive departments of the city are so organized that it will take several years

to change the administration, inefficiency and rascality are pretty likely to intrench themselves, and to make themselves secure against dislodgment. The popular wrath may be hot for one campaign, but it is pretty sure to cool off before the next. This is one reason why a centralized government, like that of Brooklyn, is to be desired; it brings the people into direct and frequent communication with the sources of administrative power, and enables them summarily to remove dishonest and inefficient officers. If public opinion is the effective force of popular government, then our governmental machinery should be so contrived that public opinion can act promptly and directly upon the administration. It is a curious fact that many of our legislative devices, for the last twenty-five years, have been intended to prevent any direct and efficacious application of the popular will to the problems of government. It seems to have been supposed that those forms of administration are safest which put the offices that are the final depositories of power at the farthest possible remove from the hands of the people. It is needless to say that this practice evinces a total lack of faith in democracy. Indeed, we might almost say that the democratic principle has been ignored in our municipal systems; and might fairly apply to democracy what was pertinently said of Christianity,— that it could not be truthfully pronounced a failure, because it had never been tried. Thus it is often true that the failure of the police authorities to enforce a law is not due to the lack of a public sentiment demanding the enforcement of the law, but is rather due to those legislative contrivances which prevent public opinion from acting directly and efficiently upon the custodians of the law.

It must be remembered also that the courts, as well as the police, are the custodians of the law. The police authorities can do nothing unless the courts and the juries support them. In Brooklyn, during Mayor Low's term of office, a body of clergymen, headed by Mr. Beecher, called upon him to inquire why the excise laws were not more faithfully executed. The mayor drew the attention of his visitors to the fact that the courts were the ultimate enforcers of law, and that the courts utterly failed to coöperate with the police in giving vigor to the law. The police under his administration had arrested one saloon-keeper five times for selling without a license, and the total amount of fines imposed upon him by the court amounted to less than the cost of a license. A barkeeper also had been acquitted by a jury for selling without license, on the ground that he had tried to get a license, but had been refused by the excise board! It is evident that good executive officers will not be very zealous in the enforcement of laws if the courts give them this kind of backing. And it is very clear, in the words of Mayor Low, that "public sentiment to enforce law must express itself through the jury-box and from the bench just as efficiently as through the executive, or the desired result cannot be reached."

It sometimes happens, however, that public sentiment expresses itself through the judiciary more directly and efficiently than through the executive; and a curious incident of recent history shows how the courts may be used to spur to action a derelict administration. In one of the cities of Ohio, the law requiring the closing of the saloons on Sunday had been flagrantly disobeyed for years, and the police authorities, who were commanded by the law to see to its enforcement, had never lifted a finger to restrain the transgressors. At length application was made by citizens to one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas for a writ of mandamus, requiring the police commissioners to execute the law. The case was argued, the fact of the entire inaction of the authorities was shown — could not, indeed, be disputed; and the judge promptly issued the writ, commanding these officers to perform their duty. The commissioners met and consulted. "Suppose we refuse," they said; "what then?" "That will be contempt of court," replied the city solicitor. The jail already contained one or two inmates whom the judge had recently punished for contempt, and the prospect was not alluring. "I move," said one of the commissioners, after a solemn pause, "that orders be issued to the men to enforce the law strictly next Sunday." The motion was unanimously carried, and on the next Sunday, for the first time in fifteen years, every saloon was closed.

The question thus raised, as to whether the courts can exercise supervisory power over executive officers in the execution of criminal laws, is certainly an interesting one. Many legal gentlemen would have said beforehand that the thing could not be done. There may be those, even now, who will insist that the thing is impossible. But the answer of the saloon-keepers to this assertion must be the same as that of Mr. Lowell's philosopher, who, while in durance vile, recited the story of his incarceration to his lawyer; and, on being told, with some confidence, "They can't put you in jail on a charge like that," calmly answered, "They hev."

To what extent the writ of mandamus can be used in compelling negligent police authorities to enforce the criminal laws is a question into which a layman may be excused from entering. But the suggestion thus presented is worth considering by all who find themselves confronted with laxity in this department of municipal government.

Modern Science in its Relations to Pain.

One of the most frequent criticisms of modern science and its methods is derived from its asserted indifference to the more tender and spiritual side of man; and the more embittered critics have even said or implied that this indifference has already passed beyond the materialistic into the brutal. Napoleon long ago struck the key-note for this whole line of criticism when he said that surgeons did not believe in the soul because they could not find it with lancet and probe. And in all the discussions of vivisection the specific charges of cruelty against the professors have evidently been only a phase of the general suspicion of materialistic tendencies in their profession.

The commonest answer, from scientific men and others, has been that the change in methods of investigation which has brought to human knowledge and use the powers of ether, chloroform, cocaine, and other agents for the suspension of pain or consciousness during surgical operations has a fair right to expect a kindly consideration for its present work. Not many changes in modern life are more striking than the contrast between the past and the present of surgery. The surgical patient of former times was strapped

down to the operating-table, that no flinching on his part might disturb the accuracy of the operator's work. His open and conscious eyes watched the preparations and the actual operation either with a nervous terror or with a bullying affectation of indifference; and his after-life carried in it always the hardened cicatrix of such a memory as no one in the present need know. Is modern science to have no credit for its removal of so vast a mass of absolute agony from the life of man? The poorest laborer of the present may face with equanimity and safety operations from which the most powerful monarch of earth, a half-century ago, could expect only exquisite torture of mind and body, with perhaps impending peril to his life. And it seems but a fair proposition that the results of scientific methods in the past should give reason for expectations of even higher good to mankind from similar investigations in the future.

All this, however, it may be said, is but an incidental and unintended benefit to individuals, and no real part in the development of humanity. An accidental discovery of utility in the past is no good ground for hope of similar accidents in the future. Scientific men are not to gain plenary permission to indulge their taste for cutting and carving flesh merely because the wit of a surgeon or the boldness of a dentist, fifty years since, found that the power of ether to suspend consciousness might be put to use in surgery. The point of the discussion is thus transferred to that wider field on which, after all, the methods of modern investigation must stand or fall. Is "accidental" a term which is fairly descriptive of such discoveries as have been indicated? Or are the methods of modern science such as to promise the widest good for humanity in spite of incidental features which are apt to shock an unaccustomed mind? If the incidental benefit to individuals is to be stricken out of the account, ought not the incidental injury to individuals to go with it? Nor is the transfer any real misfortune to the object of the criticism; the influence of scientific investigation upon the world rather than upon the individual is its best title to existence.

One cannot study the history of his own times very far before becoming conscious that a decided point of difference between our generation and any former period, between what we call civilized peoples and the rest of the world, is in the comparative feeling in regard to pain. The modern civilized man is squeamish about pain to a degree which would have seemed effeminate or worse to his great-grandfather, or to the contemporary barbarian. His squeamishness is not egoistic; he does not seem to be any more afraid of being hurt than his great-grandfather was if he can see any good reason for it. The German soldier, while the mitrailleuse was still a weapon of unknown and frightful possibilities, cursed the Frenchman and charged up the hill face to face with the "hell-machines" as undauntedly as ever his forefathers faced simple bullet or bow and arrows. The nameless railway engineers, who stand to their posts into the heart of a great accident rather than desert a train-load of passengers, face and defy possibilities of pain such as the great Julius or Ney never dreamed of. Is there a finer thing in Plutarch than was seen when the English battalion, presenting arms to the helpless beings in the departing boats, went down in perfect parade order on the deck of the foundering troop-ship? Modern life is rich in a supremacy over personal suffering which takes a higher character only as the finer organization of the human being comes to know more exactly in advance the nature of the pain which it is to face.

It is rather in others and for others that the modern civilized man dreads pain. He finds it harder to know that other men are suffering the pains of cold or hunger in Kansas or Ireland or India; or that "prisoners of poverty" are working for pittances in the great cities; or that laboring men are driven to work sixteen hours a day; or that criminals are tortured or mistreated in the chain-gang; or that "politicals" are driven to insanity in the Russian state-prisons. He resents and punishes cruelty to animals where his great-grandfather, perhaps, thought nothing of sending a slave to the whipping-post. He revolts even against harshness in just punishment, and desires to alleviate some of the horrors of hanging. If he ignores a case of cruelty, it is from lack of omniscience: let him know about it, and the world shall know his feelings about it. Wilberforce and Copley might go on for years telling Englishmen of the horrors of the middle passage and of all the villainies of the slave-trade: and still the slave-ships sailed out from Liverpool, and the slave-trade was represented in Parliament. Cruelty in more recent times lives by stealth and blushes to find itself famous in the newspaper pillory.

It is in its relations to this general development of humanity, and not in any alleviation of individual suffering, that modern scientific investigation may found its strongest claims to consideration. It should not be easy to deny that there are such relations. When the growing sensitiveness to suffering in others and the full admission of the methods of modern science are found in exactly the same peoples, in the same periods, and to the same degree, the connection between the two ought not to be doubtful. The modern civilized man is no longer made dull and callous by the frequent recurrence of human suffering in those forms which science can reach; and when it comes in any form, it makes a far deeper impression upon him. If Davy, by inventing the safety lamp, decreases the chances of colliery accidents, he gives all men a deeper horror when a hundred or more human beings are locked up in a burning mine or choked to death by damp. Ocean travel is made safer every year by increasingly ingenious inventions; but the diminution of wrecks serves to make the event far more startling when fire or fog succeeds in snatching its victim from among the great ocean steamers. Surgical progress, particularly in anæsthetics, by removing a vast amount of pain from the familiar acquaintance of the people, must have had a very great influence in intensifying their susceptibility to suffering in others, when it comes to their knowledge. But surgical progress, after all, is but one phase of a far larger system: every invention leading to a decrease in the amount of danger and suffering in human existence, all due to the methods of investigation introduced by modern science, has acted in the same direction and has produced similar effects.

The surgeon's knife follows unerringly the lines of muscle and tendon; and we are apt to think that its accuracy is due to a cold heart as well as to a cool head and a skillful hand. But the operator's work has direct

though unseen relations to the forces which have added Christian and Sanitary Commissions to warfare, which have mitigated the horrors of prison and asylum life, and which have sided with the weak and helpless all over the world. Money or fame or sheer love of research may seem to be the motive forces of the scientific investigation that is at work all around us; but through it all we should learn to recognize a still higher power preparing a still kindlier heart for the coming humanity.

Socialism and the "Trusts."

THE phenomenon which has most startled the country, since the sudden rise of the Knights of Labor, is the appearance of what are known as "trusts." We had known corporations, and had recognized the mode in which, by their concentrated competition with one another, they gave to the general public the results of the steady improvements in methods and amount of production, in the shape of better quality of goods and lower prices. We had even known "pools," arrangements between corporations to limit or cease competition, which was becoming destructive: many objected to them as enemies of competition; others defended them as the inevitable result of conditions under which the possibility of combination proved the impossibility of competition. The question of the guilt or innocence of "pools" must still be regarded as largely an open question; and before we have time to settle it, we are confronted by the still more serious question of the "trusts."

Corporations are the usual component units of the trust, as of the pool; and the authorized defense of the former rests on the general notion that the successive appearances of these forms of combination — corporations, pools, and trusts — are only successive steps in the evolution of new and more highly specialized modes of capital, necessary to meet new modes of production or new conditions of the market; and that legislative interference with them would be in effect an act to prevent the proper and natural development of production, to the injury of the whole people. It is claimed that such enormous masses of carefully organized capital are necessary to meet the competition of the great natural opportunities of countries which have hitherto been backward, but are now exhibiting a new energy in production; that, if the trusts limit competition at home, it is only destructive competition, whose limitation is for the good of all producers; and that the trust's natural desire to increase the number of its consumers, with the greater facilities for larger, cheaper, and better production, which its growing capital affords it, will prevent any injury to consumers. According to this view, the dividends of the trust would come from the prevention of waste, not from increase of price. And so we have attempts to form trusts in every conceivable form of human industry, even to milk and eggs, and a farmers' trust.

The process of widening its jurisdiction, which is open to all trusts, and is followed by some at least, has been described very clearly. It may be illustrated by an industry which it does not seem to have invaded yet. Suppose that the price of sewing-machines under competition is $50; that the mass of production is done by twenty corporations, each controlling the market in an equivalent territory; and that ten of the producers, believing that prices have been forced to too low a point, form a trust, which is to control production for the general good. If the trust should undertake to put up prices within its ten markets, some neighboring producer will invade its territory as soon as the selling price has risen sufficiently to cover cost of transportation. It is necessary, then, to bring the nearest producer into the trust. An increase of price to $51 within the trust's ten markets will not be likely to decrease consumption materially, or to open the way to invasion of the trust's territory by competing products of other producers; but it will enable the trust, without changing its profits and dividends, to offer sewing-machines for sale at $40 apiece within its nearest rival's territory until he consents to enter the trust. It is then easier for the eleven members of the trust to force another rival in, and then another and another, until all the desirable market is secured. The process stops only when the remaining producers are so remote or so much hampered by difficulties of production that they are compelled to sell at or above the price which the trust desires to fix, so that they may safely be considered as *hors de combat*.

The trust is now ready to raise prices within its territory to a rate which will afford to the component corporations such dividends as they could not have attained under competition. Its managers have by this time learned every condition of their market so accurately that they can operate as if by instinct. If, under the new conditions, a competitor appears who is so far handicapped by natural or personal disabilities that he can only make and sell sewing-machines at the trust's prices, he may safely be disregarded. If he is skillful, acute, or so favored by natural opportunities as to show indications of becoming a dangerous competitor, a slight increase of price in the remainder of the trust's territory enables it, without any decrease of dividends, to concentrate an enormous "cut" upon the market of its would-be rival, and crush him out of the business. All that is needed is a thorough knowledge of the conditions and a careful watchfulness on the part of the trust's managers, and competition really becomes impossible. Such a description cannot be answered by references to the high character of the men who control some of the trusts; the same road is open to all trusts, and, if some of them do not follow it, competitors exist through their forbearance, not by virtue of legal rights. The trust is the pool militant, and it will take the line of least resistance to success.

All this is quite compatible with the continued existence and activity of a considerable number of producers outside of the trust; these are producers whose natural prices do not interfere with the trust rate. It is compatible, also, with a steady decrease of price, if the industry is one the natural tendency of which is to decrease of price as improved methods give a larger production at the same cost of effort. In these two cases the trust may continue its usual dividends, while appealing to the decrease of price and the number of outside producers as coincident proofs of the virtue of its methods and the excellence of the results. It is difficult, however, to see that the consumer gets any benefit from the competition of such rivals, or that he gains all the natural decrease of price, as free competition would give it to him.

The effects on the consumer would be more clearly apparent if a successful trust could be formed in purely agricultural products, whose increase of production comes regularly with a more than proportional increase of effort and a consequent increase of price; it would very soon be seen that the consumer was paying the full natural increase of price, and something more. It would be still more evident if salt, for example, were an article of limited supply, and coincident attempts were made to form a salt trust and a wheat trust; the wheat trust would fail, unless it were a successful wheat-corn-and-oat trust, for any increase of price in wheat would drive a proportionate number of consumers to the use of corn-flour or oat-flour; the salt trust would be successful, if properly managed, for the consumer can and will use nothing instead of it, even at an increased price. In all cases, increased price is the essence of the successful trust, though it may be disguised in those cases whose natural tendency is to decrease of price; the trust's increased dividends are and must be paid by the consumer in a higher than the competition-price.

If, however, we should grant that the claim of the trust is fairly based, and that its limitation of production and abolition of competition are for the benefit of the consumer, wherewithal shall we answer Socialism when we meet it in the gates? If an unofficial combination of producers is able to benefit the consumer by abolishing competition, why should not government agencies do the same thing, secure the same benefits to the consumer, and at the same time appropriate the trust's dividends for the additional benefit of relieving all consumers of just so much taxation? The argument offered on behalf of the trust runs on all-fours with the argument offered on behalf of Socialism; and any criticism of the former shows it to be even worse than the latter, for it really aims to benefit the producer, while the latter at least professes to aim at securing the benefit of the consumer.

The consumer can very well take care of himself, without the paternal care of the government, the Socialist, or the trust, provided only that competition be full, fair, and free. Whenever competition begins to be anything but full, fair, and free, it is high time to look up the legal defects which have produced that result, rather than yield tamely and weakly to the semi-Socialist argument advanced for the necessity and advantage of the trust.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Teacher's Vacation.

A GREAT deal is said and written for teachers upon subjects pertaining to their work, but very little concerning their vacations or hours of rest. The educational journals are filled with dissertations on the teaching of certain subjects and on methods of work. The result is that many teachers know better how to work than how not to work. They know better how to keep up a restless, worrying, unprofitable activity than how to rest in a manner conducive to the health of body and spirit. Most teachers are confined in the close air of their school-rooms for almost ten months of the year, and during this time are subjected, by the nature of their work, to severe nervous tension. They have not learned the first requisite of the good teacher, if under such circumstances they do not care for their health with the scrupulous watchfulness of the miser guarding his dearest treasures. Fresh air, exercise, regular hours for sleep and plenty of it, and wholesome food ("society" only in homeopathic doses) are indispensable. Where this regimen is not strictly observed, pellets, tinctures, tonics, plasters, powders, and, worst of all, the "substitute" teacher, must come in to supply the deficiency. Then the tired heart and brain must be goaded up with a tonic and the rebellious nerves chained down with an opiate, or the weary system cannot drag through to the end of the year. Some people are fond of quoting the saying, "It is a sin to be sick." This will admit of modification, but not in cases where plain natural laws, where common physiological rules, which all may know and understand, are violated. To the teacher who has just managed to "tonic" through to the end of the year, the vacation is a welcome haven; it is an oasis in the desert of existence. It becomes the Elysium of the pill-taker, the Paradise of the headache fancier, the Nirvana of the nerve-shattered dyspeptic and rheumatic. If all teachers obeyed the laws of health strictly, if the needless worry, the waste of effort and the waste of emotion were eliminated — if, in short, teachers but served their consciences and better judgment with half the zeal they serve their whims and desires, many aches and pains and much sorrow and sighing would flee away. These words are not for those teachers who have expended much of their vitality in long years of public service. When such teachers are sick — it rarely happens — all know what it means. Much of the large measure of health, strength, and energy which was once theirs has been given out for years into the currents of public life. It has passed into the counting-room, the press, the pulpit, the bar; into the channels of trade and labor with the boys and girls for whom they have toiled.

Many teachers would be glad if there were no vacations. They are inclined to look upon these as periods of enforced idleness.

But it cannot be doubted that the vacation is far more valuable to teachers than the work and the money. The vacation and how it may be profitably spent are matters of importance to teachers whether they fully recognize it or not. Happy, thrice fortunate and happy, is that teacher who has friends, hospitable, generous friends, who insist upon a visit, and who will rescue her from heat, dust, and high brick walls. Much to be desired is the cool retreat by lake or wood, where good friends cheer with words and acts of kindness, where bracing breezes are laden with life-giving oxygen, and where the fresh, plain, savory fare of the farm and garden and orchard put new color into the cheek and new blood into the veins. Tonics and cordials will

not be needed until teaching, "society events," progressive euchre, and progressive physical derangement begin again. But there are teachers who must stay in the city and catch no glimpse of green fields and shimmering waters. Those who are thus penned up in the city often have resources which the migrating teacher cannot appreciate. They certainly have release from school work and have occupation for the mind, and this is great gain. For rest is not mere vacuity, it is not mere cessation from activity, it is not sheer idleness and utter release from responsibility. It is well, perhaps, that some teachers should have the leisure of vacation to live at home and perform more of those sacred duties that are enjoined by affection and family interest. What one teacher may gain in flesh and color among the green hills and flashing waters, another may gain in patience and devotion, in power of thought, in sweetness of spirit and depth of character in the home circle.

In whatever way the teacher's vacation may be spent, the prime object to be kept in view should be to store up, by change, rest, and pleasant recreation, the greatest amount of physical and mental energy. These things conduce to the teacher's happiness and efficiency. They contribute to the well-being and success of the pupils. Where the teacher has vigorous health and reserves of mental energy, there are enterprise, life, and industry in the school. There are found patience, justice, sympathy on the part of the teacher; obedience, confidence, and affection on the part of the pupils. With most teachers the sole capital which they have invested is their body. They draw interest, not on stocks and bonds, but on their brain, nerve, and muscle. Whether this may continue depends primarily on how the heart does its pumping, and how the stomach does its work. The manner in which these physical functions are performed governs largely the power to sleep, the disposition of mind and heart, and the capacity for work and study.

TOLEDO, O. *H. W. Compton.*

More Anecdotes of Father Taylor.

THE admirable portrait of my old minister, Father Taylor, in THE CENTURY for February, 1887, brings him before me again most vividly as I have seen and talked with him in his house; but nothing less than a series of instantaneous photographs can convey an idea of his face when in the pulpit, under the power of his own matchless eloquence. It was at one moment a terror to evil-doers, and perhaps at the next it drew the sympathy of his audience as streams of tears coursed down his cheeks; and again, the tempests and the rain subsiding, a smile would come over it like the sunlight upon a peaceful sea.

Both writers in THE CENTURY have acknowledged their inability to portray his eloquence. It was truly something as much beyond the attempts of essayists as the representation of the man in all his attitudes was beyond the skill of a painter.

Mr. Whitman was correct in speaking of Father Taylor as an orthodox preacher. He was orthodox, "sound in the Christian faith," but he was not orthodox as the term is conventionally applied. He was a Methodist, and he had his own methods in spite of all conferences and bishops. They would have disciplined any other brother who indulged in such liberal ideas and practices, had he been a country minister; but it is greatly to the credit of this austere sect that they recognized his innate goodness and his peculiar adaptedness to the pulpit of that Bethel Church. They knew that no other preacher could take his place, and so they "let him have his full swing." He would not be bound by any iron-clad law of exchanges. He often exchanged with Unitarians, and when he got into a Unitarian pulpit, if the mood came over him, he would boldly proclaim his theology. But he was seldom a theologian unless it became compulsory for him to show his colors.

I remember once listening to a heavy Calvinistic discourse in the Bethel Church from a distinguished Boston clergyman. Father Taylor sat in the pulpit, and it was a study to watch the ill-disguised expressions of contempt upon his face. At last the sermon came to its end, and the preacher stepped aside to give Father Taylor the opportunity to make the closing prayer. Instead of that, he tapped the Calvinist on the shoulder, and looking down on the audience said with a calm smile, "Our good brother means well, but he don't know. I guess there 's time enough for another sermon, so I 'll just take his text and preach from it."

It was like a cloud-burst. Half the time he turned his back upon us, and rained down torrents of argumentative eloquence upon the brother upon the sofa behind. We all enjoyed the scene immensely. At last Father Taylor subsided and, extending his hand to the clergyman, said, in his most gentle tone and in his most winning way, "Brother, forgive me if I have hurt your feelings, but I did not want you to come on this quarter-deck and kick up a mutiny against Divine providence among my crew."

I could relate many anecdotes of Father Taylor, some of which Dr. Bartol will call to mind.

When he began to preach around Boston (he told us this himself), he visited Duxbury. In those days there was only "the old meeting-house" in country towns. It is a pity that there are more meeting-houses in some of them now. One minister was all that the town could well support, and by common consent he was the head of the church and of the village.

When the young Methodist, full of ardor and enthusiasm, by the dictate of natural politeness called on the dignified Dr. Allen, the latter asked him what was his business. "To preach the gospel to every creature, as my Master has commanded," replied Taylor. "Is n't that what the Bible tells us?"

"Yes, it tells us that," answered Dr. Allen, "but it does n't say that every creetur can preach the gospel. I preach all the gospel that is wanted in Duxbury." Taylor was obliged to look elsewhere for an audience.

In the year of the Irish famine the Government, at the instance of Commodore de Kay, placed the United States sloop-of-war *Macedonian* at the disposal of the merchants of New York. The *Jamestown*, which was loaned to Boston, was commanded by Captain R. B. Forbes, and its cargo of corn and flour was chiefly contributed by the venerable Thomas H. Perkins; the *Macedonian*, under the command of Commodore George Coleman de Kay of New York, formerly a volunteer in the Argentine navy, sailed about the same time on a similar errand of mercy. Father Taylor was supercargo and chaplain of the *Macedonian*. On his return from this benevolent embassy we gave him an ovation at the Bethel. He was always fond of re-

ferring to "Boston's merchant princes." On this occasion Colonel Perkins was present. Father Taylor was unusually eloquent upon his favorite theme. "Boston's merchant princes!" he exclaimed. "Do you want to see one of them, boys? There he sits; look at him!" The whole congregation arose and, to the utter confusion of the old gentleman, fixed their eyes upon him as Father Taylor thus apostrophized him: "God bless you, sir! When you die, angels will fight for the honor of carrying you to heaven on their shoulders."

In the course of his sermon, which was mainly a description of his voyage and his experiences abroad, he said that "the famine was sent by God to soften the hearts of Americans and to harden the heads of Irishmen. The Irish had lived on potatoes too long. There was no phosphorus, no brain food, in a potato. They were now taught by our charity to live on wheat and corn." Perhaps the English Government at this day may attribute Irish contumacy to their change of diet.

Once when Father Taylor was in the midst of a most eloquent sermon, his voice pitched to its highest key, a man rose from his pew near the pulpit and started to walk down the broad aisle. Suddenly as a typhoon sometimes subsides to a calm, the old man stopped, and then in that peculiar whisper of his which pervaded the whole house, went on, "Sh — sh — sh! Keep still, all of you, and don't disturb that man walking out."

It was a very funny incident when a newspaper reporter, who is still living, and who will surely pardon me for telling of it, as for once he got the better of Father Taylor, came into church rather late after the pews were all filled, and men were sitting on the pulpit stairs. Father Taylor saw him, and called out in a loud voice: "Come up here, McLean, and sit down on the sofa." McLean accepted the invitation, and it might be supposed that he was somewhat disconcerted when Father Taylor turned to him and said, "Now get up and pray, you sinner!" But nothing disconcerts a newspaper reporter. I don't know if my old friend had had much practice in the exercise, but he arose unabashed and offered a very creditable prayer, in which, as he had been a sailor himself, he introduced suitable nautical phraseology, and concluded by commending to the mercy of Heaven "this whole sinful crew, and especially the skipper."

I once heard Father Taylor preach a sermon on the Atonement. It was all in a style that nobody but a sailor could understand, a style that every sailor could comprehend, although a treatise on this subject from an up-town pulpit would have been "Greek" to him. This was one of the passages: "You are dead in trespasses and sins, and buried too, down in the lower hold amongst the ballast, and you can't get out, for there is a ton of sin on the main hatch. You shin up the stanchions and try to get it open, but you can't. You rig a purchase. You get your handspikes, capstan bars, and watch tackles, but they are no good. You can't start it. Then you begin to sing out for help. You hail all the saints you think are on deck, but they can't help you. At last you hail Jesus Christ. He comes straight along. All he wanted was to be asked. He just claps his shoulder to that ton of sin. It rolls off, and then he says, 'Shipmates, come out!' Well, if you don't come out, it is all your own fault."

It was on the Sunday before a State election. Briggs was the candidate of the Whig party, but Father Taylor desired that he should be elected because he was a religious man. This was his prayer: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men, temperance men, Christian men, men who fear Thee, who obey Thy commandments, men who — But, O Lord, what 's the use of veering and hauling and pointing all round the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for governor!" His prayer was answered on the next day.

Father Taylor was eloquent, humorous, and pathetic by turns. Sometimes all these characteristics seemed to be merged in one. These and many other of his traits interested me, but I loved him because, first and last and all the time, he was the sailor's friend.

John Codman.

Extend the Merit System.

THE objections to civil service reform come principally from those who are or who aspire to be politicians. To have the offices filled by worthy and competent persons, whose term of office is not dependent on the success or defeat of any party, would rob this numerous class of their stock in trade, and permanently retire them from politics.

What difference does it make to me whether the postmaster of my village is a Democrat or a Republican, if he be competent and obliging? The same is true of the county officers. Politics should have nothing to do with them, for they have nothing to do with politics. There are only a few political offices. Why should the non-political officers, when experience has made them capable, be turned out every time the party sentiment changes, and their places filled by inexperienced men whose only merit is their partisanship? There can be no satisfactory answer given to this question in the affirmative; but that they should be retained as long as they are efficient and honest is patent from these reasons: First, it would be a saving of expense; secondly, it would secure a better service; thirdly, it would elevate and refine politics.

1. The postmasters, in all cities of eight thousand inhabitants and upwards, are commissioned for four years. There is no promise, no matter how faithful, that their term of office will be longer. They receive a stated salary. Now it is a fact, that could they hold their places for a long term of years, free from contributions and other exactions, they would gladly serve the public for two-thirds of what they now receive, and this is true to some extent of their subordinates, and also of those who fill the smaller offices. It is safe to say that in the Post-Office Department thirty per cent. of its present cost would be saved, and the people better served. Take our county officials: they are rarely reëlected. When their term of office expires they are hardly proficient, but out they go and a new set is installed; and even a layman of any experience knows what perplexity and uncertainty is occasioned by these new officers. To estimate the damage to suitors and others in Pennsylvania, caused by mistakes and omissions of inexperienced officers, at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum is within bounds. The frequent elections require a large expenditure of time and money. It often takes years to accomplish the end after the office idea is hatched. Then, when one is successful there are ten who fail. The aspirants spend their time and money, and the

people suffer from this loss besides footing the bills of the too frequent elections. If our county officers could hold their office for a term of twenty years, if they remained competent and honest, and be free men, under no party obligations, they could well afford to fill the places for half of what they now receive. This would be a net saving of forty-five per cent. directly, to say nothing of the indirect saving. An absolute civil service reform would enable us to run the government, nation and state, for sixty per cent. of the present cost. Then why not have it, and let the politicians take care of themselves? 2. It would secure a better service. That an officer of experience is more efficient than one who is inexperienced is self-evident. Civil service would, in the main, give us men who are suited for the place, and experience would ripen, making them good officials. 3. It would elevate and refine politics. Who are the active politicians? Are they our best men? Unfortunately they are not, as a rule. A man of honor and self-respect enters the political field with fear and trembling. If he succeeds, it is an exception. To be a politician of to-day, one must lose sight of everything but the goal. He must be ready to violate an agreement, to make all manner of promises, to ask, beg, and even buy votes, and support his party, right or wrong. These are only a few of the offices that are political, but by the nefarious system which has so long been in vogue they have all been wrongfully made to represent party, and consequently a horde of office-seekers have arisen, and in their unholy scramble for place they have forsaken all decency, and thus have degraded our whole system. Civil service reform would, in a great measure, cut off this element. There would be but little chance to bargain and sell. The strictly political offices would be prominently brought out, the people would vote according to their convictions,—for the incentive to stick to party, at all hazards, would be gone,—and the result would be better officers, from President down.

P. F. Hallock.

The Abolition of Slavery by the Cherokees.

IN 1861 the Cherokees had long been a slave-holding people under the influence of their early surroundings. The war found them already divided into two factions. Under the influence of Southern emissaries the disloyal Cherokees were organized into "Blue Lodges" and "Knights of the Golden Circle," while the loyal masses by a spontaneous movement organized themselves into a loyal league known as the "Ketoowah," sometimes derisively called the "Pin Society," in allusion to the two crossed pins worn by the members on their jackets as a distinguishing mark. The Ketoowah societies were soon to be found in every part of the Cherokee nation, and embraced in their membership a great majority of the voters, especially of the full-blooded Indians. The meetings were always held in secret places, often in the deep forest or in the mountains, and the initiates were given to understand that a violation of the sacred oath was a crime punishable by death. The primary object of this league was to resist encroachments on Indian rights and Indian territory and to preserve the integrity and peace of the Cherokee nation according to the stipulations of the treaty of 1846, but it finally united in working for the abolition of slavery, and by its means a large majority of the Cherokees became at length firmly grounded in their fidelity to the Federal Government.

The Cherokees numbered in 1861 about 22,000. Of these 8500 joined the Confederates and went south, and 13,500 remained at home. On the 21st of August, 1861, the Cherokees, finding themselves at the mercy of the Confederate forces and practically left to their fate by the Federal Government, met in convention at Tahlequah and resolved to make a treaty of peace with the Confederate authorities; but on February 18, 1863, finding themselves no longer constrained by superior force, a national council was held at Cowskin Prairie, where the treaty was denounced as null and void, any office held by a disloyal Cherokee was declared vacant, and, more remarkable still, an act was passed abolishing slavery in the Cherokee nation. Through the kindness of the chief, I have been permitted to copy an act from the records:

AN ACT EMANCIPATING THE SLAVES IN THE CHEROKEE NATION.

Be it enacted by the National Council: That all Negro and other slaves within the lands of the Cherokee Nation be and they are hereby emancipated from slavery, and any person or persons who may have been held in slavery *are hereby declared to be forever free.*

Be it further enacted, That this act shall go into effect on the twenty-fifth (25th) day of June, 1863. And any person who, after the said 25th day of June, 1863, shall offend against the provisions of this act, by enslaving or holding any person in slavery within the limits of the Cherokee Nation, he or she so offending shall, on conviction thereof before any of the Courts of this nation having jurisdiction of the case, forfeit and pay for each offense a sum not less than one thousand ($1000) dollars, or more than five thousand ($5000) dollars, at the discretion of the Court.

Two-thirds of said fine shall be paid in the National Treasury, and one-third shall be paid, in equal sums, to the Solicitor and the sheriff of the District in which the offense shall have been committed. And it is hereby made the duty of the Solicitors of the several Districts to see that this law is duly enforced. But in case any Solicitor shall neglect or fail to discharge his duties herein, and shall be convicted thereof, he shall be deposed from his office, and shall hereafter be ineligible to hold any office of trust or honor in this nation.

The Acting Principal Chief is hereby required to give due notice of this act.

Be it further enacted, That all laws and parts of laws conflicting with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

COWSKIN PRAIRIE, C. N.
Feb. 21st, 1863.

J. B. JONES,
Clerk National Com.
Concurred in Council.

LEWIS DOWNING,
Pres. pro tem. School Com.
SPRING FROG,
Speaker of Council.

Approved Feb. 21st, 1863.

THOS. PEGG,
Acting Principal Chief.

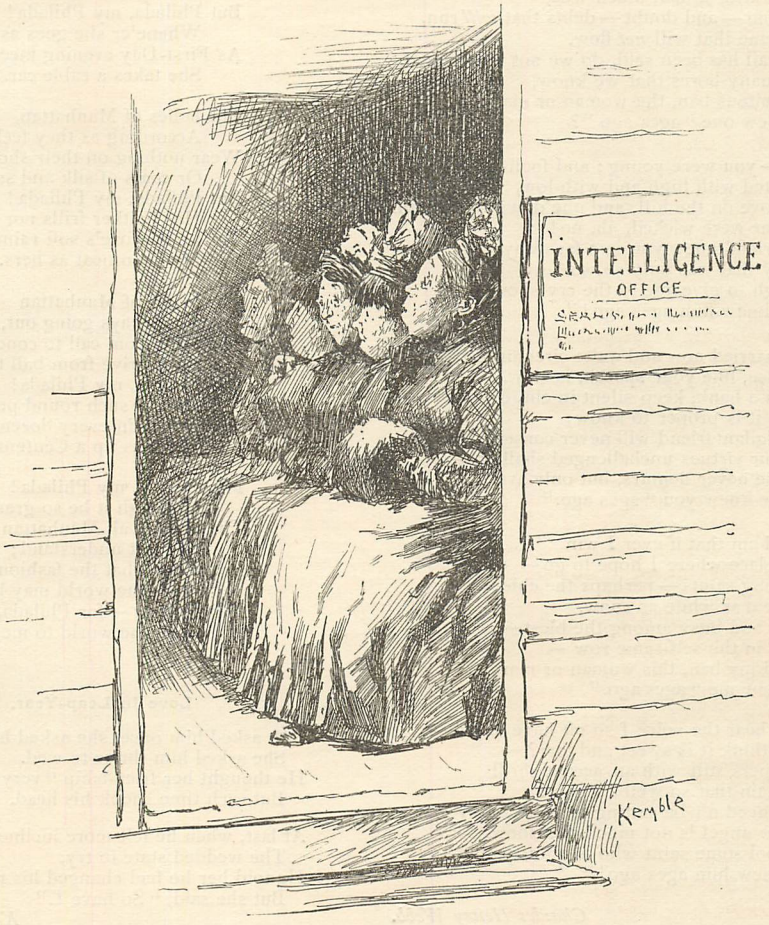
ITHACA, N. Y.

George E. Foster.

"The Last Hope of the Mormons."

IN the October number an editorial with the above title inadvertently used the word "disfranchise" in the sense of a refusal of Statehood. No territorial disfranchisement of the body of the Mormons could have been intended, since nothing of the kind has taken place.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



WHAT 'S IN A NAME!

Observations.

NONE are such accomplished dissemblers as those who find dissembling difficult.

THE surest way to reveal your weakness is to hide your motives.

A NOTE pitched too high is equally silent with one pitched too low.

A GOOD cause seldom fails through the judiciousness of its enemies; but often through the injudiciousness of its friends.

THE sublimity of the mountain is not in the mountain, but in us.

EACH man is a walking coal-mine, and it is for him to decide whether it shall send forth heat and light, or only soot and smoke.

MORE strength is needed to abstain from work when tired, than to undertake it when rested.

THE safety of the spire is not in the thinness of the top, but in the solidity of the bottom.

THE true host entertains so that on leaving the guest feels more pleased with himself than with his host.

HE who is unwilling to submit to undeserved blame should remember to refuse undeserved praise.

GENIUS is like a barrel on the top of a hill: it will not indeed move unless pushed; but once pushed, it goes of itself. Talent is like a load on the roadway; it will not go forward unless dragged.

THIS is the difference between a noble thought and a merely brilliant thought: the former, like a friend, improves on acquaintance; the latter loses its force on a second meeting.

WEAKNESS trusts in its strength; strength fears in its weakness.

HE who is unconsciously selfish is not so dangerous as he who is consciously so; the former betrays his selfishness, the latter conceals it.

Ivan Panin.

The Friend of Ages Ago.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
—Yes, if you 'd just as lief as not.
John Paul.

THERE are several things that trouble one's age,
And work for a man much woe,
Such as gout—and doubt—debts that *will* run,
And rhyme that will *not* flow.
But when all has been said, do we not most dread,
Of the many bores that we know,
That ubiquitous ban, the woman or man,
Who knew one "ages ago"?

In youth—you were young; and foolish perhaps;
You flirted with high and with low,
Had one love on the hill, and one down by the mill—
Yet never were wicked, ah, no!
And this friend knew you in a far-away way,
In a way that was only so, so—
Just enough to give hue to the cry about you:
"Oh, I knew him ages ago!"

You are married now and quite circumspect,
Your pace, like your speech, is slow.
You tell in a bank, keep silent in church—
Are one it is proper to know;
But this vigilant friend will never consent
That your virtues unchallenged shall go—
Though she never demurs, but only avers
That she knew you "ages ago."

And sure I am that if ever I win
To the place where I hope to go—
To sit among saints—perhaps the chief—
In raiment as white as snow,
Before me and busy among the blest—
Perhaps in the self-same row—
I shall find my ban, this woman or man,
Who knew me "ages ago."

And shall hear the voice I so oft have heard—
Do you think it is sweet and low?—
As it whispers still with an accent shrill
The refrain that so well I know:
"Oh, you need n't be setting much store by *him*,
This new angel 's not much of a show,
He may fool some saint who is n't acquaint—
But *I* knew him ages ago!"

Charles Henry Webb.

Consolation.

DEAR Betty, when an hour ago
You scorned my humble offer
Because my lean and empty purse
Was not a well-filled coffer,
Why did you breathe your cruel "No"
With such a frightened quiver?
Perhaps you thought I meant to seek
Some suicidal river.

Ah, no, sweet girl! These modern times
Of cynic calculation
Take wiser ways and means to end
A lover's desperation;
And Corydon no longer sighs
His heart away in sorrow,
But seeks a richer Phillis out
And wooes again to-morrow.

M. E. W.

The Ladies of Manhattan.

ODE TO PHILADELPHIA: STOLEN FROM DOBSON.

THE ladies of Manhattan
Go swinging to the play,
A footman and a coachman
On top of each coupé:
But Philada, my Philada!
Whene'er she goes as far
As First-Day evening meeting,
She takes a cable car.

The ladies of Manhattan,
According as they feel,
Wear nothing on their shoulders
Or coats of silk and seal:
But Philada, my Philada!
Has neither frills nor furs;
The turtle-dove's soft raiment
Is not so neat as hers.

The ladies of Manhattan
Are always going out,
They run from call to concert,
They drive from ball to rout:
But Philada, my Philada!
Has no such round perennial
Save when, in every dozen years,
She gets up a Centennial.

My Philada, my Philada!
Although it be so grand,
The style of all Manhattan
I do not understand;
I care not what the fashion
Of all the world may be,
For Philada—for Philada,
Is all the world to me!

G. F. Jones.

Love In Leap-Year.

SHE asked him once, she asked him twice,
She asked him thrice to wed.
He thought her friendship "very nice,"
But each time shook his head.

At last, when he felt more inclined
The wedded state to try,
He told her he had changed his mind;
But she said, "So have I."

Kemper Bocock.

Divided.

I BREATHE to-night the icy blast
That blows o'er wintry meadows wide:
You scent the orange-bloom and rose,
A far, Floridian stream beside.

Yet were I there, or were you here—
But an arm's reach from heart to heart—
What should we gain? we still would be
Lost love! the width of our fate apart!

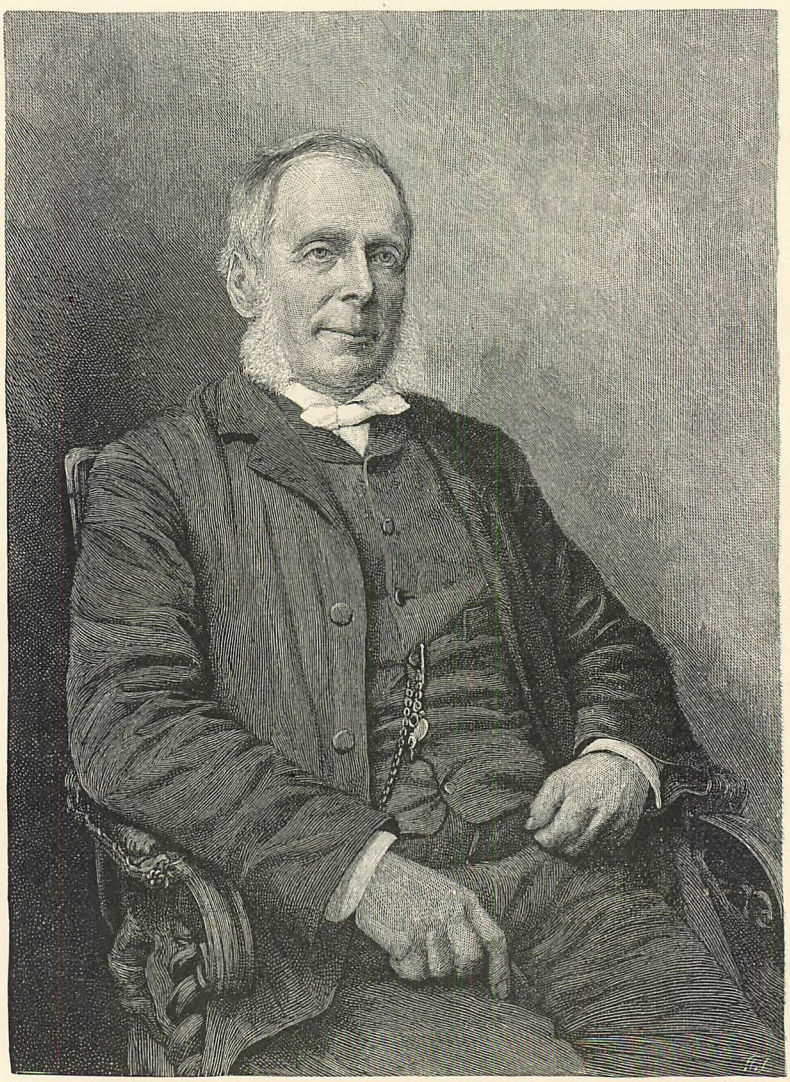
C. E. S.

The Tale of the Tiger still drags its slow length along!

WHEN my wife flies into a passion,
And her anger waxes wroth,
I think of the Lady and Tiger
And sigh that I chose them both!

M. S. Hopson.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, PRINTERS, NEW YORK.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY RUSSELL & SONS. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Edward Thring

LATE HEAD-MASTER OF UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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UPPINGHAM.

AN ANCIENT SCHOOL WORKED ON MODERN IDEAS.

SEAL OF UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

HITHERTO the great public schools of England have been looked upon by the people of America rather as objects of antiquarian interest than as offering a most important field of study in connection with the complex problem of education. The adoption of the Norman castle as a type of domestic architecture in America would scarcely be regarded as a greater anachronism than an attempt to reproduce in our systems of education anything like Eton and its methods.

Reproduction, however, is one thing; the study of underlying principles, with a view to adaptation, quite another. Educational questions are not so entirely settled among us that we can afford to overlook the lessons to be learned from methods and institutions which have filled a great place in educational history; which have left their stamp strongly upon the English character; which have trained many of the ablest men of modern times; which still hold, in spite of their openness to criticism in detail, a safe place in the estimation of a most practical people; and which are now, in many cases, showing themselves capable of adaptation to the new wants and new ideas of the nineteenth century, even while clinging to some of the traditions of the fifteenth and the sixteenth. Not only are the great schools of England still strongly intrenched in the favorable opinion of the public on which they chiefly depend for support, but the system on which they are based — that of educating boys away from home — has of late years had an immense development. Old foundations have been resuscitated, and new ones created on a large scale and in great numbers. Whole classes of English society, which a generation ago would not have thought of using them, now look to these schools as the best instruments of education within their reach. This is especially true of the mercantile class, which is usually looked upon as the most practical of all. Development of this kind rarely occurs without a sufficient cause, and where there is such vitality there must be permanent underlying principles of strength which deserve at least attentive study. This study we on this continent have not yet given to that special aspect of educational work which the English public school takes as its peculiar province.

Everywhere throughout America we find boarding-schools for boys — sometimes worked under denominational auspices; oftener, perhaps, owing their temporary existence or measure of success to the enterprise or energy of individual teachers. Few have a long history or a fixed reputation, and fewer still realize anything like an ideal completeness as instruments of education. Yet it may be affirmed that the organization of boarding-schools on an educationally scientific basis, with a view to the most complete efficiency, is a matter of national importance, because they answer to a permanent national want. This will appear from the following considerations.

In any large and highly organized community there must always be a considerable number of people whose duties or circumstances are such as to destroy the character of home as a suitable place for educational training. In Great Britain, for instance, military and naval officers, with Indian, diplomatic, and colonial

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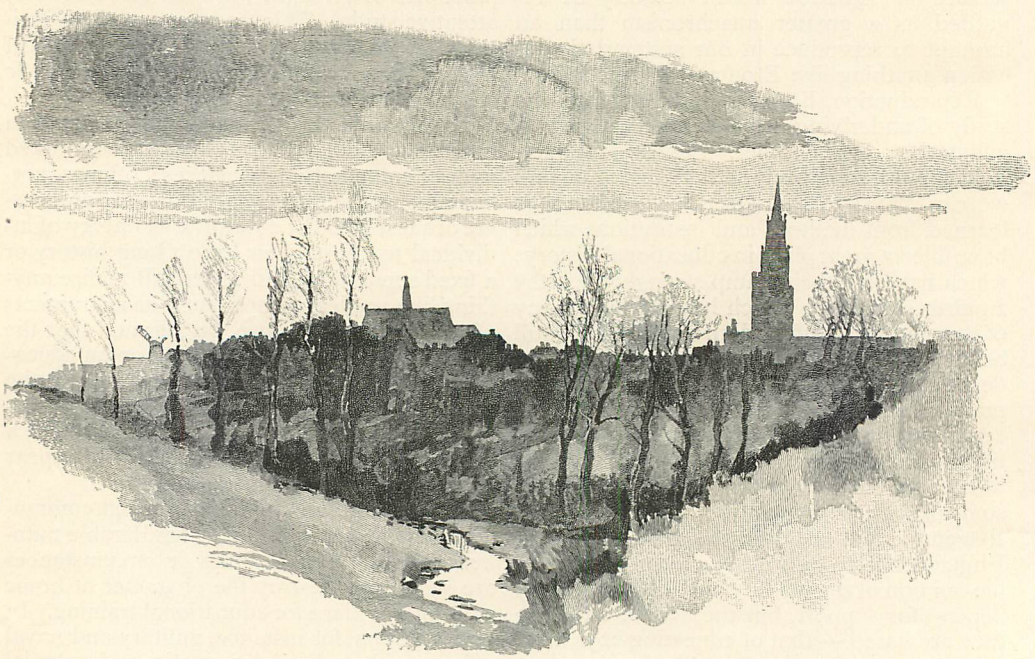
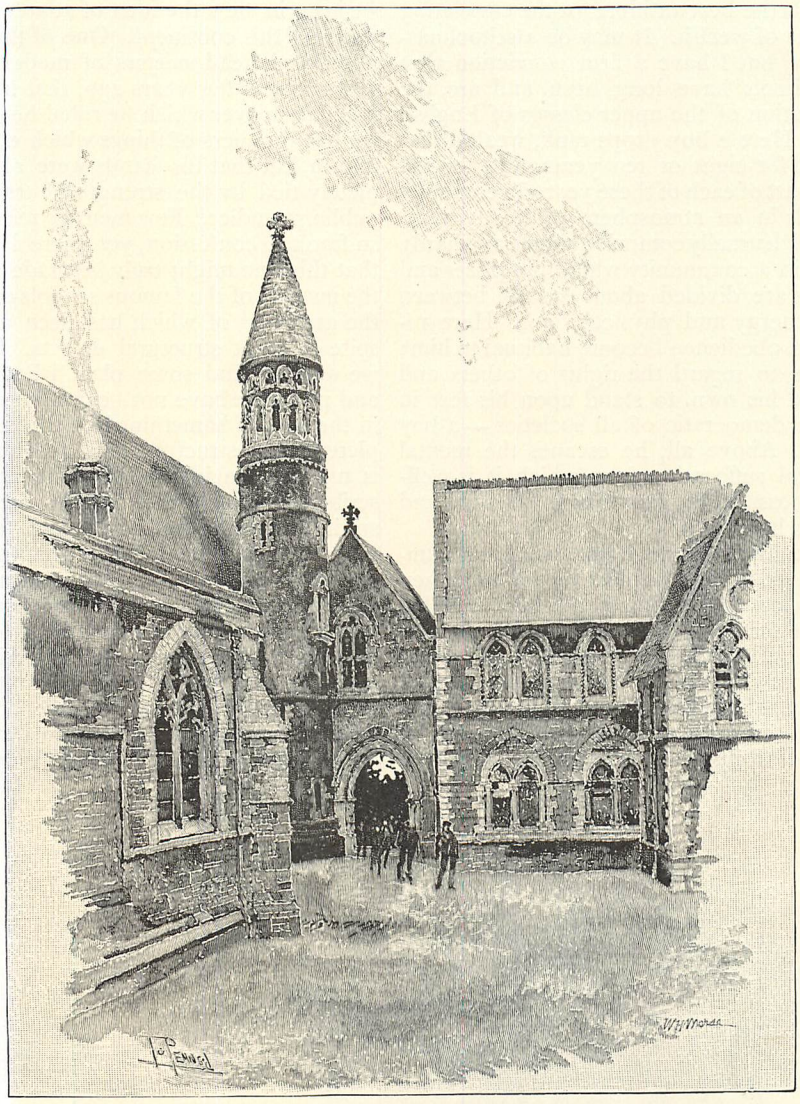
officials, cannot look forward to having their children educated under their own eyes. Men in political life, distracted by the excitements of their work, and usually migrating from country to town with the legislative seasons, are scarcely better off. The preference of the landed proprietors of England for living on their own estates involves educational isolation, and makes it necessary that boys should be sent away for training. Here we have already a very large body of people for whom the public school, with its provision for home care, as well as mental training, is practically a necessity. A larger question of expediency still remains. The sons of the wealthy very seldom get a fair chance for training in their own homes. Luxury, social distractions, the excessive environment of dependents, all militate against mental industry and moral tone. It is this consideration which leads the average Englishman of wealth to send his boy away from home to the simpler life and steadier discipline of the public school.

It will be at once admitted that like conditions widely prevail throughout America, with a distinct tendency to increase. A fair chance for training is rendered impossible in great numbers of homes from mere circumstances of occupation or location, many forms of which will readily occur to the reader. The vast increase of wealth, also, has led to a degree of domestic luxury, extending over large social areas, incompatible with healthful home training for boys. It is probably utopian even to hope that the lives and habits of the rich will be revolutionized to meet the educational necessities of their children. The thought may be carried a step farther. Without underrating the healthful influence of a good home, it may yet be urged that able men and women, specially trained to deal with the young, devoting their thought and time through life to the theory and practice of education, in thoroughly equipped institutions where the whole daily life is kept subsidiary to the main work of training, ought to attain results not to be expected from the irregular and undisciplined superintendence of even conscientious parents. This is only to say that skill counts for as much in the training of the young as it does in any other business of life. In our day-schools the laxity of home life too often neutralizes the best efforts of the best teachers; skill ought to find its fairest opportunity where it can make the home life and the school life work hand in hand.

Without pressing this view to its ultimate conclusion, it may yet be claimed that the wealthy classes of America have never yet fully realized the duty, or faced the difficult problem, of providing for their children some sufficient corrective for the enervating influences which surround them. A representative American thinker lately said to me, that, contrasting the operation of Anglo-Saxon institutions in England with those in America, the most important result, in his opinion, with which we may credit ourselves on this continent is the



UPPINGHAM.



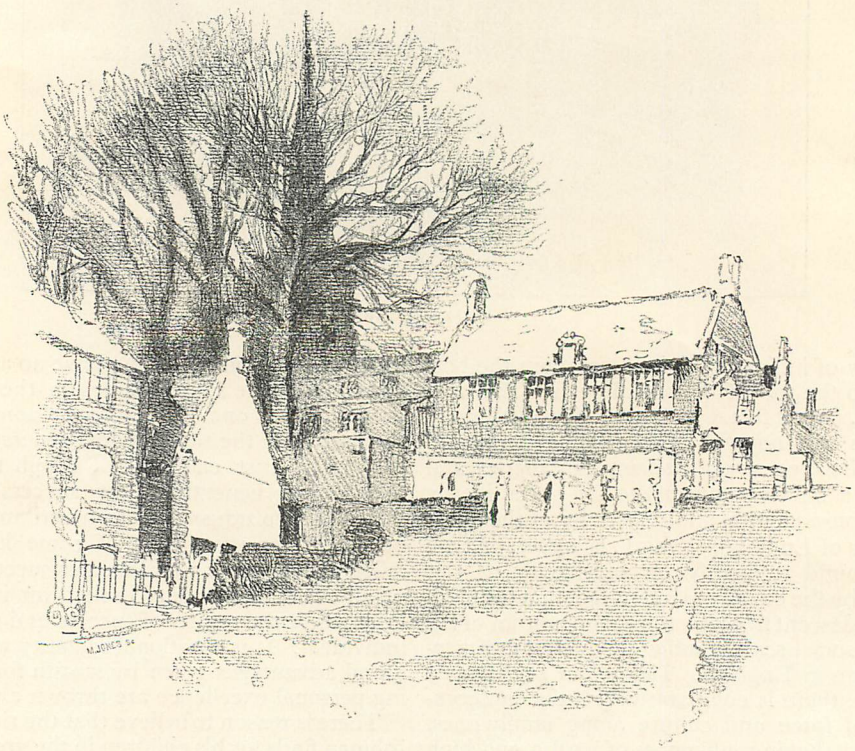
THE CHAPEL ENTRANCE.

facility of individual movement from the bottom to the top of the social scale. This is a broad, patent fact, which underlies and largely causes that hopeful energy which permeates even the lower strata of society in America, and forms a striking contrast to the social inertia and consequent mental inactivity of the lower classes of England. I think, however, that we are bound to qualify our satisfaction on this point by the equally manifest fact that the facility of descent from the top to the bottom of the same social scale is infinitely greater in America than in England. Taking our society as a whole, there is comparatively little conservation of force and culture along family lines. The weakening influences of wealth and high social position on the young have no adequate corrective. The ruling names in the society or politics of one generation seldom repeat themselves in the next. Each generation has to hew its best class out of rough material taken from beneath. Now success in life which fails to transmit as an inheritance force or culture or superiority of some kind has failed in that point which makes success most of all desirable. Society itself is an immense loser where the results of success end with the individual. It is a national calamity when the grand advantages given by wealth for attaining personal excellence are thrown away.

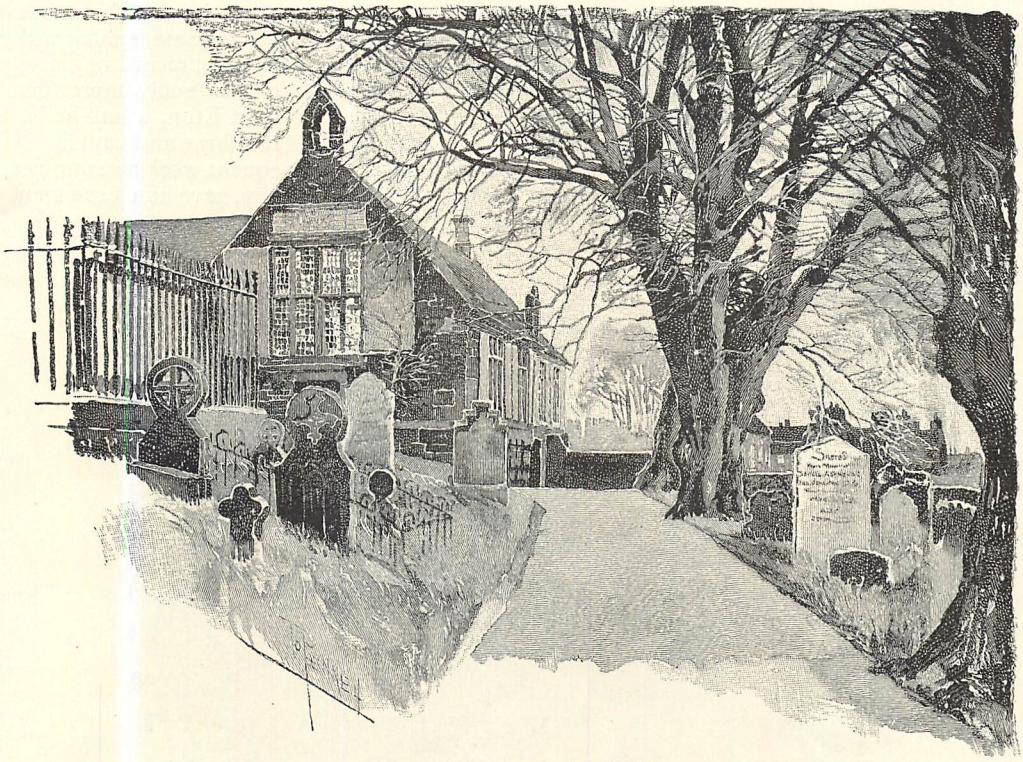
There is reason to believe that the rich Englishman finds for his children in the great pub-

lic schools the best antidote for the enervating influences of wealth. It may be a schoolmaster's view, but I have a firm conviction that these schools have long been, and are, the real salvation of the upper classes of English society. Here a boy drops rank, wealth, luxury, and for eight or ten years, and for the greater part of each of these years, lives among his equals in an atmosphere of steady discipline, which usually compels a simple and hardy life, and in a community where the prizes and applause are divided about equally between mental energy and physical vigor. Here respect and obedience become habitual to him; he learns to regard the rights of others and to defend his own, to stand upon his feet in the most democratic of all societies — a boy republic. Above all, he escapes the mental and moral suffocation from which it is well-nigh impossible to guard boys in rich and luxurious homes.

If it be admitted that home, in a great number of cases, is not a fit place for training, then the question of providing the best possible substitute for home becomes one of the first importance. What is the best type of boarding school? For an answer we naturally turn to the great English schools, with their experience of centuries. Limitations, however, to our field of study at once present themselves, if we keep in view the idea of adaptation to the wants of this continent. One of the most distinguished head-masters of modern England said to me a few years ago, that in the great foundation over which he ruled he saw clearly enough numbers of things which cried out for reform, but that his hands were almost completely tied by the strength of tradition and public prejudice. Few men are ready to make so frank a confession, yet there is no doubt that this one might truly be made by most of the masters of the famous schools of England, the greatness of which has been achieved in spite of great structural defects. For a type we want to find some place where tradition and prejudice have not been allowed to stand in the way of something like theoretical completeness in structure and development. It is my purpose in the following pages to describe such a school — one in which the best spirit and traditions of the old foundations have been preserved, but to which the persistent endeavors of a great educational reformer have given a structural completeness which will, I believe, bear the strict analysis of educational science. If I am criticised for asserting that the ideas on which its structure is based mark a great advance on anything that has gone before, and almost an epoch in educational practice, I would only ask that



ELIZABETH SCHOOL-HOUSE, 1584.



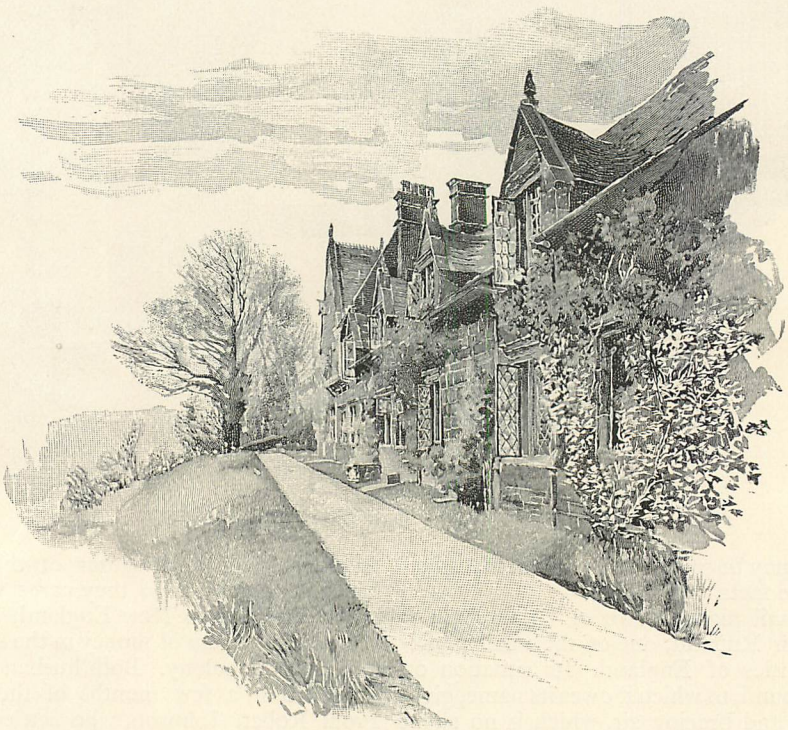
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

criticism may be preceded by actual investigation of the facts.

The small market-town of Uppingham is situated in Rutland, one of the smaller midland counties of England. Its situation on higher ground, to which it owes its name, gives it a fresh and bracing air, which is no slight consideration in fixing upon a suitable location for a large school. Here Uppingham school was founded "by God's grace," as the first words of the old statutes say, in the year 1584, by Robert Johnson, afterwards archdeacon of Leicester. By him it was endowed as a "faire, free grammar school," with certain lands and properties. Queen Elizabeth's charter dates from 1587. The control of the school was placed in a trust, and the dignity of hereditary patron was to remain in the family of the founder. At the celebration of the tercentenary of the school in 1884, the patron's chair was taken by A. C. Johnson, Esq., the present English representative of the family. His son, the next in succession, is now a pupil in the school, and has already been dubbed "Founder" by his playmates. It may interest American readers to know that Uppingham claims, through its founder's family, some connection with early New England history. Isaac Johnson, a grandson of the archdeacon and one of the governors of the school, married Lady Arabella Fiennes, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and in 1630 they came with Governor Winthrop to New England, having invested a large sum of money in the scheme for founding the colony. Both husband and wife died within a few months of their arrival. From Robert Johnson, who settled in New Haven about 1636, there has been a continuous line of descent in America. From him was descended Samuel Johnson, D. D. (Oxford), the first Episcopal clergyman in Connecticut, and the first president of King's (afterwards Columbia) College, New York City, and William Samuel Johnson, LL.D. (Yale), who was a member of the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, and was the first United States senator from Connecticut. Of this branch of the family there are many American representatives.

Interesting as they are from an antiquarian point of view, it is not my intention to speak here more particularly of the original founder and his scheme for the establishment of the school. It is enough to say that those who have built the modern Uppingham on Robert Johnson's foundation have drawn strong inspiration from the feeling that their work had its origin far back in a worthy past, and that they were only enlarging the noble design of a

generous Christian man. The annual income at present from the original endowment is about £1000. The smallness of this sum, as compared with the endowments of some of the great schools, brings out in striking relief the odds against which Uppingham has had to contend, and the sound business as well as educational principles on which the remarkable growth of the school has taken place.

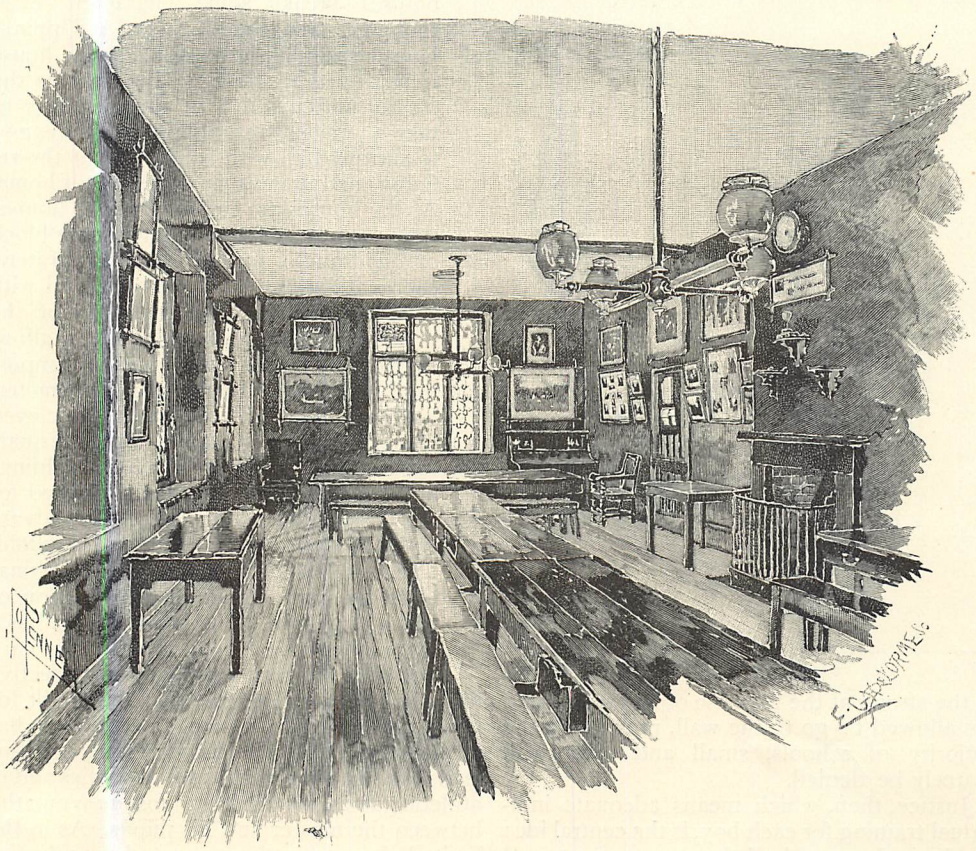


HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE.

For two hundred and seventy years after its foundation the school was carried on with fortunes varying with the ability and energy of successive masters, having on its rolls many names afterwards distinguished in church and state. In 1853 Edward Thring* was appointed to the head-mastership. This may be fixed as the date of the second founding of the school. Mr. Thring's name is already widely known in America through his two books, "Education and School" and "Theory and Practice of Teaching," the latter of which has been adopted as a text-book in at least one important normal school of the Western States. Last year, in response to an invitation, he wrote an address to the teachers of Minnesota. To those who have thus become familiar with his views on education, some record of his actual work will doubtless be doubly interesting.

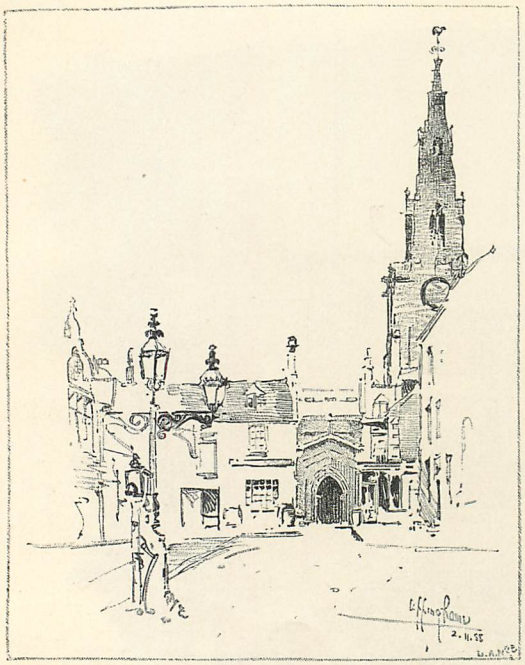
Nine years as a boy at Eton, where he became head of the sixth form and captain of the school, with subsequent work as examiner at both Eton and Rugby, gave him a sufficient insight into the good and bad of public-school life. Later, in connection with clerical duties, teaching in the national schools gave him practice in dealing with the minds of children, and aroused that enthusiasm for training boys which has inspired him in his efforts after reform in school methods. When he entered upon his work at Uppingham there were in the school 25 boarders only, and these, with 5 or 6 scholars from the village, made up the material on which he had to begin. The field was small, but a man had come who had decisive views about education, and with faith, courage, and will to match the strength of his convictions. Around such a man the horizon widens. Mr. Thring's experience is unique in the school history of England. In his own

* Mr. Thring died in October, 1887, after this article was completed. It has been considered best to let the paper appear without any change. The tributes to the greatness of Mr. Thring's work and character which have appeared in the leading journals of England and America prove that the devotion of personal friendship did not lead me to overrate the significance of his life's work.



BOYS' HALL, HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE.

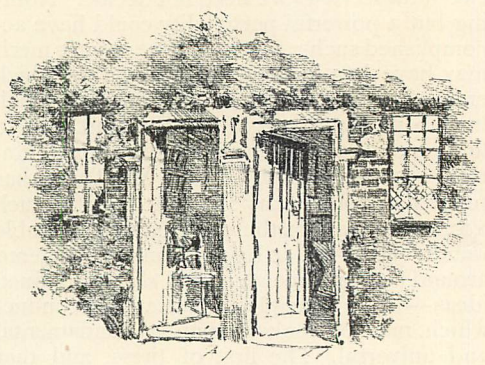
lifetime, and as the result of his thirty-two years of work, he has seen Uppingham, in open competition with foundations of enormous wealth and fame, lifted from its place as a local grammar school into the very front rank of English public schools. People call this a marvelous triumph of personal force and energy. Mr. Thring himself would repudiate such an explanation as inadequate, and claim that his success is a triumph of principle. Between these views we need not decide. Nothing but a powerful personality could have accomplished such a work, but the greater merit may have lain in breaking through the thick crust of custom, tradition, and prejudice which inwrap public-school life in England, and so finding a solid foundation of educational principle on which to build. That Mr. Thring has proved, in both theory and practice, that such a foundation exists, there can be no reasonable doubt. His work at Uppingham has centered around two or three clear and sharply defined ideas — some principles of educational conduct which may be looked upon as fundamental and universal. The first of these, and that from which everything else springs, is simple enough. It is that every boy, stupid and clever alike, should have a fair chance and should be really trained. Mr. Thring claims that no school, however great its prestige, numbers, wealth, or its list of prize-winners, can be called a good school, or even an honest school, unless it makes this a first condition of its work. The importance of the principle cannot be overestimated. Fully accepted and acted upon it would revolutionize most of the schools of England, and probably most of those in America. No true judgment of a school's real merits can be formed from its prize-winning record. Given a school which draws some hundreds of boys from classes of society where the earlier training is fairly good, let it have wealth enough to attract a number of exceptionally able teachers, turn the teaching power of these upon even a small proportion of the cleverest pupils, and you may have a school with an overwhelming list of university and other scholastic distinctions, while the mass of the boys are almost entirely neglected. That this picture does not unfairly represent the work of some famous schools is a known fact. That the evil of giving training



UPPINGHAM MARKET-PLACE.

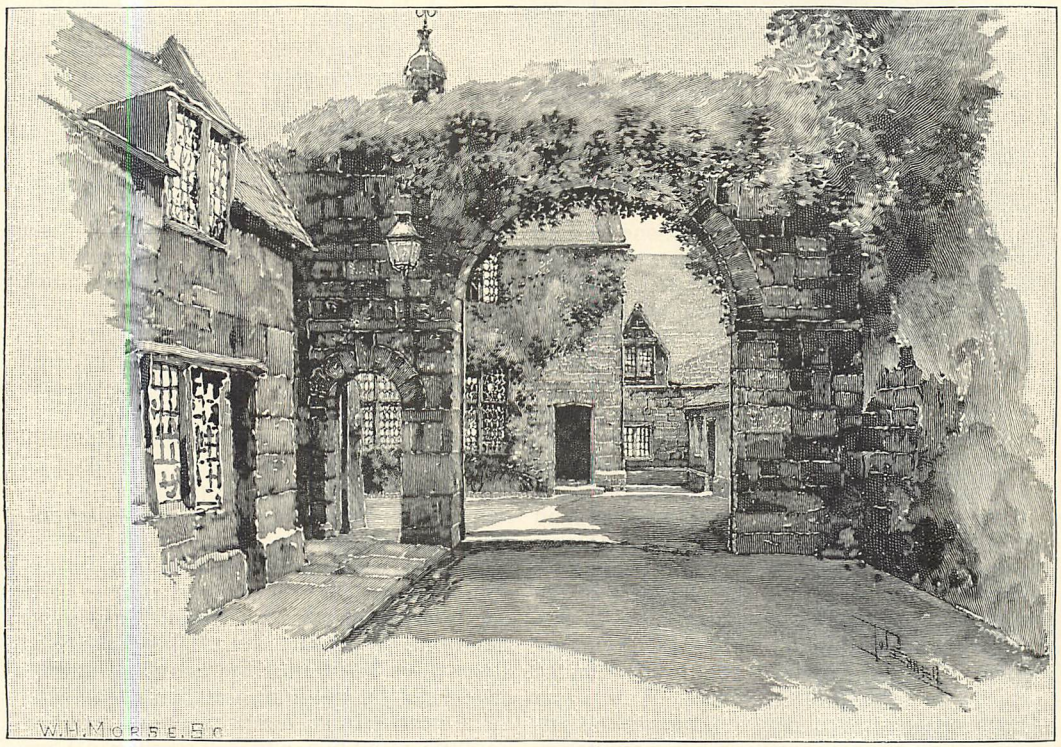
to the strong at the expense of the weak, who are allowed to go to the wall, prevails in the majority of schools, small and great, will scarcely be denied.

Justice, then, which means adequate individual training for each boy, is the central idea of Uppingham, and all the arrangements and machinery of the school are directed to this end. The first step towards securing it is by putting a strict limit upon the size of each class. Mr. Thring fixes the maximum size of a class at about twenty. This is large enough to give the stimulus of numbers and competition; it is not too large, if the class is properly graded, to prevent individual attention and training. A school which in its main subjects of instruction, such as classics and mathematics, places numbers much larger than this under a single teacher, is able to pay larger salaries, but it does so at the expense of efficiency in individual training. The application of the same principle to the boarding of the boys does away at once with everything that savors of the old barrack methods, once universal and still only too common, under which numbers of boys were herded together in large buildings, with little domestic supervision, and no opportunity for seclusion. Numbers are necessary for a great school, and contact with his fellows is essential to a boy's getting the full advantage of public-school life; but unwieldy numbers make discipline difficult and training impossible, while unchecked contact with a mass of thoughtless natures breaks some characters even though it strengthens others. At Uppingham the number of boys in a single house is restricted to thirty. This enables the master and mistress of such a house to take a personal interest in each boy, and to surround all with something of the refining and humanizing influences of home. As the houses are intended to be homes, they are not grouped together in a block or quadrangle, but are built separately, each with grounds of its own, and with such surroundings as the taste of the house-master suggests or his means allow. A visitor misses at Uppingham the imposing blocks of buildings which characterize other great schools, but in the eleven handsome villas scattered within a quarter of a mile of the main school-buildings he sees something far better adapted for the training of young lives. The advantages of this arrangement are manifold. There is less chance for large combinations for purposes of insubordination or evil of any kind. The house-master has a more independent field of work. He cannot shift the responsibility for ineffective discipline on any one else, and the credit for good results is all his own. Each house has a reputation of its own to maintain, and this leads to a healthy rivalry both in studies and in athletic games, which in turn fosters sympathy between the master and his pupils. As in the limited class, so in the separate house, justice can be done to the individual life, and the weaker are allowed a fair chance. There is a further safeguard still in the provision made for the private life of the boy, by a method simple enough in itself, but of the deepest significance as an aid to training. Each boy in Uppingham has a study of his own,— intentionally made quite small, usually about five feet by six,— which is meant to be for him a real sanctum, a little home, where he can be alone when he wishes, either for study or for



THE BOYS' STUDIES.

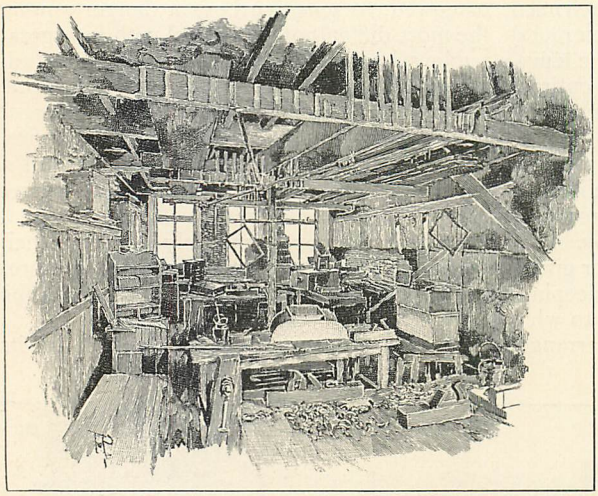
that retirement which boys as well as men need at intervals in order to collect anew their moral forces during the rough struggles and the temptations of daily life. These studies are entirely separate from the sleeping-apartments. For the latter, the small dormitory, holding a very limited number of boys, is adopted for sanitary and other reasons; but here, too, the idea of individual privacy is maintained by providing separate compartments for each boy. It is found that the house space required for giving each boy this separate study and sleeping-compartment is not much greater than what is needed for the ordinary bedroom arrangement. The advantages of the Uppingham system are great.



THE SCHOOL ENTRANCE.

The disuse of the dormitories by day makes perfect ventilation possible. As the boy takes his meals in the hall, and sleeps in the dormitory, his study becomes a private sitting-room where his books, furniture, and material for work need be disturbed but little from day to day. The small size of the studies prevents the congregation of numbers, and makes strict rules upon this point easy and natural — an important fact for the masters in respect of discipline; important too for the boy, as giving him security from the bullying or persecution of a crowd by which he might be overmatched or cowed, to sensitive boys a danger among the most difficult of all to deal with in a great public school. The arrangement of these studies, which are one of the most characteristic features of the school, varies in the different houses according to architectural exigencies. In the head-master's house they surround a quadrangle, and with their overgrowing masses of ivy give a very picturesque effect. The great taste and care very commonly shown in their adornment with flowers and home pictures prove that they touch deeply in the boys the instincts of personal ownership.

A school never ought to depend for its character on the exceptional excellence or success of a few of its masters. If it does, these few reputations may become cloaks for a vast amount of poor work, and the character of the school, as a school, is a sham, without any element of fixity in it. The ordinary arrangements should have a strong tendency, at least, to insure sound work, from the lowest to the highest class. The method at Uppingham by which it is attempted to fix this tendency is of special interest. The house-master is not, necessarily, either the public or the private tutor of the boys under his domestic care. He has his own form or grade in the school, drawn, perhaps, from all the houses, while his

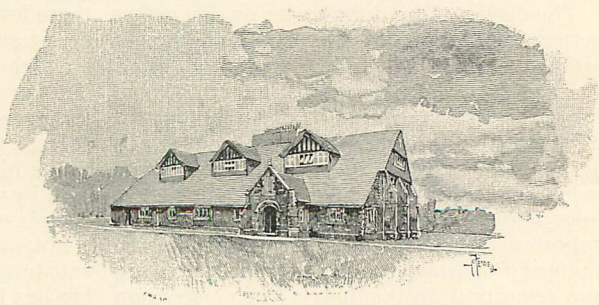


CARPENTER-SHOP.

boarders are, for tutorial purposes, distributed, according to their standing, among all the masters.

Thus each class-master has but one class to teach, and being private tutor as well as public teacher for his class, his responsibility for its work is absolute, and cannot be shifted to other shoulders, as under the Eton method, where the private tutor's work is distinct from the school teaching. He has also but one range of subjects to teach, in itself an important guaranty of efficiency. His success, however, must always depend on the effective teaching of each class-master below him, through whose hands his form has come, and in whose work he therefore has the deepest personal interest. Again, each house-master has the same interest in the efficiency of the class-masters who have charge of his boys. Thus the whole moral pressure of the staff inclines towards compelling good work from the top to the bottom of the school. A man as a house-master has to maintain towards the parents who form his constituency his reputation for discipline and wholesome moral influence on the boys under his charge; as a class-master, not only towards the supporters of the school, but towards the whole body of teachers of whom he is one. Thus the great school becomes a unit, its character a measurable quantity — the tendency of its structure towards effective work throughout. A school can, in my opinion, have no higher merit.

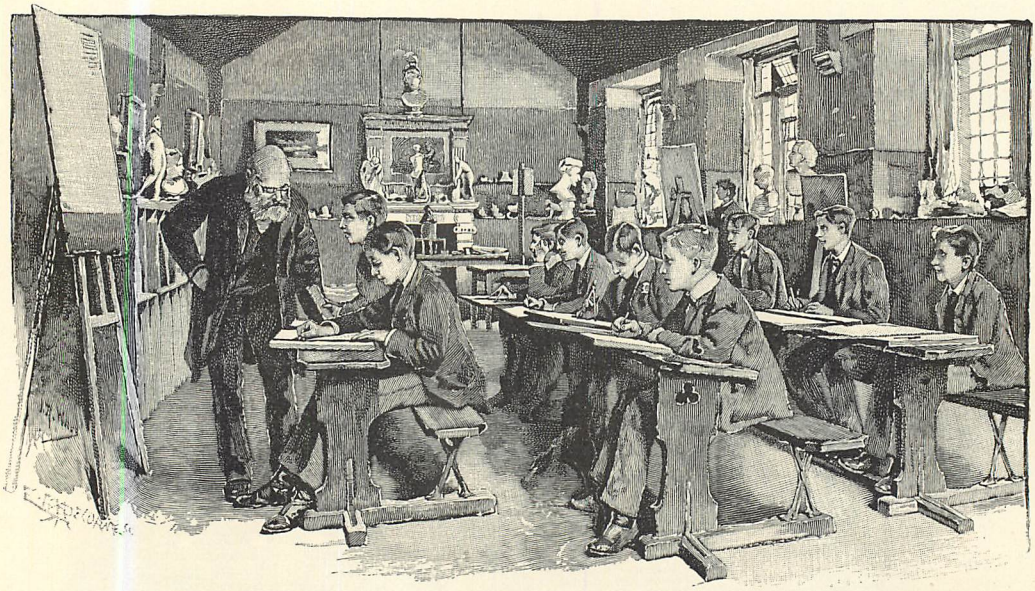
"The limits of a first-rate public school in point of numbers," says Mr. Thring, "are just as well defined, and as capable of proof, as the limits of a first-rate class." It must be large enough to attract and permanently retain a sufficient number of able men, capable of doing high-class work, and give them adequate remuneration for making training the business of their lives. But it must not be so large as not to be able to do all its work well. A chief factor in the consideration is the period during which boys attend school. In the great English schools which mainly prepare for the universities, the ordinary limits of age are from ten to nineteen. For good class work, combined with efficient individual training, it is essential that no boy should be far in advance of his class or far behind it. To provide for proper gradation, there ought to be a class for each half-year. A school, then, which keeps boys from 10 to 19 must have about 16 classes. As no class should number more than 20, and the upper classes tend to drop considerably below this, it follows that a school undertaking to do first-class work over this number of years should have not much more or much less than 300 boys. With smaller numbers teaching power is wasted, for the number of classes must be maintained if justice is to be done to those of every age. With larger numbers the teacher is overweighted and the individual pupil neglected. In smaller schools a narrower limit placed on the ages of attendance, proportioned to the size of the staff, alone can secure similar efficiency. This argument seems conclusive, and is, in effect, only applying to a large boarding-school the system of grading familiar to us in our best-organized day-schools. Taking his stand on this principle, Mr. Thring has fixed about three hundred as the maximum attendance which he will permit at Uppingham. To abide steadily by such a principle has required no little resolution and self-sacrifice. When once a school has achieved a great reputation the temptation to trade on that reputation



SWIMMING-BATH.

is very strong. Greater numbers in the houses and in the classes means greater glory for the school, with larger incomes and a greater percentage of profit for the masters.

A large increase in the school means wealth in the form of capitation fees for the head-master. The example of some of the great schools is not such as to encourage resistance to such temptation. At Uppingham, however, it has been put quietly aside, because it was in conflict with the idea of justice to each boy. The head-masters and teachers of such a school may not carry away from it the wealth which is often gained from crowded houses and classes, but they will carry away the consciousness of having established a great educational principle, and the knowledge that their system is and will continue to be a standing protest against receiving pay for work which is not and can not be done.



A DRAWING-CLASS.

It should be added that, outside of the conclusive reasons just given, Mr. Thring claims that three hundred boys is the limit of numbers that a head-master can know personally, and that to such only can he really be head-master. If he does not know the boys, the master who does is their head-master, and his also.

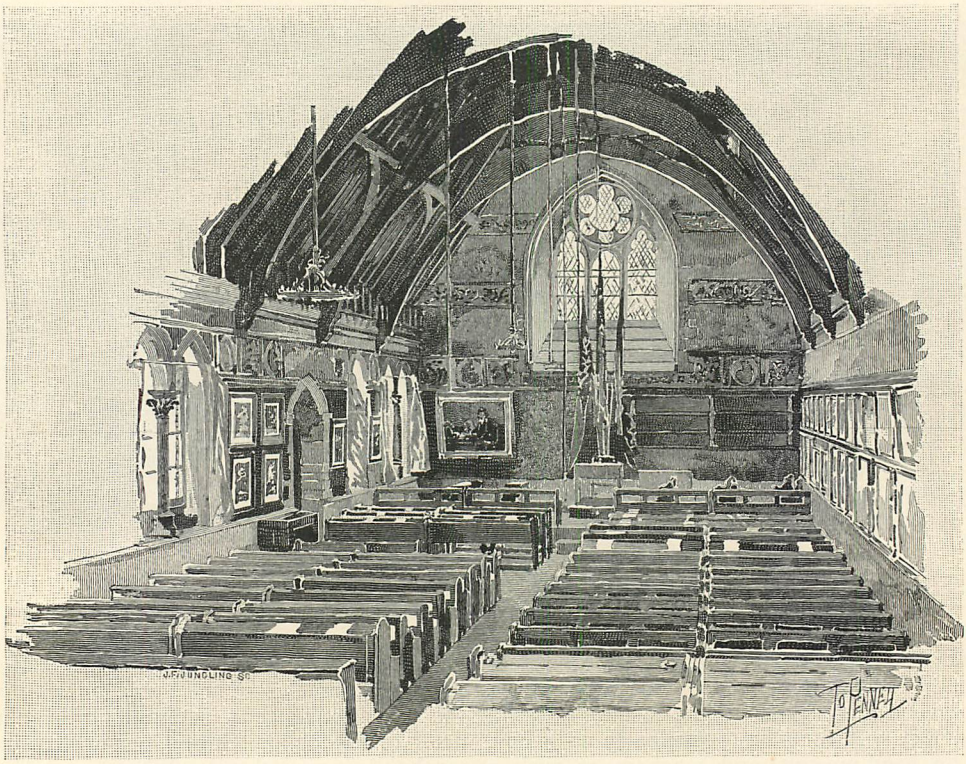
In passing on to speak of other aspects of Mr. Thring's work at Uppingham, and of his efforts to realize in actual working facts sound theories in education, it would perhaps be well to remind the American reader that the accepted function of the English public school is as much to mold character as to train intellect. Our ordinary day-schools cannot hope to do this in a like degree. In the few hours during which the teacher has charge of his pupils he strives to engage their attention, train their faculties, and, if possible, reach to some extent the heart as well as the head. Then they go back to an infinite variety of homes to spend far the greater part of their time, and the character of the home ordinarily is the prime influence in determining the character of the child. Strong personality in a teacher, or exceptional circumstances, may indefinitely intensify the influence of the day-school on character, but as a rule it must be comparatively superficial. It is otherwise with the English public school.

Here a boy has to pass much the greater part of his time during the most impressionable years of his life. His schoolmasters, schoolfellows, and school surroundings are the prime forces in molding his character. He is a member of a small republic, with laws, customs, institutions, ambitions of its own, and where the individual life and the general life react upon each other with singular intensity. To the school come boys from every kind of home: all are to be trained, and the failures should be as few as possible. The responsibility thrown upon the master is enormous; but, on the other hand, his work is infinitely dignified by the opportunity which it furnishes for supreme influence on character. The head-mastership of a school of this type, drawing some hundreds of boys from the better classes of society, furnishes a sufficient field

for the very highest ability, and may enable a man to exercise, in the course of a generation, a perceptible influence on national character.

But while the responsibility for character training as well as intellect training makes the demand for strong men imperative, it increases

is true. "Leisure hours are the key of life," and in a good public school they must be provided for as carefully as any others. Where a school receives some hundreds of boys, each one of whom, stupid or clever, it is intended to train, provision must be made for diversity of taste and ability. This is necessary, because,



THE GREAT SCHOOL-ROOM.

in a tenfold degree the necessity that the machinery of a great school should be as perfect as possible. Mr. Thring's work has largely lain in working out this problem of school structure in its bearing on character training. To his fundamental principle that justice should be done to each boy, he finds a natural corollary in the maxim that high-class work cannot be done over a series of years without good tools. Nothing, he claims, should be left to the ability of the master that can be accomplished by mechanical contrivance. The actual wall of brick or stone which makes discipline easy or vice difficult is a power for good. The fact that during Mr. Thring's mastership about half a million of dollars has been invested at Uppingham in perfecting the school machinery proves that he has in this respect tried to reach his own ideal.

In training the young, plenty of employment is the secret of a healthy moral life. It is not only for the hours of work that this

as every teacher knows, or ought to know, it is essential to the happy life and healthy moral development of a boy that he should always have some field in both work and play where he can maintain his self-respect among his fellows. A lad who has not the capacity to excel in the main studies of a school, or strength to distinguish himself in its hardier sports, may often achieve excellence in minor subjects of study, or acquire skill in other recreative employments. A school is not a perfect training place which has to crush the weak in the process of developing the strong, either at work or at play. It is for these reasons, and in his effort to do justice to each boy, that Mr. Thring, although the stanchest of believers in the preëminent value of classics as an instrument for high intellectual training, was yet among the first to break through the tradition of Eton and the great schools generally by making large provision for other subjects. French and German, science and

mechanics, drawing, painting, and music are thus provided for. On music, especially, much attention is bestowed, for the sake of its humanizing tendency and its power of adding to the happiness of school life. The work of Herr David, the accomplished master of this department, and of his five assistants, is one of the most striking features of Uppingham training. One-third of all the boys in the school learn instrumental music. Every term school concerts are given, which are real musical treats. If any one doubts the power of music to stir the hearts of masses of boys, and lift them to higher levels of thought and work, he should see Herr David controlling the enthusiastic energy of a hundred Uppingham boys as they sing to his music the patriotic song which Mr. Thring, poet of the school as well as head-master, has composed for them, and the spirit of which may be caught from one or two stanzas:

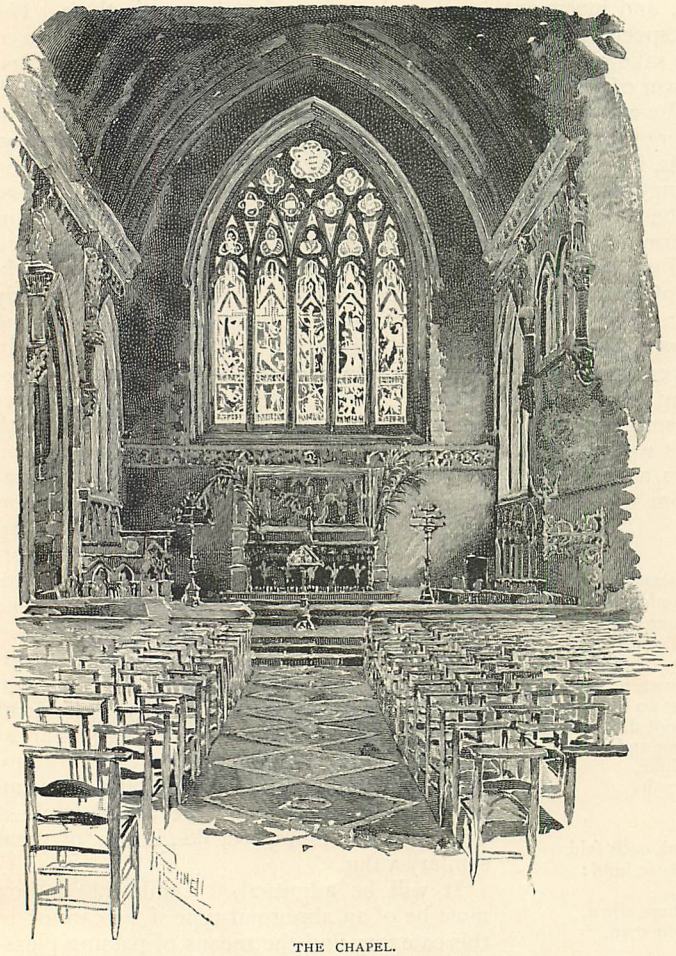
Ho, boys, ho!
Gather round, together stand,
Raise a watchword in the land:
Stand, my merry craftsmen bold,
Brothers of the crown of gold,
Wrought in stirring days of old,
England's crown, the crown of gold.
Gold of hearts that know no lie,
Gold of work that does not die,
Work it new, boys, young and old.
Gather, gather, near and far,
Uppingham, hurrah, hurrah!

Ho, boys, ho!
Fling your banners broad, each fold
Rich with heirlooms that we hold:
Honor lent us, as a loan,
Fields of thought, by others sown,
Walls, of greatness not our own,
Where old Time
In his belfry sits and rings
News of far-off, holy things,
Memories of old, old days:
Sacred melodies of praise
Swell triumphant, as we raise
Watchword true in peace or war,
Uppingham, hurrah, hurrah!

I believe that Uppingham makes fuller provision than any other existing school to meet the necessity for diverse employment or healthy amusement outside of study hours. Until within a few years the great schools mostly contented themselves with providing facilities for cricket and foot-ball. For these ample provision is made at Uppingham in several large playing fields, and the cricketers of the school particularly have won for themselves a record so distinguished as to prove conclusively that exclusive attention to this game is not essential to great success. But Mr. Thring was perhaps the first head-master who fully realized and acted upon the fact that many a boy has not the stamina for these games of strength and skill, nor can he, by any amount of forced exercise, be led to take pleasure in them. The gymnasium, opened in 1859 under the care of a competent gymnastic master, was the first possessed by any public school in England. For many years the school has had in operation a carpentry, where any boy, by the payment of a small fee, can secure regular and competent instruction in the working of wood and the use of carpenters' tools. In 1882 this field of useful manual occupation was enlarged by the construction of a forge and metal workshop, where skilled instruction is similarly given, and a boy can go far towards making himself a competent mechanical engineer. In the same category may be included the school gardens. These gardens, opened in 1871, cover some acres, and are laid out and planted with much taste. Here a boy may have allotted to him a small plot of ground for the cultivation of plants and flowers. In connection with the gardens is an aviary, where the lad with a taste for natural history has an opportunity to observe the life and habits of a considerable collection of birds. A pretty stone building looking out upon the gardens serves as the school sanitarium, and if beautiful surroundings conduce to health, Uppingham patients ought to recover rapidly. The want of any stream of considerable size near at hand led to the construction, a few years ago, of large swimming-baths, where the boys can perfect themselves in an art which, while it does so much to protect life, is also of great sanitary value.

It will be admitted, I think, that a boy must be of an abnormal type if he cannot in this category find the means of passing pleasantly all his leisure hours. Nor is the provision too elaborate for a great school which aims at training the character of each boy.

There remain to be mentioned two important, and in Mr. Thring's view essential, parts of the school appliances. The first of these is the great school-room, erected at a cost of £7000, and opened in 1863. Here the school can be assembled whenever it is to be dealt with as a whole, for announcements, addresses, the distribution of prizes, matters of general discipline, and for the reception of friends and visitors on great occasions. By such a place of meeting the unity and dignity of a great school are brought out as visible and impressive facts. At Uppingham it is made to serve a further purpose. In accordance with Mr. Thring's idea that the surroundings of school life should be as beautiful as possible, and such as give honor to learning, this room has been decorated with a series of elaborate paintings done under the direction of Mr. Rossiter, chiefly illustrative of the great names in ancient and modern literature. Pre-



THE CHAPEL.

siding at the celebration of Founder's Day in 1882, Earl Carnarvon said of this room: "Since the days of the Painted Porch in Athens, I doubt whether training has ever been installed more lovingly, or more truly, or in a worthier home."

Beside the school-room is the chapel, built after the designs of Mr. Street, at an expense of £8000. Such a chapel, large enough to hold the boys, the masters, and their families, is needed to make a school independent of varying local chances for religious services. The power of preaching to boys effectively is perhaps even a rarer gift than that of teaching them effectively. Mr. Thring's school sermons, of which two volumes have been published, are simple, vigorous, and, as all sermons to boys should be, short—rich in illustrated germs of thought which might well take root in a boy's mind. Bright services, fine music, short, incisive sermons—such associations could scarcely make chapel an unpleasant recollection to an Uppingham boy. But Mr. Thring is too practical and earnest a man not to feel that in training the young the teaching of Christian theory, to be most efficient, must have its complement of Christian effort. To Uppingham belongs the great honor of having been the first of the public schools to undertake home mission work in the East End of London. Since 1869 it has contributed largely to the maintenance of a missionary in one of the most neglected districts. Better than this, it has found sons of its own ready to volunteer for this work in places where the constant presence of disease and misery tests to the utmost the strength of Christian enthusiasm. Other schools have now followed this example, as well as the two universities, and the movement is one that can scarcely fail of large results. Additional interest is given to this outside work by occasionally sending detachments of the boys with their music masters to the missionary districts in London to give concerts for the benefit of the poor, thus drawing more closely the bonds of sympathy and humanizing influence. Assuredly in these times of social upheaval no training that boys of the wealthier classes could get can be more useful than one which gives them a closer interest in the mass of poverty and paganism with which modern society has to deal in our great cities. Besides this special work, the school contributes largely to other religious and philanthropic enterprises. Such efforts, systematically carried out, seem to complete the circle of provision for the physical, intellectual, and moral training of the boys.

It must not be supposed that what has been said marks out the school as an unqualified paradise for boys of every stamp. I doubt very much if any effective school can be. My feeling is that for a boy disposed to be fairly industrious and to obey law a happier home could not be found. On the other hand, I can easily imagine that for an idle or vicious lad it might prove singularly uncomfortable, since the individual attention for which provision is

made renders the concealment of shortcomings exceptionally difficult.

Though it is no part of my purpose to write a history of Uppingham, yet one episode in its later career it would be wrong to leave untold, unique as it is in school history, and illustrating at once the energy of its masters, the adaptability of its system to new conditions, and the loyal confidence inspired by its management. The record is valuable also as showing what may be done by a school in a great emergency.

In the autumn of 1875 an outbreak of fever took place in the town and the school, and some boys died. The school was broken up, and orders were given to make the sanitary arrangements of every portion of the school premises as perfect as possible, without regard to expense. This was done under the special direction of a government engineer, who certified to the completeness of the work. The authorities of the town, however, declined to join in this attempt at perfect sanitation. When the school reassembled, after Christmas, a new outbreak of fever proved that till everything was done nothing was done. It was a critical moment. Already it had begun to "rain" telegrams from anxious parents. It was plain that in a few days the houses might be empty, the large staff of teachers left without employment or means of support, and the grand results of twenty-five years of toil swept away at once. A bold step was conceived in Mr. Thring's resolute mind. Once more the school was broken up for a three-weeks' holiday. With the boys went to their parents an intimation that after Easter the school would reopen in some place then unknown, but which would at least be healthy. Meantime search was being made in many directions, and at length Borth, a small watering-place on the Welsh coast, was chosen as the temporary home of the school. The large summer hotel was leased, all the spare space in the village cottages taken, a temporary schoolroom erected, the stables turned into a carpentry, the coach-house into a gymnasium; special trains brought from Uppingham the household equipments for 30 masters, their families, and the 300 boys of the school; and on April 4, only 20 days after the site was secured, the school resumed its work on the wild Welsh coast, more than 100 miles from its forsaken home in the Midlands. The splendid faith of the masters in their own resources was rewarded by a grand tribute of confidence, when out of their whole number it was found that only three boys had failed to follow them in this great adventure. The three weeks of fierce race for life were followed by more than a year of quiet and excellent work at Borth, which thenceforth became famed far and wide as "Uppingham by the Sea"; and in April, 1877, the school returned to its now purified home in Rutland, amidst the rejoicings of the people, and with numbers greater than when it left. Among all the splendid traditions of English schools it may be doubted if there is any which tells of greater faith, courage, and loyalty of affection than does this year of adventurous exile in the records of Uppingham.

George R. Parkin.

EDWARD THRING.

THIS was a leader of the sons of light,
Of winsome cheer and strenuous command.
Upon the veteran hordes of Bigot-land
All day his vanguard spirit, flaming bright,
Bore up the brunt of unavailing fight.
Then, with the iron in his soul, one hand
Still on the hilt, he passed from that slim band
Out through the ranks to rearward and the night.
The day is lost, but not the day of days,
And ye his comrades in the losing war
Stand once again for liberty and love!
Close up the ranks; his deed your deeds let praise!
Against the front of dark where gleams one star,
Strive on to death as this great captain strove!

Bliss Carman.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

THE MISSISSIPPI AND SHILOH.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

AS a powerful supplement to the Union victories in Tennessee, the military operations west of the Mississippi River next demand our attention. Under the vigorous promptings of Halleck we left the army of General Curtis engaged in his trying midwinter campaign in south-western Missouri. He made ready with all haste to comply with the order to "push on as rapidly as possible and end the matter with Price." His army obeyed every order with cheerful endurance. "They contend with mud, water, and snow and ice manfully," wrote Curtis under date of February 1, 1862, "and I trust they will not falter in the face of a more active foe." In the same spirit he encouraged his officers:

> The roads are indeed very bad, but they are worse for the enemy than for us if he attempts to retreat. . . . The men should help the teams out of difficulty when necessary, and all must understand that the elements are to be considered serious obstacles, which we have to encounter and overcome in this campaign. . . . Constant bad roads will be the rule, and a change for the better a rare exception.

As already remarked, Price had kept his situation and numbers well concealed. He was known to be at Springfield; but rumor exaggerated his force to 30,000, and it was uncertain whether he intended to retreat or advance. Reports also came that Van Dorn was marching to his support with 10,000 men. Curtis kept the offensive, however, pushing forward his outposts. By the 13th of February Price found his position untenable and ordered a retreat from Springfield. Since McCulloch would not come to Missouri to furnish Price assistance, Price was perforce compelled to go to Arkansas, where McCulloch might furnish him protection. Curtis pursued with vigor. "We continually take cattle, prisoners, wagons, and arms, which they leave in their flight," he wrote. Near the Arkansas line Price endeavored to make a stand with his rear-guard, but without success. On February 18, in a special order announcing the recent Union victories elsewhere, Curtis was able to congratulate his own troops as follows:

> You have moved in the most inclement weather, over the worst of roads, making extraordinary long marches, subsisting mainly on meat without salt, and for the past six days you have been under the fire of the fleeing enemy. You have driven him out of Missouri, restored the Union flag to the virgin soil of Arkansas, and triumphed in two contests.

The rebels were in no condition to withstand him, and he moved forward to Cross Hollow, where the enemy had hastily abandoned a large cantonment with extensive buildings, only a portion of which they stopped to burn. It was time for Curtis to pause. He was 240 miles from his railroad base at Rolla, where he had begun his laborious march. Orders soon came from Halleck not to penetrate farther into Arkansas, but to hold his position and keep the enemy south of the Boston Mountains. "Hold your position," wrote Halleck, March 7, "till I can turn the enemy." At that date Halleck expected to make a land march along what he had decided to be the central strategic line southward from Fort Donelson, turn the enemy at Memphis, and compel the Confederate forces to evacuate the whole Mississippi Valley down to that point.

There was, however, serious work yet in store for Curtis. To obviate the jealousies and bickerings among Trans-Mississippi Confederate commanders the Richmond authorities had combined the Indian Territory with portions of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri in the Trans-Mississippi District of Department No. II., and had sent Major-General Earl Van Dorn to command the whole. His letters show that he went full of enthusiasm and brilliant anticipations. He did not dream of being kept on the defensive. He called for troops from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, and ordered the armies of McCulloch and McIntosh, and Pike with his Indian regiments, to join him. From these various sources he hoped to collect a force of from 30,000 to 40,000 men at Pocahontas, Arkansas. Unaware that Price was then retreating from Springfield, he wrote to that commander, under date of February 14, proposing a quick and secret march against St. Louis, which he hoped to capture by assault. Holding that city would soon secure Missouri and relieve Johnston, seriously pressed in Tennessee. He

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would not wait to prepare, but would adopt the style of frontier equipment and supply:

> Flour, salt, and a little bacon in our wagons, and beef cattle driven with us, should be our commissariat. Grain-bags to contain two days' rations of corn, to be carried on our troopers' saddles, and money our paymaster's department, and sufficient ammunition our ordnance department.

But he did not have time enough to extemporize even this haversack campaign: he found his base of supplies menaced from the north-east, and information soon followed that Price was flying in confusion from the north-west. Ten days later we find him writing to Johnston:

> Price and McCulloch are concentrated at Cross Hollow. . . . Whole force of enemy [Union] from 35,000 to 40,000; ours about 20,000. Should Pike be able to join, our forces will be about 26,000. I leave this evening to go to the army, and will give battle, of course, if it does not take place before I arrive. I have no doubt of the result. If I succeed, I shall push on.

Van Dorn found the Confederate forces united in the Boston Mountains, fifty-five miles south of Sugar Creek, to which point Curtis had retired for better security. He immediately advanced with his whole force, attacking the Union position on the 6th of March. On the 7th was fought the principal contest, known as the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elkhorn Tavern. As usual, rumor exaggerated the forces on both sides. By the official reports it appears that Van Dorn's available command numbered 16,000. The Union troops under Curtis numbered only about 10,500; but they had the advantage of a defensive attitude and gained a complete victory, to which the vigilance and able strategy of the Union commander effectively contributed. Generals McCulloch, McIntosh, and other prominent rebel officers were killed early in the action, and Van Dorn's right wing was shattered.

The diminished and scattered forces of Van Dorn, retreating by different routes from the battle of Pea Ridge, were not again wholly united. Pike was ordered to conduct his Indian regiments back to the Indian Territory for local duty. The main remnant of the Confederate army followed Van Dorn to the eastward in the direction of Pocahontas, where he proposed to reorganize it, to resume the offensive. Halleck, cautioning Curtis to hold his position and keep well on his guard, speaks of Van Dorn as a "vigilant and energetic officer"; and Van Dorn's language certainly indicates activity, whatever may be thought of the discretion it betrays. He had hardly shaken from his feet the dust of his rout at Pea Ridge when he again began writing that he contemplated relieving the stress of Confederate disaster in Tennessee by attempting to capture the city of St. Louis, a will-o'-the-wisp project that had by turns dazzled the eyes of all the Confederate commanders in the Mississippi Valley; or, as another scheme, perhaps a mere prelude to this, he would march eastward against Pope and raise the siege of New Madrid, on the Mississippi River. This brings us to a narrative of events at that point.

WITH the fall of Fort Donelson the rebel stronghold at Columbus had become useless. Its evacuation soon followed (March 2, 1862), and the Confederates immediately turned their attention to holding the next barrier on the Mississippi River. This was at a point less than one hundred miles below Cairo, where the Father of Waters makes two large bends, which, joined together, lie like a reversed letter S placed horizontally. At the foot of this first bend lay Island No. 10;* from there the river flows northward to the town of New Madrid, Missouri, passing which it resumes its southward flow. The country is not only flat, as the bend indicates, but it is encompassed in almost all directions by nearly impassable swamps and bayous. Island No. 10, therefore, and its immediate neighborhood, seemed to offer unusual advantages to bar the Mississippi with warlike obstructions. As soon as the evacuation of Columbus was determined upon, all available rebel resources and skill were concentrated here. The island, the Tennessee shore of the river, and the town of New Madrid were all strongly fortified and occupied with considerable garrisons—about 3000 men at the former and some 5000 at the latter place.

General Halleck, studying the strategical conditions of the whole Mississippi Valley with tenfold interest since the victories of Grant, also had his eye on this position, and was now as eager to capture it as the rebels were to defend it. One of the quickest movements of the whole war ensued. General Pope was selected to lead the expedition, and the choice was not misplaced. On the 22d of February, six days after the surrender of Fort Donelson, Pope landed at the town of Commerce, Missouri, on the Mississippi River, with 140 men. On the 28th he was on the march at the head of 10,000, who had been sent him in the interim from St. Louis and Cairo. On the 3d of March, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, he appeared before the town of New Madrid with his whole force, to which further reënforcements were soon added, raising his army to about 20,000. It would have required but a few hours to cap-

* See communication from John Banvard in "Open Letters" of this number of THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

ture the place by assault; but the loss of life would have been great and the sacrifice virtually useless. It was the season of the early spring floods; the whole country was submerged, and the great river was at a very high stage between its levees. In addition to its earth-works and its garrison, New Madrid was guarded by a fleet of eight rebel gun-boats under command of Commodore George N. Hollins. The high water floated these vessels at such an elevation that their guns commanded every part of the town, and made its occupation by hostile troops impossible. Had Pope entered with his army, Hollins would have destroyed both town and troops at his leisure.

Pope therefore surrounded the place by siege-works in which he could protect his men; and sending a detachment to Point Pleasant on the river, nine miles below, secured a lodgment for batteries that closed the river to rebel transports and cut off the enemy's reënforcements and supplies. The movement proved effectual. Ten days later (March 13, 1862) the rebels evacuated New Madrid, leaving everything behind.

The Confederates now held Island No. 10 and the Tennessee shore; but their retreat was cut off by the swamps beyond and Pope's batteries below. The rebel gun-boat flotilla had retired down the river. Pope's forces held New Madrid and the Missouri shore, but they had neither transports nor gun-boats, and without these could not cross to the attack. In this dilemma Pope once more called upon Flag-Officer Foote to bring the Union fleet of gun-boats down the river, attack and silence the batteries of Island No. 10, and assist in capturing the rebel army, which his strategy had shut in a trap.

Foote, although commanding a fleet of nine Union gun-boats, objected that the difficulty and risk were too great. With all their formidable strength the gun-boats had two serious defects. Only their bows were protected by the heavier iron plating so as to be shot-proof; and their engines were not strong enough to back easily against the powerful current of the Mississippi. In their attacks on Forts Henry and Donelson they had fought up-stream; when disabled, the mere current carried them out of the enemy's reach. On the Mississippi this was reversed. Compelled to fight down-stream, they would, if disabled, be carried irresistibly directly to the enemy. A bombardment at long range from both gun and mortar boats had proved ineffectual to silence the rebel batteries. Pope's expedition seemed destined to prove fruitless, when a new expedient was the occasion of success.

The project of a canal to turn Island No. 10 was again revived. The floods of the Mississippi, pouring through breaks in the levees, inundated the surrounding country. Colonel Bissell of the engineer regiment, returning in a canoe with a guide from his unsuccessful visit to secure Foote's coöperation, learned that a bayou, from two and a half to three miles west of the Mississippi, ran irregularly to the south-west from the neighborhood of Island No. 8, the station of the Union gun-boat flotilla, to its junction with the river at New Madrid, a distance of twelve miles. An open corn-field and an opening in the woods, which marked the course of an old road, suggested to him the possibility of connecting the river with the bayou; but between the end of the road and the bayou lay a belt of heavy timber two miles in width.* How could he get a fleet of vessels over the ground thickly covered by trees of every size, from a sapling to a forest veteran three feet in diameter, whose roots stood six or seven feet under water? Modern mechanical appliances are not easily baffled by natural obstacles. Six hundred skillful mechanics working with the aid of steam and machinery, and directed by American inventive ingenuity, brought the wonder to pass. In a few days Colonel Bissell had a line of four light-draught steamboats and six coal-barges† crossing the corn-field and entering the open road. Great saws, bent in the form of an arc and fastened to frames swinging on pivots, severed the tree-trunks four and a half feet under water; ropes, pulleys, and capstans hauled the encumbering débris out of the path. In eight days the amphibious fleet was in the bayou. Here were new difficulties—to clean away the dams of accumulated and entangled drift-wood. In a few days more Bissell's boats and barges were ready to emerge into the Mississippi at New Madrid, but yet kept prudently concealed. Two gun-boats were needed to protect the transports in crossing troops. The sagacious judgment of Foote and the heroism of his subordinates supplied these at the opportune moment. Captain Walke of the *Carondelet* volunteered to run the batteries at Island No. 10; and now that the risk was justified, the flag-officer consented. On the night of the 4th of April, after the moon had gone down, the gun-boat *Carondelet*, moving with as little noise as

* See the article "Sawing Out the Channel Above Island No. 10" by J. W. Bissell in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (N. Y.: The Century Co.), Vol. I., p. 460.

† The barges used were coal-barges, about eighty feet long and twenty wide, scow-shaped, with both ends alike. The sides were six inches thick, and of solid timber. [J. W. Bissell. *Ibid.*]

possible, swung into the stream from her moorings and started on her perilous voyage. It must have seemed an omen of success that a sudden thunder-storm with its additional gloom and noise came up to aid the attempt. The movement was unsuspected by the enemy till, by one of frequent flashes of lightning, the rebel sentries on the earth-works of Island No. 10 and the shore batteries opposite saw the huge turtle-shaped river craft stand out in vivid outline, to be in a second hidden again by the dense obscurity. Alarm cries rang out, musketry rattled, great guns resounded; the ship almost touched the shore in the drift of the crooked channel. But the Confederate guns could not be aimed amidst the swift succession of brilliant flash and total darkness. The rebel missiles flew wild, and a little after midnight the *Carondelet* lay unharmed at the New Madrid landing. Captain Walke had made the first successful experiment in a feat of daring and skill that was many times repeated after he had demonstrated its possibility.

The gun-boat *Pittsburgh*, also running past the rebel batteries at night, joined the *Carondelet* at New Madrid on the morning of April 7, and the problem of Pope's difficulties was solved. When he crossed his troops over the river by help of his gun-boats and transports, formidable attack was no longer necessary. Island No. 10 had surrendered to Flag-Officer Foote that morning, and the several rebel garrisons were using their utmost endeavors to effect a retreat southward. Pope easily intercepted their movement: on that and the following day he received the surrender of three general officers and six or seven thousand Confederate troops.

As General Pope's victory had been gained without loss or demoralization, he prepared immediately to push his operations farther south. "If transportation arrives to-morrow or next day," telegraphed Assistant-Secretary Scott, who was with him at New Madrid, "we shall have Memphis within ten days." Halleck responded with the promise of ten large steamers to carry troops, and other suggestions indicating his approval of the movement "down the river." In the same dispatch Halleck gave news of the Union victory at Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee River, and announced his intention to proceed thither, and asked Assistant-Secretary Scott to meet him at Cairo for consultation. The meeting took place on the 10th of April, by which time Halleck had become more impressed with the severity and the perils of the late battle on the Tennessee; for Scott asks the Washington authorities whether a reënforcement of 20,000 or 30,000 men cannot be sent from the East to make good the loss. This conference probably originated the idea that soon interrupted the successful river operations, by withdrawing the army under Pope. Reënforcements could not be spared from the East, and Pope's army became the next resource. For the present, however, there was a continuation of the first plan. Pope's preliminary orders for embarkation were issued on the 10th, and on the 14th the combined land and naval forces which had reduced Island No. 10 reached Fort Pillow. Its works were found to be strong and extensive. The overflow of the whole country rendered land operations difficult; it was estimated that it would require two weeks to turn the position and reduce the works. Meanwhile information was obtained that Van Dorn's rebel army from Arkansas was about to reënforce Beauregard at Corinth. In view of all this, Assistant-Secretary Scott asked the question: "If General Pope finds, after careful examination, that he cannot capture Fort Pillow within ten days, had he not better reënforce General Halleck immediately, and let Commodore Foote continue to blockade below until forces can be returned and the position be turned by General Halleck beating Beauregard and marching upon Memphis from Corinth?" Before an answer came from the War Department at Washington, Halleck, who had for several days been with the army on the Tennessee River, decided the question for himself and telegraphed to Pope (April 15), "Move with your army to this place, leaving troops enough with Commodore Foote to land and hold Fort Pillow, should the enemy's forces withdraw." At the same time he sent the following suggestion to Flag-Officer Foote:

> I have ordered General Pope's army to this place, but I think you had best continue the bombardment of Fort Pillow; and if the enemy should abandon it, take possession or go down the river, as you may deem best. General Pope will leave forces enough to occupy any fortifications that may be taken.

The plan was forthwith carried into effect. The transports, instead of disembarking Pope's troops to invest Fort Pillow, were turned northward, and steaming up the Mississippi to Cairo, thence to Paducah, and from Paducah up the Tennessee River, landed the whole of Pope's army, except two regiments, at Pittsburg Landing on the 22d of April.

The flotilla under Foote and the two regiments left behind continued in front of Fort Pillow, keeping up a show of attack, by a bombardment from one of the mortar-boats and such reconnaissances as the little handful of troops could venture, to discover, if possible, some weak point in the enemy's defenses. On the other hand, the Confederates, watching what they thought a favorable opportunity,

brought up eight of their gun-boats and made a spirited attack on the Union vessels on the morning of May 10. In a short combat two of the Union gun-boats, which bore the brunt of the onset, were seriously disabled, though not until they had inflicted such damage on three Confederate vessels that they drifted helplessly out of the fight; after which the remainder of the rebel flotilla retired from the encounter. For nearly a month after this preliminary gun-boat battle the river operations, though full of exciting daily incident, were marked by no important historical event. Mention, however, needs to be here made of a change in the control of the Union fleet. Commodore Foote had been wounded in the ankle during his attack on Fort Donelson, and his injury now caused him so much suffering and exhaustion of strength that he was compelled to relinquish his command. He took leave of his flotilla on the 9th of May, and was succeeded by Commodore Charles H. Davis, who from that time onward had charge of the gun-boat operations on the upper Mississippi.

THE SHILOH CAMPAIGN.

THE fall of Fort Donelson hastened, almost to a panic, the retreat of the Confederates from other points. By that surrender about one-third of their fighting force in Tennessee vanished from the campaign, while their whole web of strategy was instantly dissolved. The full possession of the Tennessee River by the Union gun-boats for the moment hopelessly divided the Confederate commands, and like a flushed covey of birds the rebel generals started on their several lines of retreat without concert or rallying point. Albert Sidney Johnston, the department commander, moved south-east towards Chattanooga, abandoning Nashville to its fate; while Beauregard, left to his own discretion and resources, took measures to effect the evacuation of Columbus so as to save its armament and supplies, and then proceeded to the railroad crossings of northern Mississippi to collect and organize a new army.

It is now evident that if the Union forces could have been promptly moved forward in harmonious combination, with the facility which the opening of the Tennessee River afforded them, such an advance might have been made, and such strategic points gained and held, as would have saved at least an entire year of campaign and battle in the West. Unfortunately this great advantage was not seized, and in the condition of affairs could not be; and a delay of a fortnight or more enabled the insurgents to renew the confidence and gather the forces to establish another line farther to the south, and again to interpose a formidable resistance. One cause of this inefficiency and delay of the Union commanders may be easily gleaned from the dispatches interchanged by them within a few days succeeding the fall of Fort Donelson, and which, aside from their military bearings, form an interesting study of human nature.

General Buell, from his comfortable headquarters at Louisville, writes (February 17, 1862) that since the reënforcements (Nelson's division) started by him to assist at Fort Donelson are no longer needed, he has ordered them back. "The object of both our forces," he continues, "is, directly or indirectly, to strike at the power of the rebellion in its most vital point within our field. Nashville appears clearly, I think, to be that point." He thought further that heavy reënforcements would soon be thrown into it by the rebels. The leisurely manner in which he expected to strike at this heart of the rebellion appears from these words, in the same letter:

> To depend on wagons at this season for a large force seems out of the question, and I fear it may be two weeks before I can get a bridge over the Barren River, so as to use the railroad beyond. I shall endeavor, however, to make an advance in less or much force before that time. . . . Let me hear your views.

Halleck, at St. Louis, was agitated by more rapid emotions. Watching the distant and dangerous campaign under Curtis in south-western Missouri, beginning another of mingled hazard and brilliant promise under Pope on the Mississippi, beset by perplexities of local administration, flushed to fever heat by the unexpected success of Grant, his mind ran forward eagerly to new prospects. "I am not satisfied with present success," he telegraphed Sherman. "We must now prepare for a still more important movement. You will not be forgotten in this." But this preparation seems, in his mind, to have involved something more than orders from himself.

Before he received the news of the surrender of Fort Donelson he became seriously alarmed lest the rebels, using their river transportation, might rapidly concentrate, attack Grant in the rear, crush him before succor could reach him, and, returning quickly, be as ready as before to confront and oppose Buell. Even after the surrender Halleck manifests a continuing fear that some indefinite concentration will take place, and a quick reprisal be executed by a formidable expedition against Paducah or Cairo. His overstrained appeals to Buell for help do not seem justified in the full light of history. An undertone of suggestion and demand indicates that this urgency, ostensibly based on his patriotic eagerness for success, was not wholly free from personal ambition.

We have seen how when he heard of Grant's victory he generously asked that Buell, Grant, and Pope be made major-generals of volunteers, and with equal generosity to himself broadly added, "and give me command in the West." He could not agree with Buell that Nashville was the most vital point of the rebellion in the West, and that heavy rebel reënforcements would be thrown into it from all quarters east and south. Halleck develops his idea with great earnestness in replying to that suggestion from Buell. He says:

To remove all questions as to rank, I have asked the President to make you a major-general. Come down to the Cumberland and take command. The battle of the West is to be fought in that vicinity. You should be in it as the ranking general in immediate command. Don't hesitate. Come to Clarksville as rapidly as possible. Say that you will come, and I will have everything there for you. Beauregard threatens to attack either Cairo or Paducah; I must be ready for him. Don't stop any troops ordered down the Ohio. We want them all. You shall have them back in a few days. Assistant-Secretary of War Scott left here this afternoon to confer with you. He knows my plans and necessities. I am terribly hard pushed. Help me, and I will help you. Hunter has acted nobly, generously, bravely. Without his aid I should have failed before Fort Donelson. Honor to him. We came within an ace of being defeated. If the fragments which I sent down had not reached there on Saturday we should have gone in. A retreat at one time seemed almost inevitable. All right now. Help me to carry it out. Talk freely with Scott. It is evident to me that you and McClellan did not at last accounts appreciate the strait I have been in. I am certain you will when you understand it all. Help me, I beg of you. Throw all your troops in the direction of the Cumberland. Don't stop any one ordered here. You will not regret it. There will be no battle at Nashville.

In answer to an inquiry from Assistant-Secretary Scott, he explains further:

I mean that Buell should move on Clarksville with his present column: there unite his Kentucky army and move up the Cumberland, while I act on the Tennessee. We should then be able to coöperate.

This proposal was entirely judicious; but in Halleck's mind it was subordinated to another consideration, namely: that he should exercise superior command in the West. Again he telegraphed to McClellan (February 19), "Give it [the Western division] to me, and I will split secession in twain in one month." The same confidence is also expressed to Buell, in a simultaneous dispatch to Assistant-Secretary Scott, who was with Buell. "If General Buell will come down and help me with all possible haste we can end the war in the West in less than a month." A day later Halleck becomes almost peremptory in a dispatch to McClellan: "I must have command of the armies in the West. Hesitation and delay are losing us the golden opportunity. Lay this before the President and Secretary of War. May I assume the command? Answer quickly."

To this direct interrogatory McClellan replied in the negative. The request, to say the least of it, was somewhat presumptuous, and hardly of proper tone to find ready acquiescence from a military superior. In this case, however, it was also calculated to rouse a twofold instinct of jealousy. Buell was a warm personal friend of McClellan, and the latter could not be expected to diminish the opportunities or endanger the chances of his favorite. But more important yet was the question how this sudden success in Halleck's department, and the extension of command and power so boldly demanded, might affect McClellan's own standing and authority. He was yet General-in-Chief, but the Administration was dissatisfied at his inaction, and the President had already indicated, in the general war order requiring all the armies of the United States to move on the 22d of February, that his patience had a limit. McClellan did not believe that the army under his own immediate care and command would be ready to fulfill the President's order. Should he permit a rival to arise in the West and grasp a great victory before he could move?

An hour after midnight McClellan answered Halleck as follows:

Buell at Bowling Green knows more of the state of affairs than you at St. Louis. Until I hear from him I cannot see necessity of giving you entire command. I expect to hear from Buell in a few minutes. I do not yet see that Buell cannot control his own line. I shall not lay your request before the Secretary until I hear definitely from Buell.

Halleck did not feel wholly baffled by the unfavorable response. That day he received a dispatch from Stanton, who said:

Your plan of organization has been transmitted to me by Mr. Scott and strikes me very favorably, but on account of the domestic affliction of the President I have not yet been able to submit it to him. The brilliant result of the energetic action in the West fills the nation with joy.

Encouraged by this friendly tone from the Secretary of War, Halleck ventured a final appeal:

One whole week has been lost already by hesitation and delay. There was, and I think there still is, a golden opportunity to strike a fatal blow, but I can't do it unless I can control Buell's army. I am perfectly willing to act as General McClellan dictates or to take any amount of responsibility. To succeed we must be prompt. I have explained everything to General McClellan and Assistant-Secretary Scott. There is not a moment to be lost. Give me authority and I will be responsible for results.

Doubtless Halleck felt that the fates were against him, for the reply chilled his lingering hopes:

Your telegram of yesterday, together with Mr. Scott's reports, have this morning been submitted to the Pres-

ident, who, after full consideration of the subject, does not think any change in the organization of the army or the military departments at present advisable. He desires and expects you and General Buell to coöperate fully and zealously with each other, and would be glad to know whether there has been any failure of coöperation in any particular.

Mr. Lincoln had been watching by the bedside of his dying son, and in his overwhelming grief probably felt disinclined to touch this new vexation of military selfishness — a class of questions from which he always shrank with the utmost distaste; besides, we shall see in due time how the President's momentary decision turned upon much more comprehensive changes already in contemplation.

Before McClellan's refusal to enlarge Halleck's command, he had indicated that his judgment and feelings were both with Buell. Thus he telegraphed the latter on February 20:

Halleck says Columbus reënforced from New Orleans, and steam up on their boats ready for move — probably on Cairo. Wishes to withdraw some troops from Donelson. I tell him improbable that rebels are reënforced from New Orleans or attack Cairo. Think [they] will abandon Columbus. . . . How soon can you be in front of Nashville, and in what force? What news of the rebels? If the force in West can take Nashville, or even hold its own for the present, I hope to have Richmond and Norfolk in from three to four weeks.

He sent a similar dispatch to Halleck, in which he pointed out Nashville as the pressing objective:

Buell has gone to Bowling Green. I will be in communication with him in a few minutes, and we will then arrange. The fall of Clarksville confirms my views. I think Cairo is not in danger, and we must now direct our efforts on Nashville. The rebels hold firm at Manassas. In less than two weeks I shall move the army of the Potomac, and hope to be in Richmond soon after you are in Nashville. I think Columbus will be abandoned within a week. We will have a desperate battle on this line.

While the three generals were discussing high strategy and grand campaigns by telegraph, and probably deliberating with more anxiety the possibilities of personal fame, the simple soldiering of Grant and Foote was solving some of the problems that confused scientific hypothesis. They quietly occupied Clarksville, which the enemy abandoned; and even while preparing to do so, Grant suggested in his dispatch of February 19, "If it is the desire of the general commanding department, I can have Nashville on Saturday week." Foote repeated the suggestion in a dispatch of February 21, but the coveted permission did not come in time.

Meanwhile Buell, having gone to Bowling Green to push forward his railroad bridge, and hearing of the fall of Clarksville and the probable abandonment of Nashville, moved on by forced marches with a single division, reaching the Cumberland opposite the city on the 25th. The enemy had burned the bridge and he could not cross; but almost simultaneously he witnessed the arrival of steamboats bringing General Nelson's division, which immediately landed and occupied the place. This officer and his troops, after several varying orders, were finally sent up the Cumberland to Grant, and ordered forward by him to occupy Nashville and join Buell. It was a curious illustration of dramatic justice that the struggle of the generals over the capture of the place should end in the possession of Nashville by the troops of Buell under the orders of Grant, whose name had not once been mentioned by the contending commanders.

For a few days succeeding the occupation of Nashville news and rumors of what the rebels were doing were very conflicting, and none of the Union commanders suggested any definite campaign. On February 26 Halleck ordered preparations for a movement up either the Tennessee or the Cumberland, as events might require; but for two days he could not determine which. Finally, on the 1st of March, he sent distinct orders to Grant to command an expedition up the Tennessee River, to destroy the railroad and cut the telegraph at Eastport, Corinth, Jackson, and Humboldt. This was to be, not a permanent army advance, but a temporary raid by gun-boats and troops on transports; all of which, after effecting what local destruction they could, were to return — the whole movement being merely auxiliary to the operations then in progress against New Madrid and Island No. 10, designed to hasten the fall of Columbus. It turned out that the preparations could not be made as quickly as Halleck had hoped; the delay arising, not from the fault or neglect of any officer, but mainly from the prevailing and constantly increasing floods in the Western waters, and especially from damage to telegraph lines that seriously hindered the prompt transmission of communications and orders. Out of this latter condition there also grew the episode of a serious misunderstanding between Halleck and Grant, which threatened to obscure the new and brilliant fame which the latter was earning.

Only a moment of vexation and ill temper can account for the harsh accusation Halleck sent to Washington, that Grant had left his post without leave, that he had failed to make reports, that he and his army were demoralized by the Donelson victory. Reply came back that generals must observe discipline as well as privates. "Do not hesitate to arrest him [Grant] at once," added McClellan, "if

the good of the service requires it, and place C. F. Smith in command." Halleck immediately acted on the suggestion, ordered Grant to remain at Fort Henry, and gave the proposed Tennessee expedition to Smith. Grant obeyed, and at first explained, with an admirable control of temper, that he had not been in fault. Later on, however, feeling himself wronged, he several times asked to be relieved from duty. By this time Halleck was convinced that he had unjustly accused Grant and as peremptorily declined to relieve him, and ordered him to resume his former general command. "Instead of relieving you," he added, "I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the immediate command and lead it on to new victories." In truth, while neither general had been unjust by intention, both had been blamable in conduct. Grant violated technical discipline in leaving his command without permission; Halleck, with undue haste, preferred an accusation which further information proved to be groundless. It is to the credit of both that they dismissed the incipient quarrel and with new zeal and generous confidence immediately joined in hearty public service.

While the Grant-Halleck controversy and preparations for the Tennessee River expedition were both still in progress, the military situation was day by day slowly defining itself, though as yet without very specific action or conclusion. Buell, becoming satisfied that the enemy had no immediate intention to return and attack him at Nashville, inquired on March 3 of Halleck: "What can I do to aid your operations against Columbus?" To this Halleck replied on the 4th with the information that Columbus had been evacuated, and asked, "Why not come to the Tennessee and operate with me to cut Johnston's line with Memphis, Randolph, and New Madrid?" Without committing himself definitely, Buell answered on the 6th, merely proposing that they should meet at Louisville to discuss details. Halleck, however, unable to spare the time, held tenaciously to his proposition, informing Assistant-Secretary Scott, at Cairo, of the situation in these words:

> I telegraphed to General Buell to reënforce me as strongly as possible at or near Savannah [Tennessee]. Their line of defense is now an oblique one, extending from Island No. 10 to Decatur or Chattanooga. Having destroyed the railroad and bridges in his rear, Johnston cannot return to Nashville. We must again pierce his center at Savannah or Florence. Buell should move immediately, and not come in too late, as he did at Donelson.

Feeling instinctively that he could get no effective voluntary help from Buell, Halleck turned again to McClellan, informing him of his intended expedition up the Tennessee River, that he had directed a landing to be made at Savannah, that he had sent intrenching tools, and would push forward reënforcements as rapidly as possible. On the following day, however, reporting the strength of Grant's forces, he said: "You will perceive from this that without Buell's aid I am too weak for operations on the Tennessee." The information received by him during the next twenty-four hours that Curtis had won a splendid victory at the battle of Pea Ridge in Arkansas made a favorable change in his resources, and he explains his views and intentions to McClellan with more confidence:

> Reserves intended to support General Curtis will now be drawn in as rapidly as possible and sent to the Tennessee. I propose going there in a few days. That is now the great strategic line of the Western campaign, and I am surprised that General Buell should hesitate to reënforce me. He was too late at Fort Donelson, as Hunter has been in Arkansas. I am obliged to make my calculations independent of both. Believe me, general, you make a serious mistake in having three independent commands in the West. There never will and never can be any coöperation at the critical moment; all military history proves it. You will regret your decision against me on this point. Your friendship for individuals has influenced your judgment. Be it so. I shall soon fight a great battle on the Tennessee unsupported, as it seems; but if successful, it will settle the campaign in the West.

We may also conclude that another element of the confidence that prompted his language was the intimation lately received from the Secretary of War, who three days before had asked him to state "the limits of a military department that would place all the Western operations you deem expedient under your command." In fact, events in the East as well as in the West were culminating that rather suddenly ended existing military conditions. The naval battle between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and the almost simultaneous evacuation of Manassas Junction by the rebel forces in Virginia, broke the long inactivity of the Army of the Potomac.

We cannot better illustrate how intently Mr. Lincoln was watching army operations, both in the East and the West, than by quoting his dispatch of March 10 to Buell:

> The evidence is very strong that the enemy in front of us here is breaking up and moving off. General McClellan is after him. Some part of the force may be destined to meet you. Look out, and be prepared. I telegraphed Halleck, asking him to assist you if needed.

McClellan's aimless march to capture a few scarecrow sentinels and quaker guns in the deserted rebel field-works, which had been his nightmare for half a year, afforded the opportunity for a redistribution of military leader-

ships, which the winter's experience plainly dictated. Slow and cautious in maturing his decisions, President Lincoln was prompt to announce them when they were once reached. On the 11th of March he issued his War Order No. 3, one of his most far-reaching acts of military authority. It relieved McClellan from the duties of General-in-Chief of all the armies, and sent him to the field charged with the single object of conducting the campaign against Richmond. This made possible a new combination for the West, and the same order united the three Western departments (as far east as Knoxville, Tennessee) under the command of Halleck. Under this arrangement was fought the great battle on the Tennessee that Halleck predicted, giving the Union arms a victory the decisive influence of which was felt throughout the remainder of the war; a success, however, due mainly to the gallantry of the troops, and not to any genius or brilliant generalship of Halleck or his subordinate commanders.

The Tennessee River expedition under Smith, which started on March 10, made good its landing at Savannah, and on the 14th Smith sent Sherman with a division on nineteen steamboats, preceded by gun-boats, to ascend the river towards Eastport and begin the work of destroying railroad communications, which had been the original object of the whole movement. Sherman made a landing to carry out his orders; but this was the season of spring freshets. A storm of rain and snow changed every ravine and rivulet to a torrent; the Tennessee River rose fifteen feet in twenty-four hours, covering most steamboat landings with deep water; and the intended raid by land and water was reduced to a mere river reconnaissance, which proved the enemy to be in considerable force about Iuka and Corinth, covering and guarding the important railroad crossings and communications. Sherman felt himself compelled to return to Pittsburg Landing, on the west bank of the Tennessee, nine miles above Savannah, which was on the east bank. The place was already well known to both armies, for a skirmish had occurred there on the 1st of March between Union gun-boats and a rebel regiment.

It would seem that General Smith had fixed upon Pittsburg Landing as an available point from which to operate more at leisure upon the enemy's railroad communications, and hence had already sent Hurlbut's division thither, which Sherman found there on his return. The place was not selected as a battle-field, nor as a base of operations for a campaign, but merely to afford a temporary lodgment for raids upon the railroads. By a silent and gradual change of conditions, however, the intention and essential features of the whole Tennessee River movement underwent a complete transformation. What was begun as a provisional expedition became a strategic central campaign; and what was chosen for an outpost of detachments was almost imperceptibly turned into a principal point of concentration, and became, by the unexpected assault of the enemy, one of the hardest-fought battle-fields of the whole war.

Halleck assumed command of his combined departments by general orders dated March 13, and after explaining once more to Buell that all his available force not required to defend Nashville should be sent up the Tennessee, he telegraphed him on the 16th of March:

> Move your forces by land to the Tennessee as rapidly as possible. . . . Grant's army is concentrating at Savannah. You must direct your march on that point so that the enemy cannot get between us.

The combined campaign thus set in motion was wise in conception, but its preliminary execution proved lamentably weak; and the blame is justly attributable, in about equal measure, to Halleck, Buell, and Grant. For a few days Halleck's orders were decided and firm; then there followed a slackening of opinion and a variance of direction that came near making a disastrous wreck of the whole enterprise. His positive orders to Buell to move as rapidly as possible and to concentrate at Savannah were twice repeated on the 17th; but on the 26th he directed him to concentrate at Savannah or Eastport, and on the 29th to concentrate at Savannah or Pittsburg, while on April 5 he pointedly consented to a concentration at Waynesborough. This was inexcusable uncertainty in the combinations of a great strategist, who complained that "hesitation and delay are losing us the golden opportunity." These were the timid steps of a blind man feeling his way, and not the firm strides of a leader who promised to "split secession in twain in one month."

It can hardly be claimed that Buell's march fulfilled the injunction to move "as rapidly as possible." When his advanced division reached Duck River at Columbia on the 18th it found that stream swollen and the bridge destroyed, and set itself to the task of building a new frame bridge with a deliberateness better befitting the leisure of peace than the pressing hurry of war. Buell arrived in person at Columbia on the 26th.* He manifested his own dissatisfaction with the delay by ordering the construction of another bridge, this time of pontoons, which was completed simultaneously with the first on March 30.

* Buell in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I., p. 491.

Still further delay was projected by a proposition to halt for concentration at Waynesborough. It must be said in justice to Buell, that Halleck did not complain of the slow bridge-building at Columbia, and that he consented to the concentration at Waynesborough. Had it taken place, Buell's army would again have been "too late" for a great battle. The excuse offered, that Buell supposed the Union army to be safe on the east bank of the Tennessee at Savannah, can scarcely be admitted; for on the 23d Buell received a letter from Grant which said:

I am massing troops at Pittsburg, Tennessee. There is every reason to suppose that the rebels have a large force at Corinth, Mississippi, and many at other points on the road towards Decatur.

This information, which Buell considered of no importance, appears to have excited the serious attention of General William Nelson, one of Buell's division commanders, who, already impatient at the tardy bridge-building, read the signs of danger in the conditions about him with a truer military instinct. Nelson finally obtained permission to ford the now falling waters of Duck River, crossed his division on the 29th and 30th, and began the march over the ninety miles remaining to be traversed with an enthusiasm and impetuosity that swept the whole army past the proposed halting-place at Waynesborough, bringing his own division to Savannah on the 5th, and others on the 6th, of April.

It reflects no credit on General Halleck or General Grant that during the interim of Buell's march the advanced post of Pittsburg Landing had been left in serious peril. Halleck was busy at St. Louis collecting reënforcements to send to Grant, with the announced intention to proceed to the field and take personal command on the Tennessee River. This implied a delay demanding either the concentration of the whole army at Savannah, as originally ordered by him, behind the safe barrier of the Tennessee, or strong fortifications for the exposed position of Pittsburg Landing, on the west bank. On the other hand, Grant, resuming his general command in person on March 17, and finding his five divisions separated, three at Savannah and two at Pittsburg Landing,— nine miles apart, with a river between them,— properly took alarm and immediately united them; but in doing this he committed the evident fault of defying danger by choosing the advanced position and of neglecting to raise the slightest intrenchments to protect his troops — which were without means of rapid retreat — against a possible assault from an enemy only twenty miles distant, and according to his own reports at all times his equal if not his superior in numbers. But one cause can be assigned for this palpable imprudence. Well instructed in the duties of an officer under orders, he was just beginning his higher education as a leader of armies, and he was about to receive the most impressive lesson of his very strange career.

It has been already stated that after the fall of Fort Donelson the rebel commanders fled southward in confusion and dismay. We have the high authority and calm judgment of General Grant, in the mature experience and reflection of after years, that "if one general who would have taken the responsibility had been in command of all the troops west of the Alleghanies, he could have marched to Chattanooga, Corinth, Memphis, and Vicksburg with the troops we then had"; * but the Secessionists of the South-west were still in the fervor of their early enthusiasm, and recovered rapidly from the stupefaction of unexpected disaster. In the delay of four or five weeks that the divided ambition and over-cautious hesitation of the Union generals afforded them, they had renewed their courage, and united and reënforced their scattered armies. The separation of the armies of Johnston from those of Beauregard, which seemed irreparable when the Tennessee River was opened, had not been maintained by the prompt advance that everybody pointed out but which nobody executed. By the 23d of March the two Confederate generals had once more, without opposition, effected a junction of their forces at and about Corinth, and thus reversed the pending military problem. In the last weeks of February it could have been the united Unionists pursuing the divided Confederates. In the last weeks of March it was the united Confederates preparing to attack the divided armies of Halleck and Buell. The whole situation and plan is summed up in the dispatch of General Albert Sidney Johnston to Jefferson Davis, dated April 3, 1862:

General Buell is in motion, 30,000 strong, rapidly from Columbia by Clifton to Savannah; Mitchell behind him with 10,000. Confederate forces, 40,000, ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg. Division from Bethel, main body from Corinth, reserve from Burnsville converge to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg. Beauregard second in command; Polk, left; Hardee, center; Bragg, right wing; Breckinridge, reserve. Hope engagement before Buell can form junction.

The Confederate march took place as projected, and on the evening of April 5 their joint forces went into bivouac two miles from the Union camps. That evening also the Confederate commanders held an informal conference. Beauregard became impressed with impending defeat; their march had been slow, the rations they carried were exhausted, and

* Grant, "Personal Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 317.

their extra rations and ammunition were not yet at hand. They could no longer hope to effect the complete surprise that was an essential feature of their plan. Beauregard advised a change of programme — to abandon the projected attack and convert the movement into a "reconnaissance in force." General Johnston listened, but refused his assent, and orders were given to begin the battle next morning. No suspicion of such a march or attack entered the mind of any Union officer; and that same day Grant reported to Halleck, "The main force of the enemy is at Corinth."

The natural position occupied by the Union forces is admitted to have been unusually strong. The Tennessee River here runs nearly north. North of the camps, Snake Creek with an affluent, Owl Creek, formed a barrier stretching from the river bank in general direction towards the south-west. South of the camps, Lick Creek and river sloughs also formed an impassable obstruction for a considerable distance next to the Tennessee. The river on the east, and Snake and Owl creeks on the west, thus inclosed a high triangular plateau with sides three or four miles in length, crossed and intersected to some extent by smaller streams and ravines, though generally open towards the south. The roads from Pittsburg Landing towards Corinth followed the main ridge, also towards the south-west. A network of other roads, very irregular in direction, ran from the Corinth roads to various points in the neighborhood. Alternate patches of timber, thick undergrowth, and open fields covered the locality. Two miles from Pittsburg Landing, on one of the Corinth roads, stood a log meeting-house, called Shiloh Church, which was destined to become the center of the battle-field and to give its name to the conflict.

Three of Grant's divisions were camped in an irregular line from Lick Creek to Owl Creek, closing the open side of the triangular plateau — Sherman's division in the center, near Shiloh Church; Prentiss to his left, towards the Tennessee River and somewhat in advance; McClernand to the right, towards Owl Creek and somewhat in rear. Half-way back from Shiloh Church to Pittsburg Landing were camped the divisions of Hurlbut and of Smith, the latter now commanded — owing to Smith's illness — by W. H. L. Wallace. Another division, under General Lew. Wallace, had been left at Crump's Landing, six miles to the north, as a guard against rebel raids, which threatened to gain possession of the banks of the Tennessee at that point to destroy the river communications. Grant had apprehensions of a raid of this character and cautioned his officers against it, an admonition that was the basis of such alertness and vigilance as had existed for several days.

Most of the particulars of the battle that followed will probably always form a subject of dispute. There were no combined or dramatic movements of masses that can be analyzed and located. The Union army had no prepared line of defense; three lines in which the rebel army had been arranged for the attack became quickly broken and mingled with one another. On the Union side the irregular alignment of the camps and the precipitancy of the attack compelled the formation of whatever line of battle could be most hurriedly improvised. General Force says:

> A combat made up of numberless separate encounters of detached portions of broken lines, continually shifting position and changing direction in the forest and across ravines, filling an entire day, is almost incapable of a connected narrative.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 6, 1862, the rebel lines moved forward to the attack. The time required to pass the intervening two miles, and the preliminary skirmishes with Union pickets and a reconnoitering Union regiment that began the fight, gradually put the whole Union front on the alert; and when the main lines closed with each other, the divisions of Prentiss, Sherman, and McClernand were sufficiently in position to offer a stubborn resistance. The Confederates found themselves foiled in the easy surprise and confusion that they had counted upon. It would be a tedious waste of time to attempt to follow the details of the fight, which, thus begun before sunrise, continued till near sunset.

Along the labyrinth of the local roads, over the mixed patchwork of woods, open fields, and almost impenetrable thickets, across stretches of level, broken by miry hollows and abrupt ravines, the swinging lines of conflict moved intermittently throughout the entire day. There was onset and repulse, yell of assault and cheer of defiance, screeching of shells and sputtering of volleys, advance and retreat. But steadily through the fluctuating changes the general progress was northward, the rebels gaining and pushing their advance, the Unionists stubbornly resisting, but little by little losing their ground. It was like the flux and reflux of ocean breakers, dashing themselves with tireless repetition against a yielding, crumbling shore. Beauregard, to whom the Confederate commander had committed the general direction of the battle, several times during the day advanced his headquarters from point to point, following the steady progress of his lines. The time consumed and the lists of dead and wounded are sufficient evidence of the brave conduct of officers and

the gallant courage of men on both sides. On the Union side the divisions of Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace had early been brought forward to sustain those of Prentiss, Sherman, and McClernand. It was, to a degree seldom witnessed in a battle, the slow and sustained struggle, through an entire day, of one whole army against another whole army. The five Union divisions engaged in the battle of Sunday numbered 33,000.* The total force of the Confederates attacking them was 40,000.

It was in the latter half of the afternoon that the more noteworthy incidents of the contest took place. The first of these was the death of the Confederate commander, General Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell personally leading the charge of a brigade.† The knowledge of the loss was carefully kept from the Confederate army, and the management on their side of the conflict was not thereby impaired, because Beauregard had been mainly intrusted with it from the beginning. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon a serious loss fell upon the Unionists. General Prentiss, commanding the Sixth Division, and General W. H. L. Wallace, commanding the Third Division, whose united lines had held one of the key-points of the Federal left since 9 o'clock in the forenoon against numerous and well-concentrated assaults of the enemy, found that the withdrawal of troops both on the right and the left produced gaps that offered an opening to the enemy. Prentiss had been instructed by General Grant to hold his position at all hazards, and consulting with Wallace they determined to obey the order notwithstanding the now dangerous exposure. But the enemy seized the advantage; they quickly found themselves enveloped and surrounded; only portions of their command succeeded in cutting their way out; Wallace was mortally wounded, and Prentiss and fragments of the two divisions, numbering 2200 men, were taken prisoners.

This wholesale capture left a wide opening in the left of the Federal lines, and probably would have given the victory to the rebels but for another circumstance which somewhat compensated for so abrupt a diminution of the Union forces. The Union lines had now been swept back more than a mile and a half, and the rebel attack was approaching the main Corinth road, running from Pittsburg Landing along the principal ridge, which here lay nearly at a right angle to the river. Colonel Webster of General Grant's staff, noting the steady retreat of the Union lines and foreseeing that the advancing attack of the enemy would eventually reach this ridge, busied himself to post a line of artillery — from thirty-five to fifty guns — along the crest, gathering whatever was available, among which were several heavy pieces. To man and support this extemporized battery he organized and posted, in conjunction with Hurlbut's division, such fragments of troops as had become useless at the front. To reach the crest of this ridge and this line of hastily planted cannon the enemy was obliged to cross a deep, broad hollow, extending to the river and partly filled with back-water. The topography of the place was such that the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington* were also stationed in the Tennessee, abreast the valley and sheet of back-water, and their guns were thus enabled to assist the line of cannon on the ridge by a cross-fire of shells.

General Grant had passed the previous night at Savannah, where he had become aware of the arrival of the advance brigades of Nelson's division of Buell's army on the same day (April 5). He started by boat to Pittsburg Landing early Sunday morning, having heard the firing but not regarding it as an attack in force. Arrived there he became a witness of the serious nature of the attack, and remained on the battle-field, visiting the various division commanders and giving such orders as the broken and fluctuating course of the conflict suggested. But the defense, begun in uncertainty and haste before his arrival, could not thereafter be reduced to any order or system; it necessarily, all day long, merely followed the changes and the violence of the rebel attack. The blind and intricate battle-field offered little chance for careful planning; the haste and tumult of combat left no time for tactics. On neither side was the guidance of general command of much service; it was the division, brigade, and regimental commanders who fought the battle. About noon of Sunday General Grant began to have misgivings of the result, and dispatched a letter for help to Buell's forces at Savannah, saying, "If you will get upon the field, leaving all your baggage on the east bank of the

* Throughout the history of the War of the Rebellion there is a marked disagreement in the estimate of numbers engaged in battles, as stated by the Unionists on one side and the Confederates on the other. This variance comes from a different manner of reporting those "present for duty" in the two armies, out of which arises a systematic diminution of Confederates and increase of Federals in the statements of Confederate writers. General Force, in his admirable little book "From Fort Henry to Corinth," analyzes these methods of computation as applied to the battle of Shiloh, and arrives at the conclusion that the actual number of "combatants engaged in the battle" of Sunday was fully 40,000 Confederates and between 32,000 and 33,000 Unionists.

The reënforcements of Monday numbered, of Buell's army, about 20,000; Lew. Wallace's, 6500; and other regiments, about 1400.

† W. P. Johnston in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I., p. 504.

river, it will be more to our advantage, and possibly save the day to us." He also sent an order to General Lew. Wallace, at Crump's Landing, to hasten his division to the right of the army.

So far as the Confederates had any distinct plan of battle, it was merely the simple one of forcing the Federals away from the river to gain possession of Pittsburg Landing, cut off their means of retreat by seizing or destroying the transports, and compel Grant to capitulate. But the execution of this leading design was completely frustrated by the difficult nature of the ground and by the gallant resistance made by Prentiss and Wallace, who held their line on the Union left, unshaken and unmoved, from 9 o'clock in the forenoon until 5 o'clock in the evening. The principal advance made by the rebels was not next to the river, where they desired it, but on the Union right next to Owl Creek, where it was of least value. Even after they had captured the whole residue of Prentiss's and Wallace's divisions, and had cleared out that terrible center of the Union fire which they had ineffectually assaulted a dozen times, and which by bitter experience they themselves learned to know and designate as the "Hornets' Nest," and near which their Commander-in-Chief had fallen in death, they were not yet within reach of the coveted banks of Pittsburg Landing. Before them still yawned the broad valley, the back-water, the mire, the steep hills across which screeched the shells from the gunboats and from the long death-threatening line of Webster's reserve artillery, and behind which the bayonets of Hurlbut's division, yet solid in organization and strong in numbers, glinted in the evening sun. From Hurlbut's right the shattered but courageous remnants of the divisions of McClernand and Sherman stretched away in an unbroken line towards Owl Creek. Ground had been lost and ground had been won; the line of fire had moved a mile and a half to the north; the lines of combatants had been shortened from three miles in the morning to one mile in the evening; but now, after the day's conflict, when the sun approached his setting, the relations and the prospects of the bloody fight were but little changed. The Confederates held the field of battle, but the Unionists held their central position, their supplies, and their communications. The front of attack had become as weak as the front of defense. On each side from eight to ten thousand men had been lost, by death, wounds, and capture. From ten to fifteen thousand panic-stricken Union stragglers cowered under the shelter of the high river bank at Pittsburg Landing. From ten to fifteen thousand Confederate stragglers, some equally panic-stricken, others demoralized by the irresistible temptations of camp-pillage, encumbered the rear of Beauregard's army. The day was nearly gone and the battle was undecided.

A controversy has recently arisen as to the personal impressions and intentions of General Grant at this crisis. His "Memoirs" declare in substance that he was still so confident of victory that he gave orders that evening for a renewal of the fight on the following morning by a general attack. General Buell, on the other hand, makes a strong argument that the evidence is against this assumption.* It is possible, as in so many other cases, that the truth lies midway between the two statements. A famous newspaper correspondent who was on the battle-field made the following record of the affair long before this controversy arose:

> The tremendous roar to the left, momentarily nearer and nearer, told of an effort to cut him off from the river and from retreat. Grant sat his horse, quiet, thoughtful, almost stolid. Said one to him, "Does not the prospect begin to look gloomy?" "Not at all," was the quiet reply. "They can't force our lines around these batteries to-night — it is too late. Delay counts everything with us. To-morrow we shall attack them with fresh troops and drive them, of course."

The correspondent adds, in a note: "I was myself a listener to this conversation, and from it I date, in my own case at least, the beginning of any belief in Grant's greatness."†

As this writer was one of Grant's most candid critics, his testimony on this point is all the more valuable.

The turning-point was at length reached. Whatever may have been the much-disputed intentions and hopes of commanders at that critical juncture that were not expressed and recorded, or what might have been the possibilities and consequence of acts that were not attempted, it is worse than useless to discuss upon hypothesis. Each reader for himself must interpret the significance of the three closing incidents of that momentous Sunday, which occurred almost simultaneously.

Some of the rebel division commanders, believing that victory would be insured by one more desperate assault against the Union left to gain possession of Pittsburg Landing, made arrangements and gave orders for that object. It seems uncertain, however, whether the force could have been gathered and the movement made in any event. Only a single brigade made the attempt, and it was driven back in confusion. The officer of another

* Buell in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I., p. 523, *et seq.*

† Whitelaw Reid, "Ohio in the Civil War."

detachment refused the desperate service. Still others were overtaken in their preparation by orders from General Beauregard to withdraw the whole Confederate army from the fight, and to go into bivouac until the following day. Eager as was that commander for victory, the conclusion had been forced on his mind, that, for that day at least, it was not within the power of his army to complete their undertaking; and accordingly he directed that the fight should cease. He reached this determination not knowing that Buell had arrived, and still hoping that he would not arrive, even on the morrow.

In this hope Beauregard was disappointed. While yet his orders to retire from the combat were being executed, and before the last desperate charge of the rebels towards Webster's reserve artillery was beaten back, the vanguard of Nelson's division, which had marched from Savannah and had been ferried across the river by transports, was mounting the bank at Pittsburg Landing and deploying in line of battle under the enemy's fire, Ammen's fresh brigade first coming to the support of the line of Union guns. A few men out of the brigade fell by the rebel bullets, and then came twilight, and soon after the darkness of night. The tide of victory was effectually turned. Whatever the single army of Grant might or might not have accomplished on the following day against the army of Beauregard is only speculation. Beauregard's attack had been ordered discontinued before the actual presence of Buell's troops on the battle-field. Had the attack been continued, however, that opportune arrival would have rendered its success impossible.

After sunset of Sunday all chances of a rebel victory vanished. The remainder of Nelson's division immediately crossed the river and followed Ammen's brigade to the field. Crittenden's division was next placed in position during the night. Finally McCook's division reached Pittsburg Landing early Monday morning and promptly advanced to the front. General Buell, who had come before the vanguard on Sunday evening, in person directed the placing and preparation of these three superb divisions of his army — a total of about twenty thousand fresh, well-equipped, and well-drilled troops — to renew an offensive conflict along the left of the Federal line. On the Federal right was stationed the fresh division of General Lew. Wallace, numbering 6500, which had arrived from Crump's Landing a little after nightfall, and which took position soon after midnight of Sunday. Along the Federal right center, Grant's reduced divisions which had fought the battle of Sunday were gathered and reorganized, McClernand and Sherman in front, Hurlbut and the escaped remnants of W. H. L. Wallace's division, with some new detachments, in reserve. Grant and Buell met on Sunday evening and agreed to take the offensive jointly on Monday morning; Buell to command his three divisions on the left, Grant to direct his own forces on the right. No special plan was adopted other than simultaneously to drive the enemy from the field. The plan was carried out in harmony and with entire success. With only temporary checks, brought about by the too great impetuosity of the newly arrived reënforcements, the two wings of the Union army advanced steadily, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon were in possession of all the ground from which they had been driven on the previous day; while the rebel army was in full retreat upon Corinth — foiled of its victory, dejected in spirit, and in a broken and almost hopeless state of disorganization. A little more genius and daring on the part of the Union commanders would have enabled them by vigorous pursuit to demolish or capture it; but they chose the more prudent alternative, and remained satisfied with only sufficient advance to assure themselves that the enemy had disappeared.

HALLECK'S CORINTH CAMPAIGN.

On Wednesday, April 9, two days after the battle of Shiloh, General Grant gave evidence that he had fully learned the severe lesson of that terrible encounter. Reporting to Halleck his information that the enemy was again concentrating all his forces at Corinth, he added:

> I do not like to suggest, but it appears to me that it would be demoralizing upon our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite bank of the river, and unsafe to remain on this many weeks without large reënforcements.

If his mind had reached a conviction of this character two or three weeks earlier, the results of the battle of Shiloh would have given better testimony to his military efficiency.

Halleck's opinion probably coincided with that of Grant, and the fortunes of war enabled him immediately to fulfill his promise to come to his relief. The day which saw the conclusion of the fight at Shiloh (April 7, 1862) witnessed the surrender of the rebel works at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi River, and the quick capture of nearly their entire garrison of six or seven thousand men. This finished the task which General Pope had been sent to do and enabled Halleck to transfer him and his army, by water, from the Mississippi River to the Tennessee. Halleck's order was made on April 15, and on the 22d Pope landed at

Hamburg, four miles above the battle-field of Shiloh, with his compact force of twenty thousand men fully organized and equipped, and flushed with a signal victory.

Halleck had arrived before him. Reaching Pittsburg Landing on the 11th of April, he began with industry to cure the disorders produced by the recent battle. Critics who still accuse the Lincoln administration of ignorant meddling with military affairs are invited to remember the language of the Secretary of War to Halleck on this occasion: "I have no instructions to give you. Go ahead, and success attend you."

The arrival of Pope was utilized by Halleck to give his united command an easy and immediate organization into army corps. His special field orders of April 28 named the Army of the Tennessee the First Army Corps, commanded by Grant, and constituting his right wing; the Army of the Ohio the Second Army Corps, commanded by Buell, and constituting the center; and the newly arrived Army of the Mississippi the Third Army Corps, commanded by Pope, and forming the left wing. Two days later (April 30) another order gave command of the right wing to General Thomas, whose division of the Army of the Ohio was added to it; it also organized a reserve corps under General McClernand, and had this provision:

> Major-General Grant will retain the general command of the district of West Tennessee, including the Army Corps of the Tennessee, and reports will be made to him as heretofore; but in the present movements he will act as second in command under the major-general commanding the department.

The exact intent of this assignment remains to this day a matter of doubt. Nominally, it advanced Grant in rank and authority; practically, it deprived him of active and important duty. Halleck being on the field in person issued his orders directly to the corps commanders and received reports from them, and for about two months Grant found himself without serious occupation. The position became so irksome that he several times asked to be relieved, but Halleck refused; though he finally allowed him to go for a season into a species of honorable retirement, by removing his headquarters from the camp of the main army.

Coming to the front so soon after the great battle, Halleck seems to have been impressed with the seriousness of that conflict, for all his preparations to assume the offensive were made with the most deliberate caution. It was manifest that the enemy intended to defend Corinth, and necessarily that place became his first objective. With all the efforts that the Confederate Government could make, however, Beauregard succeeded in bringing together only about fifty thousand effective troops. Halleck's combined armies contained more than double that number; but such was his fear of another disaster, that his advance upon Corinth was not like an invading march, but like the investment of a fortress. An army carrying a hundred thousand bayonets, in the picturesque language of General Sherman, moved upon Corinth "with pick and shovel." Intrenching, bridge-building, road-making, were the order of the day. Former carelessness and temerity were succeeded by a fettering over-caution.

The Administration expected more energetic campaigning from a commander of Halleck's reputed skill and the brilliant results realized since his advent. The country seemed at the culmination of great events. Since the beginning of the year success had smiled almost continuously upon the Union cause. As the crowning inspiration, in the midst of his march there had come the joyful news of Farragut's triumph and the capture of New Orleans. "Troops cannot be detached from here on the eve of a great battle," telegraphed Halleck to Stanton. "We are now at the enemy's throat." To such encouraging assurances the Administration responded with every possible exertion of reënforcement and supply. But days succeeded days, and the President's hope remained deferred. Nearly a month later, when reports came that Halleck was awaiting the arrival of a fourth Union army,— that of Curtis from Arkansas,— and these reports were supplemented by intimations that he would like to be joined by a fifth army from somewhere else, Mr. Lincoln sent him a letter of so kindly an explanation, that, in the actual condition of things, every word was a stinging rebuke:

> Several dispatches from Assistant-Secretary Scott and one from Governor Morton, asking reënforcements for you, have been received. I beg you to be assured we do the best we can. I mean to cast no blame when I tell you each of our commanders along our line from Richmond to Corinth supposes himself to be confronted by numbers superior to his own. Under this pressure we thinned the line on the Upper Potomac, until yesterday it was broken at heavy loss to us and General Banks put in great peril, out of which he is not yet extricated and may be actually captured. We need men to repair this breach, and have them not at hand. My dear general, I feel justified to rely very much on you. I believe you and the brave officers and men with you can and will get the victory at Corinth.

In reply Halleck resorted to the usual expedient of reading the Secretary of War a military lecture. May 26 he wrote:

> Permit me to remark that we are operating upon too many points. Richmond and Corinth are now the great strategical points of war, and our success at these points should be insured at all hazards.

His herculean effort expended itself without corresponding result, when, a week later, he marched into the empty intrenchments of Corinth, only to find that the fifty thousand men composing Beauregard's army — the vital strength of rebellion in the West — were retreating at leisure to Baldwin and Okalona, railroad towns some fifty miles to the south. It had required but two days for the rebel army to go from Corinth to the Shiloh battle-field. Halleck consumed thirty-seven days to pass over the same distance and the same ground, with an army twice as strong as that of his adversary. Pope had reached him April 22, and it was the 29th of May when the Union army was within assaulting distance of the rebel intrenchments. The campaign had advanced with scientific precision, and attained one object for which it was conducted: it gained the fortifications of Corinth. In the end, however, it proved to be but the shell of the expected victory. Beauregard had not only skillfully disputed the advance and deceived his antagonist, but at the critical moment had successfully withdrawn the rebel forces to wage more equal conflict on other fields. The enemy evacuated Corinth on the night of the 29th, and beyond the usual demoralization which attends such a retrograde movement suffered little, for Halleck ordered only pursuit enough to drive him to a convenient distance. The achievement was the triumph of a strategist, not the success of a general. Instead of seizing his opportunity to win a great battle or to capture an army by siege, he had simply manœuvred the enemy out of position.

In reporting his success to Washington, Halleck of course magnified its value to the utmost,* and for the moment the Administration, not having that full information which afterward so seriously diminished the estimate, accepted the report in good faith as a grand Union triumph. It was indeed a considerable measure of success. Besides its valuable moral effect in strengthening the patriotism and the confidence of the North, and the secondary military advantage that the combined Western armies gained in the two months' strict camp discipline and active practical instruction in the art of field fortification, there was the positive possession of an important railroad center, and the apparent security of western and central Tennessee from rebel occupation.

In addition to these it had one yet more immediate and valuable military result. The remaining rebel strongholds on the upper Mississippi were now so completely turned that they were no longer tenable. Forts Pillow and Randolph were hastily evacuated by the enemy, and the Union flotilla took possession of their deserted works on June 5. Halleck had been looking somewhat anxiously for help on the river, and had complained of the unwillingness of the gun-boats to run past the Fort Pillow batteries and destroy the river fleet of the rebels. Flag-Officer Davis had considered the risk too great and had remained above Fort Pillow, occupying his time in harassing the works by a continuous bombardment. Now that the way was opened he immediately advanced in force, and at night of June 5 came to anchor two miles above the city of Memphis. His flotilla had lately received a notable reënforcement. One of the many energetic impulses which Stanton gave to military operations in the first few months after he became Secretary of War was his employment of an engineer of genius and daring, Charles Ellet, Jr., to extemporize a fleet of steam rams for service on the Western rivers.

The single blow by which the iron prow of the *Merrimac* sunk the frigate *Congress* in Hampton Roads, during the famous sea-fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, had demonstrated the effectiveness of this novelty in marine warfare. Ellet's proposal to the Secretary of the Navy, to try it on the Western rivers, was not favorably entertained; probably because the Navy Department already had its officers and its appropriations engaged in other more methodical and permanent naval constructions. But the eager and impatient Secretary of War listened to Ellet's plans with interest, and commissioned him to collect such suitable river craft as he could find on the Ohio, and to convert them post-haste into steam rams, "the honorable Secretary," reports Ellet, "expressing the hope that not

* Pope, condensing into one dispatches from Rosecrans, Hamilton, and Granger, telegraphed to Halleck: "The two divisions in the advance under Rosecrans are slowly and cautiously advancing on Baldwin this morning, with the cavalry on both flanks. Hamilton with two divisions is at Rienzi and between there and Boonville, ready to move forward should they be needed. One brigade from the reserve occupies Danville. Rosecrans reports this morning that the enemy has retreated from Baldwin, but he is advancing cautiously. The woods, for miles, are full of stragglers from the enemy, who are coming in in squads. Not less than ten thousand men are thus scattered about, who will come in within a day or two." General Halleck dispatched to the War Department: "General Pope, with 40,000 men, is 30 miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy, and 15,000 stand of arms captured." This dispatch of General Halleck's made a great sensation. The expectation that the stragglers would come into the national camp was disappointed; the prisoners taken were few, and Pope was censured for making a statement of fact which he neither made nor authorized. [Force, "From Fort Henry to Corinth."]

more than twenty days would be consumed in getting them ready for service." Ellet received his orders March 27.* On May 26 he joined the flotilla of Davis with a fleet of six vessels, formerly swift and strong river tugs and steamers, but now strengthened and converted for their new and peculiar service, and these accompanied the gun-boats in the advance against Memphis. On the morning of June 6 the rebel flotilla of eight gun-boats was discovered in front of the city preparing for fight, and there occurred another of the many dramatic naval combats of the war.

The eight rebel gun-boats ranged themselves in two lines abreast the city. The hills of Memphis were covered with thousands of spectators. With the dawn five of the Union gun-boats began backing down the Mississippi, holding their heads against the strong current to insure easier control and management of the vessel. The steam rams were yet tied up to the river bank. Soon the rebel flotilla opened fire on the Union gun-boats, to which the latter replied with spirit. Four of Ellet's rams, hearing the guns, cast loose to take part in the conflict. One of them disabled her rudder, and another, mistaking her orders, remained out of fighting distance. But the *Queen of the West* and the *Monarch*, passing swiftly between the gun-boats, dashed into the rebel line. The gun-boats, now turning their heads down the stream, hastily followed. There was a short and quick mêlée of these uncouth-looking river monsters, ram crashing into ram and gun-boat firing into gun-boat in a confusion of attack and destruction. In twenty minutes four rebel vessels and one Union ram were sunk or disabled. At this the other four rebel vessels turned and fled down-stream, and in a running pursuit of an hour, extending some ten miles, three additional vessels of the enemy were captured or destroyed. The Confederate fleet was almost annihilated; only one of their gun-boats escaped. The two disabled Union ships were soon raised and repaired, but the ram fleet had suffered an irreparable loss. Its commander, Ellet, was wounded by a pistol-shot, from the effect of which he died two weeks later. The combat was witnessed by Jeff. Thompson, commanding the city with a small detachment of rebel troops. In his report of the affair he mentions that "we were hurried in our retirement from Memphis," and that afternoon the Union flag floated over the city.

The naval victory of Memphis supplemented and completed the great Tennessee campaigns begun by Grant's reconnaissance of January 9. A division of Buell's army under General Mitchell had in the meanwhile occupied and held the line of the Tennessee River between Tuscumbia and Stevenson; and thus the frontier of rebellion had been pushed down from middle Kentucky below the southern boundary of the State of Tennessee.

But the invading movement following the line of the Tennessee River had expended its advantage; the initial point of a new campaign had been reached. We are left in doubt under what conviction Halleck formed his next plans, for he determined to dissolve and scatter the magnificent army of more than one hundred thousand men under his hand and eye; apparently in violation of the very military theory he had formulated two weeks before, when he said, "We are operating on too many points." In a dispatch to the Secretary of War on the 9th of June he announced his purpose to do three distinct things: First, to hold the Memphis and Charleston railroad; secondly, to send relief to Curtis in Arkansas; thirdly, to send troops to east Tennessee. To these three he added a fourth purpose in a dispatch of June 12:

> If the combined fleet of Farragut and Davis fail to take Vicksburg, I will send an expedition for that purpose as soon as I can reënforce General Curtis.

Up to this point the country's estimate of General Halleck's military ability had steadily risen, but several serious errors of judgment now arrested his success. The greatest of these errors, perhaps, was the minor importance he seems to have attached to a continuation of the operations on the Mississippi River.

We have mentioned the victory of Farragut, and we need now to follow the upward course of his fleet. After receiving the surrender of New Orleans in the last days of April, he promptly pushed on an advance section of his ships up the Mississippi, which successively, and without serious opposition, received the surrender of all the important cities below Vicksburg, where Farragut himself arrived on the 20th of May. Vicksburg proved to be the most defensible position on the Mississippi, by reason of the high bluffs at and about the city. The Confederates had placed such faith in their defenses of the upper river, at Columbus, Island No. 10, and Fort Pillow, that no

* In response to that order I selected three of the strongest and swiftest stern-wheel coal tow-boats at Pittsburg, of which the average dimensions are about 170 feet length, 30 feet beam, and over 5 feet hold. At Cincinnati I selected two side-wheel boats, of which the largest is 180 feet long, 37½ feet beam in the widest part, and 8 feet hold. At New Albany I secured a boat of about the same length but rather less beam, and subsequently I selected another at Cincinnati, of about the same class as the last, and sent her to Madison to be fitted out. [Ellet to McGunnigle, April 27, 1862. War Records.]

early steps were taken to fortify Vicksburg; but when Farragut passed and captured the lower forts and the upper defenses fell, the rebels made what haste they could to create a formidable barrier to navigation at Vicksburg. Beauregard sent plans for fortifications while he was yet disputing Halleck's advance from Shiloh to Corinth; and Lovell at New Orleans, retreating before Farragut's invasion, shipped the heavy guns he could no longer keep, and sent five regiments of Confederate troops, which he could no longer use, to erect the works. These reached their destination on May 12, and continuing the labors and preparations already begun, he had six batteries ready for service on Farragut's arrival. Remembering these dates and numbers, we can realize the unfortunate results of Halleck's dilatory Corinth campaign. He had then been in command, for a whole month, of forces double those of his antagonist. If, instead of digging his way from Shiloh to Corinth "with pick and shovel," he had forced such a prompt march and battle as his overwhelming numbers gave him power to do, the inevitable defeat or retreat of his enemy would have enabled him to meet the advance of Farragut with an army detachment sufficient to effect the reduction of Vicksburg with only slight resistance and delay. Such a movement ought to have followed by all the rules of military and political logic. The opening of the Mississippi outranked every other Western military enterprise in importance and urgency. It would effectually sever four great States from the rebel Confederacy; it would silence doubt at home and extinguish smoldering intervention abroad; it would starve the rebel armies and feed the cotton operatives of Europe. There would have been ample time; for he was advised as early as the 27th of April that New Orleans had been captured and that Farragut had "orders to push up to Memphis immediately," and he ought to have prepared to meet him.

No such coöperation, however, greeted Farragut. Reaching Vicksburg, his demand for the surrender of the place was refused. The batteries were at such a height that his guns could have no effect against them. Only two regiments of land forces accompanied the fleet. There was nothing to be done but to return to New Orleans, which he reached about the 1st of June. Here he met orders from Washington communicating the great desire of the Administration to have the river opened, and directing further efforts on his part to that end. Farragut took immediate measures to comply with this requirement. His task had already become more difficult. The enemy quickly comprehended the advantage which the few high bluffs of the Mississippi afforded them, if not to obstruct, at least to harass and damage the operations of a fleet unsupported by land forces. The places which had been surrendered were, on the retirement of the ships, again occupied, and batteries were soon raised, which, though unable to cope with larger vessels, became troublesome and dangerous to transports, and were intermittently used or abandoned as the advantage or necessity of the enemy dictated.

Farragut again reached Vicksburg about June 25, accompanied this time by Porter with sixteen of his mortar-boats, and by General Williams at the head of three thousand Union troops. The mortar-sloops were placed in position and bombarded the rebel works on the 27th. On the morning of June 28, before daylight, Farragut's ships, with the aid of the continued bombardment, made an attack on the Vicksburg batteries, and most of them succeeded in passing up the river with comparatively small loss. Here he found Ellet — brother of him who was wounded at Memphis — with some vessels of the ram fleet, who carried the news to the gun-boat flotilla under Davis yet at Memphis. This flotilla now also descended the river and joined Farragut on the 1st of July.

We have seen, by the dispatch heretofore quoted, that Halleck expected the combined naval and gun-boat forces to reduce the Vicksburg defenses, but also that, in the event of their failure, he would send an army to help them. The lapse of two weeks served to modify this intention. The Secretary of War, who had probably received news of Farragut's first failure to pass the Vicksburg batteries, telegraphed him (on June 23) to examine the project of a canal to cut off Vicksburg, suggested by General Butler and others. Halleck replied (on June 28), "It is impossible to send forces to Vicksburg at present, but I will give the matter very full attention as soon as circumstances will permit." That same day Farragut passed above the batteries, and of this result Halleck was informed by Grant, who was at Memphis. Grant's dispatch added an erroneous item of news concerning the number of troops with Farragut, but more trustworthy information soon reached Halleck in the form of a direct application from Farragut for help. To this appeal Halleck again felt himself obliged to reply in the negative, July 3, 1862:

> The scattered and weakened condition of my forces renders it impossible for me, at the present, to detach any troops to coöperate with you on Vicksburg. Probably I shall be able to do so as soon as I can get my troops more concentrated. This may delay the clearing of the river, but its accomplishment will be certain in a few weeks.

The hopeful promise with which the telegram closed dwindled away during the eleven days that followed. On the 14th of July Stanton asked him the direct question:

> The Secretary of the Navy desires to know whether you have, or intend to have, any land force to coöperate in the operations at Vicksburg. Please inform me immediately, inasmuch as orders he intends to give will depend on your answer.

The answer this time was short and conclusive. "I cannot at present give Commodore Farragut any aid against Vicksburg."

A coöperative land force of from 12,000 to 15,000 men, Farragut estimated in his report of June 28, would have been sufficient to take the works. If we compare the great end to be attained with the smallness of the detachment thought necessary, there remains no reasonable explanation why Halleck should not have promptly sent it. But the chance had been lost. The waters of the Mississippi were falling so rapidly that Farragut dared not tarry in the river; and in accordance with orders received from the Department on July 20, he again ran past the Vicksburg batteries and returned to New Orleans.

If Halleck's refusal to help Farragut take Vicksburg seems inexplicable, it is yet more difficult to understand the apparently sudden cessation of all his former military activity, and his proposal, just at the point when his army had gathered its greatest strength and efficiency, abruptly to terminate his main campaign, and, in effect, go into summer quarters. He no longer talked of splitting secession in twain in one month, or of being at the enemy's throat. He no longer pointed out the waste of precious time, and uttered no further complaint about his inability to control Buell's army. His desires had been gratified. He commanded half of the military area within the Union; he had three armies under his own eye; the enemy was in flight before him; he could throw double numbers of men at any given point. At least two campaigns of overshadowing importance invited his resistless march. But in the midst of his success, in the plenitude of his power, with fortune thrusting opportunity upon him, he came to a sudden halt, folded his contented arms, and imitated the conduct that he wrongfully imputed to Grant after Donelson—"Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it without regard to the future." In a long letter to the Secretary of War, dated June 25, after reviewing the sanitary condition of the army and pronouncing it very good, he asks, apparently as the main question, "Can we carry on any summer campaign without having a large portion of our men on the sick-list?" This idea seems to dominate his thought and to decide his action. Buell had been ordered eastward on a leisurely march towards Chattanooga. Halleck proposed to plant the armies of Grant and of Pope on the healthy uplands of northern Mississippi and Alabama as mere corps of observation. Having personally wrested Corinth from the enemy, he exaggerated its strategical value. As a terminal point in the southward campaign, along the line of the Tennessee River, its chief use was to aid in opening the Mississippi River by turning the Confederate fortifications from Columbus to Memphis. Those strongholds once in Federal possession, Corinth inevitably fell into a secondary rôle, especially since the summer droughts rendered the Tennessee River useless as a military highway.

Carrying out this policy of Halleck, a large portion of the Western armies of the Union wasted time and strength guarding a great area of rebel territory unimportant for military uses, and which could have been better protected by an active forward movement. The security and the supply of Corinth appears to have been the central purpose. Buell was delayed in his march thoroughly to repair the railroad from Corinth eastward towards Chattanooga. Other detachments of the army were employed to repair the railroads westward from Corinth to Memphis, and northward from Corinth to Columbus. For several months all the energies of the combined armies were diverted from their more legitimate duty of offensive war to tedious labor on these local railroads;* much of the repairs being destroyed, almost as rapidly as performed, by daring guerrilla hostilities, engendered and screened amidst the surrounding sentiment of disloyalty.

It is impossible to guess what Halleck's personal supervision in these tasks might have produced, for at this juncture came a culmination of events that transferred him to another field of duty; but the legacy of policy, plans, and orders that he left behind contributed to render the whole Western campaign sterile throughout the second half of 1862.

The infatuation of Halleck in thus tying up the Western forces in mere defensive inaction comes out in still stronger light in the incident that follows, but it especially serves to show once more how, in the West as well as in the

* I inclose herewith a copy of a report of Brigadier-General McPherson, superintendent of railroads, from which it will be seen that we have opened 367 miles of road in less than one month, besides repairing a number of locomotives and cars which were captured from the enemy greatly injured. Indeed, the woodwork of most of the cars has been entirely rebuilt, and all this work has been done by details from the army. [Halleck to Stanton, July 7, 1862. War Records.]

East, President Lincoln treated his military commanders, not with ignorant interference, as has been so often alleged, but with the most fatherly indulgence. Future chapters will describe the complete failure in the East of the campaign undertaken by McClellan against Richmond, and which, on the 30th of June, brought to Halleck an order from the Secretary of War, dated the 28th, immediately to detach and send 25,000 men to assist that imperiled enterprise. The necessity was declared "imperative." "But in detaching your force," explained the order, "the President directs that it be done in such a way as to enable you to hold your ground and not interfere with the movement against Chattanooga and east Tennessee." Halleck took instant measures to obey the order, but said in reply that it would jeopardize the ground gained in Tennessee and involve the necessity of abandoning Buell's east Tennessee expedition. This result the President had in advance declared inadmissible. He now telegraphed emphatically on June 30:

> Would be very glad of 25,000 infantry — no artillery or cavalry; but please do not send a man if it endangers any place you deem important to hold, or if it forces you to give up or weaken or delay the expedition against Chattanooga. To take and hold the railroad at or east of Cleveland, in east Tennessee, I think fully as important as the taking and holding of Richmond.*

This request, but accompanied by the same caution and condition, was repeated by the President on July 2; and again, under the prompting of extreme need, Lincoln on July 4 sent a diminished request, still, however, insisting that no risk be incurred in the West:

> You do not know how much you would oblige us if, without abandoning any of your positions or plans, you could promptly send us even ten thousand infantry. Can you not? Some part of the Corinth army is certainly fighting McClellan in front of Richmond. Prisoners are in our hands from the late Corinth army.

In Halleck's response on the following day it is important to notice the difference in the opinions entertained by the two men upon this point. Lincoln wished to gain east Tennessee, Halleck desired to hold west Tennessee. The distinction is essential, for we shall see that while Halleck's policy prevailed, it tended largely, if not principally, to thwart the realization of Lincoln's earnest wish. Halleck telegraphed:

> For the last week there has been great uneasiness among Union men in Tennessee on account of the secret organizations of insurgents to coöperate in any attack of the enemy on our lines. Every commanding officer from Nashville to Memphis has asked for reënforcements. Under these circumstances I submitted the question of sending troops to Richmond to the principal officers of my command. They are unanimous in opinion that if this army is seriously diminished the Chattanooga expedition must be revoked or the hope of holding south-west Tennessee abandoned. I must earnestly protest against surrendering what has cost so much blood and treasure, and which in a military point of view is worth more than Richmond.

* War Records.

He had already, in a previous telegram (July 1), acknowledged and exercised the discretion which Lincoln gave him, replying, "Your telegram, just received, saves western Tennessee."

It was found by the Washington authorities that the early reports of McClellan's reverses had been unduly exaggerated, and that by straining resources in the East, the Western armies might be left undiminished. But with this conviction President Lincoln also reached the decision that the failure of the Richmond campaign must be remedied by radical measures. To devise new plans, to elaborate and initiate new movements, he needed the help of the highest attainable professional skill. None seemed at the moment so available as that of Halleck. Under his administration order had come out of chaos in Missouri, and under his guiding control, however feeble in the particular cases that we have pointed out, the Western armies had won the victories of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Shiloh, Island No. 10, and Corinth. It was a record of steady success, which justified the belief that a general had been found who might be intrusted with the direction of the war in its larger combinations. The weakness of his present plans had not yet been developed. Accordingly on the 11th of July this order was made by the President:

> That Major-General Henry W. Halleck be assigned to command the whole land forces of the United States as General-in-Chief, and that he repair to this capital so soon as he can with safety to the positions and operations within the department under his charge.

It seemed at the moment the best that could be done. In his short Corinth campaign Halleck had substantially demonstrated his unfitness for the leadership of an army in the field. He had made a grievous mistake in coming away from his department headquarters at St. Louis. He was a thinker and not a worker; his proper place was in the military study and not in the camp. No other soldier in active service equaled him in the technical and theoretical acquirements of his profession. The act of the President in bringing him to Washington restored him to his more natural duty.

In following the future career of Halleck, one of the incidents attending this transfer needs to be borne in mind. The first intimation of the change came in the President's dispatch of the 2d of July which asked: "Please tell me could you not make me a flying visit

for consultation without endangering the service in your department?" A few days later one of the President's friends went from Washington to Corinth bearing a letter of introduction to Halleck, explaining among other things:

> I know the object of his visit to you. He has my cheerful consent to go, but not my direction. He wishes to get you and part of your force, one or both, to come here. You already know I should be exceedingly glad of this if in your judgment it could be done without endangering positions and operations in the Southwest.

To this Halleck replied on July 10:

> Governor Sprague is here. If I were to go to Washington I could advise but one thing — to place all the forces in North Carolina, Virginia, and Washington under one head and hold that head responsible for the result.

It is doubtful if Halleck measured fully the import of his language; or whether he realized the danger and burden of the responsibility which, if he did not invite, he at least thus voluntarily assumed. Nominally he became General-in-Chief, but in actual practice his genius fell short of the high requirements of that great station. While he rendered memorable service to the Union, his judgment and courage sometimes quailed before the momentous requirements of his office, and thrust back upon the President the critical acts which overawed him. In reality, therefore, he was from the first only what he afterward became by technical orders — the President's chief-of-staff.

Before Halleck's transfer to Washington he had ordered Buell to move into east Tennessee, but that commander never seemed to appreciate the great military and political importance of such a movement. He considered the defense of west Tennessee a more essential object; and while his mind was engaged in that direction, Bragg planned and carried into effect a campaign into Kentucky that threatened at one time the most disastrous consequences to the Union cause in that region. He moved northward early in September, 1862, Kirby Smith preceding him with a strong detachment by way of Cumberland Gap, which marched without successful opposition almost to the Ohio River. Buell, believing that Bragg's real object was Nashville, made such dispositions that Bragg got a long start before him in the race to Louisville. He would, in fact, have had that city at his mercy if he had not left the direct road and turned to the right to join Kirby Smith at Frankfort to assist in the melancholy farce of inaugurating a Confederate governor for Kentucky. Buell thus reached Louisville and immediately marched south in pursuit of Bragg. He overtook his army at Perryville and fought, on the 8th of October, a severe but indecisive battle; Buell kept the field and Bragg retired in the night, and hurried out of Kentucky at a pace that soon distanced his antagonist. The President renewed his earnest solicitations to Buell to occupy east Tennessee; Buell thought this impracticable, and was relieved of command on the 24th of October, and General Rosecrans was appointed to succeed him.

Rosecrans paid as little attention as Buell had done to the orders of the President for the occupation of east Tennessee. He established his headquarters at Nashville, completed and strengthened his communications, and in the latter part of December moved upon General Bragg, who had gone into winter quarters at Murfreesboro'. The two armies came within sight of each other on the night of the 30th of December, 1862, and the next morning at daybreak each general moved to the fight, in pursuance of plans that were the exact counterpart of each other — Rosecrans having ordered his left wing to strike Bragg's right, double it up and take the position at Murfreesboro' in reverse, while Bragg proposed to crush the right wing of Rosecrans, and swinging the Confederate army around pivoting on its right to cut the Union force off from Nashville. Bragg struck the first blow with so much vigor that Rosecrans was obliged to give up his movement on the Confederate right and devote all his energies to the defense of his own position; and in spite of his utmost efforts, and the distinguished bravery with which he was supported by Thomas, Sheridan, and others, he lost ground all day, and at night the lines of the two armies were almost perpendicular to those that they had occupied in the morning. But Bragg had lost so severely in this day's fighting that he was unable to pursue his advantage on the 1st of January, 1863; and on the 2d Rosecrans resumed the offensive on his left with such success that Bragg found himself forced to abandon the field in the night. The losses on both sides were appalling, and the result of the fight was so damaging to Bragg that he was unable to resume active operations during the winter or spring, and was, in fact, so weakened, that when, in the summer of 1863, Rosecrans at last marched against him, he gave up his positions one after another, until the Union army occupied, in September, without striking a blow, the coveted and important mountain fortress of Chattanooga.

THE INDUSTRIAL IDEA IN EDUCATION.

THAT our public-school system is not so fully utilitarian in its results as it should be is undoubtedly a growing conviction in the minds of many earnest and progressive educators throughout the country. It appears to be equally true that public opinion is quite generally tending in the same direction, especially among the large class of business men and mechanics whose personal experience has convinced them of the inadequacy of the preparation of the schools to enable their graduates to undertake the business of life at a proper advantage. What the progressive educators want to ingraft upon the public-school system of the country, and the thing which public opinion seems to favor the most, is what may be called the industrial idea. What this is, or rather what results are expected from its general adoption, is thus broadly defined by Dr. C. M. Woodward, of the St. Louis manual-training school:

> We want an education that shall develop the whole man. All his intellectual, moral, and physical powers should be drawn out, and trained and fitted for doing good service in the battle of life. We want wise heads and skillful hands. There has been a growing demand, not only for men of knowledge, but for men of skill, in every department of human activity. Have our schools and colleges and universities been equal to the demand? Are we satisfied with what they have produced?

He then makes a statement which is quite significant because it is truthful. It is this:

> There is a wide conviction of the inutility of schooling for the great mass of children beyond the primary grades, and this conviction is not limited to any class of intelligence.

The reason for this appears to be obvious—that what is acquired beyond these grades does not compensate the average boy for the time expended, and that for prime utility there is little gained by what is taught in the secondary schools. But this conviction should not prevail if our common-school system is to bear its proper fruits, and the industrial idea seems to be the saving measure which has opportunely presented itself to lift the system up to a proper elevation in the respect and confidence of the people. As, therefore, public opinion favors the ingrafting of this idea upon the school system, the question occurs: How is it to be done? This is not so clear, but a way will doubtless be found in good time. In the mean time let us inquire what has been done and what can be done in the desired direction.

The methods of industrial training which seem to have had some development in public educational work comprise the manual exercises of the kindergarten, the special schools for boys above the age of thirteen years, and the special instruction in sewing which has been connected with the public schools in various ways. It being agreed that some manual work is desirable for primary and grammar grades, the results of this thought have manifested themselves by various spasmodic efforts, which, however, lacked a proper educational connection with the common-school system. "Industrial exhibits," the result of children having been asked to make objects at home, have begun to attract attention, though such work was not the result of systematized study originating in the school-room. Excellent results, it may likewise be said, have been obtained in private or semi-private schools having workshops and special instructors. But workshops and special instructors are things which cannot be generally provided in connection with our public-school system. It is suggested, however, that the best means of creating general interest in industrial methods of education among teachers, school committees, and the public would be by a plan which does not require these accessories.

Interest in the manufactured products of manual-training schools and the incidental courses of instruction in the use of tools seems to have taken attention away from industrial drawing as an indispensable factor to their success; but its great importance in developing the skill of the hand and the eye in obtaining and expressing knowledge should not be lost sight of. In every manual school the thoughts to be expressed in wood, metal, etc. are first expressed by drawing. If, therefore, manual exercises are to be introduced into schools, the first thing as a preparation for them is to introduce industrial drawing. This should be so taught that pupils may be led to express their thought not only by drawing but by making it—that is, by constructing the object of the thought. The extent to which this method may be carried cannot be determined at this time, when our experience with it is still in the first stages. That it is possible to do something, however, has already been fully demonstrated by the excellent results obtained

by the pioneers in this movement in such cities as St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Columbus, Worcester, and Quincy.

This leads directly to a plain statement of the object of this paper, which is to show how manual exercises may be made an outgrowth of industrial drawing, without workshops or special instructors; and it is hoped that what is here presented will be so well understood, and its merits be deemed so apparent, that it will be accorded the same just and discriminative attention and consideration that every honest effort after better methods usually commands.

The plan of work to be here described originated at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, and is used as the basis of work under direction of the Massachusetts Board of Education. The results stated were obtained by an application of the plan to the schools of Quincy, Massachusetts. Briefly, then, the plan is based on the idea that drawing is an outgrowth of the study of *form:* First, that attention is given to obtaining knowledge of form through observation, using hands and eyes in the process; secondly, that expression of these ideas is made through construction (*i. e.*, making objects), drawing, and language; thirdly, that the acquired knowledge is arranged in new forms by invention or design. The method is objective, everything being studied from the forms themselves and not from their pictured representation, which is the result of the observation of others. The theory is, that observation directs the attention of teachers and pupils to the necessity of obtaining clear conceptions of forms; having gained which, the hands, eyes, and mind are again exercised by expression or design.

In the lowest primary schools the pupils are first taught to know spheres, cubes, etc., as representative general forms. They express what they have learned by constructing these forms of clay, and afterwards objects based on them are made of the same or other material. That this work is a delight to children, those who have vivid memories of the mud pies, etc. of their early youth can readily understand. The skill shown in expressing thought through little fingers is often remarkable, teachers declaring that they could not do as well themselves. The discovery that the forms first presented have certain common qualities, such as variously shaped surfaces, lines, and points, leads the children naturally to make use of drawing as a means of expression. But the making of objects does not cease, however; for the children now take pleasure in cutting out of paper or wood the shapes of triangles, spheres, etc. which they have previously drawn. Describing in language what is presented is also practiced. The children have thus become imbued with the thought by its threefold expression. Work is not confined to the geometric form alone, but is extended to the various exercises based on it. The drawings may express either the facts of form, as in working-drawings, or the appearance of these facts by freehand perspective. The plan regards every line that expresses a fact of form as being a working-drawing. The drawing, therefore, by which a child represents the true length of an edge, or of a surface bounded by edges, is regarded as a working-drawing. Thus the teacher leads the class to represent the side or the top view of a simple object, as a box or a sled, the children as readily drawing from the object as from a picture of it. The result is a working-drawing. As the pupils advance, mechanical drawings are made from the preliminary freehand views, accuracy being insured by the introduction of compasses and geometric problems. Freehand perspective as a means of pictorial expression is practiced in all the grammar grades.

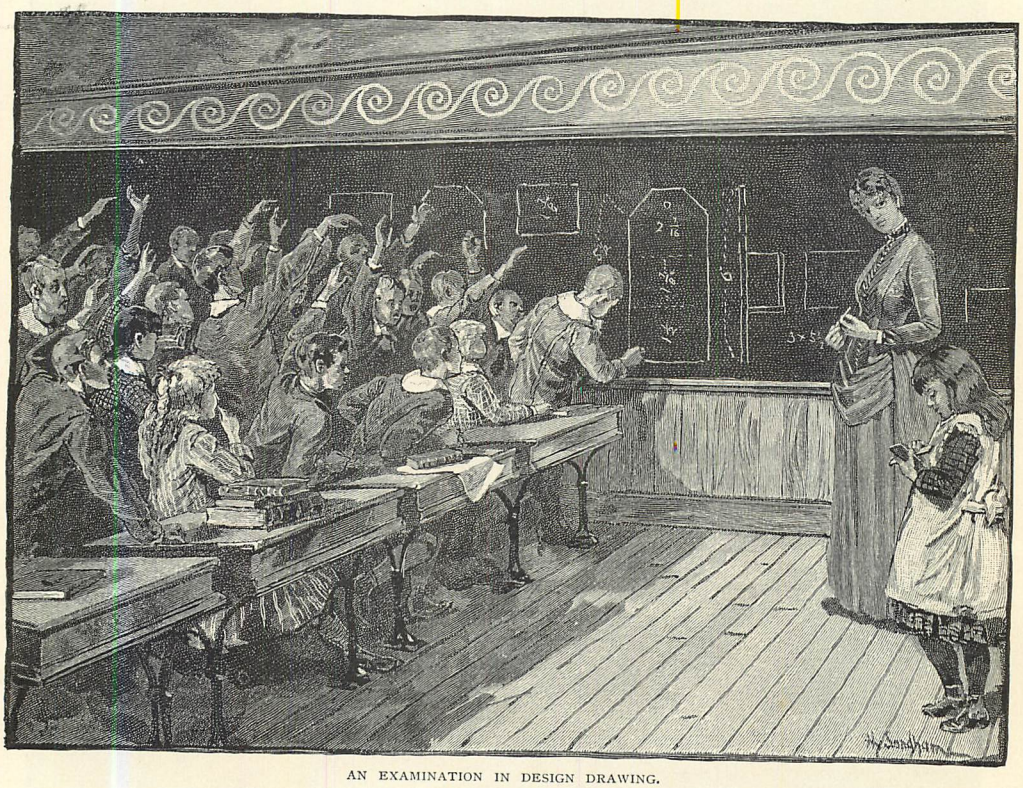
Exercises have been given in various practical ways; as, for instance, a wooden match-box is presented for study. First, there is placed rapidly on the blackboard freehand drawings of the front and the side. All dimensions are added to the illustration, which is then an exact counterpart of the preliminary sketch made by the draughtsman. Questions are asked as to the size of each piece of wood, and illustration of each separately is made on the board. It is seen that the example for the occasion is composed of, let us assume, five oblong pieces of wood. The teacher asks the boys if they could not cut out of wood oblongs corresponding to the drawings. It seems simple enough, and many eagerly volunteer their willingness to construct the object. But that cannot be done directly. There must be accurate drawings made to work from. Consequently these are made mechanically from the sketches on the board, either full size or to a scale; having produced which, those who have volunteered to make the object are allowed for that purpose to take the drawings home, it not being practicable, as a rule, to have such work done in school. The teacher having been able to give but few hints regarding the construction of the object, the child, naturally enthusiastic, seeks the aid of the folks at home, who thus unconsciously become teachers of manual training. It is true that home surroundings vary, but, notwithstanding, it has been found that pupils receive many practical hints in this way. Having completed the object, it is returned, together with the drawing, to the

teacher, for careful examination, comparison, and criticism.

Now no thoughtful person can fail to see that the pupils who have thus gone through such an exercise have been benefited in many ways, for throughout the whole experience the mind has been exercised in studying the thought to be expressed, first by drawing, and secondly by construction. Drawing and otherwise expressing these ideas have exercised both the hand and the eye. All the energies of the mind, and the skill of the hand and eyes, being thus enlisted in behalf of a true expression of thought, the moral effect is assured. Indeed, the tendency of this work must be obvious. Especially is it suggestive of an easy method of introducing manual exercises, making them an outgrowth of industrial drawing, which may be termed the mainstay of manual training. Children, who are ever desirous of making or constructing something, have their efforts directed by this means into an educational channel. The three means of expression, construction, drawing, and language, each offer an excellent mental training, aside from increased skillfulness in the use of hands and eyes. Yet these means will not give accurate results unless they are the product of systematic thought. To draw, make, or describe a thing correctly necessitates a certain orderly procedure that cannot fail to result in an orderly habit of thought, good judgment, the power of concentration, economical use of time, etc.—qualities which cannot be too highly valued as contributing the most important elements of a useful life.

Says Dr. Woodward:

> The habit of working on an exact plan of analyzing an apparently complicated operation into a series of simple steps enables one to solve many a new problem, even with new material and under entirely novel circumstances.



AN EXAMINATION IN DESIGN DRAWING.

Of the moral effect he says:

> Its influence is wholesome. It stimulates the love for intellectual honesty. It deals with the substance as well as the shadow. It gives opportunity for primitive judgments. It shows in the concrete, in the most unmistakable form, the vast difference between right and wrong. It substitutes personal experience and the use of simple, forcible language for the experience of others expressed in high-sounding phrase. It associates the deed with the thought, the real with the ideal, and lays the foundation for honesty in thought and in act.

How suggestive, then, is such an exercise! Suppose that but one came in the course of a year, would it not do more to show the practical usefulness of drawing than any number of exercises limited to flat copying? But it is not proposed thus to confine such exercises.

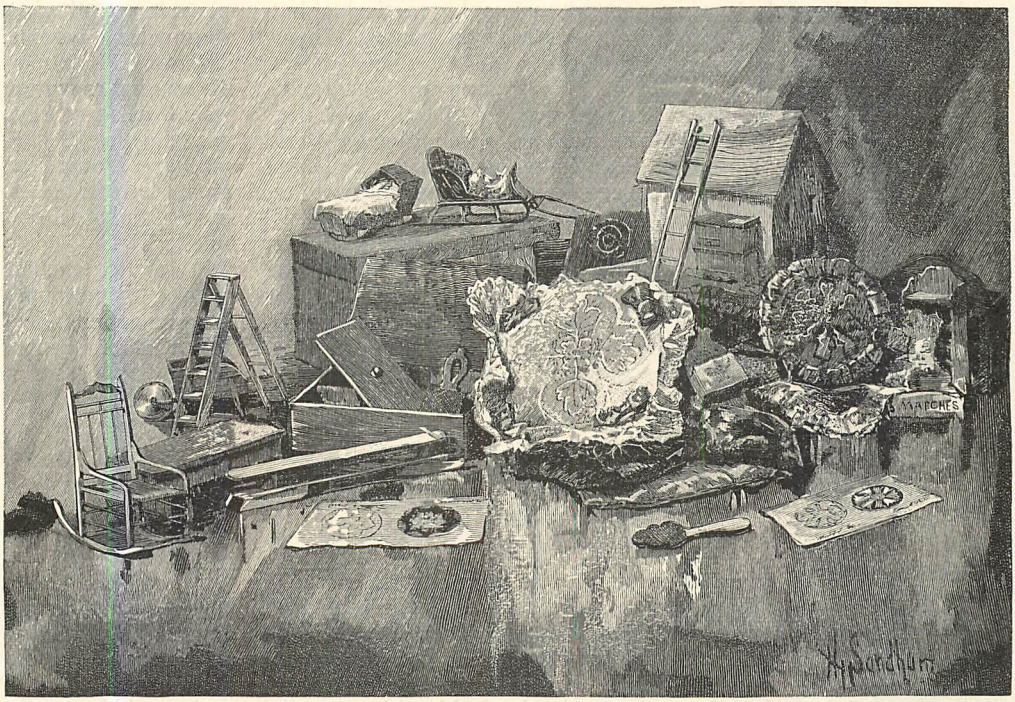
WORKING AT HOME FROM DESIGNS DRAWN AT SCHOOL.

From time to time the drawing regularly done in the school may be given so as to admit of drawing from objects and the construction of objects from drawings.

The exercise which has been described will no doubt be judged to be purely utilitarian, but attention is called to another important outgrowth which may result from it. In discussing the beauty of the match-box it was agreed that it might be made more pleasant to the eye if curves were substituted for the straight lines of the back. It was also agreed that the front of the box might be decorated by the addition of a simple design to be cut out or painted. Pupils were allowed to make suggestions of improvements in their drawings, thus exercising their taste and producing results which may be noted in the illustrations.

This particular exercise has been described somewhat in detail in the hope that teachers may be induced to try similar ones. At Quincy a great variety of objects have been produced, and many of the pupils have become so much interested that they have attempted work that was much more ambitious than that given out by the teachers. Indeed, an interest having once been excited, both teachers and pupils have worked with the finest enthusiasm. Let it be noted, also, that the objects produced were all of a useful character, being either of full size or in miniature.

Consideration was had, of course, for the materials and the appliances for working them into shape which the pupils would naturally find at home, thin wood, cloth, etc. being the materials most likely to be found there. The hammer, saw, etc. of the family tool-box were the means of execution. Can any one doubt that these little workmen had a genuine love for their work?



ARTICLES MADE AT HOME BY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The third main part of the general outline has reference to new combinations of known forms, the exercises in connection with it being a natural outgrowth of observation and expression. Every exercise is designed to illustrate some principle, such as symmetry, repetition, etc. Remembering that professional designers require something to furnish suggestions, the children make use of sticks, colored papers, plant-forms, and historic ornaments. By means of these they exercise the inventive faculty, imagination is trained, and the power to conceive with accuracy developed. The first exercises are termed elementary. In the higher grades the designs refer to both the construction and the decoration of the objects, and may be presented by any of the means of expression. This department of the subject is suggestive of many exercises in which girls may apply their designs to examples of needlework, by which their taste may be refined and home beautified. Having this object in mind, exercises have been given in which a class had for a definite purpose the design and decoration of pen-wipers, pin-cushions, book-marks, tidies, etc.; and it was interesting to observe that many girls had made their first experiment of needlework in this connection. In Quincy it is hoped to make drawing a necessity in connection with the design and cutting of female garments. But needlework alone has not occupied the attention of the girls, for in one school an exercise in wood-work was better done by the girls than by the boys. In order to provide pupils with work best adapted to their ability, it has been found necessary to have two exercises in progress at the same time. Thus boys made pencil-sharpeners, while the girls made pen-wipers. The boys were gallant enough to make extra sharpeners for some of the girls, while the latter, not to be outdone, showed their appreciation and thoughtfulness by making extra pen-wipers for the boys; the objects in every case, it may be added, being made from drawings.

The work which has been briefly outlined above is regarded simply as a beginning. It is hoped that there will be a more general study of this manner of connecting the manual work of the kindergarten with that of the special school. It cannot be doubted that industrial drawing will be the foundation of any attempt to combine manual training with the

existing studies of the primary and grammar schools. Eyes and hands are means by which ideas are brought to the mind, and also the means by which they are afterwards given out in tangible form. Exercises in observing, expressing, and combining these ideas give training alike of mind, hand, and eye. In what other way can these ends be so well accomplished as through industrial drawing and manual training combined? And what can be better made the means of inculcating ideas of beauty, refinement, and morality?

The extent to which manual exercises may be introduced into public schools will no doubt be governed by certain peculiar limitations. To begin with, it is not expected that boys generally will be able to handle heavy tools until about thirteen years old. Give them, therefore, exercises in which the lighter means may be employed, such as glue, the jackknife, etc. Again, we are limited by the absolute impossibility of generally connecting with common schools work-shops and special instructors. Furthermore, courses of study already overcrowded, and the lack of specially prepared teachers, are obstacles which the average country school, at least, cannot overcome. Industrial drawing is largely taught throughout the country. We would urge that exercises connected with it be arranged for an outgrowth of constructed objects. This is not only practicable, but applicable to all common schools. Depend upon willing parents, brothers, and sisters for whatever home instruction is necessary in the manual execution of the thought, and we shall at least have wisely directed the natural tendency of children to make things, and have aroused an interest which will assist materially in the establishment of special manual-training schools whenever they become practicable.

In conclusion we would say to teachers everywhere: Give one exercise to your pupils in the manner described, and we are confident that the interest which you will thus arouse will lead to others.

Charles M. Carter.

THE WHITE COWL.

IN a shadowy solitary valley of southern Kentucky, and beside a noiseless stream, there stands to-day a great French abbey of white-cowled Trappist monks. It is the loneliest of human habitations. Though not a ruin, an atmosphere of gray antiquity hangs about and forever haunts it. The pale-gleaming cross on the spire looks as though it would fall to the earth, weary of its aged unchangeableness. The long Gothic windows; the rudely carven wooden crucifixes, suggesting the very infancy of holy art; the partly encompassing wall, seemingly built as though to resist a siege; the iron gate of the porter's lodge, locked against profane intrusion — all are the voiceless but eloquent emblems of a past that still enchains the memory by its associations as it once enthralled the reason by its power. Over the placid stream, and across the fields to the woody crests around, float only the sounds of the same sweet monastery bells that in the quiet evening air summoned a ruder world to nightly rest and pious thoughts of heaven. Within the abbey at midnight are heard the voices of monks chanting the self-same masses that ages ago were sung by others, who all night long from icy chapel floors lifted up piteous hands with intercession for poor souls suffering in purgatory. One almost expects to see coming along the dusty Kentucky road which winds through the valley meek brown palmers just returning from the Holy Sepulcher, or through an upper window of the abbey to descry lance and visor and battle-ax flashing in the sunlight as they wind up a distant hill-side to the storming of some perilous citadel.

Ineffable influences, too, seem to bless the spot. Here, forsooth, some saint, retiring to the wilderness to subdue the devil in his flesh, lived and struggled, and suffered and died, leaving his life as an heroic pattern for others who in the same hard way should wish to win the fullest grace of Christlike character. Perhaps even one of the old monks, long since halting towards the close of his pilgrimage, will reverently lead you down the aisle to the dim sepulcher of some martyr, whose relics repose under the altar while his virtues perpetually exhale heavenward like gracious incense.

The beauty of the region, and especially of the grounds surrounding the abbey, thus seems but a touching mockery. What have these inward-gazing, heavenward-gazing souls to do with the loveliness of Nature, with the change of season or the flight of years, with green pastures and waving harvest-fields outside the wall, with flowers and orchards and vineyards within?

It was in a remote corner of the beautiful

gardens of the monastery that a young monk, Father Palemon, was humbly at work one morning some years ago amidst the lettuces and onions and fast-growing potatoes. The sun smote the earth with the fierce heat of departing June; and pausing to wipe the thick bead of perspiration from his forehead, he rested a moment, breathing heavily. His powerful legs were astride a row of the succulent shoots, and his hands clasped the handle of the hoe that gave him a staff-like support in front. He was dressed in the sacred garb of his order. His heavy sabots crushed the clods in the furrows. His cream-colored serge cowl, the long skirt of which would have touched the ground, had been folded up to his knees and tied with hempen cords. The wide sleeves, falling away, showed up to the elbows the superb muscles of his bronzed arms; and the calotte, pushed far back from his head, revealed the outlines of his neck, full, round, like a column. Nearly a month had passed since the convent barber had sheared his poll, and his yellow hair was just beginning to enrich his temples with a fillet of thick curling locks. Had Father Palemon's hair been permitted to grow, it would have fallen down on each side in masses shining like flax and making the ideal head of a saint. But his face was not the face of a saint. It had in it no touch of the saint's agony — none of those fine subtle lines that are the material network of intense spirituality brooding within. Scant vegetarian diet and the deep shadows of cloistral life had preserved in his complexion the delicate hues of youth, noticeable still beneath the tan of recent exposure to the summer sun. His calm, steady blue eyes, also, had the open look peculiar to self-unconscious childhood; so that as he stood thus, tall, sinewy, supple, grave, bare-headed under the open sky, clad in spotless white, a singular union of strength, manliness, and unawakened innocence, he was a figure startling to come upon, picturesque to contemplate, profoundly interesting to study.

As he rested, he looked down and discovered that the hempen cords fastening the hem of his cowl were becoming untied, and walking to the border of grass which ran round the garden just inside the monastery wall, he sat down to secure the loosened threads. He was very tired. He had come forth to work before the first gray of dawn. His lips were parched with thirst. Save the little cup of cider and a slice of black bread with which he had broken his fast after matins, he had not tasted food since the frugal meal of the previous noon. Both weary and faint, therefore, he had hardly sat down before in the weakness of his flesh a sudden powerful impulse came upon him to indulge himself in a moment's repose. His fingers fell away from the untied cords, his body sank backward against the trunk of the gnarled apple-tree by which he was shaded, and closing his eyes, he drank in eagerly all the sweet influences of the perfect day. For Nature was in an ecstasy. The sunlight never fell more joyous upon the unlifting shadows of human life. The breeze that cooled his sweating face was heavy with the odor of the won-

derful monastery roses. In the dark green canopy overhead two piping flame-colored orioles drained the last bright dew-drop from the chalice of a leaf. All the liquid air was slumbrous with the minute music of insect life, and from the honeysuckles clambering over the wall at his back came the murmur of the happy, happy bees.

What power have hunger and thirst and momentary weariness over the young? Father Palemon was himself most like a part of the pure and beautiful nature around him. His heart was like some great secluded crimson flower that is just ready to burst open in a passionate seeking of the sun. As he sat thus in the midst of Nature's joyousness and irrepressible unfoldings and peaceful consummations, he forgot hunger and thirst and weariness in a feeling of delicious languor. But beneath even this, and more subtle still, was the stir of restlessness and the low fever of vague desire for something wholly beyond his experience. He sighed and opened his eyes. Right before them, on the spire beyond the gardens, was the ancient cross to which he was consecrated. On his shoulders were the penitential wounds he had that morning inflicted with the knotted scourge. In his ears was the faint general chorus of saints and martyrs, echoing backward ever more solemnly to the very passion of Christ. While Nature was everywhere clothing itself with living greenness, around his gaunt body and muscular limbs — over his young head and his coursing hot blood — he had wrapped the dead white cowl of centuries gone as the winding-sheet of his humanity. These were not clear thoughts in his mind, but the vaguest suggestions of feeling, which of late had come to him at times, and now made him sigh more deeply as he sat up and bent over again to tie the hempen cords. As he did so, his attention was arrested by the sound of voices just outside the monastery wall, which was low here, so that in the general stillness they became entirely audible.

II.

Outside the wall was a long strip of woodland which rose gently to the summit of a ridge half a mile away. The woodland was but little used. Into it occasionally a lay brother drove the gentle monastery cows to pasture, or here a flock sheltered itself beneath forest oaks against the noontide summer heat. Beyond the summit lay the homestead of a gentleman farmer. As one descended this slope towards the abbey, he beheld it from the most picturesque side, and visitors at the homestead usually came to see it by this secluded approach. If Father Palemon could have been beyond the wall, he would have discovered that the voices were those of a young man and a young woman — the former a slight, dark cripple, and invalid. He led the way along a footpath up quite close to the wall, and the two sat down beneath the shade of a great tree. Father Palemon, listening eagerly, unconsciously overheard the following conversation:

"I should like to take you inside the abbey wall, but of course that is impossible, as no woman is allowed to enter the grounds. So we shall rest here awhile. I find that the walk tires me more than it once did, and this tree has become a sort of outside shrine to me on my pilgrimages."

"Do you come often?"

"Oh, yes. When we have visitors, I am appointed their guide, probably because I feel more interest in the place than any one else. If they are men, I take them over the grounds inside; and if they are women, I bring them thus far and try to describe the rest."

"As you will do for me now?"

"No; I am not in the mood for describing. Even when I am, my description always disappoints me. How is one to describe such human beings as these monks? Sometimes, during the long summer days, I walk over here alone and lie for hours under this tree, until the influences of the place have completely possessed me and I feel wrought up to the point of description. The sensation of a chill comes over me. Look up at these Kentucky skies! You have never seen them before. Are there any more delicate and tender? Well, at such times, where they bend over this abbey, they look as hard and cold as a sky of Landseer's. The sun seems no longer to warm the pale cross on the spire yonder, the great drifting white clouds send a shiver through me as though uplifted snowbanks were passing over my head. I fancy that if I were to go inside I should see the white butterflies dropping down dead from the petals of the white roses, finding them stiff with frost, and that the white rabbits would be limping trembling through the frozen grass, like the hare in 'The Eve of St. Agnes.' Everything becomes cold to me — cold, cold, cold! The bleak and rugged old monks themselves, in their hoary cowls, turn to personifications of perpetual winter; and if I were in the chapel, I should expect to meet in one of them Keats's very beadsman,— patient, holy man, meager, wan,— whose fingers were numb while he told his rosary, and his breath frosted as it took flight for heaven. Ugh! I am cold now. My blood must be getting very thin."

"I do not discover thinness of blood in your description so much as a poetic imagination."

"At least the impression is a powerful one. I have watched these old monks closely. Whether it is from the weakness of vigils and fasts or from positive cold, they all tremble — perpetually tremble. I fancy that their souls shiver as well. Are not their cowls the grave-clothes of a death in life?"

"You seem to forget, Austin, that faith warms them."

"By extinguishing the fires of nature! Why should not faith and nature grow strong together? I have spent my life on the hill-side back yonder, as you know, and I have had leisure enough for studying these monks. I have tried to do them justice. At different times I have almost lived with St. Benedict at Subiaco, and St. Patrick on the mountain, and St. Anthony in the desert, and St. Thomas in the cell. I understand and value all the elements of truth and beauty in the lives of the ancient solitaries. But they all belong so inalienably to the past. We have outgrown the ideals of antiquity. How can a man now look upon his body as his evil tenement of flesh? How can he believe that he approaches sainthood by destroying his manhood? The highest type of personal holiness is said to be attained in the cloister. That is not true. The highest type of personal holiness is to be attained in the thick of all the world's temptations. Then it becomes sublime. It seems to me that all the heroisms worth speaking of nowadays are active, not meditative. But why should I say this to you, who as much as any one else have taught me to think thus — I who myself am able to do nothing? But though I can do nothing, I can at least look down upon the monastic ideal of life as an empty dead husk, into which no man with the largest ideas of duty will ever compress his powers. Even granting that it develops personal holiness, this itself is but one element in the perfect character, and not even the greatest one."

"But do you suppose that all these monks have deliberately and freely chosen their vocation? You know perfectly well that often there are almost overwhelming motives impelling men and women to hide themselves away from the world — from its sorrows, its dangers, its temptations."

"You are at least orthodox. I know that such motives exist, but are they sufficient? Of course there was a time when the cloister was a refuge from dangers. Certainly that is not true in this country now. And as for the sorrows and temptations, I say that they must be met in the world. There is no sorrow *befalling* a man in the world that he should not *bear* in the world — bear it as well for the sake of his own character as for the sake of helping others who suffer like him. This way lie moral heroism and martyrdom. This way, even, lies the utmost self-sacrifice, if one will only try to see it. No, I have but little sympathy with such cases. The only kind of monk who has all my sympathy is the one that is produced by early training and education. Take a boy whose nature has nothing in common with the scourge and the cell. Immure him. Never let him get from beneath the shadow of convent walls or away from the sound of masses and the waving of crucifixes. Bend him, train him, break him, until he turns monk despite nature's purposes, and ceases to be a man without becoming a saint. I have sympathy for *him*. Sympathy! I do not know of any violation of the law of personal liberty that gives me so much positive suffering."

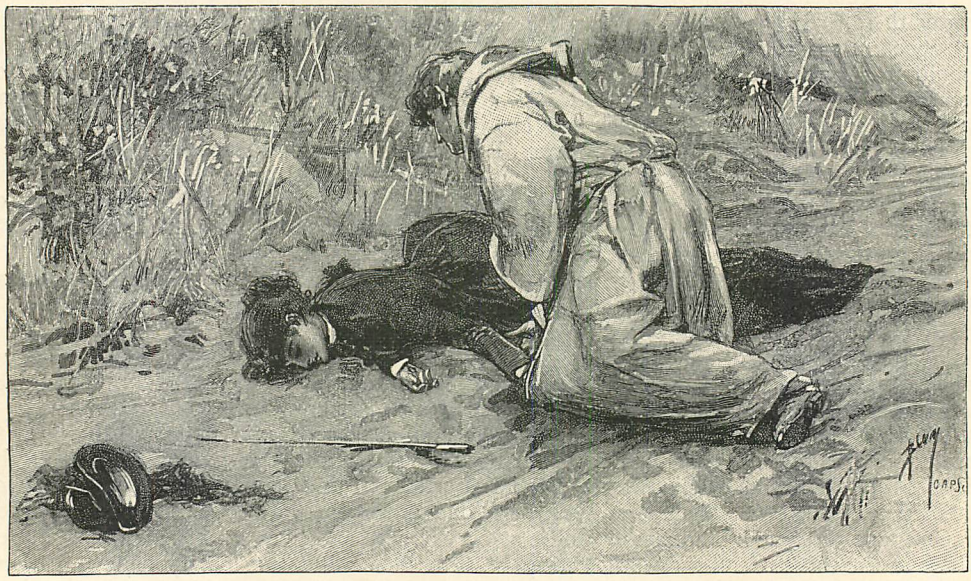
"But why suffer over imaginary cases? Such constraint belongs to the past."

"On the contrary, it is just such an instance of constraint that has colored all my thoughts of this abbey. It is this that has led me to haunt the place for years from a sort of sad fascination. Men find their way to this valley from the remotest parts of the world. No one knows from what inward or outward stress they come. They are hidden away here and their secret histories are buried with them. But the history of one of these fathers is known, for he has grown up here under the shadow of these monastery walls. You may think the story one of medieval flavor, but I believe its counterpart will here and there be found as long as monasteries rise and human beings fall.

"He was an illegitimate child. Who his father was, no one ever so much as suspected. When his mother died he was left a homeless waif in one of the Kentucky towns. But some invisible eye was upon him. He was soon afterwards brought to the boarding-school for poor boys which is taught by the Trappist fathers here. Perhaps this was done by his father, who wished to get him safely out of the world. Well, he has never left this valley since then. The fathers have been his only friends and advisers. He has never looked on the face of a woman since he looked into his mother's when a child. He knows no more of the modern world — except what the various establishments connected with the abbey have taught him — than the most ancient hermit. While he was in the Trappist school, during afternoons and vacations he worked in the monastery fields with the lay brothers. With them he ate and slept. When his education was finished he became a lay brother

himself. But amidst such influences the rest of the story is foreseen: in a few years he put on the brown robe and leathern girdle of a brother of the order, and last year he took final vows, and now wears the white cowl and black scapular of a priest."

"But if he has never known any other life, he, most of all, should be contented with this. It seems to me that it would be much harder to have known human life and then renounce it."



"HE BENT OVER IT, REVERENTIAL, WELL-NIGH AWE-STRICKEN."

"That is because you are used to dwell upon the good, and strive to better the evil. No; I do not believe that he is happy. I do not believe nature is ever thwarted without suffering, and nature in him never cried out for the monkish life, but against it. His first experience with the rigors of its discipline proved nearly fatal. He was prostrated with long illness. Only by special indulgence in food and drink was his health restored. His system even now is not inured to the cruel exactions of his order. You see, I have known him for years. I was first attracted to him as a lonely little fellow with the sad lay brothers in the fields. As I would pass sometimes, he would eye me with all a boy's unconscious appeal for the young and for companionship. I have often gone into the abbey since then, to watch and study him. He works with a terrible, pent-up energy. I know his type among the young Kentuckians. They make poor monks. Time and again they have come here to join the order. But all have soon fallen away. Only Father Palemon has ever persevered to the taking of the vows that bind him until death. My father knew his mother and says that he is much like her — an impulsive, passionate, trustful, beautiful creature, with the voice of a seraph. Father Palemon himself has the richest voice in the monks' choir. Ah, to hear him, in the dark chapel, sing the *Salve Regina!* The others seem to moderate their own voices, that his may rise clear and uncommingled to the vaulted roof. But I believe that it is only the music he feels. He puts passion and an outcry for human sympathy into every note. Do you wonder that I feel so strongly drawn towards him? I can give you no idea of his appearance. I shall show you his photograph, but that will not do it. I have often imagined you two together by the very law of contrast. I think of you at home in New York City, with your charities, your missions, your energetic, untiring beneficence. You stand at one extreme. Then I think of him at the other — doing nothing, shut up in this valley, spending his magnificent manhood in a never-changing, never-ending routine of sterile vigils and fasts and prayers. Oh, we should change places, he and I! I should be in there and he out here. He should be lying here by your side, looking up into your face, loving you as I have loved you, and winning you as I never can. O Madeline, Madeline, Madeline!"

The rapid, broken utterance suddenly ceased.

In the deep stillness that followed, Father Palemon heard the sound of a low sob and a groan.

He had sat all this time riven to the spot, and as though turned into stone. He had hardly breathed. A bright lizard gliding from out a crevice in the wall had sunned itself in a little rift of sunshine between his feet. A bee from the honeysuckles had lighted unnoticed upon his hand. All sounds had died away from his ears, which were strained to catch the last echoes of these strange voices from another world. Now all at once across the gardens came the stroke of a bell summoning to instant prayer. Why had it suddenly grown so loud and terrible? He started up. He forgot all priestly gravity and ran — fairly ran, headlong and in a straight course, heedless of the tender plants that were being crushed beneath his feet. From another part of the garden an aged brother, his eye attracted by the sunlight glancing on a bright moving object, paused while training a grape-vine and watched with amazement the disorderly figure as it fled. As he ran on, the skirts of his cowl, which he had forgotten to tie up, came down. When at last he reached the door of the chapel and stooped to unroll them, he discovered that they had been draggled over the dirt and stained against the bruised weeds until they were hardly recognizable as having once been spotless white. A pang of shame and alarm went through him.

III.

EVERY morning the entire Trappist brotherhood meet in a large room for public confession and accusation. High at one end sits the venerable abbot; beside him, but lower, the prior; while the fathers in white and the brothers in brown range themselves on benches placed against the wall on each side. It was near the close of this impressive ceremony that Father Palemon arose and, pushing the hood far back from his face, looked sorrowfully around upon the amazed company. A thrill of the tenderest sympathy shot through them. He was the youngest by far of their number and likeliest therefore to go astray; but never had any one found cause to accuse him, and never had he condemned himself. Many a head wearing its winter of age and worldly scars had been lifted in that sacred audience-chamber of the soul confessing to secret sin. But not he. So awful a thing is it for a father to accuse himself, that in utter self-abasement his brethren throw themselves prone to the floor when he rises. It was over the prostrate forms of his brethren that Father Palemon now stood up erect, alone. Unearthly spectacle! He began his confession. In the hushed silence of the great bare chamber his voice awoke such echoes as might have terrified the soul had one gone into a vast vault and harangued the shrouded dead. But he went on, sparing not himself and laying bare his whole sin — the yielding to weariness in the garden; the listening to the conversation; most of all, the harboring of strange doubts and desires since then. Never before had the word "woman" been breathed at this confessional of devoted celibates. More than one hooded, faded cheek blushed secret crimson at the sound. The circumstances attending Father Palemon's temptation invested it with an ancient horror. The scene, a garden; the tempter, a woman. It was like some modern Adam confessing his fall.

His penance was severe. For a week he was not to leave his cell, except at brief seasons of permission. Every morning he must scourge himself on his naked back until the blood came. Every noon he must go about the refectory on his knees, begging his portion of daily bread, morsel by morsel, from his brethren, and must eat it sitting before them on the floor. This repast was reduced in quantity a half. An aged deaf monk took his place in the garden.

His week of penance over, Father Palemon came forth too much weakened to do heavy work, and was sent to relieve one of the fathers in the school. Educated there himself, he had often before this taught its round of familiar duties. The school is situated outside the abbey wall on a hill-side several hundred yards away. Between it and the abbey winds the road which enters the valley above and goes out below, connecting two country highways. Where it passes the abbey it offers slippery, unsafe footing on account of a shelving bed of rock which rises on each side as a steep embankment, and is kept moist by overhanging trees and by a small stream that issues from the road-side and spreads out over the whole pass. The fathers are commanded to cross this road at a quick gait, the hood drawn completely over the face, and the eyes bent on the ground.

One sultry afternoon, a few days later, Father Palemon had sent away his little group of pious pupils, and seated himself to finish his work. The look of unawakened innocence had vanished from his eyes. They were full of thought and sorrow. A little while and, as though weighed down with heaviness, his head sank upon his arms, which were crossed over the desk. But he soon lifted it quickly, and with alarm. One of the violent storms which gather and pass so quickly in the Kentucky skies was rushing on from the south. The shock of distant thunder sent a tremor through the building. He walked to the window and stood for a moment watching the

rolling edge of the low storm-cloud with its plumes of white and gray and ominous dun-green colors. Suddenly his eyes were drawn to the road below. Around a bend a horse came running at full speed, uncontrolled by the rider. He clasped his hands and breathed a prayer. Just ahead was the slippery, dangerous footing. Another moment and horse and rider disappeared behind the embankment. Then the horse reappeared on the other side, without saddle or rider, rushing away like a forerunner of the tempest.

He ran down. When he reached the spot he saw lying on the road-side the form of a woman — the creature whom his priestly vows forbade him ever to approach. Her face was upturned, but hidden under a great wave of her long, loosened, brown hair. He knelt down and, lifting the hair aside, gazed down into it.

"*Ave Maria!* — Mother of God!" The disjointed exclamations were instinctive. The first sight of beautiful womanhood had instantly lifted his thought to the utmost height of holy associations. Indeed, no sweet face had he ever looked on but the Virgin's picture. Many a time in the last few years had he, in moments of restlessness, drawn near and studied it with a sudden rush of indefinable tenderness and longing. But beauty, such as this seemed to him, he had never dreamed of. He bent over it, reverential, well-nigh awe-stricken. Then as naturally as the disciple John might have succored Mary, finding her wounded and fainting by the wayside, he took the unconscious sufferer in his arms and bore her to the school-room for refuge from the bursting storm. There he quickly stripped himself of his great soft cowl, and, spreading it on the bare floor, laid her on it, and with cold water and his coarse monk's-handkerchief bathed away the blood that flowed from a little wound on her temple.

A few moments and she opened her eyes. He was bending close over her, and his voice sounded as sweet and sorrowful as a vesper bell:

"Do you suffer? Are you much hurt? Your horse must have fallen among the rocks. The girth was broken."

She sat up bewildered and replied slowly:

"I think I am only stunned. — Yes, my horse fell. — I was hurrying home out of the storm. — He took fright at something and I lost control of him. What place is this?"

"This is the school of the abbey. The road passes just below. I was standing at the window when your horse ran past, and I brought you here."

"I must go home at once. They will be anxious about me. I am visiting at a place not more than a mile away."

He shook his head and pointed to the window. A sudden gray blur of rain had effaced the landscape. The wind shook the building.

"You must remain here until the storm is over. It will last but a little while."

During this conversation she had been sitting on the white cowl, and he, with the frankness of a wondering, innocent child, had been kneeling quite close beside her. Now she got up and walked to one of the windows, looking out upon the storm, while he retired to another window at the opposite end of the room. What was the tempest-swept hill outside to the wild, swift play of emotions in him? A complete revulsion of feeling quickly succeeded his first mood. What if she was more beautiful — far more beautiful — than the sweet Virgin's picture in the abbey? She was a devil, a beautiful devil. Her eyes, her hair, which had blown against his face and around his neck, were the Devil's implements; her form, which he had clasped in his arms, was the Devil's subtlest hiding-place. She had brought sin into the world. She had been the curse of man ever since. She had tempted St. Anthony. She had ruined many a saint, sent many a soul to purgatory, many a soul to hell. Perhaps she was trying to send *his* soul to hell now — now while he was alone with her and under her influence. It was this same woman who had broken into the peace of his life two weeks before, for he had instantly recognized the voice as the one that he had heard in the garden and that had been the cause of his severe penance. Amidst all his scourgings, fasts, and prayers that voice had never left him. It made him ache to think of what penance he must now do again on her account; and with a sudden impulse he walked across the room, and, standing before her with arms folded across his breast, said in a voice of the simplest sorrow:

"Why have you crossed my pathway, thus to tempt me?"

She looked at him with eyes that were calm but full of natural surprise.

"I do not understand how I have tempted you."

"You tempt me to believe that woman is not the devil she is."

She was silent with confusion. The whole train of his thought was unknown to her. It was difficult, bewildering. A trivial answer was out of the question, for he hung upon her expected reply with a look of pitiable eagerness. She took refuge in the didactic.

"I have nothing to say about the nature of woman. It is vague, contradictory; it is anything, everything. But I *can* speak to

you of the lives of women: that is a definite subject. Some women may be what you call devils. But some are not. I thought that you recognized the existence of saintly women within the memories and the present pale of your church."

"True. It is the women of the world who are the devils."

"You know so well the women of the world?"

"I have been taught. I have been taught that if Satan were to appear to me on my right hand and a beautiful woman of the world on my left, I should flee to Satan from the arms of my greater enemy. You tempt me to believe that this is not true — to believe that the fathers have lied to me. You tempt me to believe that Satan would not dare to appear in your presence. Is it because you are yourself a devil that you tempt me thus?"

"Should you ask me? I am a woman of the world. I live in a city of more than a million souls — in the company of thousands of these women-devils. I see hundreds of them daily. I may be one myself. If you think I am a devil, you ought not to ask me to tell you the truth. You should not listen to me or believe me."

She felt the cruelty of all this. It was like replying logically to a child who had earnestly asked to be told something that might wreck its faith and happiness.

The storm was passing. In a few minutes this strange interview would end: he back to his cell again; she back to the world. Already it had its deep influence over them both. She, more than he, felt its almost tragical gravity, and was touched by its pathos. These two young human souls, true and pure, crossing each other's pathway in life thus strangely, now looked into each other's eyes, as two travelers from opposite sides of the world meet and salute and pass in the midst of the desert.

"I shall believe whatever you tell me," he said with tremulous eagerness.

The occasion lifted her ever-serious nature to the extraordinary; and trying to cast the truth that she wished to teach into the mold which would be most familiar to him, she replied:

"Do you know who are most like you monks in consecration of life? It is the women — the good women of the world. What are your great vows? Are they not poverty, labor, self-denial, chastity, prayer? Well, there is not one of these but is kept in the hearts of good women. Only, you monks keep your vows for your own sakes, while women keep them as well for the sakes of others. For the sake of others they live and die poor. Sometimes they even starve. You never do that. They work for others as you have never worked; they pray for others as you have never prayed. In sickness and weariness, day and night, they deny themselves and sacrifice themselves for others as you have never done — never can do. You keep yourselves pure. They keep themselves pure and make others pure. If you are the best examples of personal holiness that may be found in the world apart from temptation, they are the higher types of it maintained amidst temptations that never cease. You are content to pray for the world, they also work for it. If you wish to see, in the most nearly perfect form that is ever attained in this world, love and sympathy and forgiveness; if you wish to find vigils and patience and charity — go to the good women of the world. They are all through the world, of which you know nothing — in homes, and schools, and hospitals; with the old, the suffering, the dying. Sometimes they are clinging to the thankless, the dissolute, the cruel; sometimes they are ministering to the weary, the heart-broken, the deserted. No, no! Some women may be what you call them, devils —"

She blushed all at once with recollection of her earnestness. It was the almost elemental simplicity of her listener that had betrayed her into it. Meantime, as she had spoken, his quickly changing mood had regained its first pitch. She seemed to rise higher — to be arraigning him and his ideals of duty. In his own sight he seemed to grow smaller, shrink up, become despicable; and when she suddenly ceased speaking, he lifted his eyes to her, alas! too plainly now betraying his heart.

"And you are one of these good women?"

"I have nothing to say of myself; I spoke of others. I may be a devil."

For an instant through the scattering clouds the sunlight had fallen through the window, lighting up her head as with a halo. It fell upon the cowl also, which lay on the floor like a luminous heap. She went to it, and, lifting it, said to him:

"Will you leave me alone now? They must pass here soon looking for me. I shall see them from the window. I do not know what should have happened to me but for your kindness. And I can only thank you very gratefully."

He took the hand that she gave him in both of his, and held it closely awhile as his eyes rested long and intently upon her face. Then quickly muffling up his own in the folds of his cowl, he turned away and left the room. She watched him disappear behind the embankment below and then reappear on the opposite side, striding rapidly towards the abbey.

IV.

ALL that night the two aged monks whose cells were one on each side of Father Palemon's heard him tossing in his sleep. At the open confessional next morning he did not accuse himself. The events of the day before were known to none. There were in that room but two that could have testified against him. One was Father Palemon himself; the other was a small dark red spot on the white bosom of his cowl, just by his heart. It was a blood-stain from the wounded head that had lain on his breast. All through the dread examination and the confessions Father Palemon sat motionless, his face shadowed by his hood, his arms crossed over his bosom, hiding this scarlet stain. What nameless foreboding had blanched his cheek when he first beheld it? It seemed to be a dead weight over his heart, as those earth-stains on the hem had begun to clog his feet.

All day he went the round of his familiar duties faultlessly but absently. Without heeding his own voice, he sang the difficult ancient offices of the Church in a full volume of tone, that was heard above all the rich unison of the unerring choir. When, at twilight, he lay down on his hard narrow bed, with the leathern cincture about his gaunt waist, he seemed girt for some lonely spiritual conflict of the midnight hours. Once in the sad tumult of his dreams his outstretched arms struck sharply against some object and he awoke: it was the crucifix that hung against the bare wall at his head. He sat up. The bell of the monastery tolled 12. A new day was beginning. A new day for him? In two hours he would set his feet, as evermore, in the small circle of ancient monastic exactions. Already the westering moon poured its light through the long windows of the abbey and flooded his cell. He arose softly and walked to the open casement, looking out upon the southern summer midnight. Beneath the window lay the garden of flowers. Countless white roses, as though censers swung by unseen hands, waved up to him their sweet incense. Some dreaming bird awoke its happy mate with a note prophetic of the coming dawn. From the bosom of the stream below, white trailing shapes rose ethereal through the moonlit air and floated down the valley as if journeying outward to some mysterious bourn. On the dim horizon stood the domes of the forest trees, marking the limits of the valley — the boundary of his life. He pressed his hot head against the cold casement and groaned aloud, seeming to himself, in his tumultuous state, the only thing that did not belong to the calm and holy beauty of the scene. Disturbed by the sound, an old monk sleeping a few feet distant turned in his cell and prayed aloud:

"Seigneur! Seigneur! Oubliez la faiblesse de ma jeunesse! Vive Jésus! Vive la Croix!"

The prayer smote him like a warning. Conscience was still torturing this old man — torturing him even in his dreams on account of the sinful fevers that had burned up within him half a century ago. On the very verge of the grave he was uplifting his hands to implore forgiveness for the errors of his youth. Ah! and those other graves in the quiet cemetery garth below — the white-cowled dust of his brethren, moldering till the resurrection morn. They, too, had been sorely tempted — had struggled and prevailed, and now reigned as saints in heaven, whence they looked sorrowfully and reproachfully down upon him, and upon their sinful heaps of mortal dust, which had so foiled and clogged and baffled the immortal spirit.

Miserably, piteously, he wrestled with himself. Even conscience was divided in twain and fought madly on both sides. His whole training had left him obedient to ideas of duty. To be told what to do always had been for him to do it. But hitherto his teachers had been the fathers. Lately two others had appeared — a man and a woman of the world, who had spoken of life and of duty as he had never thought of them. The pale dark hunchback, whom he had often seen haunting the monastery grounds and hovering around him at his work, had unconsciously drawn aside for him the curtains of the world and a man's nobler part in it. The woman, whom he had addressed as a devil, had come in his eyes to be an angel. Both had made him blush for his barren life, his inactivity. Both had shown him which way duty lay.

Duty? Ah! it was not duty. It was the woman, the woman! The old tempter! It was the sinful passion of love that he was responding to; it was the recollection of that sweet face against which his heart had beat — of the helpless form that he had borne in his arms. Duty or love, he could not separate them. The great world, on the boundaries of which he wished to set his feet, was a dark, formless, unimaginable thing, and only the light from the woman's face streamed across to him and beckoned him on. It was she who made his priestly life wretched — made even the wearing of his cowl an act of hypocrisy that was the last insult to Heaven. Better anything than this. Better the renunciation of his sacred calling, though it should bring him the loss of earthly peace and eternal pardon.

The clock struck half-past 1. He turned back to his cell. The ghastly beams of the

setting moon suffused it with the pallor of a death-scene. God in heaven! The death-scene was there — the crucifixion! The sight pierced him afresh with the sharpest sorrow, and taking the crucifix down, he fell upon his knees and covered it with his kisses and his tears. There was the wound in the side, there were the drops of blood and the thorns on the brow, and the Divine face still serene and victorious in the last agony of self-renunciation. Self-renunciation!

"Lord, is it true that I cannot live to Thee alone? — And Thou didst sacrifice Thyself to the utmost for me! — Consider me, how I am made! — Have mercy, have mercy! If I sin, be Thou my witness that I do not know it! — Thou, too, didst love her well enough to die for her!"

In that hour, when he touched the highest point that nature ever enabled him to attain, Father Palemon, looking into his conscience and into the Divine face, took his final resolution. He was still kneeling in steadfast contemplation of the cross when the moon withdrew its last ray and over it there rushed a sudden chill and darkness. He was still immovable before it when, at the resounding clangor of the bell, all the spectral figures of his brethren started up from their couches like ghosts from their graves, and in a long, shadowy line wound noiselessly downward into the gloom of the chapel, to begin the service of matins and lauds.

V.

He did not return with them when at the close of day they wound upward again to their solemn sleep. He slipped unseen into the windings of a secret passage-way, and hastening to the reception-room of the abbey sent for the abbot.

It was a great bare room. A rough table and two plain chairs in the middle were the only furniture. Over the table there swung from the high ceiling a single low, lurid point of light, that failed to reach the shadows of the recesses. The few poor pictures of saints and martyrs on the walls were muffled in gloom. The air was dank and noisome, and the silence was that of a vault.

Standing half in light and half in darkness, Father Palemon awaited the coming of his august superior. It was an awful scene. His face grew whiter than his cowl, and he trembled till he was ready to sink to the floor. A few moments, and through the dim doorway there softly glided in the figure of the aged abbot, like a presence rather felt than seen. He advanced to the little zone of light, the iron keys clanking at his girdle, his delicate fingers interlaced across his breast, his gray eyes filled with a look of mild surprise and displeasure.

"You have disturbed me in my rest and meditations. The occasion must be extraordinary. Speak! Be brief!"

"The occasion *is* extraordinary. I shall be brief. Father Abbot, I made a great mistake in ever becoming a monk. Nature has not fitted me for such a life. I do not any longer believe that it is my duty to live it. I have disturbed your repose only to ask you to receive the renunciation of my priestly vows and to take back my cowl: I will never put it on again."

As he spoke he took off his cowl and laid it on the table between them, showing that he wore a dark suit of citizen's clothes beneath.

Under the flickering spark the face of the abbot had at first flushed with anger and then grown ashen with vague, formless terror. He pushed the hood back from his head and pressed his fingers together until the jeweled ring cut into the flesh.

"You are a priest of God, consecrated for life. Consider the sin and folly of what you say. You have made no mistake. It would be too late to correct it, if you had."

"I shall do what I can to correct it as soon as possible. I shall leave the monastery to-night."

"To-night you confess what has led you to harbor this suggestion of Satan. To-night I forgive you. To-night you sleep once more at peace with the world and your own soul. Begin! Tell me everything that has happened — everything!"

"It were better untold. It could only pain — only shock you."

"Ha! You say this to me, who stand to you in God's stead?"

"Father Abbot, it is enough that Heaven should know my recent struggles and my present purposes. It does know them."

"And it has not smitten you? It is merciful."

"It is also just."

"Then do not deny the justice you receive. Did you not give yourself up to my guidance as a sheep to a shepherd? Am I not to watch near you in danger and lead you back when astray? Do you not realize that I may not make light of the souls committed to my charge, as my own soul shall be called into judgment at the last day? Am I to be pushed aside — made naught of — at such a moment as this?"

Thus urged, Father Palemon told all that had recently befallen him, adding these words:

"Therefore I am going — going now. I cannot expect your approval: that pains me.

But have I not a claim upon your sympathy? You are an old man, Father Abbot. You are nearer heaven than this earth. But you have been young; and I ask you, is there not in the past of your own buried life the memory of some one for whom you would have risked even the peace and pardon of your own soul?"

The abbot threw up his hands with a gesture of sudden anguish, and turned away into the shadowy distances of the room.

When he emerged again, he came up close to Father Palemon in the deepest agitation.

"I tell you this purpose of yours is a suggestion of the Evil Spirit. Break it against the true rock of the Church. You should have spoken sooner. Duty, honor, gratitude, should have made you speak. Then I could have made this burden lighter for you. But, heavy as it is, it will pass. You suffer now, but it will pass, and you will be at peace again — at perfect peace again."

"Never! Never again at peace here! My place is in the world. Conscience tells me that. Besides, have I not told you, Father Abbot, that I love her, that I think of her day and night? Then I am no priest. There is nothing left for me but to go out into the world."

"The world! What do you know of the world? If I could sum up human life to you in an instant of time, I might make you understand into what sorrow this caprice of restlessness and passion is hurrying you."

All sweetness had forsaken the countenance of the aged shepherd. His tones rung hoarse and hollow, and the muscles of his face twitched and quivered as he went on:

"Reflect upon the tranquil life that you have spent here, preparing your soul for immortality. All your training has been for the solitude of the cloister. All your enemies have been only the spiritual foes of your own nature. You say that you are not fitted for this life. Are you then prepared for a life in the world? Foolish, foolish boy! You exchange the terrestrial solitude of heaven for the battle-field of hell. Its coarse, foul atmosphere will stifle and contaminate you. It has problems that you have not been taught to solve. It has shocks that you would never withstand. I see you in the world? Never, never! See you in the midst of its din and sweat of weariness, its lying and dishonor? You say that you love this woman. Heaven forgive you this sin! You would follow her. Do you not know that you may be deluded, trifled with, disappointed? She may love another. Ah! you are a child — a simple child!"

"Father Abbot, it is time that I were becoming a man."

But the abbot did not hear or pause, borne on now by a torrent of ungovernable feelings:

"Your parents committed a great sin." He suddenly lifted the cross from his bosom to his lips, which moved rapidly for an instant in silent prayer. "It has never been counted against you here, as it will never be laid to your charge in heaven. But the world will count it against you. It will make you feel its jeers and scorn. You have no father,"— again he bent over and passionately kissed his cross,— "you have no name. You are an illegitimate child. There is no place for you in the world — in the world that takes no note of sin unless it is discovered. I warn you — I warn you by all the years of my own experience, and by all the sacred obligations of your holy order, against this fatal step."

"Though it be fatal, I must and will take it."

"I implore you! — God in heaven, dost thou punish me thus? — See! I am an old man. I have but a few years to live. You are the only tie of human tenderness that binds me to my race. My heart is buried in yours. I have watched over you since you were brought here, a little child. I have nursed you through months of sickness. I have hastened the final assumption of your vows, that you might be safe within the fold. I have staid my last days on earth with the hope that when I am dead, as I soon shall be, you would perpetuate my spirit among your brethren, and in time come to be a shepherd among them, as I have been. Do not take this solace from me. The Church needs you — most of all needs you in this age and in this country. I have reared you within it that you might be glorified at last among the saints and martyrs. No, no! You will not go away!"

"Father Abbot, what better can I do than heed the will of Heaven in my own conscience?"

"I implore you!"

"I must go."

"I warn you, I say."

"O my father! You only make more terrible the anguish of this moment. Bless me, and let me go in peace."

"*Bless* you?" almost shrieked the abbot, starting back with horror, his features strangely drawn, his uplifted arms trembling, his whole body swaying. "*Bless* you? Do this, and I will hurl upon you the awful curse of the everlasting Church!"

As though stricken by the thunderbolt of his own imprecation, he fell into one of the chairs and buried his head in his arms upon the table. Father Palemon had staggered

backward, as though the curse had struck him in the forehead. These final words he had never thought of — never foreseen. For a moment the silence of the great chamber was broken only by his own quick breathing and by the convulsive agitation of the abbot. Then with a rapid movement Father Palemon came forward, knelt, and kissed the hem of the abbot's cowl, and turning away went out.

Love — duty — the world; in those three words lie all the human, all the Divine, tragedy.

VI.

YEARS soon pass away in the life of a Trappist priest.

> For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
> And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

Another June came quickly into the lonely valley of the Abbey of Gethsemane. Again the same sweet monastery bells in the purple twilights, and the same midnight masses. Monks were again at work in the gardens, their cowls well tied up with hempen cords. Monks were once more teaching the pious pupils in the school across the lane. All the gorgeous summer came and passed beyond the southern horizon, like a mortal vision of beauty never to return. There were few changes to note. Only the abbot seemed to have grown much feebler. His hand trembled visibly now as he lifted the crosier, and he walked less than of yore among his brethren while they busied themselves with the duties of the waning autumn. But he was oftener seen pacing to and fro where the leaves fell sadly from the moaning choir of English elms. Or at times he would take a little footpath that led across the brown November fields, and, having gained a crest on the boundary of the valley, would stand looking far over the outward landscape into imaginary spaces, limitless and unexplored.

But Father Palemon, where was he? Amidst what splendors of the great metropolis was he bursting Joy's grape against his palate fine? What of his dreams of love and duty, and a larger, more modern stature of manhood?

LATE one chill, cloud-hung afternoon in November there came into the valley of Gethsemane the figure of a young man. He walked slowly along the road towards the abbey, with the air of one who is weary and forgetful of his surroundings. His head dropped heavily forward on his breast, and his empty hands hung listlessly down. At the iron gate of the porter's lodge entrance was refused him; the abbey was locked in repose for the night. Urging the importance of his seeing the abbot, he was admitted. He erased a name from a card and on it wrote another, and waited for the interview.

Again the same great dark room, lighted by a flickering spark. He did not stand half in light and half in shadow, but hid himself away in one of the darkest recesses. In a few moments the abbot entered, holding the card in his hand and speaking with tremulous haste:

"'Father Palemon'? — who wrote this name, 'Father Palemon'?"

Out of the darkness came a low reply:

"I wrote it."

"I do not know you."

"I am Father Palemon."

The calm of a great sadness was in the abbot's voice, as he replied musingly:

"There — *is* — no — Father Palemon: he died long ago."

"O my father! Is this the way you receive me?"

He started forward and came into the light. Alas! No; it was not Father Palemon. His long hair was unkempt and matted over his forehead; his face pinched and old with suffering, and ashen gray except for the red spots on his cheeks. Deep shadows lay under his hollow eyes, which were blood-shot and restless and burning.

"I have come back to lead the life of a monk. Will you receive me?"

"Twice a monk, no monk. Receive you for what time? Until next June?"

"Until death."

"I have received you once already until death. How many times am I to receive you until death?"

"I beseech you do not contest in words with me. It is too much. I am ill. I am in trouble."

He suddenly checked his passionate utterance, speaking slowly and with painful self-control:

"I cannot endure now to tell you all that has befallen me since I went away. The new life that I had begun in the world has come to an end. Father Abbot, she is dead. I have just buried her and my child in one grave. Since then the one desire I have had has been to return to this place. God forgive me! I have no heart now for the duties I had undertaken. I had not measured my strength against this calamity. It has left me powerless for good to any human creature. All my plans were wrecked when she died. My purposes have gone to pieces. There is no desire in me but for peace and solitude and prayer. All that I can do now is to hide my poor, broken, ineffectual life here, until by God's will, sooner or later, it is ended."

"You speak in the extremity of present suffering. You are young. Nearly all your life lies yet before you. In time Nature heals nearly all the wounds that she inflicts. In a few years this grief which now unmans you — which you think incurable — will wear itself out. You do not believe this. You think me cruel. But I speak the truth. Then you may be happy again — happier than you have ever been. Then the world will resume its hold upon you. If the duties of a man's life have appealed to your conscience, as I believe they have, they will then appeal to it with greater power and draw you with a greater sense of their obligations. Moreover, you may love again — ah! Hush! Hear me through! You think this is more unfeeling still. But I must speak, and speak now. It is impossible to seclude you here against all temptation. Some day you may see another woman's face — hear another woman's voice. You may find your priestly vows intolerable again. Men who once break their holiest pledges for the sake of love will break them again, if they love again. No, no! If you were unfit for the life of a monk once, much more are you unfit now. Now that you are in the world, better to remain there."

"In Heaven's name, will you deny me? I tell you that this is the only desire left to me. The world is as dead to me as though it never existed, because my heart is broken. You misunderstood me then. You misunderstand me now. Does experience count for nothing in preparing a man for the cloister?"

"I did misunderstand you once: I thought that you were fitted for the life of a monk. I understand you now: I do not make the same mistake twice."

"This is the home of my childhood, and you turn me away?"

"You went away yourself, in the name of conscience and of your own passion."

"This is the house of God, and you close its doors against me?"

"You burst them open of your own self-will."

Hitherto the abbot had spoken for duty, for his church, for the inviolable sanctity of his order. Against these high claims all the pent-up tenderness of his heart had weighed as nothing. But now as the young man, having fixed a long look upon his face, turned silently away towards the door, with outstretched arms he tottered after him and cried out in broken tones: "Stop! Stop, I pray you! You are ill. You are free to remain here a guest. No one was ever refused shelter — O my God! what have I done?"

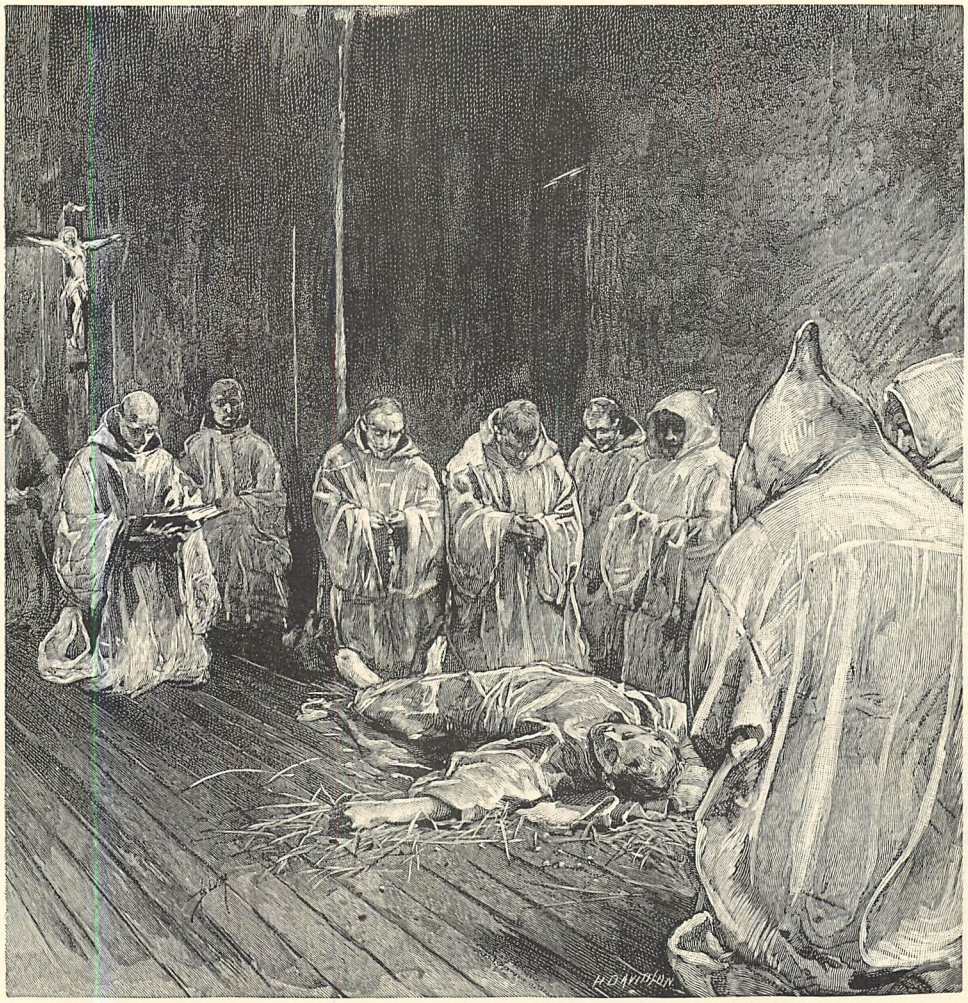
Father Palemon had reeled and fallen fainting in the doorway.

In this life, from earliest childhood, we are trained by merciful degrees to brave its many sorrows. We begin with those of infancy, which, Heaven knows, at the time seem grievous enough to be borne. As we grow older we somehow also grow stronger, until through the discipline of many little sufferings we are enabled to bear up under those final avalanches of disaster that rush down upon us in maturer years. Even thus fortified, there are some of us on whom these fall only to overwhelm.

But Father Palemon. Unnaturally shielded by the cloister up to that period of young manhood when feeling is deepest and fortitude least, he had suddenly appeared upon the world's stage only to enact one of the greatest scenes in the human tragedy — that scene wherein the perfect ecstasy of love by one swift mortal transition becomes the perfect agony of loss. What wonder if he had staggered blindly, and if, trailing the habiliments of his sorrow, he had sought to return to the only place that was embalmed in his memory, as a peaceful haven for the shipwrecked? But even this quiet port was denied him.

Into the awful death-chamber of the abbey they bore him one midnight some weeks later. The tension of physical powers during the days of his suspense and suffering, followed by the shock of his rejection, had touched those former well-nigh fatal ravages that had prostrated him during the period of his austere novitiate. He was dying. The delirium of his fever had passed away, and with a clear, dark, sorrowful eye he watched them prepare for the last agony.

On the bare floor of the death-chamber they sprinkled consecrated ashes in the form of a cross. Over these they scattered straw, and over the straw they drew a coarse serge cloth. This was his death-bed — a sign that in the last hour he was admitted once more to the fellowship of his order. From the low couch on which he lay he looked at it. Then he made a sign to the abbot, in the mute language of the brotherhood. The abbot repeated it to one of the attendant fathers, who withdrew and soon returned, bringing a white cowl. Lifting aside the serge cloth, he spread the cowl over the blessed cinders and straw. Father Palemon's request had been that he might die upon his cowl, and on this they now stretched his poor emaciated body, his cold feet just touching the old earth-stains upon its hem. He lay for a little while quite still, with closed eyes. Then he turned them upon the abbot and the monks who were kneeling in prayer around him, and said, in a voice of great and gentle dignity:



THE DEATH OF FATHER PALEMON.

"My father — my brethren, have I your full forgiveness?"

With sobs they bowed themselves around him. After this he received the crucifix, tenderly embracing it, and then lay still again, as if awaiting death. But finally he turned over on one side, and, raising himself on one forearm, sought with the hand of the other among the folds of his cowl until he found a small blood-stain now faint upon its bosom. Then he lay down again, pressing his cheek against it; and thus the second time a monk, but even in death a lover, he breathed out his spirit with a faint whisper — "Madeline!"

And as he lay on the floor, so now he lies in the dim cemetery garth outside, wrapped from head to foot in his cowl, with its stains on the hem and the bosom.

James Lane Allen.

STAR TEARS.

WHEN softly mother earth is dreaming — sleeping,
I question whence the fire-flies come,
The moon says: "Tears they are from stars that weeping
Have lost the path which leads them home."

Eugene Ashton.

DOVES.

THE bird-fancier watches the bird in its haunts from a loving interest in its habits; but the student spies it out for material for his note-book, for reference when he shall have killed it, stuffed it with tow or the like, and added it to his collection of stiffs or skins.

The knowledge each gains differs as widely as his methods. The fancier recognizes the higher order of the scientist's work and respects his use of the alphabet — possibly because beyond him; but, though he may be a trifle awed that the simple bird of his love is considered worthy of it all, his appreciation and application of it ends there.

In the great family of the *Columbidæ* the scientist finds the *Columbinæ*, *Lopholæminæ*, *Turturinæ*, *Zenaidinæ*, and more. These he breaks into subfamilies, varieties, and subvarieties, until there are names for almost the individual specimens. But dropping to plain prose and the vernacular, he seems lost. He says pigeon and dove, it is true, but it is a distinction without a difference. He plainly considers the terms synonymous. Thus the three most careful observers in America, Baird, Brewer, and Ridgeway, say, "the white-headed pigeon," and then refer to it as "this dove"; and "the Carolina dove," with a period between, becomes "this pigeon," and "the ground doves" "these pigeons." But this is no new thing. A half century ago Bonaparte complained of the lack of system in the use of these, the commonly used names. "The name dove," he said, "is applied to all the small pigeons, whilst the larger doves are known as pigeons. Even this distinction, however, does not seem to be agreed upon, as we find authors calling the larger species doves and the smaller ones pigeons, and sometimes applying both appellations to different ages and sexes of the same species."

This is all very abstruse and very absurd to the bird-lover. He recognizes a grand division of doves *and* pigeons for the entire family, and with the line of demarkation so distinctly drawn upon structural difference and natural habit that he cannot understand where there can be margin for doubt or uncertainty. This, of course, is because he knows only his one little way and cannot see beyond it.

The word "dove" conveys to his mind the impression of a slender, delicately built bird, timid and solitary by nature; monogamous in habit; its feet formed for grasping; its tail feathers long, graduated, and rounded; its roost upon a perch; its nest in trees or shrubs; and its wings so formed that it is incapable of extended flight. Its love is of mate, but for home, fond as it is of it, it knows only the present place of nesting and resting; in domestication it must be kept within bounds.

The pigeon is altogether to the contrary. True, it is monogamous, but it is also gregarious, and never content unless in a crowd. Its foot is flat; its tail feathers short, of even length and cut straight across; and its roost and nest is, from choice, a broad, flat surface. Its love of mate is secondary to the love of place; and, once domiciled, it may be trusted with its liberty. The dove is shy and timid; but the pigeon — and the bird-lover will quote Willis —

> Alone of the feathered race
> Doth look unscared on the human face.

But the fancier finds still another difference, and this to him is conclusive. The doves or the pigeons, in all of their several varieties, may be mated and the offspring are fertile; but all his attempts to mate the pigeon and the dove are futile.

The pigeon, except as it is made a thing of beauty or grotesqueness by the artist breeder, or is enlisted in man's service or for his sport, holds but little to interest. But the dove attracts attention from the traditions and superstitions by which we know of it through all the past, and because of its intelligence and its pretty, curious ways.

The turtle-dove is the best known of the family. Of this there is the common; the collared; a cross of the two which is nameless, although resembling neither and reproducing its own peculiarities; and the white, which is a spot from the collared.

The common is *la Tourterelle* of Buffon. It is English, and although plentiful is not well known. Where other birds suffer from the harrier and the gunner, a superstition protects this. Every English lad knows that, "Molest the turtle-dove or disturb its nest, and the death of the dearest will be sure before the year is done." The plumage of *la Tourterelle* is of a rich dark brown and black above; the underfeathering of reddish brown at the throat, shading to fawn beneath. The wing coverts are black, tipped with brown. The peculiar

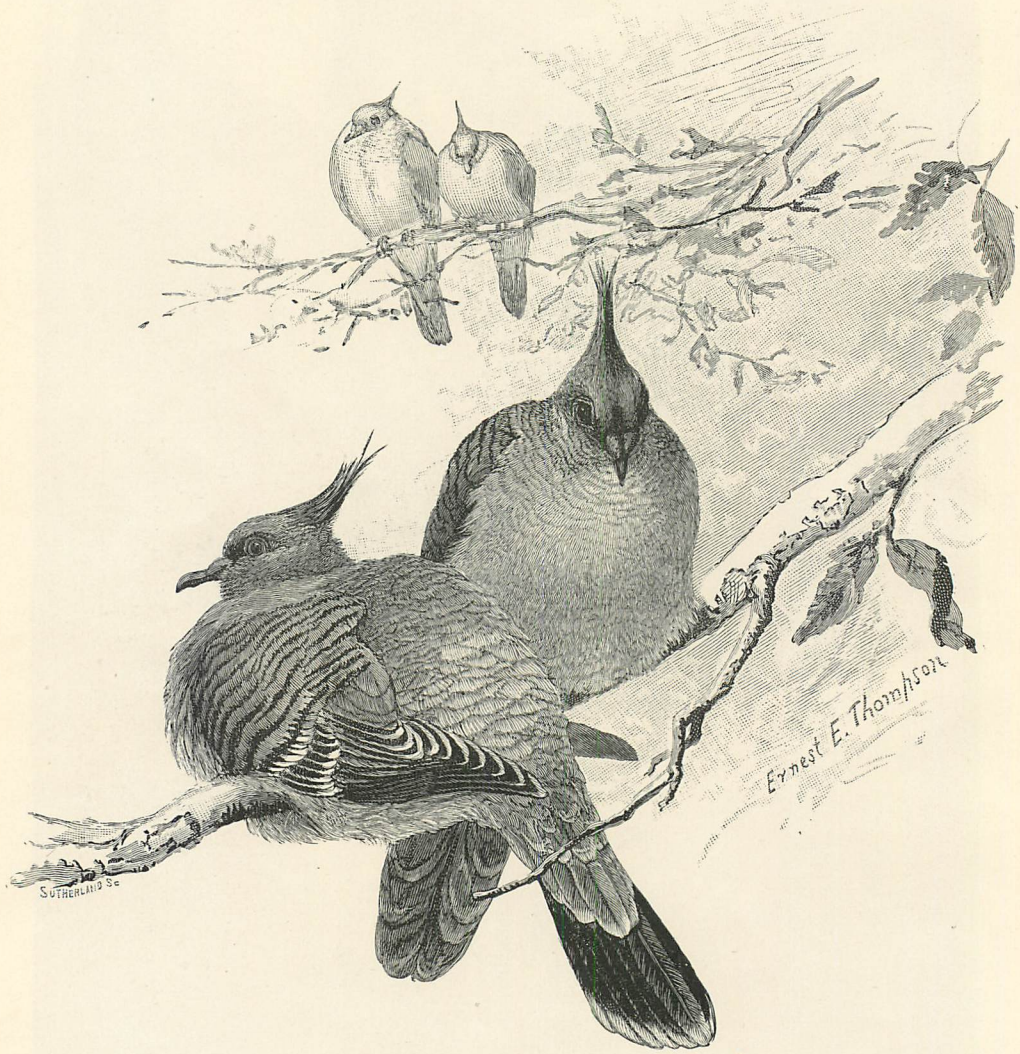
TURTLE-DOVES AND RING-DOVE.

marking is a patch of rich velvety, white-tipped black feathers at each side of the throat, but which do not appear until after the first molt.

The collared turtle or laughing dove is usually catalogued as the ring-dove, but this name belongs by right to the "cushie doo," or quest, the largest of the European doves. The collared turtle, despite its mournful note, is the interesting member of the family; and, with its presence indicative of good luck and prosperity, it is a welcome guest everywhere, but especially among the middle and lower classes of Great Britain and Germany. Old mothers tell of it as a charm for illness if hung in the

patient's presence, borne out by the fact that the bird, naturally sensitive to atmospheric influences, quickly succumbs to the close air of the sick-room, when it is said to have "taken the disease." If the patient recovers, the bird has the credit; if death ensues, it was inevitable — "nothing could have helped."

above and white beneath. The neck is encircled with a white-edged band of black feathers not quite meeting at the throat. Its cooing is peculiar in the sound being deep, prolonged, and followed by a full stop in which the bird makes a deep obeisance. The bird can be so trained that when spoken to, or when a stranger



AUSTRALIAN CRESTED DOVE.

But the dove has had its place as a curative agent. "The eating of dove's flesh," says an old authority, "is of force against the plague, insomuch that they who make it their ordinary diet are seldom seized with pestilential disorders. Some commend it against the palsie, or trembling; others, that it is of great use to them that have weak sight."

The collared turtle is of light fawn color

enters its presence, it will coo its welcome and make its courtesy, than which nothing can appear more absurd. This bird is very susceptible to atmospheric changes, and in its actions will predict the approach of storms or of clearing weather before the barometer will show it. In the autumn, as the light lessens, the dove, and especially this variety, even if bred in captivity, will become very uneasy, and if it can

WHITE-HEADED DOVE.

gain its liberty it will disappear. No amount of domestication or training can make the season of autumn migration other to it than a period of unrest and excitement.

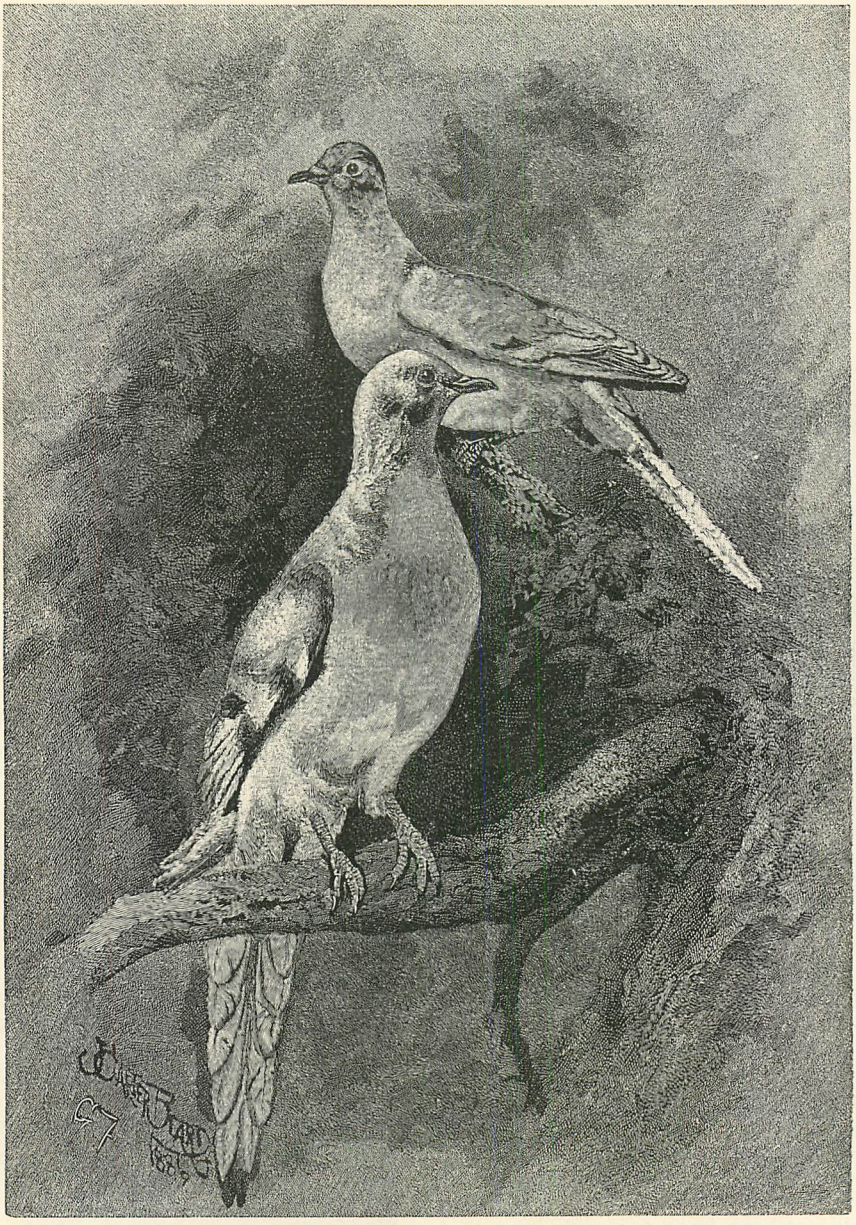
"Gentle is that creature and pure," wrote St. John Chrysostom of the dove; ample proof that the good man had taken the bird on trust. Had he been a close observer of the dove of the aviary, and the turtle-dove in particular, he would not have been favorably impressed with the "dove-like disposition." It is not only quarrelsome, but cruel. When two or three are together there are bickerings, with blows for words, and all apparently for the love of the strife. So much for a fair appearance and a paper reputation.

During the nesting period milord is home-loving and paternal, and would be gentle, gracious, and loving if madame was not perverse, disobedient, and a gad-about. But the little lady has no fondness for home duties or the seclusion of the nest place. She likes better to sit in the sun preening her feathers, or to go

BAND-TAILED AND GROUND DOVES.

picking among the grasses or in the sand. The little fellow meantime sits patiently among the few twigs of his home furnishing and calls his mate. When she does not respond he seeks her out, and "his loving lessening not his ruling of her," he spares neither efforts nor blows to drive her to her home and to keep her to her duties.

The American birds most favored for the



PASSENGER PIGEON — CAROLINA DOVE.

aviary or the cage are the Carolina and the ground-doves. The former is about the size of the common turtle-dove, but is more hardy. Reared in confinement it is docile and affectionate, and may be taught many pleasing tricks and ways. Its plumage is modest, but at each side of the throat is a beauty spot, showing sometimes a deep red, and at others green and blue. This bird must be sheltered during the frost season, and be especially guarded during the period of autumnal migration.

The ground or moaning dove is scarcely larger than a sparrow, and at home is quite as fearless, although not as quarrelsome or impudent. It is hardly more than six inches in length. It may be bred successfully in the outdoor aviary in summer, or as a cage bird in-doors throughout the year. It requires but little care, and will make return in affectionate recognition. The little love whisper in which it responds when caressed is sweeter than any song.

Of the entire *Columbidæ*, the passenger of

our own United States has excited the greatest interest, and simply because of its gregarious habit, the entire species being assembled in the one flight. It is not local except as food attracts, but through the year ranges from the lakes to the gulf, and to the lakes again. March and April find the flight moving towards the breeding-grounds in the north, and in October it is journeying by slow stages to winter quarters in the south again.

This bird is as national in the colors of its plumage as in the limit of its range. Its head and back are blue, its throat and breast red, and its underfeathering white. The marking of the wing coverts, flights, and tail feathers is of black, the two middle feathers of the tail being wholly of that color. The neck, especially in the spring, is rich in iridescent hues. The eye is bright red, and the legs and feet purplish. The bird is the largest of the family, measuring fully sixteen inches. It breeds readily in confinement, and although quite hardy must be sheltered during the winter. Many attempts have been made to mate it with the blue-rock and other of the pigeons, in the hope of combining its endurance and supposed speed with their known intelligence and love of home, but without success, thus proving it to be not a pigeon, but a dove. It has, however, been bred with the Carolina dove, and the young, mated again with the Carolinas, have proven to be fertile. The naturalist Wilson is the authority for the wonderful speed with which this bird is generally credited; his assertions being based upon the condition of the food found in the crop hundreds of miles from the vicinity in which that food could have been obtained by it, and the rapidity of the pigeon's digestion. But this the racing pigeon has refuted in furnishing the proof that the food remains almost unchanged during the time the bird is on the wing; that is, the process of digestion and assimilation is stayed, or nearly so, during the time of flying.

In 1874 the flight of this variety centered in Benzie County, Michigan, for the breeding season, occupying a district about twenty miles long and five miles wide. At least such was the area of devastation caused by its immediate presence. There every branch and twig held a nest, and in every crotch sufficient to stay a few straws or sticks was a parent and egg or young. All verdure disappeared with the coming; and viewed from a distance, instead of a forest there was a dark moving mass, sometimes rising like smoke and again settling like a pall.

Previous to the nest building the air was continually alive with the flyers in the wild frolic of the mating season. As the building began order was established to a degree, but it was not until the eggs were laid that a regular system prevailed. Then the males would take wing together at sunrise, rising from their roosts in a column, then spreading like a cloud through the air. Then an instant's delay and all were flying easily and steadily in the direction of the chosen feeding-grounds. Thousands of hens and eggs were ensconced in the branches, but not a bird rose above them, and all was still. A few hours later and the advance returned: then another flight and another, until finally the main body appeared, hovered over the forest for an instant, then each bird dropped to the perch beside the nest and mate. In the dense thicket of nests and birds each seemed to know its own. In a moment the whir and rush of wings told that the hens had left the nest. There was the same column and cloud with which the males departed, and the same course was taken — no confusion, no delay, no apparent hesitation. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon these returned and the males again took wing, to be absent until near sundown.

But all that went out did not return. The roost in its season and the breeding-place is the choice of the birds and beyond human control; but the feeding-ground is where food is to be found, and in the selection of this man takes part. If birds are in the vicinity of a brook or spring, the waters of this are salted and the ground about is strewn with grain and salt. This the stragglers quickly find, and for a few days they are allowed to come and go at will, and as the food is eaten more is served. At each feeding-time the guests arrive in greater numbers, until finally the vast armies of male and female accept the spot as feeding-ground, and no amount of slaughter, driving, or fighting can keep them from it. Then the killing begins. Thousands and thousands fall victims, but the numbers in the flight are so great that the loss is not noticed. Later, when the market is glutted, man is wearied, beast has eaten to satiety, and the ground is hidden in the mass of débris and ungathered dead, the cloud that rises and settles above the roost seems just as dense and the area upon which it rested just as great, but the whir of the wings has a softer sound. The mass is mainly of the young birds.

This mighty host came north early in the spring, while yet in New York and Michigan, where it settled, there was snow upon the ground. Nothing of seed, grain, or berry kind comes amiss with the passenger as food, and yet what was there in these States at this season in sufficient quantity to serve them? The question is one of exceeding interest.

E. S. Starr.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

"FOR a poet is something light and with wings." No one ever said the difficult thing better than Plato, after all. "And cannot," proceeds the same authoritative voice,—"and cannot compose verses unless he be inspired."

In our own immediate times verse-writing has become something more of the nature of a disease than of an honor. A species of rhymophobia pervades the cultivated world. Like the bite of the bitten victim, fashionable forms of construction extend. There is contagion in them. The strain for effect has become virulent. We feel, perforce, a sympathy with the half-playful but wholly earnest revolt of Dr. Holmes against the epidemic character of our debilitated verse.

That overbalanced struggle for perfection of manner which stifles the spirit; the renaissance of obsolete forms which vitiates the modernness of sympathy so necessary to healthful work; the endless tricking and decking of little thoughts; the apparent unconsciousness of whether one's thought be large or little, or whether it be worth thinking at all, or if worth thinking, whether worth thinking in poetry — these qualities characterize so much of the verse of our day that one may be pardoned for becoming more aware of them than of some other and better traits which undoubtedly accompany them. It may be said that

there is a certain loss of the sense of proportion in our poetic power. By this I mean that higher proportion which is to proportion of form as the soul is to the human body. We do not build loftily. We do not live to last. We do not always know why we build at all. The result is a lack of architecture. But we have plenty of verse-carpentering; done as neatly as the service of Adam Bede, who thought the world was to be saved by conscientious day's labor. But the paper cap of the workman looks over the whole job.

There is a fatal gap in human energy which Emerson described as "the step between knowing and doing." This gap is nowhere deeper or steeper than in the step between rhyming and singing. But once taken, the step is as much of a fact as a bridge. Inspiration may falter, blunder, weaken. It can never be undone.

The first thing which one finds it natural to say about the writer whose beautiful work looks at us like half-blossomed flowers from his new-made grave is, that he did beyond all critical question take this step. Plato's great and simple definition includes him. He was outside of the ceramics of the poetic art. He did not give us bric-à-brac. We do not look for him in the department of household art decoration. He expressed himself, so far as he was expressed at all, by pure inspiration. One must not mistake the slight assumption of his work, its modesty, its reticence, its way — so like the author's own — of keeping in the background till sought, for the features of what we are most apt to mean by minor poetry. By pure quality, he was outside of this dead line.

In saying this we do not forget the incompleteness of his achievement in point of some respects which go to fix a man's place or his phase in the poetry of his times. His self-distrust may be called almost pitiful, in view of his creative quality. One might fancy that Death had his eye on that shrinking, exquisite nature which had but just rooted itself in our garden of poetry, and had suffered it to unfold only so far as to taunt us with a singular sense of our loss and the Destroyer's power. There is more pathos in his life and more irony than most lives and deaths could provide material for if they tried. And this true poet and true man never "tried." His life was as simple and as honest as that of a tree. He could not attitudinize. He never posed. His literary "effect" was the last thing he ever thought of. He cared more about being a genuine man than a recognized poet.

Nevertheless the truth remains that he had come at the hour of his untimely death to an enviable recognition, and that it was the recognition of a faith in his promise surpassing that in his performance. When he left us we knew that we had a new poet. But we knew that we did not know how much we had in having him. His beautiful work was a prophecy. His best was yet to be. It was said by one of the greatest of critics of one of the greatest of poets that he "kept stern faith . . . with his fame." To keep faith with the promise of one's fame is a thing perhaps as much to be remembered; and this Sill has "sternly" done.

Edward Rowland Sill was a New England boy, with the suggestive antecedents which compose the best New England stock. His ancestry was English and Welsh — an affiliation which is apt to produce peculiarly interesting American character. The noticeable fact in the genealogy of the poet is its union of the scientific and the religious. His mother's father and grandfather were the pastors of the Congregational church in the little Connecticut village where the boy was born; the united ministry of these two covered a period of thirty-eight years. The child's grandfather went by the picturesque name of "Priest Rowland"; he was a man of great personal dignity both in appearance and character — a Puritan such as the Connecticut Valley loves. The father and grandfather of Sill were physicians and surgeons; and thus the fine combination of forces and the fierce conflict of elements begin. Impressive character and troubled faith follow such a heredity as naturally as commerce follows water, or the mists the meadows. Here again we find the well-established hereditary law, that the mother gives the guiding principle of being. It was immediately to his mother that the boy owed his poetic temperament. We are told that she was "an intellectual, quiet woman, fond of the few good books of the day, wrote verses, and had a tendency to melancholy." Whether because he was born his mother's son, or whether because he was born "light and with wings," need not be decided on the spot; but the "tendency to melancholy," as well as the tendency to "writing verses," came down to the sensitive little boy taking his first taste of life in sober Windsor. Sadness remained easy all his life. Yet he was a merry lad; he brimmed with mischief, and, like the saddest natures, continued to effervesce as the gladdest do, all his days. Such a temperament is like a marble gladiator hiding behind the spray of a fountain.

There seems to have been in his early history enough of those sources of melancholy by which domestic affliction feeds the temperament of sensitive children. We hear of the death of a brother by drowning; "an event which left Edward the only and idolized child." It is more than enough to add, that at twelve he lost his mother. His father soon followed her.

The orphan boy found his home with relatives to whom he seems to have been truly dear. He always attached people easily to himself. He was as lovable as Shelley. To those who knew him well enough to understand it, I might say that he was as lovable as Ariel. His preparatory education was obtained at Phillips Exeter Academy. His college was Yale. He graduated in 1861 — the poet of his class, remembered by all Yale men of his time as the author of what it is safe to call one of the most remarkable class poems of collegiate history. It was the work of a man; it was the song of a poet. That poem was the one sure, young stroke, giving the ring which makes men watch each other's careers. Something was always expected of Sill after that. Yet he achieved late. His life went like the lives of other American teachers, in the daily struggle. Song was rare.

In college began the conflict which his heredity was sure to agitate as it was to give him his sad and strong blue eye. The religious and the scientific brain-cells challenged each other. The boy abandoned the faith of his fathers, and after some experience in teaching went to Harvard Divinity School to become the liberal preacher. This purpose, however, he put behind him quickly. "I can't ever preach," he writes to a friend; "that has slowly settled itself in spite of my reluctant hanging on to the doubt. I can't solve the problem: only the great schoolmaster Death will ever take me through these higher mathematics of the religious principia. . . . I never can preach. I shall teach school, I suppose." The profession thus chosen he dignified and idealized to the end.

He was happily married in February, 1867, to his cousin Elizabeth N. Sill, and immediately thereafter moved to Brooklyn, New York, where he taught in a boys' school and did something as literary critic on the New York "Evening Mail." The high school and other experimental stages followed, ending in his acceptance of a call to the University of California as professor of English literature. This position he filled with honor and success for eight years. As a teacher, if not always "popular," he was passionately beloved. His scholars cherish his memory with the reverence which we give to the decisive spirit of our lives. He had genius for imparting wisdom as well as knowledge. He took the lives of his pupils to his heart. He controlled, he rebuked, he inspired, as one having authority that does not end in the class-room. His work was cheerful, healthful, vigorous. No one who loved him could mope or abandon the battle. As a teacher he illustrated Emerson's definition of a friend — "One who makes us do what we can." His California life was brought to an end by his breaking health.

In Cleveland, Ohio, in February, 1887, on the 27th of the month, suddenly and unexpectedly, he died.

Mr. Sill's better work was done within the last few years of his life; as has been said, it was but the prologue to his best. His prose contributions to the magazines, especially to "The Atlantic Monthly," THE CENTURY, and to the "Contributor's Club" of the former periodical, were of a remarkably fine texture. He thought alertly, with a certain French graciousness and gracefulness of mind. His wide reading fortified his native power without encumbering it. The gift was too genuine for the pedagogic error. His English was that of the professor, pure and simple. But it was the poet's, varied, rich, delightful. It was the style of a poet trained in a class-room.

In the lost art of private correspondence he was an expert. In an experience not devoid of valuable correspondence with suggestive minds it has never been my personal lot to read such letters as Professor Sill's; they were crammed to the brim with vitality and vivacity. Thought enough went into them to have made the basis of those unwritten volumes which he was wont satirically to call "works." Style enough was hidden — I was going to say wasted — in them to have made the literary reputation of half a dozen authors of the economic kind; and heart enough — but his heart "was always with him." His intellect was passionate, sensitive; it throbbed. The beautiful memorial tribute published by his friends in California contains such material selected from Mr. Sill's correspondence as one does not remember to have seen since the letters of Frederick Robertson. It is a literary loss that so many of his letters are destroyed, or are of too personal a nature for present memorial publication. He had that leisure of the soul which is independent of all other leisures, temperamental, dominant and graceful; it is this which creates letters, it is this which moves a man to give to his friends as good as he gives to his publisher, or better. For this reason much of Sill's best prose we shall never have. The little that is ours carries us on like the best correspondence of the best French manner. They are quotable letters; in the detective phrase, they "shadow" us.

"It was music only to look at it," he says of the great organ in Boston.

A comet is "the spirit of a world hovering about and waiting to be incarnated."

I almost feel like deploring all fame when I see the fools that worship it. I always understood why Emerson made his poems rough — and I sympathize more than ever.

I am very sorry to hear of Mr. Lanier's death. His

book on English verse is the only thing extant on that subject that is of any earthly value. I wonder that so few seem to have discovered its great merit.

As to snow landscapes, —— says it always looks like a Christmas card. Slaty blue woods, slaty blue sky, whity blue snow (and if you go softly into the woods, a slaty gray rabbit or two, with a slaty blue shadow on the snow).

Let a man write about himself. It 's the only fellow he knows anything about.

My great comfort is that man can't take his learning or his culture out of this life with him — Death pushes back everything from the gate except the naked soul. Hence it does n't much matter that one can't study, and know this or that.

I am supposed to be entered on a mad career of literary work. Have so far only written some very mild verse — suitable for nursery use in some amiable but weak-minded family. But then I 've been skating twice!

There 's nothing here anyway except weather. Some it is fluid, and some it is frozen, and eke sometimes the mixture yclept slush — but always weather. We sit down at breakfast and discuss the prospects of the day as to — weather. We report to each other the observations each has made casually during the night as to — weather. Some one tells how the barometer stands. . . . Some one else reports the direction of the wind — this is disputed by some one else. . . . At dinner there is a whole forenoon's weather to discourse upon and various prophetic intimations concerning the afternoon weather. At tea the day's weather furnishes the piece of resistance, with entrées of conjecture as to the morrow's prospect. You do not buy anything at the stores till you have compared views on this subject. Then you buy, and before you can get your change (cents you know, carefully counted) you must disclose your innermost and private views concerning not only to-day's weather, but yesterday's and that of the season in general. You also give your views briefly before you get to the door on the weather of Ohio compared to that of the Pacific slope. Then you hastily make a pacific slope out of the door.

The charm of his poetry is much more familiar to the public than that of his prose; and of the two charms it is the more his own and will be the more enduring. The most widely appreciated of his poems, "The Fool's Prayer," is too well known to need quotation in this magazine.

The fine stroke in "Opportunity" seems to me equally strong:

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud or in it raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing! —" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

To many of us one of his nearest poems is that plea for immortality which he called "The Invisible." It is too long for transcription here. A fragment stamps the porcelain:

If there is naught but what we see,
The friend I loved is lost to me. . . .

Because he never comes and stands
And stretches out to me both hands,
Because he never leans before
The gate when I set wide the door
At morning, nor is ever found
Just at my side when I turn round. . . .

For all this shall I homage pay
To Death, grow cold of heart, and say:
"He perished and has ceased to be;
Another comes, but never he"?
Nay, by our wondrous being, nay!
Although his face I never see
Through all the infinite To Be,
I know he lives and cares for me.

In another mood we have "Her Explanation":

. . . I am a lost illusion. Some strange spell
Once made your friend there, with his fine disdain
Of fact, conceive me perfect. He would fain
(But could not) see me always as befell
His dream to see me, plucking asphodel
In saffron robes on some celestial plain.
All that I was he marred and flung away
In quest of what I was not, could not be —
Lilith, or Helen, or Antigone. . . .

A woman best understands this poem. But it needs a poet to appreciate the workmanship of the last line.

The poem written for the Commencement at Smith College in 1883, and which added perceptibly to Mr. Sill's poetic reputation at the time, shows a quotation vitality which would have gained upon him, and which many of his poems have not:

Life is a game the soul can play
With fewer pieces than men say.

Were women wise, and men all true —
And one thing more that may not be,
Old earth were fair enough for me.

Not out of any cloud or sky
Will thy good come to prayer or cry.
Let the great forces wise of old
Have their whole way with thee.

. . . . the better day
Gone not in dreams, nor even the subtle desire
Not to desire;
But work is the sober law.

But one drops the white "booklet" in which these delicate poems are now first collected for the public, with a conviction that reviewers and reviewing cannot do much better by Sill than they can by an oriole. He sings evasively, willfully; he sits upon the lightest, if not upon the farthest, twig, and mocks us. Most of his poems are complete strains; they cannot be interrupted; they do him no justice if caught in notes. He needs to be read and loved — or loved and read. Pascal said of "divine things" that they "must be loved to be known;" whereas other things are known to be loved. Sill is an individuality so delicate that one needs love it to understand its secret

strength; it is pliable, fine, finished; when you think that you have brushed a beautiful cobweb you find yourself held by a golden wire.

I began this paper, which assumes to be no more than the tribute of a friend to one whose "singing is all done," by saying that Sill stands among our poets upon the claim of pure inspiration. I am confident that a study of his delicate, fragmentary work will bring the reader at the end to the same conviction. He is a truly spontaneous being; he has no "made voice"; he sings because he cannot help it; as the birds do, as the waves do, like the winds; he is of his time, of his country, and of himself. The professional reviewer of that future into which the astral personality of this half-embodied poet may project itself will give us some day a study in comparison between Sill and that other, greater, but not dissimilar poet to whom in heart his friends have thought to liken him. Had he lived to do his best Sill might have been called the American Shelley. Temperamentally there is a kinship between the two. "Shelley," says Dowden, "was the most sensitive of human beings."—"One would at once pronounce of him that he was different from other men."—"There was an earnestness in his manner, and such perfect gentleness of breeding and freedom from everything artificial, as charmed every one."

Something in the countenance of Sill used to give us at moments the fancy of this likeness; they were the elfin moments, the elusive, evasive, perverse; when the eye lifted and lightened and the whole man withdrew from all men, and was apart from us, conforming but rebelling.

If Shelley had been born in Windsor, Connecticut, and taught school for a living, what should we have had? A kinship perhaps less difficult to defend between the English genius and the American professor.

And after all this brings us to say, it is not so sad a matter for even a poet to conform, even at the cost of being born in the Connecticut Valley, and of working out the daily task that chokes the singing sometimes. The heart of his friends holds Sill's memory precious, because he was simply so good, so true, so dear a man. He was all these things in measure beyond the common measure; this we know, who ever knew him. He was so brave, he was so patient, he forgot himself so easily, he remembered everybody else so instinctively, he had such supreme unselfishness, he had such sweetness of soul, that he stands among the few in our calendar of private saints. He called himself no saint. He groped for his religious faith and knew not that his blind hands grasped an ideal of Duty which might add consecration to the life of any believer of us all. This fact was more Christ-like than too many of our ideals which dare take the Christian name upon them. I used to think that his awful struggle after Truth had brought him near to the altar of his unknown God, and that it was well to live as nobly as he did before one criticised him for the nominal loss of a faith whose second great commandment he did habitually and happily obey, and whose essential principle he touchingly and unconsciously represented.

He was a true poet; our literature is poorer for his untimely loss. But he was a true man; our lives are sadder for lack of his. Many who knew him mourn for him as for the dearest comforter they ever had. Friends in sorrow, young people in perplexity, shy people, poor people, the over-sensitive, neglected, lonely, misunderstood, he ministered to as only souls like his know how. It was a precious ointment that he poured from a costly box.

Dante, when asked at Santa Croce what he sought, said only: "Peace."

There was a look in Sill's sad eye which no one who ever saw it can ever forget. What he went seeking, as Nature forces search when she "makes a poet out of a man"—that, life never could have given him. Death is richer. Death is generous.

'T is not in seeking,
'T is not in endless striving,
Thy quest is found:
Be still and listen;
Be still and drink the quiet
Of all around.

Not for the crying,
Not for the loud beseeching,
Will peace draw near:
Rest with palms folded;
Rest with thine eyelids fallen—
Lo! peace is here.

Of his poems on death, which were strong and many, one other was indefinably like him, and has been dear to many to whom he was dear:

What if some morning when the stars were paling
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benighted Spirit standing near:

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
This is our Earth — most friendly Earth and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

There is blest living here, loving and serving
And quest of truth and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer —
His name is Death; flee, lest he find thee here!

And what if then, while the still morning brightened
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE BIBLE.

HE last word upon the relation of religion to education has not yet been spoken, and it is doubtful if it is soon heard. It is one of those questions which shows a tendency to recur after having been apparently settled. A few years ago the most thoughtful educators acquiesced in the opinion that religion could not be taught in the public schools and colleges, and compromised upon a teaching of ethics. The State universities omitted religious services altogether; some of the older colleges retained the services, but reduced them to one each Sunday and made attendance voluntary. The tendency has been towards an exclusion or reduction of religious services and instruction as a factor of education, with an attempt to compensate for the loss by encouragement of religious guilds, prayer-meetings, and other voluntary services and forms of religious work among the students themselves. That is, the tendency has been to lessen the institutional teaching of religion and to substitute for it voluntary and undirected self-teaching. The cause of this tendency is not to be found in the preference of thoughtful educators, but in the practical difficulty of dealing with students of all beliefs and no beliefs, reënforced by a pervasive cry that religion has nothing to do with education. There is evidently a reaction from this tendency, and a disposition to reconsider the whole question. There are but few who are ready to dispense with religious services in the colleges, but the question with them is: Is the service to be regarded simply as a ritual of worship, or as a part of the education of the student? If it is the former, attendance should be voluntary; if the latter, it may be made compulsory. It is the unsettled state of this question that breeds the hesitation and confusion in which the subject is now involved. The substitution of the voluntary, self-directed efforts of the students in prayer-meetings and guilds of various sorts is so suggestive of the blind leading the blind as to exclude it as a factor in the problem. It may be well to foster such forms of Christian activity, but to make students teachers of religion to their fellow-students is to violate student nature if not human nature. It is a matter that needs to be most carefully watched and tested by its results — the good accomplished weighed and compared with the danger attending the religious sentiments set to tasks for which they are not yet ripe. No amount of such work, valuable as it may be in some respects, can be a substitute for religious education, and the question remains in full force whether or not the college should attempt in any way to teach religion.

The system of voluntary attendance, as at Harvard and Cornell, is logically a negative answer, or at best makes it an elective study; but it asserts the wisdom of associating worship, or the ritual of religion, with education. It teaches religion for those who care to come, but the service is essentially a service of worship. It may be said, in passing, that in both universities the system is productive of good personal results, but it cannot be said for it that it is a serious and logical effort to teach religion. It is a worthy effort to teach such students as come under its influence to be religious, but this is quite different from teaching religion. The system of compulsory attendance, as at Yale and many other colleges, combines the idea of worship and the teaching of religion. The compulsory feature is based, not on the fact that students must worship, but that they must be taught religion. The conception is traditional and is involved in the nature of the colleges as Christian institutions. Practically it still works well, and by reason of pleasant chapels, cushioned seats, good music, short sermons, and a single service meets but little opposition from the students; their free vote would probably show a large majority in favor of compulsory attendance. The college student is a much more tractable being than he was a generation since. Then he led a life of chronic opposition to his instructors; to-day it is a life of manly and sympathetic coöperation, the great gulf of dignity having been bridged by common sense and the modern spirit. It may be questioned, however, if teaching religion by compulsory attendance is much more than formal — a sign merely that religion is respected and believed in. As a service of worship for arousing and feeding the spiritual nature, and for many other ends, it has great value; but it does little towards teaching the students the nature of that great fact which is called the Christian religion, for the simple reason that it is a service of worship, and cannot, from its nature, be an occasion of scientific instruction.

My point is this: the religious services in our

universities and colleges, whether attendance is voluntary or compulsory, should be regarded primarily and chiefly as for worship and spiritual ministration, and should not be regarded as a means of educating the students in the nature of the Christian religion; with the inference that if there is to be such education it should be dissociated from worship, and conducted in the same thorough and scientific way as the study of Greek or history. That is, if religion is to be taught in the university, it should be taught in the class-room and for the single end of education.

The bare proposal to do this is sufficient to call out the protest of every sect not identified with the institution and a louder protest from those of no sect — all laboring under the delusion that the teaching of religion implies a purpose to make the students religious and to convert them to the special beliefs of the instructor. The protest, in one sense, does credit to those who make it, because it shows in what a personal way religion is regarded; but it overlooks the question whether one can properly be considered an educated man who does not possess a thorough and scientific knowledge of the great fact known as the Christian religion.

Education may be defined as a training of the mind by study of the laws of nature and of the chief forces, facts, and processes of human society. The university does not aim primarily to secure convictions on these subjects, but to impart accurate knowledge of them, leaving the student to form his own opinions. The very function of education is to teach a man to think for himself upon the basis of full knowledge, and it is the opposite of its function to seek to impart opinions and convictions as such. The teacher of political economy who strives to force his preference for free-trade or protection upon his pupils forsakes scientific ground. Facts, principles, results, not a crusade nor stump-speeches, form the elements of university education. So it will teach evolution, but it will not aim to turn out evolutionists. There is, of course, a personal element in education, and the personal convictions of teachers are not only not to be disguised but to be made clear; still, the method of impression should be sought through the facts and principles of the subject.

The time seems to have come, or is drawing nigh, when the Christian religion can be taught in this way; that is, as a fact and by the scientific method. It is an achievement of the last half of the nineteenth century that all subjects can be studied dispassionately and simply as objects of study; it is the triumph of the inductive method. The modern spirit in education no longer aims to produce Protestants or Roman Catholics or sectarians of any name, or followers of any school of politics; its emphasis is transferred from this final field of conviction to the previous field of fact. Facts — their nature and relation — form the basis of modern education. Thus any great fact or force becomes a legitimate object of study, under the principle that right belief can only come from full knowledge.

As the great facts and forces of human society are those which an educated man must understand, it becomes a question whether he can claim to be such unless he has a thorough scientific knowledge of the Christian religion. A mere sense of proportion would suggest that of the three forces which have entered into civilization — the Hebraic, the Greek, the Roman — he should understand the first as thoroughly as the other two; or that he should have as thorough a knowledge of the Christian as of the heathen classics; or that he should get as clear an insight into the nature of the force which Christianity lodged in the Roman Empire, and by which it took possession of it, as he gets of the nature of the Empire itself. It is clear that education at present has no true proportion; there is no proper coördination of its studies, and as the result we get a set of one-sided, partial thinkers.

But proportion and fitness aside, we claim that an American scholar is not properly equipped for his high place and work in society who does not thoroughly understand the religion of his country. An able educator, who is also an accomplished statesman, recently asserted this, without question, to the writer, adding that such a person was not entitled to a degree, and inferring that attendance upon church should be compulsory. The inference may not be the wisest alternative, but it emphasizes the earnestness of the opinion from which it was drawn; it recognizes the fact that the religion of a nation is one of its strongest forces and cannot be left out of account in any sort of dealing with the people. No man can understand the people, or get on well with them, or influence them in a practical way, without understanding their thought in religion. There will be a wide space between him and them not to be bridged by mere observation of their habits, or by silence or formal patronage. He must know their religion as well as they do in order to understand them and come into that intellectual and practical *rapport* which is essential to successful dealing with them. Many a public man stumbles at this very point, not being able to measure the largest and most influential factor in the lives and thought of the people with whom he has to do. It is

easy to see the bearing of this point by transferring our thought to another nation. If a worldly-wise infidel were doing business with Mohammedans in Damascus or Bagdad he would, as a first requisite, master the Koran and engage a kneeling-rug in a mosque. There is a great deal of what is thought to be shrewd patronage of religion by public men in our country which misses its end because it is supported by so little knowledge: they rent a pew, but they cannot outwit the deacon; they flatter the preacher, but fail to capture him if they miss the point of the sermon. But the question goes deeper. Every nation, whatever its character, is imbedded in its religion. Religion colors life, impregnates opinions, shapes thought and action; it is a spirit that possesses the people consciously or unconsciously. The educated man, the man who deals with a community in a thorough way and who undertakes to handle large masses of men, must know the people in these sources of their feeling and action. He may not share in their beliefs, but he must understand them; and he cannot understand them except by a study of them and their sources. I think it is impossible to name a great American statesman who was without a thorough knowledge of the Bible; it is possible to name a large number of third and fourth rate politicians as ignorant of it as the student at Harvard who recently called upon the librarian for *The Acts*, with no suspicion that it formed a part of the Bible — ignorance matched by the senior at Yale who had no knowledge of the historical person known as Pontius Pilate. Evidently the Harvard man did not attend the voluntary service and the Yale man did not listen to the sermons of the compulsory service. These cases are not so amusing — they are not so uncommon as may be supposed — as they are suggestive of the possible slips these university graduates may make in the future. The court-room, the Board of Education, the halls of Congress, the drawing-room, will show them little mercy, and the sneer will include Alma Mater. It is simply a fact that no small number of men graduate yearly from our colleges who have less knowledge of the Bible than have the children of a mission Sunday-school.

A public man in a Christian nation who does not thoroughly understand the Bible is exactly analogous to the lawyer who is not well versed in the common law; he may know the statutes, the rules of evidence, the precedents, but, not knowing the origin and soul of the whole matter, he knows nothing.

The value of the Bible as a text-book of history, of political science, of ethics, of literature, of comparative religion, has so often been discussed that we pass it by, simply reaffirming our point that a man who aspires to influence over the people and fails to educate himself in the Bible misses an essential element of power in dealing with them. It is a truism that the secret of educated influence is superior knowledge of the subjects that engage and mold the popular mind.

While it is not a part of the duty of the university to shape its curriculum with a view to secure specific religious beliefs, it may be expected of it to avoid, so far as possible, the result of infidelity in its graduates. If the latter is the alternative of the present system, it would justify a thorough reconstruction of it, for no one will deny that our universities aim to reënforce the fact that this is and should be kept a Christian nation. *Christo et Ecclesiæ* is the jealously guarded legend upon the seal of the oldest university, and in the broad spirit in which it is cherished there is it read by all. But in the present confusion of the subject and in the condition into which it is fast drifting,— religious services, voluntary here and compulsory there, and everywhere reduced to a minimum, scanty both as worship and as teaching, pieced out by the voluntary meetings of the few more serious minded, with occasional exhortations from a bishop or a metropolitan divine, or a first-class revivalist, and with no thorough and scientific teaching of the facts and literature of the Christian religion,— the question is whether the university is not unwittingly playing into the hands of infidelity by educating its students away from the religious conceptions in which they were reared and at the same time failing to supply them with better conceptions.

The great universities like Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell draw their students from all parts of the country. Many of them come from regions where crude, antiquated, superstitious, and bigoted views of religion prevail; some of them have been reared in and may be members of such churches. Indeed, one need not go outside of the great metropolis to hear from the pulpits of leading churches the emphatic assertion that the veracity of Jesus Christ, and consequently the whole system of Christianity, depend upon the belief that Jonah was swallowed by a great fish — the logic being that if this event did not take place Jesus was either ignorant or a liar. When a student who has been brought up under such instruction as this comes to college he outgrows it by the simple force of education; but not being taught the true significance of the Book of Jonah, he becomes an infidel so far as that part of the Bible is concerned.

The popular teaching of the doctrines is hardly less crude, and it is certainly widely

divergent and antagonistic. Whole sects depend for existence on a single text of Scripture, or some metaphysical notion, or some theory of interpretation, or some particular conception of heaven and hell, or on some mode of administering a sacrament; and none of them can be said to be, as a whole, broad and intelligent and catholic in the sense in which these words are used in the university. The preacher in the college pulpit may belong to the same denomination as that from which some of his pupils have come; but while he looks at the Bible in a very different way from the home-pastor, he is careful not to antagonize and uproot his teaching. This may be wise, for the simple reason that he cannot, with his limited opportunities, supplant it by a better teaching: he wisely reasons that any faith is better than none; but not the less is the student, by the very force of his education, thrown out of his former beliefs, or driven to carry them along with a sort of forced faith as too sacred to be wholly given up, but too weak and unreal to endure thought and discussion. Hence the fact that the most reticent class upon religion in American society are its educated men: not because, as Mendelssohn said, "religion and thorough bass are subjects too sacred for discussion," but because they do not know what to say; they have been educated away from the crude interpretations of the Bible which they everywhere meet, but have not been educated into an intelligent perception of it. The sympathies of these men are for the most part with religion; they see its ethical and social value; while in college they perceived that men of great learning, talent, and mental integrity held firmly to the Christian religion. Students hear from such men teaching in the class-room upon science, ethics, history, and philosophy, which, by inference, is in conflict with the popular exegesis and theology, but the reconciliation or explanation they do not hear. There is an unconscious feeling among them that the faith of the instructors is held in an esoteric way. Many of the students under such teachers as Dr. Woolsey and Dr. Hopkins confessed to their moral power over them, but would have been doubly strengthened if they could have heard some fuller explanation of the reasons for the faith that was in these men. The college student of to-day suspects, and he is not wrong in his suspicion, that his instructors hold opinions in regard to Genesis, the composition of the Pentateuch, and inspiration of which they do not speak. They are quite right in their reticence; no sensible man raises a doubt or question in the minds of young men unless he can explain or answer it. But a hint, an occasional sermon, a bare assertion, is insufficient to treat these grave themes; they can be properly treated only in the class-room and as a subject of scientific study.

The situation is this: the student comes to college with a conception of the Bible such as no longer is held in the university — a crude, unscientific, antiquated belief which he has been taught to identify with the Christian religion. He undergoes education; his faculties are strengthened, his perceptions are broadened; he is taught to analyze, and compare, and question, and to think for himself; he becomes acutely perceptive of what is in the intellectual and religious air; he is, above everything else, taught to be rational. This very process leads him to relax his hold upon what he had been taught to consider fundamental, with the inevitable tendency to give up the whole Bible. His religious training says one thing, his education says another; caught between these two seas, he is liable to make shipwreck of his faith or to stick fast in the shallows of indifference. Some of the weaker sort return to their communities and relapse into an undiscerning assent to the exegetical crudities of their youth, or perhaps lead in the cry against modern thought and German rationalism. More live on, silent, puzzled, conforming outwardly, assenting to the ethical value of almost any church and creed, but sententiously leaving "theology to the parsons." A college education does two good things: it teaches a man to speak, and it also teaches him to be silent. If the trained men in the pews of many churches were to speak their minds, the pastors and elders would often be greatly amazed. Some run the full logical length of the conditions of their education and announce themselves as confirmed agnostics. They unlearned in college what they had learned at home; they felt the presence of opinions on sacred themes which were not expressed, and so rashly jumped to the conclusion of unbelief.

The pity of all this is that the university is full of teachers who could withstand these tendencies and conserve the faith in their pupils: Hebraists, devout men of science, Christian philosophers, exegetes who are capable not only of translating but of reading a written document — a rare, perhaps the rarest of gifts, that of interpretation. These men would gladly undertake this work, but are withheld from it by public opinion on the ground that it is not their business to teach religion. Nor is it; but we may well ask if it should not be made their business to avoid sending out their pupils with a bias towards infidelity or agnosticism. The fault is not with the university, but with the people. Is it too much to expect that public opinion can be led to make a distinction between teaching religion

as a matter of conscience, with the view to securing specific beliefs, and teaching the Bible in a purely scientific way, with the view to finding out what it means and what it does not mean? In itself considered, there is no just reason why the Koran should not be made a subject of scientific study in college if it could be made subservient to the student in his future calling. It is entirely possible in teaching the Bible to set the matter of personal religion and specific belief aside, desirable as they are, and to place it upon the same ground as an analytic study of the Prometheus. The Bible can be taught as dispassionately, as critically, and in the same cold, dry, scientific light, as Homer or the Ptolemaic system. If it be said that this is not the best way to teach the Bible, that it should be taught warmly and sympathetically and urgently, we assent; but as it cannot be so taught in the class-room, let it be taught in the next best way, which is the scientific way — that is, by a process of investigation to ascertain its meaning. Such study may not lead to moral belief, but it will not impede it; it may not yield personal faith, but it will tend to ward off infidelity; and it will certainly send out men who know what the Bible teaches and what it does not teach. There is something of such study in Yale University, chiefly as an elective; and philosophy and ethics are so taught as to reënforce Christian belief, with the result of a less degree of skepticism in the senior than in the junior year — which prompts the question whether if there were more of such teaching skepticism could not be reduced to very low terms. But the college student does not become skeptical on philosophical grounds so much as through difficulties found in the Bible; Genesis, and not the Philosophy of the Unconscious, saps his faith. Hence his first need is of a scientific explanation of the sacred books.

There is now no public sentiment that needs to be regarded which complains of the scientific study of any subject. If in some regions and from some sources there should be complaint at treating sacred themes in a scientific way, it is a complaint that the university must be ready to meet and to endure. It will lessen as the conception, now rapidly growing, gains ground, that all education is conducted in the scientific or inductive method. The teacher who now wages a warfare in his class-room in behalf of free-trade, or protection, or evolution, is behind his age. The true teacher is one who gives the facts, the principles, and the laws of his subject. If it be said that such a theory of education reduces it to a cold and colorless thing, it may be replied that the true teacher puts the warmth and color into the facts and laws. He may hide as much conviction as he sees fit within such teaching, but he must not contradict the very law of education — namely, teaching the student to think and giving him matter for thought.

This method can be carried into a study of the Bible. Objection might come from three sources — strict sectarians, who regard the Bible as a fetich too sacred to be touched except in their own way; atheists and infidels, who nourish a contempt for the Bible as an antiquated piece of rubbish; and the devotees of culture, who vary the monotony of their agnosticism by temporary zeal for Classicism, Buddhism, and, of late, Mohammedanism. To the first it may be said, We do not propose to undermine your sect, but to send your students back to you with a better knowledge of the Book that you revere. To the second it may be said, This is still a Christian nation, and the Christian religion is a real factor and power in the life of the people. We do not require your students to become believers, but we do require of them to become familiar with a fact and a force which they will meet at every turn in their future careers. To the third it may be said, It is not improbable that, in your varying enthusiasms, you will soon come to take an interest in the Babylonian myths, or in the psychic element in the Hebrew prophet, or in a comparative study of Oriental and Western symbolism, in which case a thorough knowledge of the Book most intimately related to these subjects would not be amiss.

In order not to leave the subject in a vague condition, I will indicate, or rather hint, the direction such scientific study of the Bible might take.

Genesis: the nature, sources, and composition of the book.

The Pentateuch: its authorship and composition.

The Hebrew commonwealth: its nature and growth.

An outline of Jewish history.

The nature and meaning of such books as the Song of Solomon and Jonah.

The theism in the Psalms.

The argument in the Book of Job, and its literary features.

The Proverbs, and their relation to Oriental thought.

The Captivity, and its effect upon the nation.

An analysis of the Prophecy of Isaiah, and its literary features.

An outline of the life of Jesus Christ.

The sources of the Christian Church as found in The Acts.

Christian institutions: their origin.

The forces in Christianity which led to its reception and continuance.

T. T. Munger.

WOMEN WHO GO TO COLLEGE.

IT could be truthfully said thirty years ago that there was no system in woman's education, and one need not go far backward in the history of the subject to reach the time when, so far as any advanced instruction whatever is concerned, woman was almost completely overlooked. In the Middle Ages, when education was an accomplishment of the very few, and was considered a necessity for no one except the professional clerics, and not always for them, women had a chance to get the small measure of learning that was within the reach of common men. As the world in general grew wiser, women were left behind and were obliged to satisfy in private any scholarly longings that they might have, or to sit illiterate in their towers embroidering shields for graceless Launcelots and singing the "song of love and death."

It happened that at the time when Chaucer was in Italy learning the story of Patient Griselda,—in 1372,—the subject of the education of women was brought to the attention of a worthy father in France by thoughts of his three motherless daughters. He, the knight of La Tour Landry, was led to prepare a book to be used for the education of his own girls and of others. The treatise has been called a "monument of medieval literature." It is a phenomenally indecent book, and if it were exposed for sale to-day would be carried off by the police. This fond father limited the intellectual progress of his daughters to the reading of this book — and what reading! They might sew and brush and do the thousand and one housewifely works that have always been considered commendable in the sex; but as for any training of the mind, it could not be allowed. Down to our own time many persons have not advanced far beyond this father of La Tour Landry. They have thought that if women were suffered to eat of the tree of knowledge the rest of the family would at once "be reduced to the same kind of aërial diet," as Sydney Smith said; and have believed that an educated mother would be "in danger of deserting her infant for a quadratic equation." It was but the other day that a philosophical lecturer in a British capital declared that women, if educated, will cease to be sympathetic; they will be "cultured," but not "self-denying"; they will lack a thousand nameless graces and charms of manner which uneducated women are probably supposed to possess.

It is not worth our while to contemplate the ages between Chaucer and our own days. We need only refer to Milton's scheme for education, confined as it was to men only. Any plan of instruction for the weaker sex was not to be expected from an author who could put into the mouth of his despondent hero the words:

> Oh, why did God,
> Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
> With spirits masculine, create at last
> This novelty on earth, this fair defect
> Of Nature, and not fill the earth at once
> With men as angels?

The story of the progress of the education of women, even in the most favored portions of the world, is one of strange reluctance to give any advantage to the sex. Many of us have been taught to point to the inhabitants of New England as examples of remarkable care for education. We picture them as planting the school by the side of the meeting-house when they landed, and as building the college when the air was still lurid with the flames of their smoking cabins and their lives in danger from the tomahawk; but we forget that their schools were not for women. They thought that education was something adapted to fit a boy to be a minister, or to prepare him for some other liberal calling; but as for mothers and sisters, they might still sit and spin, they might embroider and cook, they might read and write (if they did not print anything), but as for looking into a work on science, or a book in Latin or Greek, that could hardly be imagined. Schools were provided, it is true, at an early period for "all children," but there was only one sex thought of in that connection. It is less than a century ago that a school was established in Boston for both boys and girls, and even then the girls were allowed to attend but half of the year. The first high school for girls was not opened there until 1825, and it was soon shut up because it was too expensive! Forty-five hundred dollars had been wasted in eight months on a few girls. They were after that kept out of the high school until 1852; and before 1877, when a Latin school was established for their special convenience, they were debarred from that mode of preparing for college.

In the mean time Vassar College had begun

its good work. The opening of that institution, in 1865, marks an era. During the years of civil war, when the armies of the republic were engaged in their great struggle and the fortunes of the nation hung in the balance, the millionaire of Poughkeepsie was quietly preparing the foundation for the first fully endowed institution for the collegiate instruction of women that the world ever saw. Mr. Vassar said that it was his intention to accomplish for women "what our colleges are accomplishing for men." This was simple enough and broad enough. It is charming to observe how deeply the pioneer trustees of this woman's college were impressed by the grandeur of their work, and how näively they expressed their sentiments. It was "of vital consequence"; it was "a grand and novel enterprise"; they were burdened with "responsibilities before the world"; they were "clothed by the majesty of the law with power" to carry out the generous purpose of the "munificent donor," whose act was excelled by none among the memorable events which signalized the early months of the year 1861, a time certainly rich in events of profound interest. They said that they looked forward to the opening of Vassar College as the beginning of a new era in the education of women.

The power of the time-honored opinions regarding the sphere of woman is plain enough. Deference to them led the projectors to lay much stress upon the domestic, home influences that were to be exerted; to warrant parents that there would be "comfort," and "abundant food"; that the students would be surrounded by "softening" and "elevating" influences — lest, perhaps, they should degenerate into barbarism! The idea was emphasized still more in the statement that there should be no day pupils, because there are no such in the home.

A protest was made against some of the methods that were said to be thoroughly established in our old institutions, and a determination was expressed that Vassar, having no traditions to bind it, should begin aright. It was assumed that the students would not be looking to the learned professions, like men, for teaching was at the time not supposed to fall into that category.

Arguments were brought against the usual order of college studies, and especially against the required four-years' course, then nearly universal. Vassar was to follow "the order of nature," and to make provision for "a diversity of tastes, aptitudes, and inclinations"— for different conditions and circumstances as to age, health, and property. The curriculum was to be no "bed of Procrustes, to which every girl must adjust herself, however great the violence done to her nature." Students were not to be told that there was a certain number of text-books to be studied from Preface to Index each year, nor encouraged to plod contentedly through them in the best way they were able, whether the subjects proved attractive or not.

It was the plan of the first president and the founder that the college should be arranged in departments, and the students were to carry on their work by subjects, and be largely left to their own choice, though required to accomplish a definite amount before graduation; text-books were to be discarded from the class-room. Thus the tendency towards the elective system, now so strong in most colleges for men, and so much more desirable for women, was anticipated. The founders of the new college aimed at thorough and vigorous cultivation, rather than at too comprehensive and superficial training. The students were to be taught to "direct the faculties with their utmost power to the accomplishment of any task"; time was not to be taken into the account, in order to avoid feverish haste and to make it possible to cultivate the desired thoroughness without fear of falling behind in a race limited to four brief years. The college diplomas were to show that certain work had been done and well done, to represent something real, and not simply to indicate that the young woman had "been in college four years and paid her bills." Finally, Vassar promised to educate woman on the religious side, and to care assiduously also for her physical life. Acting in the spirit of the founder, the trustees declared that they "utterly loathed and repudiated" the spirit of sectarianism, and ordained that "all teaching of human creeds, dogmas, and ceremonials, of sectarian views and denominational distinctions," should be "strictly and forever forbidden."

Thus, upon a firm and broad foundation, Vassar began its work in 1865, and the first admission examinations showed that it was needed, for they proved that the education of woman at the time was confused, barren, undisciplined, wasteful, and superficial. The candidates had earnestness of purpose, but they did not know what they needed. They declared, in the language of the young lady of the day, that they were "passionately fond" of one study, and "utterly detested" another, though they were not well enough acquainted with either to give intelligent reasons for the tastes that they so strongly expressed. They thought, for instance, that chemistry was desirable, because it might help them in the kitchen; and French, because

it would serve in case of a foreign tour; though they had no knowledge of educational discipline and cared less for it.

No wonder that the faculty had difficulty in dealing with the students thus cast upon them. In the heterogeneous medley there were some who appreciated the difficulties, and supported their instructors in their efforts to set up and maintain a high standard, and by the end of the first year college opinion was all one way. The same sentiment has prevailed in all colleges for women; the students have uniformly demanded that the standard should be kept up, and that they should be submitted to the strictest tests required in any institution for men.

Collegiate instruction for women in America encountered the usual reception given to all innovations. Vassar College and its students became the objects of many weak jokes. The students were jibed at as women who "wanted to be men," as college women have been jibed at elsewhere. The name Vassar was carried everywhere. It became typical, and still is. Other colleges have risen, but Vassar remains the woman's college at which the small wit hurls his puny darts. The "Vassar girl" still stands for the girl who goes to college, and about her we hear all sorts of stories, more or less apocryphal. The new college encountered opposition from even good people; many had grave doubts; but the select few welcomed it, and it went steadily on its way. It was followed by Wellesley, Smith, Wells, and Bryn Mawr, and the "Harvard Annex," as it is called, also entered upon its successful career.

There is variety in the colleges for women. At Vassar the students are sheltered in one great building and are taught by both men and women. At Wellesley there was at first the same sort of grand dormitory, but it has become the center of a group which allows smaller clusters of students to gather under more home-like conditions. The teachers there are women only. At Smith men and women teach together, as at Vassar, but the students are separated into small groups under different roofs. The "Harvard Annex" has a character all its own. It did not seek to gather a new faculty, nor to erect imposing dormitories, but simply to repeat to women instruction already given to men in an institution that has been in successful operation two and a half centuries. It carries out the "home" principle farther than either Vassar or Smith or Wellesley, for it aims to place its students by twos and by threes in established families.

Certainly woman has now obtained opportunity for the collegiate education. Wherever she has been admitted to college, and whenever she has been permitted to compete with men on equal terms for intellectual honors, she has done herself credit. Nowhere has this been so emphatically true as in conservative England. In a paper on the mental inferiority of woman to man, published in the "Nineteenth Century," it was shown that "the average brain-weight of women is about five ounces less than that of men," and by an elaborate and interesting argument woman's "marked inferiority of intellectual power" was proved in detail. We were told that women are more apt than men to break away from the restraints of reason; that they have greater fondness for emotional excitement of all kinds; that in judgment their minds are considerably below those of men; that in creative thought and in simple acquisition there is a marked difference; that women are less deep and thorough than men; that "their physique is not sufficiently robust to stand the strain of severe study," and so on.*

Scarcely had this argument for the general inferiority of women in "acquisition, origination, and judgment" reached us when the telegraph flashed the news that Miss Ramsay, a student at Girton College, Cambridge, England, had distanced all the men in the university in the race for classical honors, and that Miss Hervey, of the same college, had won like distinction in the department of Medieval and Modern Languages. The London "Times" said in this connection:

> Miss Ramsay has done what no Senior Classic before her has ever done. The great names of Kennedy, Lushington, Wordsworth, Maine, and more recently of Butler and Jebb, have come first in the Classical Tripos; Miss Ramsay alone has been placed in a division to which no one but herself has been found deserving of admittance. . . . No one has ventured to think that four years' work could be enough to make a Senior Classic. We have proof that it is ample. Most of Miss Ramsay's competitors will have taken fourteen years to do less than she has contrived to do in four years. Miss Ramsay's example suggests a possibility that men may have something to learn in the management of a department of study which they have claimed as peculiarly their own.

To this it may be added that Miss Ramsay kept herself in full health, did not overwork, and accomplished her examinations easily.

* The author of this paper, Mr. George J. Romanes, writes with evident calmness and self-restraint. He frankly confesses that as a matter of fact he has met "wonderfully few cases of serious break-downs"; which only goes to show, he says, "of what good stuff our English girls are made." Since American observers notice the same phenomenon, we are at liberty to reply that the fact mentioned does *not* go to show "of what good stuff our English girls are made," but rather to prove that the "physique of young women as a class" *is* "sufficiently robust to stand the strain of severe study" and actually to improve under it.

In the face of facts like these and of many more that might be adduced, we cannot believe that nature has placed before woman any constitutional barrier to the collegiate life, but that so far as physical reasons are concerned, she may enter upon it with no more fear than a man may. That an increasing number of women will do this, and that it is best for the state that all should do it who are destined to be instructors of the youth of the republic, is in my mind not at all doubtful.

What is to be the result? That is the crucial question. On the physical health of the educated woman it will be beneficial. Observation, so far as it is now possible, shows that the work of the full college course is favorable to bodily health. The regularity of life, the satisfaction of attainment, the pleasant companionship, the general broadening of the girl-nature, tend in that direction. Speaking of "nervous or neuropathic" young women, Dr. Charles Follen Folsom, of the department of nervous diseases in the Boston Hospital, writes that it his opinion that "the higher education is a conservative rather than a destructive force." *

On schools I have already said that the effect is good. The grade of instruction in establishments for girls has been materially raised since Vassar College began, and those pupils who go no further than the primary schools are much benefited. The influence is reflex, for the educated girls become in turn teachers, and they are better teachers than their predecessors. Many college-bred girls never teach. Neither do all college-bred men. They go out into the world and raise the average of general intelligence; they elevate their own households and exert an influence in the sphere of the private citizen. The standard is raised at home, and home is the fountain-head.

Women who marry after having been liberally educated make more satisfactory unions than they otherwise would have made. Women were formerly trained to no outlook but matrimony, and were encouraged to cultivate no accomplishments not considered useful to that end. When, therefore, that end was missed, all was missed. There was no outlet of action in which the energies of her feelings might be discharged. Such a defective education, adapted to heighten emotional sensibility, and to weaken the reasoning powers, tended to increase the predominance of the affective life and to lead woman to base her judgment upon feelings and intuitive perceptions rather than upon rational processes, and to direct her conduct by impulse rather than to control it by will.

Educated women marry as naturally as others; but the fact that mental training has led them to subject their impulses to reason gives them an advantage in the choice of husbands, and it may well be expected that ill-considered marriages will be decreased in number. The rector of the University of Liège devoted his inaugural address in 1862 to the subject of the education of women, and remarked:

> In Belgium and France most young persons in the higher classes — sons of the rich or of those who expect to be rich — are sunk in deplorable ignorance. They pursue no kind of higher studies, or if they enter upon them, they are very soon discouraged. To what does this tend? It causes them to be almost always without any inspiration to the taste, without any habit of serious occupation. They live in an atmosphere in which intellectual labor is not honored, in which, far from considering it a glorious or even a worthy duty, it is placed below the satisfaction of the love of pleasure. This deplorable situation arises from the false education given to the women of the higher classes. As a general rule they cannot comprehend what constitutes the true power and dignity of a man, and therefore they accept as husbands men as ignorant and as idle as themselves. As a natural consequence they cannot bring up their sons to be men; they cannot give to their country well-instructed, devoted, and energetic citizens.

I have been told, even in cultivated, intellectual circles, that a young woman had better be in the kitchen or laundry than in the laboratory or class-room of a college. "Women should be trained," such persons say, "to be wives and mothers." The finger of scorn has been lightly pointed at the mentally cultivated mothers and daughters who are unable to cook and scrub, who cannot make a mince-pie or a plum-pudding. Such persons forget with surprising facility all the cases of women who neglect the kitchen to indulge in the love-sick sentimentality to which they have been trained; who think too much of possible matrimonial chances to endanger them by scrubbing, or by giving ground for the suspicion that they cultivate any other faculty than the power to apostrophize the moonlight and to long for a lover. They do not care to remember that it is no whit better to wither under the influence of ignorance or sentiment, to cultivate a fondness for "gush," than to dry up the sensibilities like a book-worm, or grow rigid and priggish as a pedant. It is as bad to stunt human nature as to over-stimulate it — to stop its progress in one way as in another. The danger is in going to extremes. The mass of men choose the golden mean, and we may trust women to avoid extravagance in the pursuit of learning. We may and ought to give her every help in the direction of life that her brothers possess. It is no

* "Relations of our Public Schools to the Disorders of the Nervous System," p. 187.

longer doubtful, it is plain, that whatever other rights woman should have, those of the intellectual kingdom ought to be hers fully and freely. She should be the judge herself of how far she should go in exploring the mysteries of nature and of science.

It is not a question of putting all our girls through college; it is not even a question of their being taught in the same institutions and classes with men when they go to college. The form in which women shall be taught and the subjects that they shall study are of minor importance at the moment, and time will settle them in a natural way. The great desideratum is that they be given the collegiate education when they need it, and that they be the judges of their own needs.

Arthur Gilman.

BIRD MUSIC.

AS one approaches the haunts of the yellow-breasted chat, the old rule for children is reversed — he is everywhere heard, nowhere seen. Seek him ever so slyly where the ear has just detected him, instantly you hear him elsewhere; and this with no sign of a flight. The chat revels in eccentricities. Some tones of his loud voice are musical, others are harsh; and he delights in uttering the two kinds in the same breath, occasionally slipping in the notes of other birds and, on some authorities, imitating those of quadrupeds. I have discovered in his medleys snatches from the robin, catbird, oriole, kingfisher, and brown thrasher. Wilson refers to his "great variety of odd and uncouth monosyllables." I have detected three such, "char," "quirp," and "whir," and they were given with distinctness.

The male birds, generally preceding the females in their migrations, locate and at once begin a series of vocal and gymnastic exercises. A marked example of these performances is a jerky flight straight upwards perhaps fifty feet, and a descent in the same fussy fashion. (Though this exhibition is eminently characteristic of the chat, one observer informs me that he has seen the woodcock and the linnet so employed.) The favorite time for it is just before dusk; but if there be a moon, a carousal of some sort goes on all night, the evident intention being to let no migrating lady-chat pass without a hearty invitation to cease her wandering, and to accept a husband and a home.

After all, the chat can hardly be said to have a song. The longest strain that I have heard from him is without melody, closely resembling the rhythmic movement of the yellow-billed cuckoo's effort, but wholly unlike it in quality of tone. He will burst out with loud, rapid tones, then suddenly retard and diminish to the close:

In the course of an hour I have heard this strain repeated many times, and am satisfied that it has no one pitch or key. The following are the principal notes of this chat, but it is not to be understood that they always come in like order:

BOBOLINK.

THE mere mention of his name incites merriment. Bobolink is the embodiment of frolic song, the one inimitable operatic singer of the feathered stage. Though the oriole has a stronger and more commanding voice, and the thrushes far surpass him in deep, pure, and soul-stirring tones, he has no rival; even the mocking-bird is dumb in his presence. In the midst of his rollicking song he falls with bewitching effect into a ventriloquous strain, subdued, as if his head were under his wing; but soon the first force returns with a swell, and he shoots up into the air from the slender twig upon which he has been singing and swinging in the wind, looks with indifference upon everything beneath him, plying just the tips of his wings to paddle himself along in his reckless hilarity, twisting his head this way and that, increasing in ecstasy till he and his song drop together to the ground.

During his short but glorious reign bobolink takes the open meadow, the broad sunlight, all day long. When he would sing his best, he invariably opens with a few tentative notes, softly and modestly given, as much as to say, "Really, I fear I 'm not quite in the mood to-day." It is a musical gurgling:

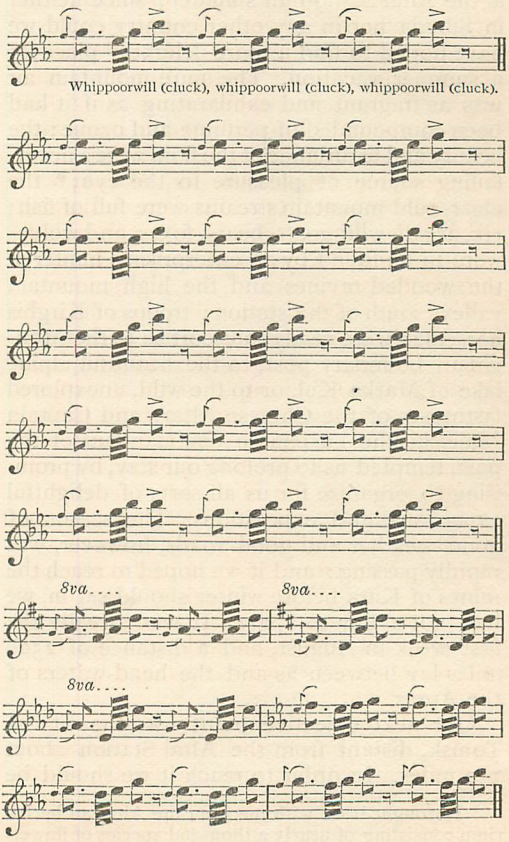
Then the rapturous song begins, and a gradual crescendo continues to the end. A few of the first notes of the song proper are:

His tonic is F major or D minor, and he holds to it, his marvelous variations being restricted to the compass of an octave, and the most of his long song to the interval of a sixth. A long song and a strong song it is, but though the performer foregoes the rests common among other singers, like the jeweler with his blow-pipe, he never gets out of breath.

Perhaps we have no more interesting, more charming, summer guest. When Nature clothes the fields with grass and flowers, he throws aside his common brown wear for new plumage, gay as it is unique. This striking change is a new birth; he neither looks, acts, sings, nor flies as he did before, nor could you guess him out. In both heart and feather he is brightness itself. Most birds are dark above and light below; but this bird, in the new birth, takes the exact reverse. His breast and lower parts are black, his back, neck, and crown white, shaded with yellow seams. He reaches New England about the middle of May, with his plumage perfect and his song come to its fullness.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

No bird in New England is more readily known by his song than is the whip-poor-will. He has a strong voice and sings his name distinctly, accenting the first and last syllables, the last most. At each singing he simply repeats his name an indefinite number of times, always measuring his song with the same rhythm while varying the melody. A peculiar feature of his performance is a cluck, which, introduced after each "whip-poor-will," serves as a pleasing rhythmic link to hold the song unbroken. If not near the bird, one fails to hear the cluck, noticing a rest in its place. The whip-poor-will does not stand erect when singing; his wings are slightly extended and kept in a rapid tremor. Various forms of the whip-poor-will's song:



Simeon Pease Cheney.

EXILE BY ADMINISTRATIVE PROCESS.

FEW pages in my Siberian notebooks are more suggestive of pleasant sensations and experiences than the pages that record the incidents of our life in the mountains of the Altai. As I now turn over the flower-stained leaves dated "Altai Station, August 5, 1885," every feature of that picturesque Cossack village comes back to me so vividly, that, if for a moment I close my eyes, I seem to hear again the musical plash and tinkle of the clear, cold streams that tumble through its streets; to see again the magnificent amphitheater of flower-tinted slopes and snowy peaks that encircles it; and to breathe once more the fresh, perfumed air of the green alpine meadow upon which it stands. If the object of our Siberian journey had been merely enjoyment, I think that we should have remained at the Altai Station all summer; since neither in Siberia nor in any other country could we have hoped to find a more delightful place for a summer vacation. The pure mountain air was as fragrant and exhilarating as if it had been compounded of perfume and ozone; the beauty and luxuriance of the flora were a never-failing source of pleasure to the eye;* the clear, cold mountain streams were full of fish; elk, argali, wild goats, bears, foxes, and wolves were to be found by an enterprising hunter in the wooded ravines and the high mountain valleys south of the station; troops of Kirghis horsemen were ready to escort us to the Mongolian boundary post, to the beautiful alpine lake of Marka Kul, or to the wild, unexplored fastnesses of the Chinese Altai; and Captain Maiefski, the hospitable commandant of the post, tempted us to prolong our stay, by promising to organize for us all sorts of delightful excursions and expeditions. The season of good weather and good roads, however, was rapidly passing; and if we hoped to reach the mines of Kara before winter should set in, we had not a day to spare. It was already the first week in August, and a distance of 2500 miles lay between us and the head-waters of the Amur.

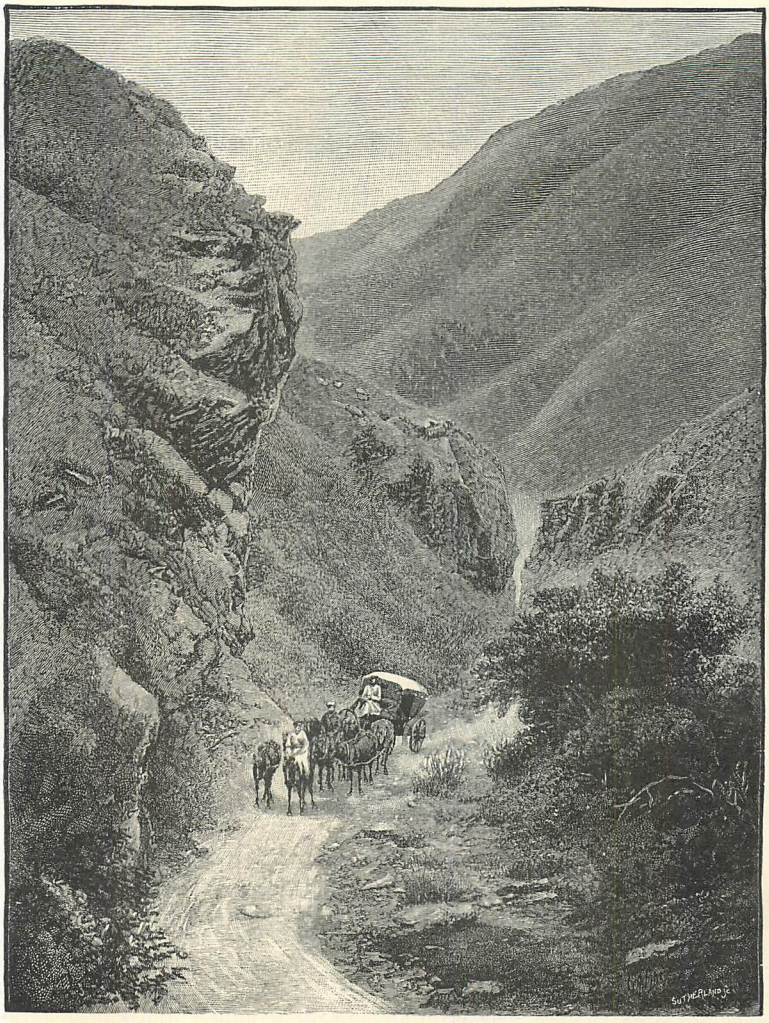
Our next objective point was the city of Tomsk, distant from the Altai Station about 750 miles. In order to reach it we should be obliged to return over a part of the road which we had already traversed, and to descend the Irtish as far as the station of Pianoyarofskaya. At that point the road to Tomsk leaves the Semipalatinsk road, and runs northward through the great Altai mining district and the city of Barnaul. There were two colonies of political exiles on our route — one of them at the Cossack station of Ulbinsk, 160 miles from the Altai Station, and the other in the town of Ust Kamenogorsk. In each of these places, therefore, we purposed to make a short stay.

On the morning of Thursday, August 6, we packed our baggage in the tarantas, ordered horses from the post station, took breakfast for the last time with Captain Maiefski and his wife, whose kindness and warm-hearted hospitality had made their house seem to us like a home, and after drinking to the health of all our Altai friends, and bidding everybody good-bye three or four times, we rode reluctantly out of the beautiful alpine village and began our descent to the plains of the Irtish.

It is not necessary to describe our journey down the valley of the Bukhtarma and across the gray, sterile steppes of the upper Irtish. It was simply a reversal of the experience through which we had passed in approaching the Altai Station three weeks before. Then we were climbing from the desert into the alps, while now we were descending from the alps to the desert.

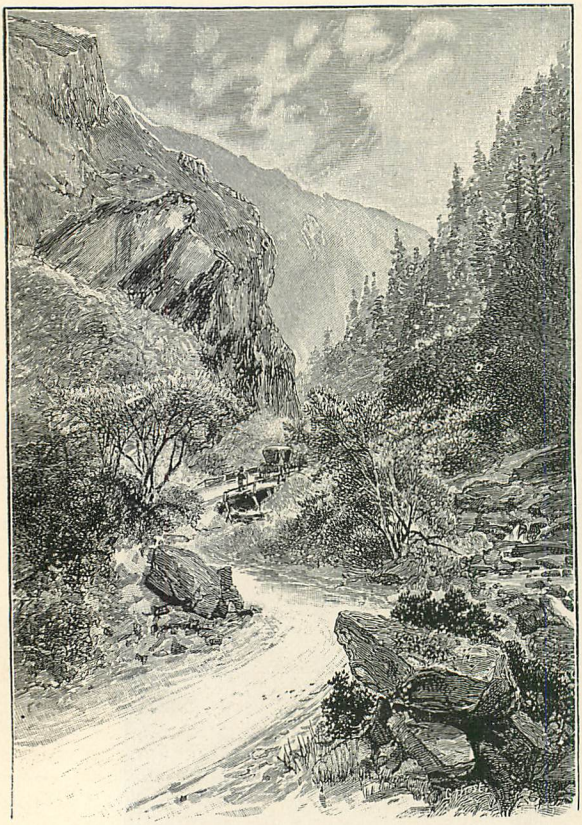
At 6 o'clock Friday afternoon we reached the settlement of Bukhtarma, where the Irtish pierces a great out-lying spur of the Altai chain, and where the road to Ust Kamenogorsk leaves the river and makes a long détour into the mountains. No horses were obtainable at the post station; the weather looked threatening; the road to Alexandrofskaya was said to be in bad condition owing to recent rains; and we had great difficulty in finding a peasant with "free" horses who was willing to take our heavy tarantas up the steep, miry mountain road on what promised to be a dark and stormy night. With the coöperation of the station master, however, we found at last a man who was ready, for a suitable consideration, to make the attempt, and about an hour before dark we left Bukhtarma for Alexandrofskaya with four "free" horses. We soon had occasion to regret that we had not taken the advice of our driver to stop at Bukhtarma for the night and cross the mountains

* I brought back with me from the Altai an herbarium consisting of nearly a thousand species of flowering plants.



THE ALEXANDROFSKAYA-SEVERNAYA RAVINE.

by daylight. The road was worse than any neglected wood-road in the mountains of West Virginia; and before we had made half the distance to Alexandrofskaya, night came on with a violent storm accompanied by lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. Again and again we lost the road in the darkness; two or three times we became almost hopelessly mired in bogs and sloughs; and finally our tarantas capsized, or partly capsized, into a deep ditch or gully worn out in the mountain-side by falling water. The driver shouted, cursed, and lashed his dispirited horses, while Mr. Frost and I explored the gully with lighted wisps of hay, and lifted, tugged, and pulled at the heavy vehicle until we were tired out, drenched with rain, and covered from head to foot with mud; but all our efforts were fruitless. The tarantas could not be extricated. From this predicament we were finally rescued by the drivers of three or four telegas, who left Bukhtarma with the mail shortly after our departure, and who overtook us just at the time when their services were most needed. With their aid we righted the capsized vehicle, set it again on the road, and proceeded. The lightly loaded telegas soon left us behind, and knowing that we could expect no more help from that source, and that another capsize would probably end our travel for the night, I walked ahead of our horses in the miry road for half or three-quarters of an hour, holding up a white handkerchief at arms-length for the guidance of our driver, and shouting directions and warnings to him whenever it seemed necessary. Tired, at last, of wading through mud in Cimmerian darkness, and ascertaining the location of holes, sloughs, and rocks by tumbling into or over them, I climbed back into the tarantas and wrapped myself up in a



THE ULBINSK RAVINE.

wet blanket, with the determination to trust to luck. In less than fifteen minutes our vehicle was again on its side in another deep gully. After making a groping investigation by the sense of touch, we decided that the situation this time was hopeless. There was nothing to be done but to send the driver on horseback in search of help, and to get through the night as best we could where we were. It was then about 11 o'clock. The wind had abated, but the rain was still falling, and the intense darkness was relieved only by an occasional flash of lightning. Cold, tired, and hungry, we crawled into our capsized vehicle, which still afforded us some little shelter from the rain, and sat there in sleepless discomfort until morning. Just before daylight our driver returned with a Cossack from Alexandrofskaya, bringing lanterns, ropes, crowbars, and fresh horses, and with these helps and appliances we succeeded in righting the tarantas and dragging it back to the road.

We reached Alexandrofskaya in the gray light of early dawn, and after drinking tea and sleeping two hours on the floor in the post station, we resumed our journey with eight horses and three drivers. The road from Alexandrofskaya to Severnaya runs for five or six miles up the steep, wild ravine that is shown in the illustration on page 721. It then crosses a series of high, bare ridges running generally at right angles to the course of the Irtish, and finally descends, through another deep, precipitous ravine, into the valley of Ulbinsk, which it follows to Ust Kamenogorsk. The mountains which compose this spur, or out-lying branch, of the Altai system are not high, but, as will be seen from the illustration on the opposite page, they are picturesque and effective in outline and grouping, and are separated one from another by extremely beautiful valleys and ravines.

Owing to the bad condition of the roads and the mountainous nature of the country, we were more than ten hours in making the nineteen miles between Severnaya and Ulbinsk, although we had eight horses on the first stretch and five on the second. The slowness of our progress gave us an opportunity to walk now and then, and to make collections of flowers, and we kept the tarantas decorated all day with golden-rod, wild hollyhocks, long blue spikes of monk's-hood, and leafy branches of "zhimolost," or Tartar honeysuckle, filled with showy scarlet or yellow berries.

Late Saturday afternoon, as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, we rode at a brisk trot down the long, beautiful ravine which leads into the valley of the Ulba, and before dark we were sitting comfortably in the neat waiting-room of the Ulbinsk post station, refreshing ourselves with bread and milk and raspberries.

Among the political exiles living in Ulbinsk at that time were Alexander L. Blok, a young law student from the city of Saratof on the Volga; Apollo Karelin, the son of a well-known photographer in Nizhni Novgorod; Severin Gross, a law student from the province of Kovno; and Dr. Vitert, a surgeon from Warsaw. Mr. Karelin had been accompanied to Siberia by his wife, but the others were, I believe, unmarried. I had learned the names, and something of the histories, of these exiles from the politicals in Semipalatinsk, and there were several reasons why I particularly wished to see them and to make their acquaintance. I had an idea that perhaps the politicals in Semipalatinsk were above the average level of administrative exiles in intelligence and education,— that they were unusually favorable specimens of their class,— and it seemed to me not improbable that in the wilder and re-

moter parts of western Siberia I should find types that would correspond more nearly to the conception of "nihilists" that I had formed in America.

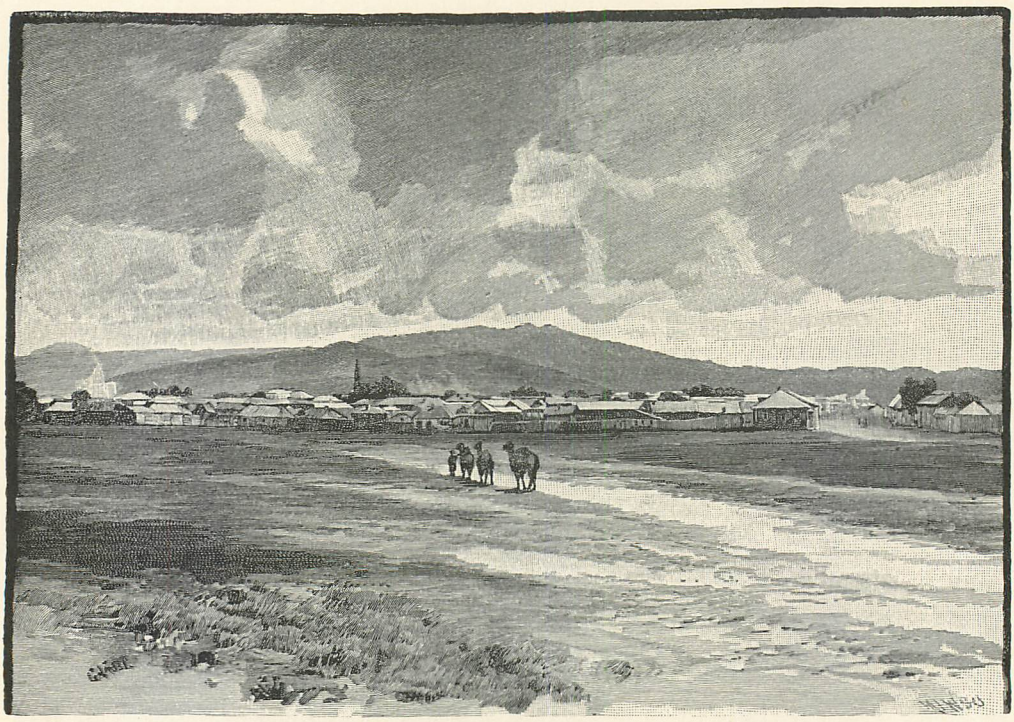
Before we had been in the village an hour, two of the exiles — Messrs. Blok and Gross — called upon us and introduced themselves. Mr. Blok won my heart from the very first. He was a man twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, of medium height and athletic figure, with dark hair and eyes, and a beard-

THE VALLEY OF ULBINSK.

less but strong and resolute face, which seemed to me to express intelligence, earnestness, and power in every line. It was, in the very best sense of the word, a *good* face, and I could no more help liking and trusting it than I could help breathing. Marcus Aurelius somewhere says, with coarse vigor of expression, that "a man who is honest and good ought to be exactly like a man who smells strong, so that the bystander, as soon as he comes near, must smell, whether he choose or not." Mr. Blok's honesty and goodness seemed to me to be precisely of this kind, and I found myself regarding him with friendly sympathy, and almost with affection, long before I could assign any reason for so doing. Mr. Gross was a rather handsome man, perhaps thirty years of age, with brown hair, full beard and mustache, blue eyes, and clearly cut, regular features. He talked in an eager, animated way, with an affectionate, caressing modulation of the voice, and had a habit of unconsciously opening his eyes a little more widely than usual as an expression of interest or emotion. Both of the young men were university graduates; both spoke French and German, and Mr. Blok read English; both were particularly interested in questions of political economy, and either of them might have been taken for a young professor, or a post-graduate student, in the Johns Hopkins University. I had not talked with them an hour before I became satisfied that in intelligence and culture they were fully abreast of the Semipalatinsk exiles, and that I should have to look for the wild, fanatical "nihilists" of my imagination in some part of Siberia more remote than Ulbinsk.

We talked in the post station until about 9 o'clock, and then, at Mr. Blok's suggestion, made a round of calls upon the other political exiles in the village. They were all living in wretchedly furnished log-houses rented from the Ulbinsk Cossacks, and were surrounded by unmistakable evidences of hardship, privation, and straitened circumstances; but they seemed to be trying to make the best of their situation, and I cannot remember to have heard anywhere that night a bitter complaint

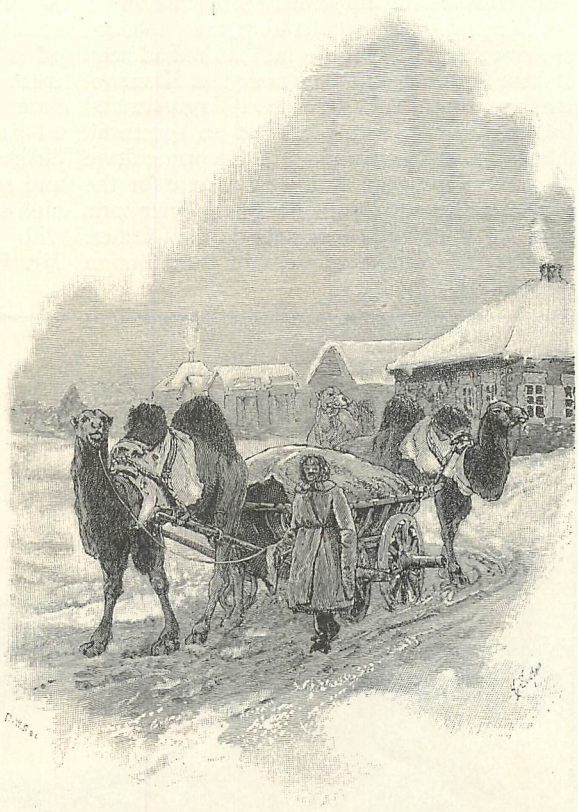
or a single reference to personal experience that seemed to be made for the purpose of exciting our sympathy. If they suffered, they bore their suffering with dignity and self-control. All of them seemed to be physically well except Mrs. Karelin, who looked thin, pale, and careworn, and Dr. Vitert, who had been three times in exile and ten years in prison or in Siberia, and who, I thought, would not live much longer to trouble the Government that had wrecked his life. Although only forty-five years of age, he seemed greatly broken, walked feebly with a cane, and suffered constantly from rheumatism contracted in damp prison-cells. He was one of the best-informed exiles that I met in western Siberia, and was the first to tell me of the death of General Grant. We had a long talk about the United States, in the course of which he asked many questions concerning our civil war, the constitutional amendments adopted after the war, the balance of parties in Congress, and the civil-service reform policy of President Cleveland, which showed that he had more than a superficial acquaintance with our political history. In the houses of all the exiles in Ulbinsk, no matter how wretchedly they might be furnished, I found a writing-desk or table, books, and such magazines as the "Revue des Deux Mondes" and the "Russki Vestnik," or "Russian Messenger." In the house of Mr. Blok there was a small but well-selected library, in which I noticed, in addition to Russian books, a copy of Longfellow's Poems, in English; Maine's "Ancient Law" and "Village Communities"; Bain's "Logic"; Mill's "Political Economy"; Lecky's "History of Rationalism" (an expurgated Russian edition); Spencer's "Essays: Moral, Political, and Æsthetic," and his "Principles of Sociology"; Taine's "History of English Literature"; Laboulaye's "History of the United States"; and a large number of French and German works on jurisprudence and political economy. I need hardly call attention, I think, to the fact that men who read and carry to Siberia with them such books as these are not wild fanatics, nor "ignorant shoemakers and mechanics," as they were once contemptuously described to me by a Russian officer, but are serious, cultivated, thinking men. If such men are in exile in a lonely Siberian village on the frontier of Mongolia, instead of being at home in the service of the state — so much the worse for the state!



THE TOWN OF UST KAMENOGORSK.

We spent the greater part of one night and a day with the political exiles in Ulbinsk. I became very deeply interested in them, and should have liked to stay there and talk with them for a week; but our excursion to the

Katunski Alps had occupied more time than we had allotted to it, and it was important that we should, if possible, reach the convict mines of eastern Siberia before the coming on of winter. Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock we set out for Ust Kamenogorsk. Messrs. Blok and Karelin accompanied us on horseback as far as the ferry across the Ulba, and then, after bidding us a hearty and almost affectionate good-bye, and asking us not to forget them when we should return to "a freer and happier country," they remounted their horses and sat motionless in their saddles, watching us while we were being ferried over the river. When we were ready to start on the other side, a quarter of a mile distant, they waved their handkerchiefs, and then, taking off their hats, bowed low towards us in mute farewell as we dashed away into the forest. If these pages should ever be read in one of the lonely cabins of the political exiles in Ulbinsk, the readers may feel assured that "in a freer and happier country" we have not forgotten them, but think of them often, with the sincerest esteem and the most affectionate sympathy.



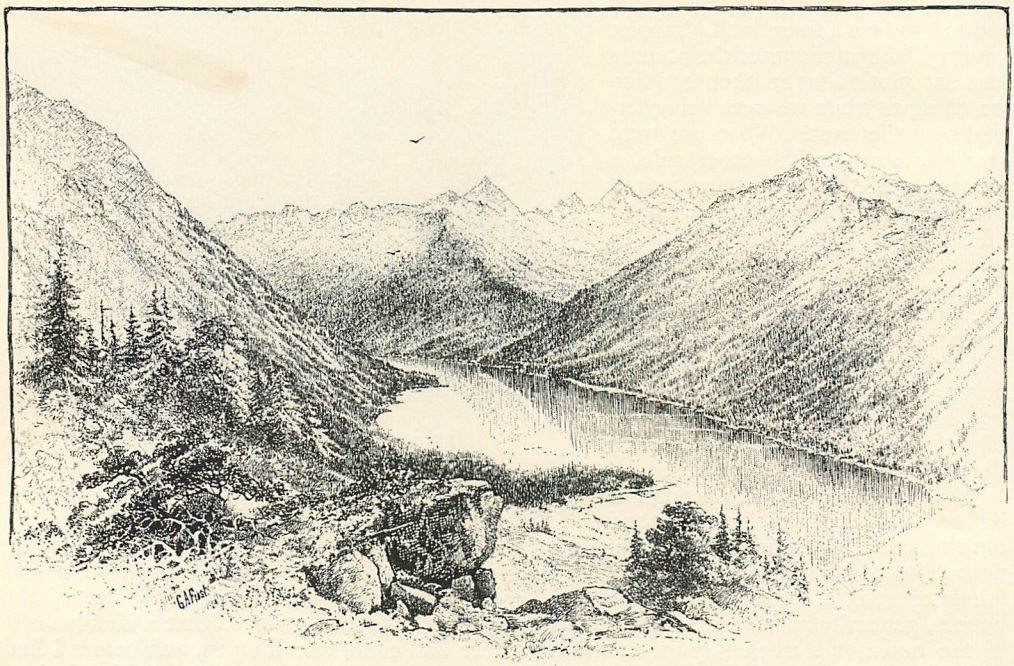
KIRGHIS CAMEL TEAMS.

We reached Ust Kamenogorsk before dark Sunday afternoon and took up our quarters in the post station. The town, which contains about 5000 inhabitants, is a collection of 600 or 800 houses, generally built of logs, and is situated in the midst of a treeless plain on the right bank of the Irtish, just where the latter is joined by its tributary the Ulba. It contains one or two Tartar mosques, two or three Russian churches with colored domes of tin, and an ostrog, or fortress, consisting of a high quadrangular earthern wall or embankment, surrounded by a dry moat, and inclosing a white-walled prison, a church, and a few Government buildings. The mosques, the white-turbaned mullas, the hooded Kirghis horsemen in the streets, the morning and evening cry of the muezzins, and the files of Bactrian camels, which now and then come pacing slowly and solemnly in from the steppe, give to the town the same Oriental appearance that is so noticeable in Semipalatinsk, and which suggests the idea that one is in northern Africa or in central Asia, rather than in Siberia.

While we were drinking tea in the post station we were surprised by the appearance of Mr. Gross, who had come from Ulbinsk to Ust Kamenogorsk that morning, and had been impatiently awaiting our arrival. He had hardly taken his seat when the wife of the station master announced that a Russian officer had come to call on us, and before I had time to ask Mr. Gross whether his relations with the Russian authorities were pleasant or unpleasant, the officer, dressed in full uniform, had entered the room. I was embarrassed for an instant by the awkwardness of the situation. I knew nothing of the officer except his name, and it was possible, of course, that upon finding a political exile there he might behave towards the latter in so offensive a manner as to make some decisive action on my part inevitable. I could not permit a gentleman who had called upon us to be offensively treated at our table, even if he was officially regarded as a "criminal" and a "nihilist." Fortunately my apprehensions proved to be groundless. Mr. Shaitanof, the Cossack officer who had come to see us, was a gentleman, as well as a man of tact and good breeding, and whatever he may have thought of the presence of a political exile in our quarters so soon after our arrival, he manifested neither surprise nor annoyance. He bowed courteously when I introduced Mr. Gross to him, and in five minutes they

were engaged in an animated discussion of bee-keeping, silk-worm culture, and tobacco growing. Mr. Shaitanof said that he had been making some experiments near Ust Kamenogorsk with mulberry trees and Virginian and Cuban tobacco and had been so successful that he hoped to introduce silk-worm culture there the next year, and to substitute for the coarse native tobacco some of the finer sorts from the West Indies and the United States.

After half an hour of pleasant conversation Mr. Shaitanof bade us good-night, and Mr. Gross, Mr. Frost, and I went to call on the political exiles. In anticipation of our coming, ten or fifteen of them had assembled in one of the large upper rooms of a two-story log-building near the center of the town, which served as a residence for one of them and a place of rendezvous for the others. It is, of course, impracticable, as well as unnecessary, to describe and characterize all of the political exiles in the Siberian towns and villages through which we passed. The most that I aim to do is to give the reader a general idea of their appearance and behavior, and of the impression that they made upon me. The exiles in Ust Kamenogorsk did not differ essentially from those in Ulbinsk, except that, taken as a body, they furnished a greater variety of types and represented a larger number of social classes. In Ulbinsk there were only professional men and students. In Ust Kamenogorsk there was at one end of the social scale a peasant shoemaker and at the other a Caucasian princess, while between these extremes were physicians, chemists, authors, publicists, university students, and landed proprietors. Most of them were of noble birth or belonged to the privileged classes, and some of them were men and women of high cultivation and refinement. Among those with whom I became best acquainted were Mr. Konovalof, who read English well but spoke it imperfectly;* Mr. Milinchuk, a dark-haired, dark-bearded Georgian from Tiflis; and Mr. Adam Bialoveski, a writer and publicist from the province of Pultava. The last-named gentleman impressed me as a man of singular ability, fairness, and breadth of view. He was thoroughly acquainted with Russian history and jurisprudence, as well as with the history and literature of the west European nations; and although he was disposed to take rather a pessimistic view of life, and avowed himself a disciple of Schopenhauer, he bore the heavy burden of his exile with cheerfulness and courage. I had a long talk with him about the Russian situation, and was very favorably impressed by his cool, dispassionate review of the revolutionary movement and the measures taken by the Government for its suppression. His statements were entirely free from exag-



A LAKE IN THE ALTAI.

* Mr. Konovalof committed suicide in Ust Kamenogorsk about six months after we left there.

geration and prejudice, and his opinions seemed to me to be almost judicially fair and impartial. To brand such a man as a "nihilist" was absurd, and to exile him to Siberia as a dangerous member of society was simply preposterous. In any other civilized country on the face of the globe except Russia he would be regarded as the most moderate of liberals.

The colony of political exiles in Ust Kamenogorsk was the last one that we saw in the steppe provinces, and it seems to me desirable, before proceeding with the narrative of our Siberian journey, to set forth, as fully as space will permit, the salient features of what is known in Russia as "exile by administrative process."

Exile by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities that, in most civilized countries, precede or attend deprivation of rights and the infliction of punishment. The person so banished may not be guilty of any crime, and may not have rendered himself amenable in any way to any law of the state; but if, in the opinion of the local authorities, his presence in a particular place is "prejudicial to social order," he may be arrested without a warrant, and, with the concurrence of the Minister of the Interior, may be removed forcibly to any other place within the limits of the empire, and there be put under police surveillance for a period of five years. He may, or may not, be informed of the reasons for this summary proceeding, but in either case he is perfectly helpless. He cannot examine the witnesses upon whose testimony his presence is declared to be "prejudicial to social order." He cannot summon friends to prove his loyalty and good character without great risk of bringing upon them the same calamity which has befallen him. He has no right to demand a trial, or even a hearing. He cannot sue out a writ of habeas corpus. He cannot appeal to the public through the press. His communications with the world are so suddenly severed that sometimes even his own relatives do not know what has happened to him. He is literally and absolutely without any means whatever of self-protection.

As an illustration of the sort of evidence upon which the presence of certain persons in the cities and provinces of European Russia is declared to be "prejudicial to social order," I will give two typical cases from the great number in my notebooks. Some of the readers of THE CENTURY may still remember a young naval officer named Constantine Staniukovitch, who was attached to the staff of the Grand Duke Alexis at the time of the latter's visit to the United States. From the fact that I saw in Mr. Staniukovitch's house in Tomsk a number of visiting cards of people well known in the cities of New York and San Francisco, I infer that he went a good deal into society here, and that he may still be recalled to mind by persons who met him. He was the son of a Russian admiral, was an officer of great promise, and had before him the prospect of a brilliant career in the Russian naval service. He was, however, a man of broad and liberal views, with a natural taste for literary pursuits, and after his return from America he resigned his position in the navy and became an author. He wrote a number of novels and plays which were very successful, but of which the Government did not approve, and in 1882 or 1883 he purchased a well-known Russian magazine in St. Petersburg called the "Diello," and became its editor and proprietor. He spent a considerable part of the summer of 1884 abroad, and in the latter part of that year left his wife and children at Baden-Baden and started for St. Petersburg. At the Russian frontier station of Virzhbolof he was suddenly arrested, was taken thence to St. Petersburg under guard, and was there thrown into the fortress of Petropavlovsk. His wife, knowing nothing of this misfortune, continued to write to him at St. Petersburg without getting any answers to her letters, until finally she became alarmed, and telegraphed to the editorial department of the "Diello," asking what had happened to her husband and why he did not write to her. The managing editor of the magazine replied that Mr. Staniukovitch was not there, and that they had supposed him to be still in Baden-Baden. Upon the receipt of this telegram, Mrs. Staniukovitch, thoroughly frightened, proceeded at once with her children to St. Petersburg. Nothing whatever could be learned there with regard to her husband's whereabouts. He had not been seen at the editorial rooms of the "Diello," and none of his friends had heard anything of or from him in two weeks. He had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. At last, after days of torturing anxiety, Mrs. Staniukovitch was advised to make inquiries of General Orzhefski, the Chief of Gendarmes. She did so, and found that her husband was a prisoner in one of the casemates of the Petropavlovsk fortress. The police, as it afterward appeared, had for some time been intercepting and reading his letters, and had ascertained that he was in correspondence with a well-known Russian revolutionist who was then living in Switzerland. The correspondence was perfectly innocent in its character, and related solely to the business of the magazine; but the fact that an editor, and a man of known liberal views, was in communication with a political refugee was

regarded as sufficient evidence that his presence in St. Petersburg would be "prejudicial to social order," and his arrest followed. In May, 1885, he was exiled for three years by administrative process to the city of Tomsk, in western Siberia. The publication of the magazine was of course suspended in consequence of the imprisonment and ultimate banishment of its owner, and Mr. Staniukovitch was financially ruined. If the Russian Government deals in this arbitrary way with men of rank, wealth, and high social position in the capital of the empire, it can be imagined what treatment is accorded to physicians, students, and small landed proprietors whose presence is regarded as "prejudicial to social order" in the provinces.

In the year 1879 there was living in the town of Ivangorod, in the province of Chernigof, a skillful and accomplished young surgeon named Dr. Baillie. Although he was a man of liberal views, he was not an agitator nor a revolutionist, and had taken no active part in political affairs. Some time in the late winter or early spring of 1879 there came to him, with letters of introduction, two young women who had been studying in one of the medical schools for women in St. Petersburg, and had been expelled and ordered to return to their homes in central Russia on account of their alleged political "untrustworthiness" (neblagonadezhnost). They were very anxious to complete their education and to fit themselves for useful work among the peasants; and they begged Dr. Baillie to aid them in their studies, to hear their recitations, and to allow them to make use of his library and the facilities of his office. As they were both in an "illegal" position,—that is, were living in a place where, without permission from the authorities, they had no right to be,—it was Dr. Baillie's duty as a loyal subject to hand them over to the police, regardless of the fact that they had come to him with letters of introduction and a petition for help. He happened, however, to be a man of courage, independence, and generous instincts; and instead of betraying them, he listened with sympathy to their story, promised them his aid, introduced them to his wife, and began to give them lessons. The year 1879 was a year of intense revolutionary activity in Russia. Attempts were constantly being made by the terrorists to assassinate high Government officials; and the police, in all parts of the empire, were more than usually suspicious and alert. The visits of the young girls to Dr. Baillie's house and office soon attracted the attention of the local authorities in Ivangorod, and they took steps to ascertain who they were and where they had come from. An investigation showed that one of them was living on a forged passport, while the other had none, and that both had been expelled from St. Petersburg for political "untrustworthiness." Their unauthorized appearance in Ivangorod, when they should have been at their homes, and their half-secret visits — generally at night — to the house of Dr. Baillie, were regarded as evidence of a political conspiracy, and on the 10th of May, 1879, both they and the young surgeon were arrested and exiled by administrative process to Siberia. Dr. Baillie eventually was sent to the arctic village of Verkhoyansk, latitude 67.30, in the province of Yakutsk, where he was seen in 1882 by Engineer Melville, Lieutenant Danenhower, Mr. W. H. Gilder, and all the survivors of the arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette*. At the time of Dr. Baillie's banishment, his wife, a beautiful young woman, 24 or 25 years of age, was expecting confinement, and was therefore unable to go to Siberia with him. As soon as possible, however, after the birth of her child, and before she had fully recovered her strength, she left her nursing baby with relatives and started on a journey of more than 6000 miles to join her husband in a village situated north of the Arctic Circle and near the Asiatic pole of cold. She had not the necessary means to make such a journey by rail, steamer, and post, as Lieutenant Scheutze made it in 1885–86, and was therefore forced to ask permission of the Minister of the Interior to travel with a party of exiles.* As far as the city of Tomsk in western Siberia, both political and common criminal exiles are transported in convict trains or barges. Beyond that point the common criminals walk, and the politicals are carried in telegas, at the rate of about sixty miles a week, stopping in an étape every third day for rest. At this rate of progress Mrs. Baillie would have reached her husband's place of exile only after sixteen months of incessant hardship, privation, and suffering. But she did not reach it. For many weeks her hope, courage, and love sustained her, and enabled her to endure without complaint the jolting, the suffocating dust, the scorching heat, and the cold autumnal rains on the road, and the bad food, the plank sleeping-benches, the vermin, and the pestilential air of the étapes; but human endurance has its limits. Three or four months of this unrelieved misery, with constant anxiety about her husband and for the babe that, for her husband's sake, she had abandoned in Russia, broke down her health and her spirit. She sank into deep despondency

* By Russian law a wife may go to her exiled husband at the expense of the Government, provided she travels with an exile party, lives on the exile ration, sleeps in the road-side étapes, and submits generally to prison discipline.

VERA FIGNER.*

and eventually began to show signs of mental aberration. After passing Krasnoyarsk her condition became such that any sudden shock was likely completely to overthrow her reason — and the shock soon came. There are two villages in eastern Siberia whose names are almost alike — Verkholensk and Verkhoyansk. The former is situated on the river Lena, only 180 miles from Irkutsk, while the latter is on the head-waters of the Yana, and is distant from Irkutsk nearly 2700 miles. As the party with which she was traveling approached the capital of eastern Siberia, her hope, strength, and courage seemed to revive. Her husband she thought was only a few hundred miles away, and in a few more weeks she would be in his arms. She talked of him constantly, counted the verst-posts which measured her slow progress towards him, and literally lived upon the expectation of speedy reunion with him. A few stations west of Irkutsk she accidentally became aware; for the first time, that her husband was not in Verkholensk, but in Verkhoyansk; that she was still separated from him by nearly 3000 miles of mountain, steppe, and forest; and that in order to reach his place of banishment that year she would have to travel many weeks alone, on dog or reindeer sledges, in terrible cold, through the arctic solitudes of north-eastern Asia. The sudden shock of this discovery was almost immediately fatal. She became violently insane, and died insane a few months later in the Irkutsk prison hospital, without ever seeing again the husband for whose sake she had endured such mental and physical agonies.

I have been compelled to restrict myself to the barest outline of this terrible tragedy; but if the reader could hear the story, as I heard it, from the lips of exiles who traveled with Mrs. Baillie, who saw the flickering spark of her reason go out, and who helped afterward to take care of her, he would not wonder that "exile by administrative process" makes "terrorists," but rather that it does not make a nation of "terrorists." †

It would be easy to fill pages of THE CENTURY with a statement of the cases of Russians who in the last ten years have been exiled to Siberia by administrative process, not only without reasonable cause, but without even the shadow of a cause. The well-known Russian novelist Vladimir Korolenko, one of whose books has recently been translated into English and published in Boston, was exiled to eastern Siberia in 1879, as the result of what the Government itself finally admitted to be an official mistake. Through the influence of powerful friends, he succeeded in getting this mistake corrected before he reached his destination, and was permitted to

* Vera Figner was one of the ablest and most daring of the Russian revolutionists and organized in Odessa in 1882 the plot which resulted in the assassination of General Strelmkoff. She was arrested, tried, and condemned to death, but her sentence was afterward commuted to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Schlusselburg. She is believed to have died there in 1885.

† My authorities for the facts of this case are: first, a well-known member of a Russian provincial assembly, a man of the highest character, who was personally cognizant of the circumstances attending Dr. Baillie's arrest and banishment; secondly, exiles who went to Siberia in the same party with Dr. Baillie; and, thirdly, exiles — one of them a lady — who were in the same party with Dr. Baillie's wife.

SOPHIA NIKITINA.

return from Tomsk. Irritated by this injustice, and by many months of prison and étape life, he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Alexander III. upon the accession of the latter to the throne, and for this obstinacy was exiled to the province of Yakutsk.*

Mr. Borodin, a well-known writer for the Russian magazine "Annals of the Fatherland," was banished to the province of Yakutsk on account of the "dangerous" and "pernicious" character of a manuscript found in his house by the police during a search. This manuscript was a copy of an article upon the economic condition of the province of Viatka, which Mr. Borodin had sent to the above-named magazine, but which up to that time had not been published. Mr. Borodin went to eastern Siberia in a convict's gray overcoat with a yellow ace of diamonds on his back, and three or four months after his arrival in Yakutsk he had the pleasure of reading in the "Annals of the Fatherland" the very same article for which he had been exiled. The Minister of the Interior had sent him to Siberia merely for having in his possession a "dangerous" and "pernicious" manuscript, and then the St. Petersburg Committee of Censorship had certified that another copy of that same manuscript was perfectly harmless, and had allowed it to be published, without the change of a line, in one of the most popular and widely circulated magazines in the empire.†

A gentleman named Otchkin, in Moscow, was exiled to Siberia by administrative process in 1885 merely because, to adopt the language of the order which was issued for his arrest, he was "suspected of an intention to put himself into an illegal position." The high crime which Mr. Otchkin was "suspected of an intention" to commit was the taking of a fictitious name in place of his own. Upon what ground he was "suspected of an intention" to do this terrible thing he never knew.

Another exile of my acquaintance, Mr. Y——, was banished merely because he was a friend of Mr. Z——, who was awaiting trial on the charge of political conspiracy. When Mr. Z——'s case came to a judicial investigation he was found to be innocent and was acquitted; but in the mean time, Mr. Y——, merely for being a friend of this innocent man, had gone to Siberia by administrative process.

In another case a young student, called Vladimir Sidorski (I use a fictitious name), was arrested by mistake instead of another and a different Sidorski named Victor, whose presence in Moscow was regarded by somebody as "prejudicial to social order." Vladimir protested that he was not Victor, that he did not know Victor, and that his arrest in the place of Victor was the result of a stupid blunder; but his protestations were of no avail. The police were too much occupied in un-

* A statement of the circumstances of Mr. Korolenko's first banishment to Siberia was published in the Russian newspaper "Zemstvo" for 1881, No. 10, p. 19.

† "Zemstvo," 1881, No. 10, p. 19. It is not often, of course, that facts of this kind, which are so damaging to the Government, get into the Russian newspaper press. The account of Mr. Borodin's experience and of the exile of Mr. Korolenko was published at the time when the liberal ministry of Loris Melikoff was in power, just at the close of the reign of the late Tsar, and when the strictness of the censorship was greatly relaxed.

earthing "conspiracies" and looking after "untrustworthy" people to devote any time to a troublesome verification of an insignificant student's identity. There must have been something wrong about him, they argued, or he would not have been arrested, and the safest thing to do with him was to send him to Siberia, whoever he might be — and to Siberia he was sent. When the convoy officer called the roll of the out-going exile party, Vladimir Sidorski failed to answer to Victor Sidorski's name, and the officer, with a curse, cried, "Victor Sidorski! Why don't you answer to your name?"

"It is not my name," replied Vladimir, "and I won't answer to it. It 's another Sidorski who ought to be going to Siberia."

"What is your name then?"

Vladimir told him. The officer coolly erased the name "Victor" in the roll of the party, inserted the name "Vladimir," and remarked cynically that "It does n't make a —— bit of difference!"

In 1874 a young student named Egor Lazaref was arrested in one of the south-eastern provinces of European Russia upon the charge of carrying on a secret revolutionary propaganda. He was taken to St. Petersburg and kept in solitary confinement in the House of Preliminary Detention and in the fortress for about four years. He was then tried with "the 193" and acquitted.* One would suppose that to be arrested without cause, to be held four years in solitary confinement, to be finally declared innocent, and then to have no means whatever of redress, would make a revolutionist, if not a terrorist, out of the most peaceable citizen; but Mr. Lazaref, as soon as he had been released, quietly completed his education in the University, studied law, and began the practice of his profession in the city of Saratof on the Volga. He had no more trouble with the Government until the summer of 1884, when a police officer suddenly appeared to him one morning and said that the governor of the province would like to see him. Mr. Lazaref, who was on pleasant personal terms with the governor, went at once to the latter's "konsilaria," or office, where he was coolly informed that he was to be exiled by administrative process to eastern Siberia for three years. Mr. Lazaref stood aghast.

"May I ask your high excellency for what reason?" he finally inquired.

"I do not know," replied the governor. "I have received orders to that effect from the Ministry of the Interior, and that is all I know about it."

* Indictment in the case of the 193, and sentence in the same case. The original documents are in my possession.

Through the influence of friends in St. Petersburg, Mr. Lazaref obtained a respite of two weeks in which to settle up his affairs, and he was then sent as a prisoner to Moscow. He reached that city after the last party of political exiles had been dispatched for the season, and had to live in the Moscow forwarding prison until the next spring. While there he wrote a respectful letter to the Department of Imperial Police, asking, as a favor, that he might be informed for what reason he was to be exiled to eastern Siberia. The reply that he received was comprised in two lines, and was as follows: "You are to be put under police surveillance in eastern Siberia because you have not abandoned your previous criminal activity." In other words, he was to

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE.

be banished to the Trans-Baikal because he had not "abandoned" the "previous criminal activity" of which a court of justice had found him not guilty! In the Moscow forwarding prison, soon after Mr. Lazaref's arrival, a number of the political prisoners were comparing experiences one day and asking one another for what offenses they had been condemned to banishment. One said that forbidden books had been found in his house; another said that he had been accused of carrying on a revolutionary propaganda; and a third admitted that he had been a member of a secret society. Finally Mr. Lazaref's turn came, and upon being asked why he was on his way to Siberia, he replied simply, "I don't know."

"Don't know!" exclaimed one of his com-

GREGORIE MACHTET. HELENE MACHTET.

rades. "Did n't your father have a black and white cow?"

"Very likely," said Mr. Lazaref. "He had a lot of cows."

"Well!" rejoined his comrade triumphantly, "what more would you have? That 's enough to exile twenty men — and yet he says he does n't know!"

On the 10th of May, 1885, Mr. Lazaref left Moscow with an exile party for Siberia, and on the 10th of October, 1885, after twenty-two weeks of travel "by étape," reached the town of Chita, in the Trans-Baikal, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

The grotesque injustice, the heedless cruelty, and the preposterous "mistakes" and "misunderstandings" that make the history of administrative exile in Russia seem to an American like the recital of a wild nightmare are due to the complete absence, in the Russian form of government, of checks upon the executive power, and the almost equally complete absence of official responsibility for unjust or illegal action. The Minister of the Interior, in dealing with politicals, is not restrained to any great extent by law; and as it is utterly impossible for him personally to examine all of the immense number of political cases that come to him for final decision, he is virtually forced to delegate a part of his irresponsible power to chiefs of police, chiefs of gendarmes, governors of provinces, and subordinates in his own ministry. They in turn are compelled, for similar reasons, to intrust a part of their authority and discretion to officers of still lower grade; and the latter, who often are stupid, ignorant, or unscrupulous men, are the persons who really make the investigations, the searches, and the examinations upon which the life or liberty of an accused citizen may depend. Theoretically, the Minister of the Interior, aided by a council composed of three of his own subordinates and two officers from the Ministry of Justice, reviews and reëxamines the cases of all political offenders who are dealt with by administrative process;* but practically he does nothing of the kind, and it is impossible that he should do anything of the kind, for the very simple reason that he has not the time. According to the Russian newspaper "Strana," in the year 1881 there came before the Department of Imperial Police 1500 political cases.† A very large

* Vide "Rules concerning Measures to be taken for the Preservation of Civil Order and Public Peace," approved by the Tsar, August 14, 1881. Chapter V., section 34.

† Quoted in newspaper "Sibir" for Jan. 31, 1882, p. 5.

proportion of these cases were dealt with by administrative process, and if the Minister of the Interior had given to each one of them a half, or one-quarter, of the study which was absolutely essential to a clear comprehension of it, he would have had no time to attend to anything else. As a matter of fact he did not give the cases such study, but, as a rule, simply signed the papers that came up to him from below. Of course he would not have signed the order for the exile of Mr. Korolenko to the province of Yakutsk if he had known that the whole charge against the young novelist was based on a mistake; nor would he have signed the order for the exile of Mr. Borodin if he had been aware that the magazine article for which the author was banished had been approved by the St. Petersburg Committee of Censorship. He accepted the statements passed up to him by a long line of subordinate officials, and signed his name merely as a formality and as a matter of course. How easy it is in Russia to get a high official's signature to any sort of a document may be illustrated by an anecdote that I have every reason to believe is absolutely true. A "stola-nachalnik," or head of a bureau, in the provincial administration of Tobolsk, while boasting one day about his power to shape and direct governmental action, made a wager with another chinovnik that he could get the governor of the province — the late Governor Lissogorski — to sign a manuscript copy of the Lord's Prayer. He wrote the prayer out in the form of an official document on a sheet of stamped paper, numbered it, attached the proper seal to it, and handed it to the governor with a pile of other papers which required signature. He won his wager. The governor duly signed the Lord's Prayer, and it was probably as harmless an official document as ever came out of his office.

How much of this sort of careless and reckless signing there was in the cases of political offenders dealt with by administrative process may be inferred from the fact that, when the liberal minister Loris Melikoff came into power in 1880, he found it necessary to appoint a revisory commission, under the presidency of General Cherevin, to investigate the cases of persons who had been exiled and put under police supervision by administrative process, and to correct, so far as possible, the "mistakes," "misunderstandings," and "irregularities" against which the sufferers in all parts of the empire began to protest as soon as the appointment of a new Minister of the Interior gave them some reason to hope that their complaints would be heeded. There were said to be at that time 2800 political offenders in Siberia and in various remote parts of European Russia who had been exiled and put under police surveillance by administrative process. Up to the 23d of January, 1881, General Cherevin's commission had examined the cases of 650 such persons, and had recommended that 328, or more than half of them, be immediately released and returned to their homes.*

Of course the only remedy for such a state of things as this is to take the investigation of political offenses out of the hands of an irresponsible police, put it into the courts, where it belongs, and allow the accused to be defended there by counsel of their own selection. This remedy, however, the Government persistently refuses to adopt. The Moscow Assembly of Nobles, at the suggestion of Mr. U. F. Samarin, one of its members, sent a respectful but urgent memorial to the Crown, recommending that every political exile who had been dealt with by administrative process should be given the right to demand a judicial investigation of his case. The memorial went unheeded, and the Government, I believe, did not even make a reply to it.†

Before the year 1882 the rights, privileges, and obligations of political offenders exiled to Siberia by administrative process were set forth only in secret circular-letters, sent from time to time by the Minister of the Interior to the governors of the different Siberian provinces. Owing to changes in the ministry, changes in circumstances, and changes of ministerial policy, these circular-letters of instruction ultimately became so contradictory, or so inconsistent one with another, and led to so many "misunderstandings," "irregularities," and collisions between the exiles and the local authorities in the Siberian towns and villages, that on the 12th of March, 1882, the Minister of the Interior drew up, and the Tsar approved, a set of rules for the better regulation of police surveillance and exile by administrative process. An official copy of this paper, which I brought back with me from Siberia, lies before me as I write. It is entitled, "Rules concerning Police Surveillance." ("Polozhenie o Politseskom Nadzore.") The first thing that strikes the reader in a perusal of this document is the fact that it declares exile and police surveillance to be, not *punishments* for crimes already committed, but measures of precaution to prevent the commission of crimes that evil-minded men may contemplate. The first section reads as follows: "Police surveillance [which includes administrative ex-

* An official announcement by the Government, quoted in the newspaper "Sibir'" for Jan. 31, 1881, p. 1.

† Newspaper "Zemstvo," 1881, No. 10, p. 21.

ile] is a means of preventing crimes against the existing imperial order [the present form of government]; and it is applicable to all persons who are prejudicial to the public peace." The power to decide when a man is "prejudicial to the public peace," and when exile and surveillance shall be resorted to as a means of "preventing crime," is vested in the governors-general, the governors, and the police; and in the exercise of that power they pay quite as much attention to the opinions that a man holds as to the acts that he commits. They can hardly do otherwise. If they should wait in all cases for the commission of criminal acts, they would not be "*preventing* crime," but merely watching and waiting for it, while the object of administrative exile is to *prevent* crime by anticipation. Clearly, then, the only thing to be done is to nip crime in the bud by putting under restraint, or sending to Siberia, every man whose political opinions are such as to raise a presumption that he *will* commit a crime "against the existing imperial order" if he sees a favorable opportunity for so doing. Administrative exile, therefore, is directed against ideas and opinions from which criminal acts may come, rather than against the criminal acts themselves. It is designed to anticipate and prevent the acts by suppressing or discouraging the opinions; and, such being the case, the document which lies before me should be called, not "Rules concerning Police Surveillance," but "Rules for the Better Regulation of Private Opinion." In the spirit of this latter title the "Rules" are interpreted by most of the Russian police.

The pretense that administrative exile is not a punishment, but only a precaution, is a mere juggle with words. The Government says, "We do not exile a man and put him under police surveillance as a punishment for holding certain opinions, but only as a means of preventing him from giving such opinions outward expression in criminal acts." If the banishment of a man to the province of Yakutsk for five years is not a "punishment," then the word "punishment" must have in Russian jurisprudence a very peculiar and restricted signification. In the case of women and young girls a sentence of banishment to eastern Siberia is almost equivalent to a sentence of death, on account of the terrible hardships of the journey and the disease-saturated condition of the étapes — and yet the Government says that exile by administrative process is not a punishment!

In 1884 a pretty and intelligent young girl named Sophia Nikitina, who was attending school in Kiev, was banished by administrative process to one of the remote provinces of eastern Siberia. In the winter of 1884–85, when she had accomplished about 3000 miles of her terrible journey, on the road between Tomsk and Atchinsk she was taken sick with typhus fever, contracted in one of the pestilential étapes. Physicians are not sent with exile parties in Siberia, and politicals who happen to be taken sick on the road are carried forward, regardless of their condition and regardless of the weather, until the party comes to a lazaret, or prison hospital. There are only four such lazarets between Tomsk and Irkutsk, a distance of about a thousand miles, and consequently sick prisoners are sometimes carried in sleighs or telegas, at a snail's pace, for a week or two — if they do not die — before they finally obtain rest, a bed, and a physician. How many days of cold and misery Miss Nikitina endured on the road that winter after she was taken sick, and before she reached Atchinsk and received medical treatment, I do not know; but in the Atchinsk lazaret her brief life ended. It must have been a satisfaction to her, as she lay dying in a foul prison hospital, 3000 miles from her home, to think that she was not undergoing "punishment" for anything that she had done, but was merely being subjected to necessary restraint by a parental Government, in order that she might not sometime be tempted to do something that would have a tendency to raise a presumption that her presence in Kiev was about to become more or less "prejudicial to social order."

Helene Machtet (born Medvedieva), whose portrait will be found on page 732, and whose reading of Turgenef's "Virgin Soil" to her "pipe club" in a St. Petersburg prison I have referred to in a previous article, died in Moscow in 1886 soon after her return from a long term of exile in western Siberia. Her husband, Gregorie Machtet, one of the most talented of the younger novelists of Russia, was arrested on the very threshold of a brilliant literary career and exiled to Siberia by administrative process. His portrait may recall him to the minds of some of the readers of THE CENTURY in Kansas, where he lived for a time during a visit that he made to the United States.

Prince Alexander Krapotkine, a most accomplished gentleman and fine mathematician and astronomer, was exiled to Siberia by administrative process, mainly because he was the brother of Prince Pierre Krapotkine, the well-known Russian revolutionist, who now resides in London. Alexander Krapotkine lived ten years in banishment, and then committed suicide at Tomsk in 1886.

Victoria Gukofskaya, a school-girl only fourteen years of age, was banished from

Odessa to eastern Siberia in 1878, and hanged herself at Krasnoyarsk in 1881.

An administrative exile named Bochin went insane at the village of Amga, in the province of Yakutsk, in 1883, and after killing his wife, who also was an administrative exile, and his child, which had been born in exile, he took poison.

In the face of all these terrible tragedies, and of many more to which I cannot now even refer, the Russian Government pretends that exile by administrative process is not a "punishment," but merely a wise precaution intended to restrain people from wrong-doing.

I have not space in this article for a tenth part of the evidence which I collected in Siberia to show that administrative exile is not only cruelly unjust, but, in hundreds of cases, is a punishment of barbarous severity. If it attained the objects that it is supposed to attain, there might, from the point of view of a despotic Government, be some excuse if not justification for it; but it does not attain such objects. Regarded even from the side of expediency, it is uselessly and needlessly cruel. In a recent official report to the Minister of the Interior, Major-General Nicolai Baranof, the governor of the province of Archangel, in discussing the subject of administrative exile says:

> From the experience of previous years, and from my own personal observation, I have come to the conclusion that administrative exile for political reasons is much more likely to spoil the character of a man than to reform it. The transition from a life of comfort to a life of poverty, from a social life to a life in which there is no society whatever, and from a life of activity to a life of compulsory inaction, produces such ruinous consequences, that, not infrequently, especially of late, we find the political exiles going insane, attempting to commit suicide, and even committing suicide. All this is the direct result of the abnormal conditions under which exile compels an intellectually cultivated person to live. There has not yet been a single case where a man, suspected with good reason of political untrustworthiness and exiled by administrative process, has returned from such banishment reconciled to the Government, convinced of his error, and changed into a useful member of society and a faithful servant of the Throne. On the other hand, it often happens that a man who has been exiled in consequence of a misunderstanding, or an administrative mistake, becomes politically untrustworthy for the first time in the place to which he has been banished — partly by reason of his association there with real enemies of the Government, and partly as a result of personal exasperation. Furthermore, if a man is infected with anti-Government ideas, all the circumstances of exile tend only to increase the infection, to sharpen his faculties, and to change him from a theoretical to a practical — that is, an extremely dangerous — man. If, on the contrary, a man has not been guilty of taking part in a revolutionary movement, exile, by force of the same circumstances, develops in his mind the idea of revolution, or, in other words, produces a result directly opposite to that which it was intended to produce. No matter how exile by administrative process may be regulated and restricted, it will always suggest to the mind of the exiled person the idea of uncontrolled official license, and this alone is sufficient to prevent any reformation whatever.*

Truer words than these were never written by a high Russian official, and so far as the practical expediency of exile by administrative process is concerned, I should be content to rest the case against it wholly upon this frank report of the governor of Archangel. The subject, however, may be regarded from a point of view other than that of expediency — namely, from the point of view of morals, justice, and humanity. That side of the question I shall reserve for further discussion in future. In this paper I have tried to show how recklessly, carelessly, and unjustly Russian citizens are banished to Siberia by administrative process. In subsequent articles I shall describe, as fairly, fully, and accurately as I can, the conditions of the life which political exiles in Siberia are compelled to live.

* "Juridical Messenger" (the journalistic organ of the Moscow Juridical Society, or Bar Association), October, 1883, p. 332.

George Kennan.

OLD AGE'S LAMBENT PEAKS.

THE touch of flame — the illuminating fire — the loftiest look at last,
O'er city, passion, sea — o'er prairie, mountain, wood — the earth itself;
The airy, different, changing hues of all, in falling twilight,
Objects and groups, bearings, faces, reminiscences;
The calmer sight — the golden setting, clear and broad:
So much i' the atmosphere, the points of view, the situations whence we scan,
Bro't out by them alone — so much (perhaps the best) unreck'd before;
The lights indeed from them — old age's lambent peaks.

Walt Whitman.

A MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, AUTHOR OF THE IVORY BLACK STORIES.

IN THREE PARTS. PART II.

THE AFFAIR OF MOLINO DEL REY.

MR. PEMBERTON LOGAN SMITH returned from Guanajuato five or six days later, bringing his sheaves with him. But his sheaves did not amount to much.

He arrived from the railway station in time to join the party at dinner; and although dining was about at an end, they all waited while he ate his dinner and at the same time gave an account of himself.

"What a blessing it is again to get something to eat," he observed with much satisfaction as Gilberto —"the best waiter I ever came across anywhere," Mr. Gamboge had declared approvingly — took away his empty soup-plate and filled his glass from a bottle of Father Gatillon's sound claret. "I staid at Doña Maria's, of course, and the old lady did her best for me, I know — but even her best did n't amount to much; and I 've been getting hungrier and hungrier every day."

"And how about the picture?" Brown asked. "You must have made pretty quick work of it to get anything done in this time."

"Oh, the picture! Yes, I 'd forgotten about that. You see, when I saw the Bufa again I concluded that it was too much for me. It wants a bigger man, you know — somebody like Orpiment. You really ought to go up and paint it, Orpiment; it 's a wonderful thing." This pleased Verona, of course. She highly approved of anything in the shape of an acknowledgment of her husband's superiority.

"That 's all very well," said Orpiment; "but if you have n't been painting the Bufa, what have you been doing? And what 's gone with all your virtuous resolutions?"

"Well, you see, we did n't half do up Guanajuato — it 's a wonderful place; I think it 's the most picturesque place I ever saw. I 've been investigating it. I found some more pictures, for one thing. There 's a tremendously good 'Cena de San Francisco,' that we never saw at all, in the sacristy of that little church just across the street from Doña Maria's. And I went out to the Valenciana mine, and there is one of the most beautiful churrigueresque church interiors out there that I ever laid eyes on, and we missed that, too, you know. There was lots to do without painting. I could have put in another week easily."

"Did you see anything of the Espinosas?" Violet asked with a fine air of innocent curiosity.

"The Espinosas! Oh, yes, I saw them. In fact I — as it happened, I saw a good deal of them," Pem answered in some slight confusion. "Yes, they were very civil to me," he continued. "You see I had to present the letter that you sent, Mrs. Mauve; and when they found that I had missed so much that is worth seeing in Guanajuato they took me in hand in the kindest way and showed me everything. It was ever so nice of them. And — and we happened to come down together on the same train. You see, I found it was quite hopeless to try to paint the Bufa, and as they were coming down I thought I 'd come down too. What a nice old lady Señora Espinosa is, and Don Antonio is delightful. I 've rarely met such pleasant people."

"And how about the pretty girl?" Brown struck in, although Rose tried to stop him by pinching him.

"It 's never any good to pinch me, Rose," Brown explained, when his conduct subsequently was criticised. "Half the time I don't know what I 'm pinched for and it only makes me get my back up; and the other half you don't get in your pinch until I 've said what you don't want me to say. If I were you, I 'd stop it."

"But, Van, indeed it was very unkind in you to speak that way to-night. Don't you see that Mr. Smith is quite seriously interested in this sweet young girl; and just suppose you were to make him so uncomfortable that he should break it all off before it 's fairly begun. Don't do anything like that again, I beg of you."

"For so young a woman, Rose, your matchmaking proclivities are quite remarkable. How do you know that this Mexican girl is 'sweet'? Remember your gambling friend at Aguas Calientes, Rosey, and don't be precipitate, my dear" (this was an unfair allusion on Brown's part, and he had to apologize for it). "After all, though, you must admit that Smith did n't

seem to be very badly knocked out by my shot at him."

This was quite true, for Pem had expected some such question, and, being ready for it, he answered with a very fair degree of composure: "You mean the Señora Carillo. She is charming, of course. I don't believe that you know, Mrs. Mauve," he added, turning to Violet, "that your friend is a widow?"

"Oh, how perfectly delightful!" cried Violet. Then, seeing that Rose, Verona, and Mrs. Gamboge all looked shocked, she added, "Of course I don't mean that it is delightful to have people's husbands die, or anything like that, you know. But after they *are* dead, in this part of the world at least, it 's delightful to be a widow. A Mexican young girl might just as well be a — a humming-top, for all the good she has of anything, you see. But as soon as she 's a widow she can go anywhere and do anything she pleases and have nobody bothering at her at all. It 's better than being a young girl in the States, ever so much. And so Cármen 's a widow. Just think of it! And I did n't even know that she had been married. She 's got ever so far ahead of me, has n't she, Rowney? And I thought that I was ahead of her. It 's too bad! But who did she marry, Mr. Smith? And when did he die? Do tell me all about it, please."

And Pem explained that the Señorita Espinosa had been married about a year after the time that she had left school, and that her husband had died suddenly within two or three months of their marriage. "I don't believe it was quite a heart-breaking affair," Pem added. "Her cousin, Rodolfo, you know, told me that old Don Ignacio was a grouty old fellow, and that the marriage had been made up mainly because his hacienda adjoined her father's, and there was some row about the water-rights which had been going on for years and which they succeeded this way in compromising. Rodolfo was very indignant about the whole business, and I 'm sure I don't wonder. Do they do much of that sort of thing down here, Mrs. Mauve? It 's like a bit out of the dark ages."

"But think how happy she is now, Mr. Smith," said the practical Violet; "and think what a good thing it is to have the matter about the water settled so nicely. You don't know how important it is to get a thing like that settled. I remember papa and another man had a bad shooting match about a water-right once; and papa would have been killed, everybody said, if he had n't been too quick for the other man and got the drop on him. And it cost papa ever so much to square things after he 'd killed the other man; for the judges knew that papa was rich and they made him pay like anything. I 'm very glad for Cármen's sake that she was able to do her father such a good turn; and she must be glad too — especially now that it 's all well over and she is a comfortable widow. And you say that they all came down with you to-night?"

"Yes, and they sent word that they are coming in a body to call on all of us to-morrow — that 's the Mexican way, I believe. And they have a plan on foot for a picnic, or something of that sort, for us at Señor Espinosa's place out at Tacubaya —"

"Oh, in that lovely garden! I used to go out there with Cármen sometimes on Sundays while I was at the convent. It 's perfectly delightful!"

"Yes, I fancy from what they said about it that it must be rather a nice place. And after the lunch, or breakfast, or whatever they call it, we 're to walk across and see the view of the valley from a place that they say is very nice — it 's upon a hillside above the Molino del Rey; just where the battle was fought in 1847, Don Antonio said. Really, Mrs. Mauve, we all owe a great deal to you for putting us in the way of seeing Mexican life from the inside."

This view of the indebtedness of the American party to its Spanish-American member became general two days later, when they all were conveyed to Tacubaya by Don Antonio in a special tram-car, and were given a breakfast in his beautiful *huerta* that quite astonished them. That Pem approved of the food, Philadelphian though he was, did not, under the circumstances, count for much; but the hearty indorsement of Mexican cooking on the part of Mr. Gamboge and Mr. Mangan Brown, neither of whom regarded such matters lightly, and whose judgment was not biased by any sudden yielding to the tender emotions, counted for a good deal. It was while they were returning to the city that Mr. Gamboge, after a long, thoughtful silence, thus spoke:

"Brown, I shall remember that dish of *mole* — I have learned the name of it carefully, you see — until my dying day."

And Mr. Mangan Brown briefly but feelingly replied, "And so shall I."

As for Rose, she declared that she must be asleep and had dreamed herself into a Watteau landscape; for such a garden as this was, as she lucidly explained, she believed could have no existence outside of a picture that was inside of a dream.

Mrs. Gamboge, whose tendency was towards the sentimental, wished Mr. Gamboge to come and sit beside her on the grass, beneath a tree near the little brook. And her feel-

ings were rather hurt because Mr. Gamboge declined to fall in with her romantic fancy, on the ground that sitting on the grass certainly would give them both the rheumatism. And he did n't mend matters by adding that he would have been very glad to please her had they only thought to bring along a gum-blanket.

But quite the happiest member of this exceptionally happy party was Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith; for this young man, while he was not as yet exactly in love, had made a very fair start into the illusions and entanglements of that tender passion. During the four or five days at Guanajuato his intercourse with the Señora Carillo had been hampered by the formalities attending new acquaintanceship, and especially by the rule of Mexican etiquette that throws the entertainment of a guest upon the oldest lady of the household. His eyes had been very steadily in the service of the pretty widow; but his ears, and so much of his tongue as the circumstances of the case required,— which was not much, for Doña Catalina was a great talker,— necessarily were employed in the service of her aunt.

But on the present occasion Doña Catalina naturally devoted herself more especially to Mrs. Gamboge and the two elderly gentlemen, — Violet, rather against her will, serving as interpreter,— and this left Pem free to follow his own inclinations. It was the first fair chance that he had had, and he made the most of it. A further fortunate fact in his favor was that he was the only man of the American party — except Jaune d'Antimoine, who was busily employed as interpreter between his wife, Rose, Verona, and the Mexican young gentlemen — who possessed a colloquial command of Spanish. How Pem did bless his lucky stars now that, being overtaken by a mood of unwonted energy, he had had the resolution to grind away so steadily under that stuffy old professor during his winter in Granada!

So, without much difficulty, he contrived to keep close to the widow all day,— much to his own enjoyment, and, apparently, not to her distaste. She was not like any of the women whom he had known in Spain — where, to be sure, his opportunities for any save most formal acquaintance had been very limited; and she certainly was unlike her own countryfolk. Even in her lightest talk there was an air about her of preoccupation, of reserve, that was in too marked contrast with Doña Catalina's very cheerful frankness to be accounted for merely on the ground of the difference between youth and age; and that, so far as his observation had gone, was not by any means characteristic of Mexican women either old or young. And from the obscurity of this reserve she had a way, he found, of flashing out rather brilliantly turned expressions of decidedly original thought. When she accompanied these utterances, as she sometimes did, with a little curl of her finely cut red lips, and with a quick glance from her dark-brown eyes,— not tender eyes, yet eyes which somehow suggested possibilities of tenderness,— he found that her sayings, if not increased in point, certainly gained in effectiveness. Altogether, Mr. Smith was disposed to regard the Señora Carillo as a decidedly interesting subject for attentive study.

Naturally, since they had been so much together during the day, Pem was the widow's escort when they all set out, in late afternoon, to walk to the point of view that Don Antonio, as he expressed it, would have the honor to bring to their notice. It was a desperately dusty walk, and the American ladies — who had donned raiment of price for the occasion — contemplated the defilement of their gowns in anything but a contented spirit. They beheld with wonder the calmness with which their Mexican sisters — who were equally well dressed, though in the style that would obtain in New York during the ensuing season — made no effort whatever to preserve their garments from contamination.

"That gros-grain of Mrs. Espinosa's will be absolutely ruined, Rose," Mrs. Gamboge declared, speaking in the suppressed voice that most people seem to consider necessary when airing their private sentiments in the presence of other people who do not understand a word of the language in which the private sentiments are expressed. "Mine is bad enough, though I 'm doing everything I can think of to save it. Do just drop behind me a little and see if I 'm making a very shocking exhibition of my ankles. I 'm afraid that I am, but I really can't help it. These Mexican ladies seem to think no more of getting dusty than if they all were dressed in calico. I can't understand it at all."

The Señora Carillo certainly paid no attention whatever to the increasing dustiness of her gown. Her early venture in matrimony had not been of an encouraging sort, and since she had come into her estate of widowhood her tendency — as Violet in her free but expressive south-western vernacular probably would have stated the case — was to "stand off" mankind generally. It was a surprise to herself when she discovered that so far from finding this good-looking young *Americano* repulsive, she positively was attracted by him. For one thing, he struck her as differing in many ways from her own countrymen; and she had an instinctive feeling that the unlikeness was not merely superficial. She was sure

that his scheme of life was a larger, broader scheme than that which she had known, and there was a genuineness in his deference to her as a woman that contrasted both forcibly and favorably with certain of her past experiences.

In point of fact this Mexican young woman had begun life by being a little out of harmony with her environment. She did not know very clearly what she wanted, but she knew that it was something quite different from that which she had. It was this feeling that had led her to select Violet Carmine for a close friend. She was not at all in sympathy with Violet's most radical tendencies; but she found in Violet a person, the only person, who was not shocked when she stated some of her own small convictions as to what a woman's life might be. Even to this friend she had not told that it was her hope, should she ever marry, to be the companion of her husband — not merely his handmaiden, in the scriptural sense. And she was glad now that she had been thus reticent, for her hope by no means had been realized.

After that very disillusioning venture into the holy estate of matrimony, this poor Cármen found herself entirely at odds with herself and with the world. Had she lived a generation earlier she would have become a nun. It was a subject of sincere sorrow to her that nunneries had been abolished in Mexico by the Laws of the Reform.

It was only natural that there should be a certain feeling of pleasure mixed with her feeling of astonishment at her present discovery of a man for whom she had at once both liking and respect. It was agreeable, she thought, to find that there really was such a man in the world. But beyond this very general view of the situation her thoughts did not go. It made very little difference to her, one way or the other, this discovery. The man was a foreigner, and an American at that,— and Cármen had a good strong race hatred for the Americans of the North,— come into her country only for a little while. Presently he would go home again; and that, so far as she was concerned, would be the end of him. In the mean time she would please herself by studying this new specimen of male humanity. It was well to hold converse with a foreigner, she thought; it enlarged one's mind.

So, lagging a little behind the rest of the party, and chatting in a manner somewhat light to be productive of any very marked mental improvement, they walked westward through the straggling streets of Tacubaya — past low houses with great barred windows, past high-walled gardens, the loveliness of which was only hinted at by outhanging trees and climbing vines, and by the glimpse in passing to be had through the iron gates — over to and out upon the hillside above the Molino del Rey. They stopped beside the little pyramidal monument that commemorates the battle. The rest of the party had gone on a few rods farther; for Don Antonio, with true Mexican courtesy, had acted upon his instinctive conviction that beside this monument was not a place where a party of right-thinking Americans would care to halt.

Below them, embowered in trees, was the old Mill of the King that Worth's forces carried that September day forty years ago; beyond rose the wooded, castle-crowned height of Chapultepec; still farther away were the towers and glistening domes of the city and the great shimmering lakes, and for background rose the blue-gray mountains above Guadalupe in the north. To the east, over across Lake Chalco, towered the great snow peaks of the volcanoes.

"Upon my soul, I wish I had been born a Mexican," said Pem, drawing a long breath.

"Because the Mexicans happen to be possessors of a fine landscape? That is not a good reason. There are better things for a people to have than landscapes, Señor; and some of these better things, if I am rightly told, your people have."

"Well, I must say I don't know what they are. Just now I can't think of anything finer than this view — except the happy fact that you have done me the honor to lead me to it, Señorita."

"I could wish that you would not speak in that fanciful manner. It is in the custom of my own country, and I do not like it. I have been told that the Americans do not make fine speeches, and I shall be glad to know that it is so."

Pem was rather taken aback by this frank statement of very un-Mexican sentiment.

"The Señorita, then, does not approve of the customs of her own people, and is pleased to like the Americans? For the compliment to my countrymen I give to the Señorita my thanks."

"I do not like your countrymen. I hate them."

"And why?"

"Is not this an answer?" Cármen replied, laying her hand upon the battle monument.

Pem felt himself to be in an awkward corner, for the position that his Mexican friend had taken — while not, perhaps, in the very best of taste — was quite unassailable. As he rather stupidly stared at the ugly little monument, thus pointedly brought to his notice, he felt that it did indeed represent an act of unjust aggression that very well might make

Mexicans hate Americans for a thousand years.

"As to the customs of my countrymen," Cármen continued, perceiving that the particular American before her was very much embarrassed, and politely wishing to extricate him from the trying position that, not very politely, she had placed him in, "some of them are very well. But this of making fine speeches to women is not well at all. Do the men have this foolish custom in your land, or is it only that while in Mexico you wish to do what is done here?"

It was a relief to have the subject changed in any way, but the new topic was one not altogether free from difficulties. Mr. Smith never before had been called upon to defend the utterance of a small gallantry upon ethical and ethnological grounds; still less to treat the matter from the standpoint of comparative nationalities.

"Well, I think that I have heard of civil speeches being made now and then by American men to American women," he replied. "Yes, I believe that I am justified in telling you positively that speeches of this sort among us may be said to be quite everyday affairs. May I ask why the Señorita objects to them? They strike me as being harmless, to say the least."

"They are idle and silly. It is the same talk that one would give to a cat. I do not know why a woman should be talked to as though she had nothing of sense. It is true, she cannot know as much as a man; but she may ask to have it believed that she knows more than a cat, and still not claim to be very wise. And so, if the Señor will permit the request, I will beg that he will keep his handsome speeches for those who like them and that he will say none to me at all.

"See, our friends are coming towards us, and we will go back to the town. And the Señor will pardon me if I have been rude. I should not have said what I did about Americans. I find now that they are not all bad." There was more in the look that accompanied this utterance than there was in the words. "I have not had a very happy life, and sometimes, they tell me, I forget to be considerate of others and am unkind. But I have not meant to be unkind to-day."

The last portion of Cármen's speech was hurried, for the party was close upon them, and they all were together again before Pem could reply.

Nor did he have another chance to continue this, as he had found it, notwithstanding the awkward turns that it had taken, very interesting conversation. Cármen stuck close to her aunt, and was almost silent, as they walked back to the garden; and she contrived, as they returned by the tramway to the city, to seat herself quite away from him in the car.

Since she so obviously had no desire to speak further, Pem felt that he would be pleasing her best by engaging the estimable Doña Catalina in lively talk. This was not a difficult feat, for Doña Catalina was a miracle of good-natured loquacity, who, in default of anything better to wag her tongue at, no doubt would have talked with much animation to her shoes. In view of the fact that he scarcely had been able to get in a word edgewise, he was rather tickled when this admirable woman, at parting, commended him warmly for having so well mastered the Spanish tongue. Pem ventured, at this juncture, to cast a very slightly quizzical look at Cármen, and was both surprised and delighted by finding that his look was returned in kind.

"A Mexican woman who does n't like pretty speeches, and who has such a charming way of qualifying her hatred of Americans, and who can see the point of a rather delicate joke," thought Pem, "would be worth investigating though she were sixty years old and as ugly as the National Palace. And Cármen"— this was the first time, by the way, that he had thought of her as Cármen — "I take it is not quite twenty yet; and what perfectly lovely eyes she has!"

At dinner that night Mr. Smith was unusually silent. When rallied by the lively Violet upon his taciturnity he replied that he was rather tired.

THE BATTLE OF CHURUBUSCO.

When the American party played the return match, as Rowney Mauve, who had cricketing proclivities, expressed it, by giving their Mexican friends a breakfast in the pretty San Cosme Tivoli, Cármen did not appear. She had a headache that day, her aunt explained, and begged to be excused.

Rose commented upon this phase of the breakfast with her usual perspicuity. "I think that it all is working along very nicely, Van, don't you?" They had strolled off together and were out of ear-shot of the rest of the party.

"What is working along nicely? The breakfast? Yes, it seems to be all right. The food was very fair, and our friends seemed to enjoy themselves after their customary rather demonstrative fashion."

"It is a great trial to me, Van, the way you never catch my meaning. I don't mean the breakfast at all; I mean about Mr. Smith and this lovely widow. Is n't it queer to think that she is a widow? Except that she has a

serious way about her — that has come to her through her sorrow, of course, poor dear! — nobody ever would dream that she was anything but a young girl. What a romance her life has been!"

"Well, I can't say that I see much romance about it. First she was traded off by her father for a hydrant, or something of that sort; and then she had an old husband — a most objectionable old beast he must have been from what we have heard about him — die on her hands before she was much more than married to him. I should say that the whole business was much less like a romance than like a nightmare. And as to this new match that you have made up for her working along nicely, it strikes me that just now it is working along about as badly as it can work. Did n't you see how Smith went off into the dumps the moment that he found his widow had stayed at home? And don't you think that her staying at home this way is the best possible proof that she does n't care a button for him? Smith saw it quick enough, and that was what made him drop right down into dumpiness. So would I, if I 'd been him, and a girl had gone back on me that way. You used to come and take walks with me, Rosey, — in the old days when we were spooning in Greenwich, — when your head was aching fit to split, you precious child." They were in an out-of-the-way part of the garden, and on the strength of this memory Brown put his arm around his wife and kissed her. After which interlude he added: "So can't you see that all your match-making is moonshine? It 's a case of 'he loved the lady, but the lady loved not him,' and you might as well accept the situation and stop your castle-building."

"You are a very dear boy, Van, and of course I 'd go walking with you even without any head at all. But about love-matters you certainly are very short-sighted. You can't help it, I suppose, because you 're a man; and men never understand these things at all. But any woman could tell you at a glance that this love affair between Mr. Smith and the dear little Mexican widow is going on splendidly. Even you can see that Mr. Smith is in love with her. Well, I don't think that she 's exactly in love with him yet; but I am quite certain that she feels that if she does n't take care she will be. That 's the reason she had a headache and did n't come to-day."

"What a comfort it would be to Smith to know that!" Brown remarked with fine irony. "You had better tell him, my dear."

"Yes, of course it would be," Rose answered, entirely missing the irony. "And I 've been thinking that I would tell him, Van; only I thought that perhaps you would n't like me to. I 'm very glad you won't mind — for of course he does n't see, men are so stupid about such things. Suppose we go and hunt him up now, and then you go away and leave us together, and I 'll tell him how much encouragement she is giving him."

"Suppose you tell me first. I 'll be shot if I see much that 's encouraging in her shying off from him this way."

"Why, I *have* told you, Van. It 's because she is afraid that if she sees any more of him she really will fall in love with him; and of course, after her dreadful experience with that horrid old man, she has made up her mind that she never will marry again. That is the way that any nice girl would feel about it. And of course, if she 's so much interested in Mr. Smith that she won't trust herself to see him, it is perfectly clear that he has made a very good start towards getting her to love him. What we must do now is to help him —"

"Steady, Rose; don't go off your head, my child. This is n't our funeral."

"It *is* our funeral. Why, it 's anybody's funeral who can help in a case of this sort. Think how much we owe to dear Verona for the way that she helped us. Certainly we must help him. And the first thing for us to do is to give him another good chance to have a talk with her. That 's all they want at present. No doubt we can do some other things later; and we will, of course. Why, Van, how can you be so heartless as not to be ready to do everything in your power to help your friend when the whole happiness of his life is at stake! And think what a good thing it will be for this poor sweet, broken-hearted girl, whose life has gone all wrong, to make it go right again."

Mrs. Brown's strongest characteristic was not, perhaps, moderation. In the present instance, while her husband was not wholly convinced by her vigorous line of argument, he found her enthusiasm rather contagious.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked, a little doubtfully.

"Why, I think we can manage just what has to be done now, getting them together again, you know, this way: You know Don Antonio has on hand an expedition for us to that beautiful old convent that he has been talking about, where there is such lovely tile-work, out at Churubusco. We had better arrange things now to go day after to-morrow. And to-morrow Mr. Smith shall send a note to Don Antonio telling him that he is very sorry to miss the expedition, but that he has decided to go up to see a friend in Toluca. He has been talking about that engineer up at Toluca whom he used to go to school

with, so Don Antonio will think it all right and perfectly natural. And that will fix things beautifully. For then she 'll go, of course."

"I don't see how it will fix anything beautifully for him to go off to Toluca. He won't see his widow there."

"O you foolish boy! He won't stay there, of course. He must go, because if he did n't he would n't be telling the truth in his note to Don Antonio,"— Rose had a very nice regard for the truth,— "but instead of staying at least one night, as of course they will expect him to, he must come right back to Mexico by the afternoon train. And then he can tell Don Antonio, when we all meet at the car, as we did the other day, that he has returned on purpose to join his party; and that will please Don Antonio — and then it will be too late for her to back out. And if he needs any help to get her off to himself when we are out at the convent, he can depend upon me to see that he gets it! Is n't that a pretty good plan, Van? How delightful and exciting it all is! It 's almost as though we were overcoming difficulties and obstacles and getting married again ourselves, is n't it, dear?"

"No, I don't think it is. I think it 's mainly vigorous imagination let loose upon a very small amount of fact. But we 'll play your little game, Rosey, just for the fun of the thing. Only there 's one thing, child, that you must be careful about. You can't make your plan go without explaining it to Smith. Now don't you tell him all the nonsense you have been telling me about the way you think the widow feels towards him. I don't think it 's so; and since he really seems to be rather hard hit, it is n't fair to set him up with a whole lot of hopes and then have things turn out the other way and knock him down again. Tell him that it is just barely possible that things are the way you think they are, and that your plan is in the nature of an experiment that probably will have no result at all, or will turn out altogether badly — as I certainly think it will. I don't believe that you can do him any good; but if you put the matter to him this way, at least you won't do him any harm."

And Rose, perceiving the justice of her husband's utterance, promised him that in her treatment of this delicate affair she would be very circumspect indeed.

THE first part of the plan thus skillfully elaborated worked to a charm. When the Americans joined Don Antonio and his party on the plaza, to take the special tram-car in waiting for them on the Tlalpam tracks, Rose gave Van a delighted nudge and whispered:

"See, she has come, just as I said she would. And oh! oh!" — Rose squeezed Van's arm in her excitement with what he considered quite unnecessary vigor — "she has just seen Mr. Smith, and she is, indeed she is, changing color! Don't you see it? Now you know that I was right all along."

Brown, being on the lookout for it, did perceive this sign of confusion on the part of the Señora Carillo; but it was so slight that no one else, Pem alone excepted, noticed it. Another good sign, as Rose interpreted it, was that while Don Antonio and the rest were running over with voluble expressions of their pleasure because the Señor Esmit — the first letter and the digraph in Pem's name was too much for them — had cut short his visit to his friend in Toluca in order to join them in their outing, Cármen maintained a discreet silence. Pem, not being gifted with Rose's powers of tortuous penetration, regarded this silence as ominous, until Rose, perceiving that he was going wrong, managed to whisper to him cheeringly, "It 's all right. Quick, go and sit by her!"

But this friendly advice came too late to be acted upon. Cármen, possibly foreseeing Pem's intention, executed a rapid flank movement — that Rose thought made the case still more hopeful, and that Pem thought made it still more hopeless — by which she placed herself securely between her aunt and her cousin Rodolfo, and so decisively checked the enemy's advance.

Under these discouraging circumstances Pem fell back on his reserve — that is to say, on Rose; who made a place for him to sit beside her and, so far as this was possible without being too marked in her confidences, said what she could to cheer and comfort him.

And, indeed, this young gentleman's requirements in the way of cheering and comforting were very considerable. He had confided freely in Rose — Rose was a most refreshingly sympathetic confidante in a love affair — after she herself had broken the ice for him; and the very fact of talking to her about his heart-troubles had done a good deal to give them substance and directness. As the result of several conversations, Rose arrived at the conclusion that if Cármen had come to the breakfast at San Cosme, and had treated Pem in an every-day, matter-of-fact sort of way, the affair very likely would have been there and then ended. "But when I went to breakfast, and she was not there, Mrs. Brown," Pem explained, "I suddenly realized how dreadfully much I had counted upon seeing her, and what a hold she had upon me generally. And then, while I was wretchedly low in my mind about it all, you came to me like

an angel and told me that perhaps I had something to hope for. I should n't have hoped at all if it had n't been for you. I think that I might even have had sense enough just to let it all go, and started right back for the States. And that would have been the end of it. But now that you have encouraged me, I 'm quite another man. I shall fight it out now till she absolutely throws me over, or till I marry her.

"In the matter of family, Mrs. Brown," Pem went on, his Philadelphia instincts asserting themselves, "the marriage is a very desirable one. Her people have been established in America even longer than mine. Her cousin tells me that they trace their ancestry directly to the Conqueror himself,— through the Cortés Tolosa line, you know,— and they are connected with some of the very best families of Mexico and Spain. So, you see, there is no reason why I should not make her my wife. If it can be done, I 'm going to do it; and if it can't — well, if it can't, there won't be much left in my life that 's worth living for, that 's all."

When Rose reported this conversation to her husband he listened with an air of serious concern. "You 've shoved yourself into a tolerably good-sized responsibility, Rosey," he said; "and I 'm inclined to think, my child, that you 're going to make a mess of it. I should advise you, if you are lucky enough to get out of this scrape with a whole skin, to take it as a sort of solemn warning that in future you will save yourself a good deal of trouble if you will let other people's love-making alone. But since you are so far in, my dear, I don't see how you can do anything but go ahead and try to bring Smith out all right on the other side."

Rose would not admit, of course, that she felt at all overpowered by the weight of her responsibility; but she did feel it, at least a little, and consequently hailed with a very lively satisfaction every act on Cármen's part that possibly could be construed as supporting the hopeful view of the situation that she so energetically avowed. She went into the fight with all the more vigor now that victory was necessary not only to the happiness of her ally, but to the vindication of her own reputation as the projector of heart-winning campaigns.

Rose was encouraged by the fact that the tactics of the enemy were distinctively defensive. She argued that this betrayed a consciousness, possibly only instinctive, but none the less real, of forces insufficient to risk a general engagement; and she further argued that the most effective plan of attack would be to cut off the main body of the enemy — that is to say, Cármen herself — from her reserves,— that is to say, from the protection of her aunt and other relatives,— and then to force a decisive battle. Before the car reached San Mateo she had communicated this plan to Pem, and he had agreed to it.

But it is one thing to plan a campaign in the cabinet, and it is quite another thing to carry on the campaign in the field. The allies presently had this fact in military science pointedly brought home to them.

From where the car was stopped, near the little old parish church of San Mateo,— closed now and falling into ruin, for the near-by conventual church has been used in its stead, — the party walked a short half-mile along a lane bordered by magueys, and then came out upon a plazuela whereon the main gate of the convent opened. In the middle of the plazuela Pem saw, much to his disgust, another pyramidal battle monument, inscribed, like the one at Molino del Rey, with a brief eulogy of Mexican valor as shown in the gallant but futile resistance offered to the invading armies of the Americans of the North. It was very unlucky, he thought, that their expeditions should be directed so persistently to the old battle-fields of that wretched war. Since Cármen's pointed reference to the war he had bought a Mexican school history and had read up on it; and, even allowing for the natural bias of the historian, the more that he read about the part played by his own country the more was he ashamed of his own countrymen. Yet he could not but think also that it was rather hard that he should have to bear such a lot of responsibility for an event that occurred before he was born. It was n't fair in Cármen, he thought, to liven up a dead issue like that and make it so confoundedly personal.

A couple of Mexican soldiers, in rather draggled linen uniforms, were sitting sentry lazily at the convent gate; and Don Antonio explained that the convent proper was now a military hospital. The church, and the large close in front of it, remained devoted to religious purposes, he said; and that portion of the old convent which inclosed the inner quadrangle had been reserved as a dwelling-place for the parish priest.

Passing to the left and turning the angle in the wall, they came to an arched gateway approached by a short flight of stone steps; and through this stately entrance, albeit somewhat shorn of its stateliness by the ruinous condition of its great wooden doors, they entered, and descended another short flight of steps into the close.

"Where are your Italian convents now?" Brown asked, turning to Rowney Mauve, who

that morning had been talking rather airily about Italian convents. "You admitted as we came along how good this place was in mass — not scattered a bit, but all the lines well worked together — and how well the gray and brown of the walls, and the green of the trees, and the blue and white tiling of the dome, come together. Now we have some detail. Did you ever strike anything in Italy better than this great high-walled close, with its heavy shadows from these stunning trees and from the church and the convent, and its bits of color from these stations of the cross in colored tiles? The church might be better, but it has at least a certain heavy grandeur, and the little tower up there is capital. And look, how well those black arches close beside it bring out that perfectly beautiful little chapel — I suppose it is a chapel — completely covered with blue and yellow tiles! There are, no doubt, grander churches than this in Italy, and in several other places; but I 'll be shot if I believe that there are any more perfectly picturesque or more entirely beautiful. Smith, just tell Don Antonio that I shall be grateful to him to the end of my days for having shown me this lovely place."

"He says that the cloister is finer," Pem translated, while Don Antonio's face beamed thanks upon the party at large; for all the Americans manifestly concurred in Brown's enthusiastic expression of opinion. "And he says that the finest tile-work is in the choir. I must say I don't remember anything in Spain better than this. It 's the rich, subdued color of it all, and the light and shade, I suppose, that does the business. I don't think it would paint, though; do you, Orpiment?"

"No, I don't. You could make a pretty good picture of it; but the picture would n't go for much with anybody who had seen the original. You can't paint a place that goes all around you, the way that this does; and you can't paint the spirit and the feeling of it — at least I can't; and that 's what you 'd have to get here if you got anything at all. No, this is one of the places that we 'd better let alone."

The decision, which was a wise one, having been arrived at, the party passed under the archway beside the tiled chapel and so entered the inner quadrangle, surrounded by an arched cloister two stories high, the walls wainscoted with blue and white tiles. In the open, sunny center was a little garden, and in the midst of the garden a curious old stone fountain in which purely transparent water bubbled up from a spring with such force as to make a jet three or four inches high above the center of the large pool. The bubbling water glittered in the sunlight, and little waves that seemed half water and half sunshine constantly went out from the throbbing center of the pool and fell away lightly upon its inclosing quaintly carved walls of stone.

Here there was another outburst of admiration on the part of the Americans, and while they were in the midst of it the parish priest, attracted by the sound of so many voices in this usually silent and forgotten place, came forth from a low archway and stared about him wonderingly. He was a little round man, with a kindly, gentle face, and a simplicity of manner that told of a pure soul and a trustful heart. Mrs. Gamboge, who entertained tolerably strong convictions in regard to the Scarlet Woman, and who heretofore had held as a cardinal matter of faith that every Roman Catholic priest was a duly authorized agent of the Evil One, found some difficulty in reconciling with these sound Protestant views the look and manner, and such of the talk as was translated to her, of this simple-minded, single-hearted man.

When it was made clear to the little padre that this distinguished company, including even Americans from the infinitely remote city of New York, had come to look at his church because it was beautiful, his expression of mingled amazement and delight was a joy to behold. It had never occurred to him, he said, that anybody but himself should think of his poor church as beautiful. He had thought it so for a long while, ever since he had been brought to this parish from his former parish of Los Reyes, where the church was very small and very shabby, and, moreover, was tumbling down. But he had thought that his feeling for the beauty of his church was only because he loved it so well; for in all the years that he had been there no one ever had even hinted that it was anything more than churches usually are. Yet it had seemed to him, he said modestly, that there was something about the way the shadows fell in the morning in the close, and something at that time about the colors of the walls and the richer color of the tiles, the like of which he had not seen elsewhere. In the stillness and quiet, amidst these soft shadows and soft colors, somehow he found that his heart became so full that often, without at all meaning to pray, he would find his thoughts shaping themselves in prayer.

"Good for the padre," said Orpiment when Pem translated this to him. "That 's the part of that picture that I said could n't be painted. He does n't look it a bit, but that little round man is an artist." But Orpiment was mistaken. Padre Romero loved beautiful things, not because he was an artist, but because he had a simple mind and a pure soul.

Under the padre's guidance the party entered the church — commonplace within, for

reformation had destroyed its seventeenth-century quaintness — and thence passed up through the convent to the choir. This beautiful place, rich in elaborate tile-work, remained intact; and even the great choir-books, wrought on parchment in colored inks, still rested on the faldstool, waiting for the brothers to cluster around them once again in song. And there were the benches whereon the brothers once had rested; the central chair, in which Father Saint Francis had sat in effigy; and to the right of this the chair of the father guardian. But the brothers had departed forever, legislated out of existence by the Laws of the Reform.

Rose gave a little shudder as she looked about her in this solemn, deserted place, and with her customary clearness of expression declared that it was "something like being in an empty tomb full of Egyptian mummies."

"And to think," said Mr. Mangan Brown, who was a martyr to sea-sickness, "that Americans constantly are crossing that beastly Atlantic Ocean in search of the picturesque when things like this are to be seen dry-shod almost at their doors. Let us have our breakfast at once."

There was a lack of consecutiveness about Mr. Brown's remark, but its abstract comment and concrete suggestion were equally well received. Even Rowney Mauve, who was disposed to be critical, admitted that there were "several things worth looking at in Mexico," and added, by way of practical comment upon Mr. Brown's practical proposal, that he was as hungry as a bear.

All this while Rose had been endeavoring to bring about the *tête-à-tête* between Pem and Cármen that she believed would tend to the accomplishment of their mutual happiness. But her efforts had been unsuccessful. Cármen's defensive tactics no longer admitted of doubt, and even Rose was beginning to think that her sanguine interpretation of their meaning might be open to question. Thus far she had tried to cut Cármen out from her supports. She determined now to attempt the more difficult task of drawing off these supports, and so leaving Cármen isolated.

The breakfast, a very lively meal eaten in the lower cloister to the accompaniment of the tinkling of water falling from the fountain, gave her the desired opportunity for organizing her forces. With the intelligent assistance of Violet, who was taken into partial confidence because her knowledge of Spanish made her a valuable auxiliary, Rose contrived to break up the party, when breakfast was ended, so that she, Doña Catalina, Cármen, and Pem remained together, while the others scattered to explore the convent. Then, Pem serving as interpreter, she asked the ladies if it would be possible to walk in the tangled old garden that they had seen from a window in the sacristy.

Doña Catalina, being devoted to gardens, as Mexican women usually are, accepted the proposition immediately and heartily; and Cármen — a little uneasily, Rose thought — fell in with the plan. Fortunately the padre appeared at this moment, and was delighted to guide them through a long, dark corridor and so into his domain of trees and flowers. He was full of enthusiasm about the garden. It had been restored to the church only a month before, he said, after belonging to the hospital ever since the property had been confiscated. The soldiers had done nothing with it. The ladies could see for themselves its neglected state. They must come again in a year's time, and then they would see one of the finest gardens in the world. And full of delight, the little man explained with great volubility his plans for pruning and training, for clearing away weeds and rubbish, and for making his wilderness once more to blossom like the rose. Doña Catalina, having her own notions about gardens, entered with much animation into his plans, and they talked away at a great rate.

So Rose and Pem and Cármen walked through the shady alleys slowly, while Doña Catalina and the priest, walking still more slowly, and stopping here and there, that the projected improvements might be fully explained, dropped a long way behind.

It was a perfect Mexican day. Overhead was a clear, very dark-blue sky; liquid sunshine fell warmly through the cool, crisp air; a gentle wind idled along easily among the branches of the trees. The garden was very still. The only sound was a low buzzing of bees among the blossoms, and the faint gurgle of the flowing water in conduits unseen amidst the trees.

Rose stepped aside to pluck a spray of peach blossoms. Cármen half stopped, but Pem, with admirable presence of mind, walked slowly on without pausing in the rather commonplace remark that he happened to be making in regard to the advantages of irrigation. A few steps farther on they came to a half-ruined arbor. They turned here and looked back along the alley, but Rose was not in sight. "She will join us in a moment," said Pem. "She is looking for flowers — she is very fond of flowers. Shall we wait for her here? And will the Señorita seat herself in the shade?"

Cármen stood for a moment irresolute. As the result of what she believed to be a series of small accidents, she found herself now in precisely the situation that she had determined to avoid — alone with this Americano whom

she had decided in her own mind to keep at a safe distance. Yet now that the situation that she had tried hard to render impossible actually had been brought about she found in it a certain excitement in which pleasure was blended curiously with pain. Her position certainly was weakened, for Pem observed, and counted the sign a good one, that her color had increased and that her eyes were brighter even than usual. She herself was conscious that the attack now had passed inside of the skirmish line, and made an effort — not a very vigorous one — to rally her forces.

"Señorita! Señorita!" she called, but not very loudly, and her voice lacked firmness. There was no answer.

"She will be here in a moment," Pem repeated. "It is pleasant in this shady place. Will not the Señorita seat herself? And will she answer me one question?" Pem's own heart was getting up into his throat in an awkward sort of way, and his voice was not nearly so steady as he wished it to be. But the chance had come that he had been waiting for, and he was determined to make the most of it.

Cármen gave a hurried glance around her. Rose still remained invisible. It was very lonely there in the old garden, and the stillness seemed to be intensified by the low, soft buzzing of the bees. There was a tightness about her heart, and she felt a little faint. Her color had left her face, and she was quite pale. She seated herself with a little sigh. But she realized that another rally was necessary, for the shakiness of Pem's voice had an unmistakable meaning. She could guess pretty well, no matter what his one question might be, in what direction it ultimately would lead, and she felt that she must check him before it was spoken. Her wits, however, were not in very good working order, and she presented the first thought that came into her mind — the thought, indeed, that had been uppermost in her mind all that day:

"The Señor soon will leave Mexico?" she said. She was aware even as these words were spoken that they served her purpose badly. Pem perceived this too, and hastened to avail himself of the opening. "And the Señorita will be glad when I am gone?"

"Glad? No. But things must end, and the Señor no doubt now is tired of this land and will have pleasure in returning to his own. He will have many lively stories to tell his friends about the savages whom he has seen in Mexico; and then presently he will forget Mexico and the savages, and will be busied again with his own concerns. Is it not so?"

"Is it the custom of Mexicans thus to forget friends who have shown them great kindness; or does the Señorita argue by contraries and declare that, because Mexicans are grateful, there is no such virtue as gratitude among Americans? Does the Señorita truly in her heart believe that I shall forget the kindness that has been shown to me here, and the — and those who have shown it?"

"Ah, well, it is a little matter, not worth talking about," Cármen replied, uneasily. "No doubt some Americans have feelings of gratitude, and other virtues as well. But, as the Señor knows, I am not fond of Americans. I know too well the story of my own country. Yes, I know that I should not have spoken of this again," Cármen went on, answering the pained look on Pem's face, "but it is not my fault. The Señor should not have made me talk about Americans." This with a little air of defiance. "And least of all in this place. The Señor knows that this very convent was captured by his countrymen from mine? But does he remember that after the surrender, when he was asked to give up his ammunition, the General Anaya replied, 'Had I any ammunition, you would not be here'? Is not that the whole story of the war, told in a single word? Does the Señor wonder that I hate the Americans with all my heart?"

Pem was less disconcerted by this sally than he had been by the similar revival of dead issues at Molino del Rey. He was fairly well convinced in his own mind that Cármen was saying not more than she meant in the abstract, perhaps; but, certainly, a good deal more than she meant in the concrete as applied to himself. It was his belief that she was forcing this new fighting of the old war as a rather desperate means of delivering herself from engaging in a new and more personal conflict. He also inferred from her adoption of a line of defense that he knew was distasteful to her that, like General Anaya, she was short of ammunition. Entertaining these convictions, he was disposed to press the attack vigorously.

"Let us not talk about Americans," he said. "Let us talk about one single American. Does the Señorita hate *me?*"

This sudden and very pointed question produced much the same effect as that of the unmasking of a heavy mortar battery. It threw the enemy into great confusion, and for a moment completely silenced the defending guns.

Cármen was not prepared for so sharp a shifting of the conversation from general to exceedingly personal grounds. She flushed again, and then again grew pale. She was silent for a very long while — at least so it seemed to Pem. Her head was reclining backward against the trellis-work of the arbor in a way that showed the beautiful lines of her throat. Her eyes were nearly closed, and almost wholly veiled

by her long black lashes — that seemed still blacker by contrast with her pale cheeks. Her mouth was open a little, and her breath came and went irregularly. Her face was very still; but as Pem waited for her answer, watching her closely, he saw an expression of resolve come into it. Then at last she spoke:

"I do hate you," she said slowly and firmly. But as she spoke the words there was a drawing of the muscles of her face, as though she suffered bodily pain.

"Unearthed at last! By Jove, Smith, I had begun to think that you and the Señorita and Rose had fitted yourselves out with wings and flown away somewhere. I 've been looking for you high and low, literally; for I 've been up on the roof of the convent, and now I 'm down here. Where is Rose? Doña Catalina said that you all three were here in the garden. Oh! there she comes now. Come! We 're all waiting for you; it 's time to start back to town."

Brown was of the opinion that he did not at all deserve the rating that Rose gave him, on the first convenient opportunity, for perpetrating this most untoward interruption. "How the dickens could I know they were spooning by themselves?" he asked. "I thought that you all three were together, of course." And although Rose, who took the matter a good deal to heart, replied that this "was just like him," she could not but accept this reasonable excuse.

On Pem and Cármen the effects of the interruption were different. Whatever her more considerate opinion might be, Cármen's first feeling certainly was that of relief. She had fired the shot that she had nerved herself to fire, and the diversion had come just in time to check the reply of the enemy and to cover her orderly retreat.

Pem, realizing that the situation was critical, was thoroughly indignant. He wanted to punch Brown's head. Fortunately no opportunity offered for this practical expression of his wrath, and by the time that he got back to town he had cooled down a little. But he was so grumpy on the return journey, and looked so thoroughly uncomfortable, that the motherly Doña Catalina expressed grave concern when she bade him good-bye and frankly asked him — with the freedom that is permissible in Spanish — if anything that he had eaten at breakfast had disagreed with him? And being only half-convinced by his disclaimer, she advised him to take promptly a tumblerful of hot water strengthened with a little tequila.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Thomas A. Janvier.

POEMS BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

GREAT IS TO-DAY.

OUT on a world that 's gone to weed!
The great tall corn is still strong in his seed;
Plant her breast with laughter, put song in your toil,
The heart is still young in the mother-soil:
There 's sunshine and bird song, and red and white clover,
And love lives yet, world under and over.

The light 's white as ever, sow and believe;
Clearer dew did not glisten round Adam and Eve,
Never bluer heavens nor greener sod
Since the round world rolled from the hand of God:
There 's a sun to go down, to come up again,
There are new moons to fill when the old moons wane.

Is wisdom dead since Plato 's no more?
Who 'll that babe be, in yon cottage door?
While your Shakspere, your Milton, takes his place in the tomb,
His brother is stirring in the good mother-womb:
There 's glancing of daisies and running of brooks,
Ay, life enough left to write in the books.

The world 's not all wisdom, nor poems nor flowers,
But each day has the same good twenty-four hours,
The same light, the same night. For your Jacobs, no tears;
They see the Rachels at the end of the years:
There 's waving of wheat, and the tall, strong corn,
And his heart-blood is water that sitteth forlorn.

A DAY-DREAM.

'T WAS not 'neath spectral moon,
But in the day's high noon,
That, pillowed on the grass,
I saw a vision pass.

Strange quiet folded round,
Strange silence — close, profound;
Sweet peace, peace sweet and deep,
Bade every trouble sleep.

"O spirit! stay with me,
Lying all quietly:
If this be death," I said,
"Thrice blessèd be the dead."

The shape with others passed,
Each fainter than the last;
And — dreadful was the roar —
I heard the day once more.

OLD BRADDOCK.

FIRE! Fire in Allentown!
The Women's Building — it must go.
Mothers wild rush up and down,
Despairing men push to and fro;
Two stories caught — one story more —
See! leaps old Braddock to the fore —
Braddock, full three-score.

Like a high granite rock
His good gray head looms huge and bare;
Firm as rock in tempest shock
He towers above the tallest there.
"Conrad!" 'T is Braddock to his son,
The prop he thinks to lean upon
When his work is done.

Conrad, the young and brave,
Unflinching meets his father's eye:
"Who would now the children save,
That they die not, himself must die."
On his white face no touch of fear,
But, oh, it is so sweet, so dear —
Life at twenty year!

"Father — father!" A quick
Embrace, and he has set his feet
On the ladder. Rolling thick,
The flame-shot smoke chokes all the street,
Blinds so only one has descried
Her form that, through its dreadful tide,
Springs to Conrad's side.

Strong she is, now, as he,
Throbbing with Love's own lion might;
Strong as beautiful is she,
And Conrad's arms are pinioned tight.
"Far through the fire, sits God above" —
In vain he pleads; full does it prove,
Her full strength of love.

Too late she sets him free —
High overhead his father's call;
From a height no eye can see
Calls hoary Braddock down the wall,
"Old men are Death's, let him destroy;
Young men are Life's, Conrad, my boy —
Life's and Love's, my boy!"

Wilder the women's cries,
Hoarser the shouts of men below;
Sheets of fire against the skies
Set all the stricken town aglow.
With sweep and shriek, with rush and roar,
The flames shut round Old Braddock hoar —
Braddock, full three-score.

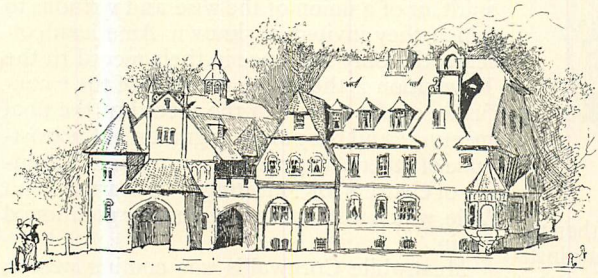
"Save, save my children, save!"
"Ay, ay!" all answer, speak as one,
"If man's arm can from the grave
Bring back your babes, it will be done;
Know Braddock still is worth us all.
Hark — hark! It is his own brave call, —
'Back — back from the wall!'"

God — God, that it should be!
As savagely the lashed wind veers,
Fiercer than the fiery sea
The frantic crowd waves hands, and cheers:
An old man high in whirl of hell!
The children, — how, no soul can tell, —
Braddock holds them well.

Shorn all that good gray head
With snows of sixty winters sown;
Griped around the children's bed,
One arm is shriveled to the bone:
"Old men are Death's, let him destroy;
Young men are Life's, Conrad, my boy —
Life's and Love's, my boy!"

Fire! Fire in Allentown!
Though 't was a hundred years ago,
How the babes were carried down
To-day the village children know.
They know of Braddock's good gray head,
They know the last, great words he said,
Know how he fell — dead.

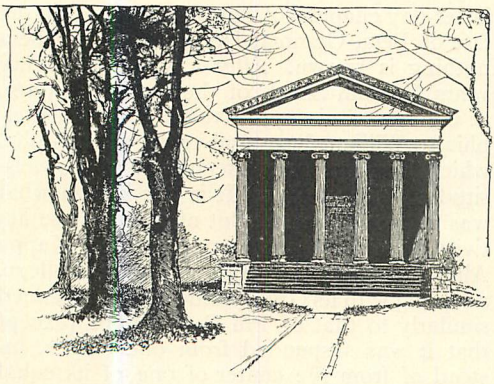
COLLEGE FRATERNITIES.*



SIGMA DELTA CHI CLOISTERS AND CHAPEL, S. S. S., YALE.

OF college fraternities in the United States one significant fact may pass unquestioned—they have retained the affection and kept the support of a large number of those who knew them best. On their rosters are found not only the names of undergraduates, but also those of men who long since left youth and folly far behind. Indeed, one now and then runs across a name that adds a certain dignity to the catalogue and becomes an inspiration for ambitious youth. Of these many find no small satisfaction in identifying themselves from time to time with the life of the various clubs and societies of which they were members when boys at college; they take a mild, half-melancholy pleasure in reminiscent talk, and delight to meet and wander with half-regretful sadness in halls where youth wears the crown.

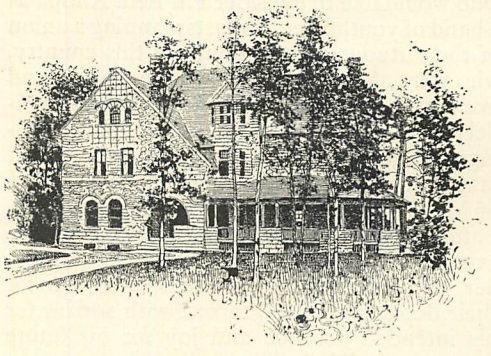
The charm of life in the society hall is much easier for one to imagine than for another to relate. A stereotyped phrase, "mere boyishness," fails to explain it; a compendium of dry facts and arguments would be farther still from picturing the life that often masquerades under the thin veil of a half-pretended secrecy.



WHIG HALL, PRINCETON.

More "sweetness and light" seems always to have been the goal towards which the fraternities strove, and the story of their development is a plain tale of natural and steady growth from small beginnings.

Towards the end of the first quarter of the present century the social life of our colleges had become barren—not more barren, perhaps, than it had been for many years, but relatively so in view of the fact that life was becoming richer and the spirit of the times more liberal. Boys from families in which puritanical methods were obsolete naturally hated the puritanism of college discipline; they chafed at the petty decorum of the stuffy class-rooms, and fretted at the deadness of the iron-bound curriculum. Almost the only means of relaxation countenanced by the faculties were open

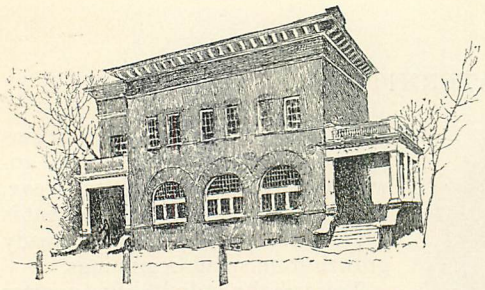


KAPPA ALPHA LODGE, CORNELL.

debating societies, which met on the college grounds, and to the meetings of which both professor and student might go. In view of the fact that students, from the days of Horace down, were wont to hold their preceptors as their natural enemies, the presence of professors did not increase the popularity of these societies. Indeed, they languished. Here was the opportunity of the typical college fraternity.

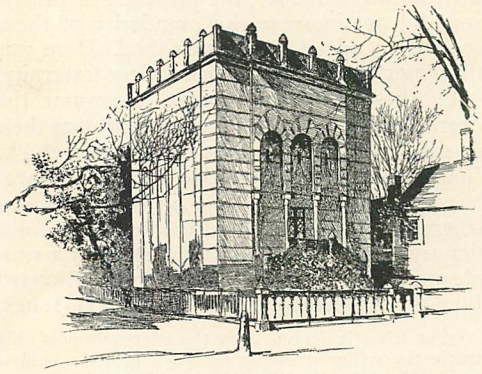
Of these societies the first to assume the characteristics that are now recognized as their essential, albeit it soon lost them, had been Phi Beta Kappa. It was founded at Williamsburg, Virginia, December 5, 1776, in the very room where Patrick Henry had voiced the revolutionary spirit of Virginia. The story is a simple one: John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, and John Jones,

* For friendly assistance in the preparation of this article the writer cordially acknowledges his obligation to Mr. John De Witt Warner, of New York.



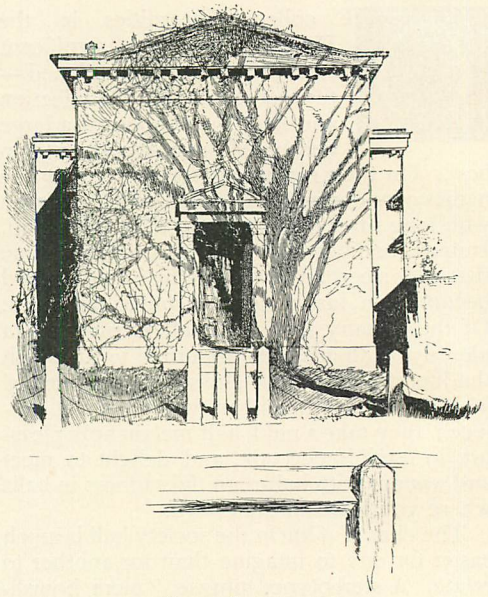
HASTY PUDDING CLUB-HOUSE, HARVARD.

students at William and Mary College, then the most wealthy, flourishing, and aristocratic institution of learning in America, believing that there was room for a more effective student organization than the one of a Latin name that then existed there, and recalling that one of their number was the best Greek scholar in college, resolved to found a new society, the proceedings of which were to be secret, to be known by the name of the three Greek letters that formed the initials of its motto — Phi Beta Kappa. The minutes are discouraging to those who would like to consider Phi Beta Kappa as a band of youthful enthusiasts planning a union of the virtuous college youth of this country, who were afterward to reform the world; and even more so to those who have declared infidel philosophy to be its cult. Youths of fine feelings and good digestion, they enjoyed together many a symposium like that on the occasion of Mr. Bowdoin's departure for Europe, when, "after many toasts suitable to the occasion, the evening was spent by the members in a manner which indicated the highest esteem for their departing friend, mixed with sorrow for his intended absence and joy for his future prospects in life." They called themselves a "fraternity." More thoroughly to enjoy the society of congenial associates, to promote refined good-fellowship, was the motive of these hearty young students who founded the first of the true Greek-letter fraternities, with (to quote from its ritual) "friendship as its basis, and benevolence and literature as its pillars"— one which thrived in their day as its successors on the same basis flourish in ours. So far from being inspirers, or a product, of American national spirit, or of a union of the wise and virtuous to which they invited all known American colleges, the only reference in their record to the Revolution is the single mention of the "confusion of the times" in the record of the final meeting; and the only recognition of the existence of other colleges is the record of the granting of charters for "meetings" at Harvard and Yale, which institutions were never mentioned again.



"KEYS" HALL, YALE.

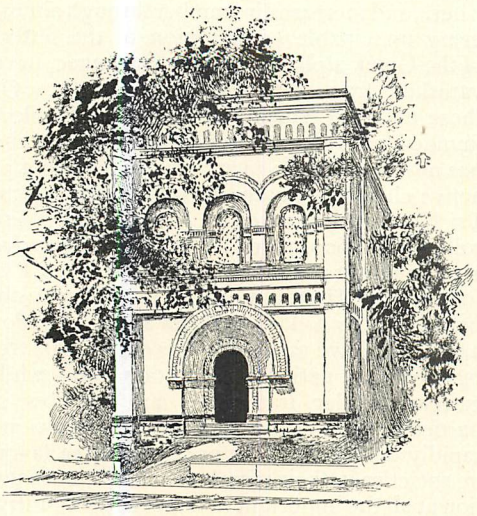
Meanwhile Cornwallis was coming nearer, and after having chartered additional chap-



"BONES" HALL, YALE.

ters,— Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta (Harvard), Eta (Yale), and Theta,— the Alpha, or mother chapter, passed out of existence.

From Epsilon and Zeta have descended the latter-day chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Of the fate of Beta, Gamma, Delta, Eta, and Theta nothing is known. After a lapse of seventy years, William Short, of the mother chapter, at the age of ninety, traveled from Philadelphia to Williamsburg and revived the Alpha, which, however, soon succumbed to the vicissitudes of its college. It is not known what was its first follower. But of those whose activity have been continuous to date, Kappa Alpha, founded in 1825 at Union College, adopting with its Greek name a badge planned similarly to that of Phi Beta Kappa (except that it was suspended from one corner, instead of from the center of one of its equal sides), and inspired by similar ends, began

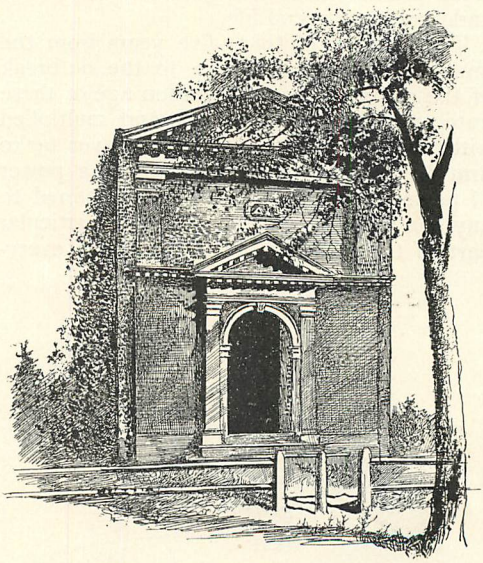


BERZELIUS HALL, S. S. S., YALE.

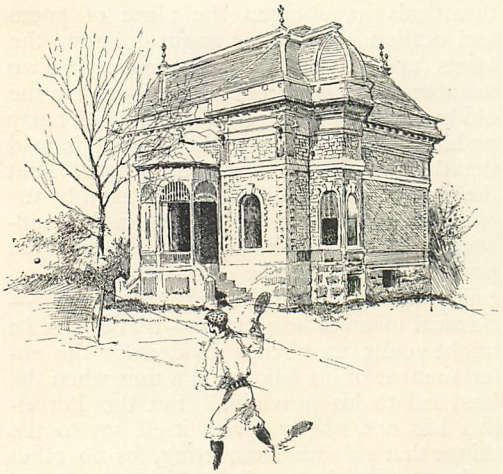
the career that has made it the mother of living Greek-letter societies. For Phi Beta Kappa has long since become an honorary, as distinguished from an active, institution, though the reunions of its chapters, especially of the old Zeta, "Alpha of Massachusetts,"— now the Massachusetts Alpha,— founded at Cambridge in 1779, are still noteworthy events.

Even before Phi Beta Kappa came into existence, Oliver Ellsworth, afterward Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had founded Clio Hall at Princeton, and a few years later, in 1769, Whig Hall arose at the same college with James Madison, afterward twice President of the United States, for its founder; and from that day to this these friendly rivals have never ceased to exert a healthful influence on the intellectual life of Princeton. These were the prototypes, and are the most vigorous survivals, of what, for nearly a century, were the most flourishing and numerous of student societies — the twin literary societies, or "halls," generally secret, and always intense in mutual rivalry, which have been institutions at every leading college in the land.

Another and a third, though less homogeneous, class of student societies may be best described by noting separately its only important examples — at Harvard and Yale. The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard also took its rise in those interesting and formative years just subsequent to the close of the Revolutionary war, and was founded, as its constitution says, "to cherish the feelings of friendship and patriotism." For the display of the latter virtue the club for many years was wont to celebrate Washington's Birthday with oration and poem, with toasts and punch. Alas, for these degenerate days! Conventional theatricals have taken the place of poem and oration, though, for aught I know, the toasts and punch may yet survive. "Two members in alphabetical order"— so ran the old by-laws — "shall provide a pot of hasty pudding for every meeting," and it is said that this practice is still religiously kept. That the banquet was not lightly considered by the old Harvard clubs may be seen in the tendency to exalt in the name of the club the peculiar feature of the club's fare, the Porcellian taking its name from the roasted pig — classical token of hospitality — that one of its bright young members provided for the entertainment of his fellows on a time when the feast fell to his providing. But the Porcellian has not wholly given itself up to the things that go with banqueting, for no other college society has so fine a library as it possesses. Indeed, its seven thousand well-selected and finely bound volumes might be coveted by many less fortunate small colleges. The A. D. Club is a younger rival of the "Pork," and, in the comfort of its house, the brilliancy of its dinners, and its good-fellowship, is by no means inferior. The development of this species of undergraduate activity has taken a widely different and rather unique form at Yale. The Yale senior societies are the most secret and clannish of college societies. No outsiders ever enter their buildings, and their goings and comings are so locked in mystery that one can only guess what their aims and purposes are. A passion for relic worship and a taste for politics are generally ascribed to both, though the class of men taken by Scroll and Key differs widely from that chosen by Skull



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON HALL, YALE.



ALPHA DELTA PHI (EELL'S MEMORIAL) HALL, HAMILTON.

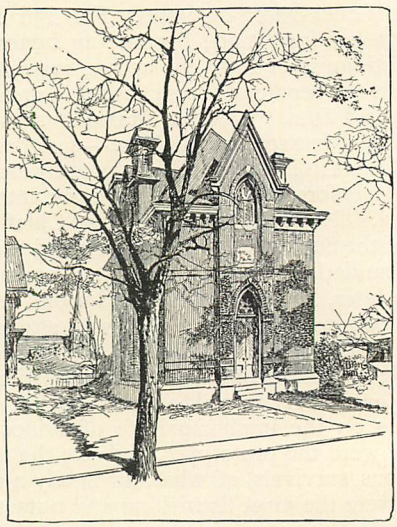
and Bones — the men of the former being selected, it is supposed, for their social position and qualities of good-fellowship, while those of the latter are usually good scholars or prominent athletes.

Thus we have the three classes of student societies — the old literary societies, still flourishing in the older colleges of the South, but languishing elsewhere, except at Princeton, where Clio and Whig are still the great institutions of the student body, and at Lafayette, where the Washington and Jefferson are scarcely less prosperous; the peculiar local institutions of Yale and Harvard, *sui generis* and not to be propagated; and the Greek-letter system of chaptered fraternities, the chartered corporations of which are to-day the most prominent characteristic of American undergraduate social life.

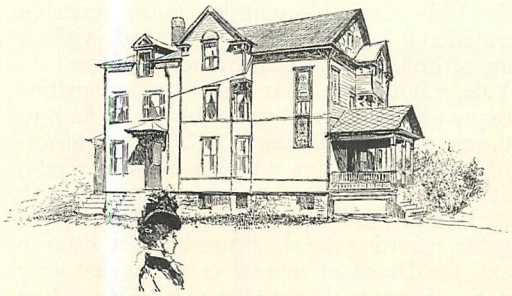
The interval of thirty-five years from the founding of Kappa Alpha to the outbreak of the civil war was the golden age of these fraternities. They sprang up and multiplied with a persistency that should forever make firm the doctrine of the strengthening power of persecution. They were not confined to any one grade of college or to any particular part of the country. They flourished everywhere, and increased in number through almost every imaginable combination of the letters of the Greek alphabet. Many, of course, have vanished from the face of the earth. Of those that still remain, Delta Kappa Epsilon, founded at Yale in 1844, is the largest, and has now above 9000 members, representing 32 active chapters situated in 19 different States; Psi Upsilon, originated at Union in 1833, enrolls some 6600 members, distributed among 19 chapters in 10 States; and Alpha Delta Phi, founded at Hamilton in 1832, has a membership nearly as large. Delta Kappa Epsilon appears to have made good its claim to be recognized as a national institution; and while certain smaller fraternities are favorites in particular parts of the country, all barriers are rapidly disappearing before these three favorite societies in their march towards representation at all the important colleges of the country.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA HALL, SEWANEE.

Though fraternities are organized less frequently now than formerly, because of the increased difficulty of competing with those that have been long established, still, as the colleges themselves grow, the chapters of the most flourishing fraternities grow with them; so that the increase of the system, as a whole, is both very regular and very considerable. Up to 1883, the date at which the latest general manual of the fraternities appeared, there were enrolled among the 32 general college fraternities of this country, forming an aggregate of 505 active chapters, no less than 67,941 members, representing every possible profession and branch of business, every shade of religious and political opinion, and every State and Territory of the United States. But these figures by no means tell the whole story of



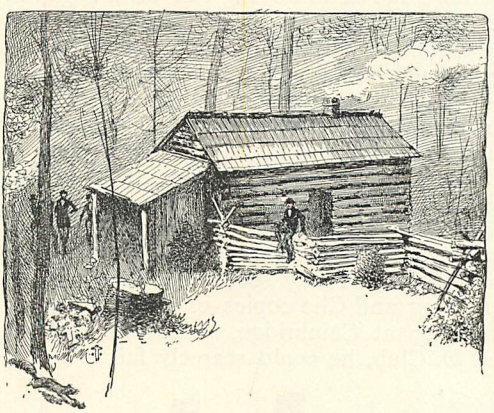
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON HALL, ANN ARBOR.



ALPHA PHI (LADIES') LODGE, SYRACUSE.

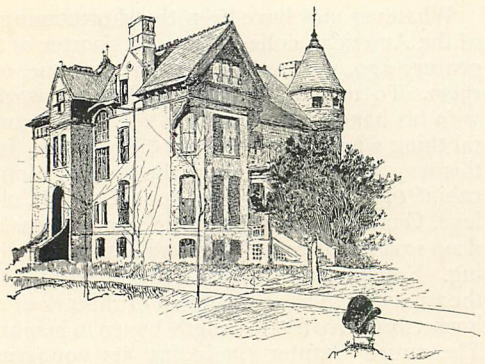
the growth and spread of the "little" college fraternities. Many colleges and advanced technical schools in every section of the country, besides welcoming the general fraternities to their privileges, have ambitiously started and preserved local fraternities that are limited or have no branches at other institutions, but nevertheless often enjoy a large share of local patronage. These societies, of which there are 16 now in existence, had a membership of 4077. But this is not all. The female students, not to be outdone, about a dozen years ago began to organize sisterhoods, from which males were ignominiously debarred from membership, and had meantime succeeded in building up 7 prosperous societies, with 16 chapters and 2038 members, situated mostly in co-educational institutions. When to this grand total of 74,056 names are added the large membership of the Princeton halls, the Harvard clubs, and the Yale senior societies, already described, together with the very numerous class organizations in various colleges, it may be seen how firm a hold the spirit of co-operation has taken upon the collegians of the country. The fraternities have grown far away from the persecutions of their early days, when the hands of all men and faculties were raised against them. Because they met in secret, and held themselves free from the intrusion of the faculty for one night in the week, and adorned their poor little badges with Greek letters, all evil and rebellious conduct was charged against them. Though their purposes were sensible enough, and good rather than evil has come from them, a nameless stigma of bad parentage still rests upon the whole system, to live down which, by an overplus of actual and visible good attainment, has not been possible till within recent years. But prejudice has an unequal contest with conviction. Through persecution, and poverty of opportunity, and lack of means the new society men fought their way towards solid ground, finding in their struggles and in their ambitions for the success and honors of their fraternities an incentive and charm college life had till then never yielded.

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the American college boy of a quarter of a century ago, want of energy was not one of them. To take off his coat and go to work with his hands seemed to him the most natural thing when he needed a society lodge. In this way was built, in 1855, the famous "log-cabin" of Delta Kappa Epsilon at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. The site selected was a deep ravine, far away from any human dwelling. Neighboring farmers were hired to fell the trees and to raise the frame of this ark of a house, forty-five feet in length by ten in height. The entire chapter (including its youngest member, now an orator of national reputation several times elected to Congress) rested not until they had plastered the outside crevices with mud. Inside the room was nicely ceiled, and furnished with good tables and chairs, a carpet, and several pictures. The walls and roof of the building were ingeniously deadened with saw-dust and charcoal, so that not the remotest whispers could reach the ears of curious eavesdroppers, if any such should have the temerity to penetrate to the recesses of this sylvan retreat. "A cooking-stove, with skillet, griddles, and pots complete, was the pride of the premises," writes an old member, "where each hungry boy could roast his own potatoes, or cook his meat on a forked stick, in true bandit style."



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON LOG-CABIN, KENYON.

The building of this lodge gave a great impetus to the owning of society homesteads. Before this the various chapters had been accustomed to rendezvous stealthily in college garrets, at village hotels, or anywhere that circumstances and pursuing faculties made most convenient. But when the assurance was once gained that the fraternities might own their premises and make them permanent abiding-places, the whole system became straightway established on a lasting foundation. In 1861, at Yale, the parent chapter of



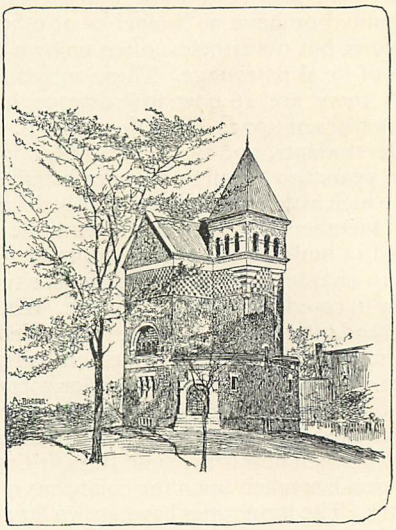
ALPHA DELTA PHI LODGE, ANN ARBOR.

the same fraternity, Delta Kappa Epsilon, built for itself a two-story hall in the form of a well-proportioned Greek temple, and this proved to be the beginning of a long epoch of more and more elaborate house-building, the culmination of which has scarcely been reached at the present day.

From the temple-shaped hall with its facilities for the routine work of the chapter, its dramatic and social festivities, the most enterprising fraternities progressed gradually towards ample homesteads, thoroughly equipped for dealing with every phase of student life, including the furnishing of comfortable board and lodging, which, in some features, excelled the average dormitories. The work began in earnest about fifteen years ago, but the past two or three years have excelled all the others combined, both in an intelligent understanding of what was needed to make the houses thoroughly habitable and creditable in appearance, and in the amount of superior work planned in detail or actually accomplished. A critical comparison of the specimens in existence reveals the fact that pretty nearly every kind of known architecture has been tried. At Princeton one may see in the twin temples of Whig and Clio copies of the Ionic architecture; at Cambridge, should he visit the A. D. Club, he could scarcely fail to notice

CHI PSI LODGE, AMHERST.

that this hospitable mansion is the veritable traditional New England homestead, with its air of little pretense and much comfort. At Yale, "Bones Hall" is venerable and picturesque when covered by the foliage of its ivy; the magnificent building of "Keys" is of Moorish pattern; the new "Wolf's Head" society, at the same college, honors our ancestors in the "Old Home" by choosing a corbel-stepped gable, "fretting the sky," to which the English and the Dutch of several centuries ago were noticeably partial; the stone Delta Psi lodges at New Haven and Hartford are veritable castles for strength and ruggedness of outline; no gentleman would need a more tasteful or finely located villa than one of the fraternity houses which he would find at Ithaca; while by Delta Kappa Epsilon at Amherst has been



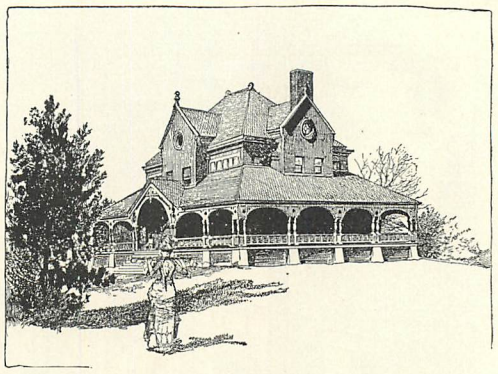
DELTA PSI HALL, S. S. S., YALE.

introduced, and by Sigma Delta Chi at Yale has been elaborated, what seems probable to become the reigning type — that of "cloisters," in which are lodged the members, joined by gallery or covered way to the "chapel," where are celebrated the rites of the chapter.

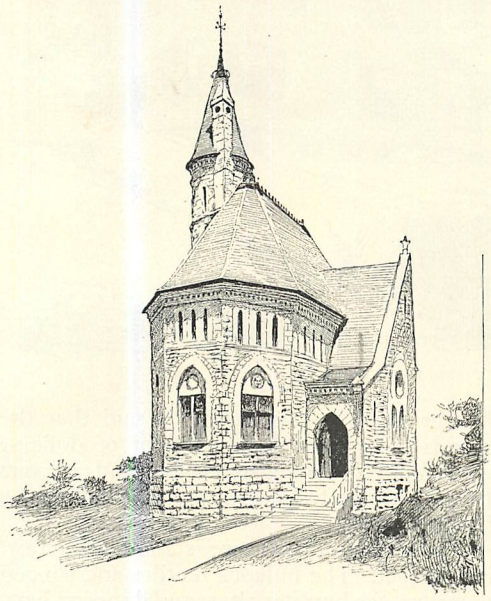
If the fraternities as a whole have had a weakness, it has been for what they were pleased to believe was the "Queen Anne style" — a "spread" of red bricks, irregular, very irregular, tile roofs, and an unknown quantity of bowed windows, with the usual accessories of modern stained-glass "Venetian" blinds, and unlimited opportunity for portières. These experiments, as embodied by some amateur architect, most likely a well-meaning but untrained member of the chapter, have not always been successful; but lately the bizarre mode has given way to better taste, and in all probability the next efforts of the fraternities

at house-building will be characterized by solidity rather than show, by harmony rather than conspicuousness. Several of the college faculties have, with the consent of their boards of trustees, presented enterprising societies with valuable building-sites on their grounds; and where their invitations have been accepted, they have no cause to regret their generosity.

In interior decoration the houses of the American college fraternities differ no less radically than in external appearance. At a Western lodge the members are often content with, and indeed think themselves fortunate if they have at their command, the bare necessities of life, while not a few of the wealthy chapter-houses of the East are furnished with all the luxury and refined taste of the highest modern art as applied to club life. For instance, the lodge-room of the Delta Psi fraternity in New York City is magnificently furnished in Egyptian designs especially imported from Thebes for this purpose, at a cost of several thousands of dollars; and in the buildings of the Alpha Delta Phi at Wesleyan, the Psi Upsilon at Cornell, the Chi Psi at Amherst, and the Sigma Phi at Williams may be found wood-work, furniture, and objects of art which would be in no wise out of place in the most attractive of modern city homes. Several of the foremost chapters, such as the Sigma Phi, the Alpha Delta Phi, and the Kappa Alpha of Williams College, have been presented with valuable memorials by the friends or relatives of deceased members, which are introduced so as to form conspicuous features of the buildings. Thus the last of the three societies just named contains a strikingly beautiful emblematic window, designed by Tiffany & Co. of New York. The Samuel Eell's Memorial Hall, at Hamilton College, is itself a tribute to the brilliant young founder of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, who died after a short career of great promise at the Cincinnati bar as a law partner of the late Chief-Justice Chase. Other representative lodges have been built or beautified by the generosity of individuals.



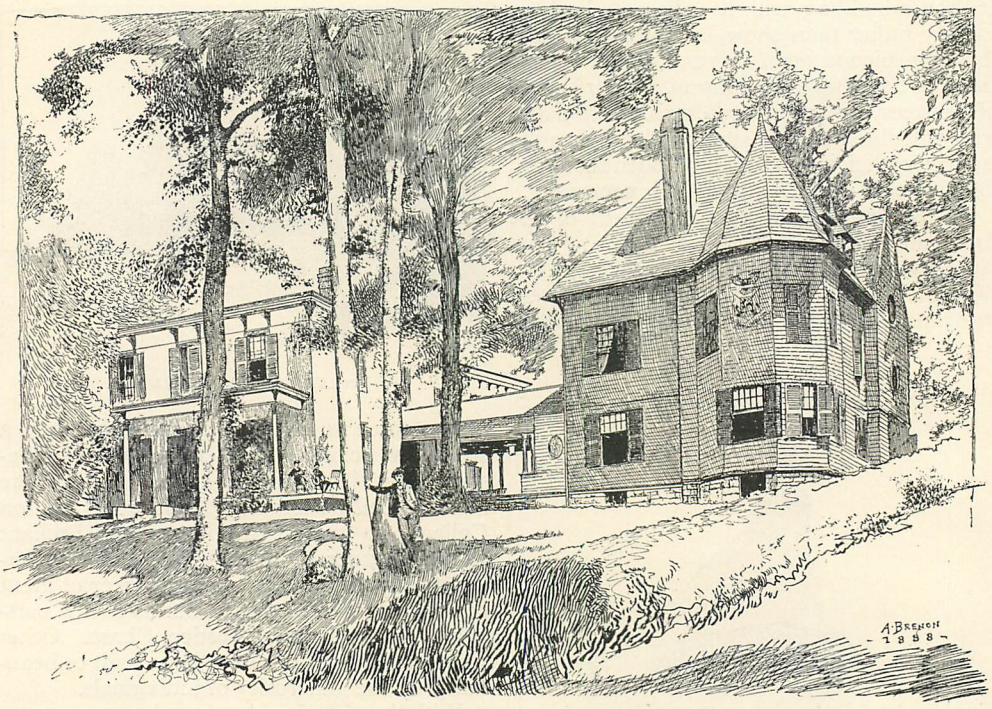
EPSILON PHI LODGE, WILLIAMS.



DELTA PSI LODGE, TRINITY.

With the aid of rich sons and generous parents and friends, the loading down of college lodge-rooms might easily be carried to an unfortunate extreme, especially if a false spirit of rivalry should gain a foothold in our college world. But at present there seems little danger of this. An honorable ambition prevails among the leaders of the best fraternities to make their homes complete and attractive in every particular, but beyond this they do not seek to go. The energies of those who

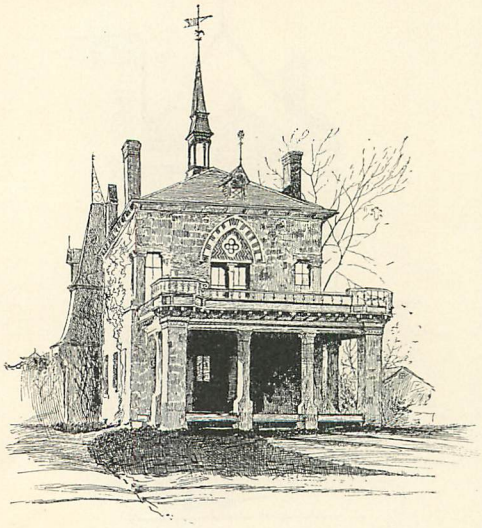
DELTA PSI HALL, NEW YORK CITY.



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON LODGE AND HALL, AMHERST.

have charge should be directed especially to adorning the chapter-houses with what illustrates and improves student life in general, and with what is of particular importance to the members of the college or university at which the chapter-house is located.

Of the value of the real and personal property belonging to the ten American college fraternities that are represented by at least one chapter-house each, and the leaders by five or more, it may safely be said that the sum is fast approaching a million of dollars; while numerous other fraternities and chapters have well-invested and rapidly accumulating building-funds.



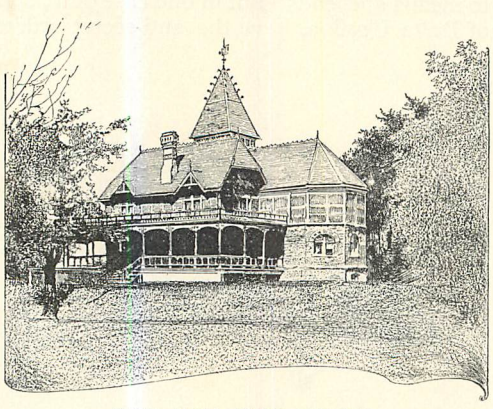
ALPHA DELTA PHI LODGE, WILLIAMS (MEMORIAL PORCH).

The fraternity literature is another interesting subject. The hideous reptiles and winged monsters, the burning altars and dungeon bars, and other such fantastic symbolism with which the magazines and newspapers of some of the fraternities are decorated, prove to cover interesting and oftentimes useful tables of contents, including reminiscences of college life and literary articles by prominent graduates, news-letters from the chapters at the different colleges, personal gossip concerning alumni, official notices from the officers of the fraternity, editorial comments, and notes from exchanges. Two or three of these society periodicals have attained a large circulation. The fraternities have not confined their energies to current papers, however, but have compiled elaborate record books of their members, in the form of catalogues, which, besides containing the names and occupations of members, give succinct sketches of the chapters and the colleges at which they are situate, interesting tables of residence and relationship, and brief biographical sketches of the most distinguished graduates. But decidedly the freshest and most characteristic literature possessed by the fraternities are their song-books, where,

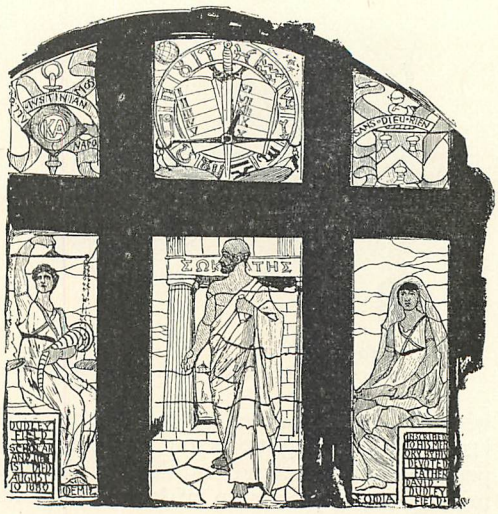
in varied and not always correct verse, the youthful laureates have sung the praises of their clans, comrades, festal nights, the charms of good-fellowship, and many other such tempting themes for the imagination and the heart.

Till about a dozen years ago few or none of the fraternities had a strong executive government, but were managed by the oldest chapter, or by several chapters in turn, and by the hasty edicts of the general conventions of the order. But this system proving inadequate, the leaders conceived and boldly acted on the idea of taking the general executive administration of the college fraternities out of the hands of the undergraduate members, at the same time appealing to the graduate members to assume an active share in their welfare. So far their success has been noteworthy. The graduate councils, which now form the executive department of most of the leading fraternities, are ably managed, and graduate associations of the larger fraternities have been formed in most of the important cities. They hold reunions, banquets, and business meetings, and in most essentials serve as graduate chapters of their orders, cementing old college ties and forming new ones between members of different colleges; and several of the fraternities, such as the Delta Psi, the Delta Phi, the Delta Kappa Epsilon, the Alpha Delta Phi, the Psi Upsilon, the Zeta Psi, and the Delta Upsilon, have lately taken the advanced step of establishing in the large cities regular club-houses, which are well equipped, and well patronized by men of all ages; while at Chautauqua, the "Wooglin" club-house, with its ample accommodations and grounds, is the summer headquarters of the Beta Theta Pi, by a graduate corporation of which it is owned.

The legislative functions of the fraternities still rest with the annual conventions, which are usually held with the different undergraduate chapters in turn, when, be-



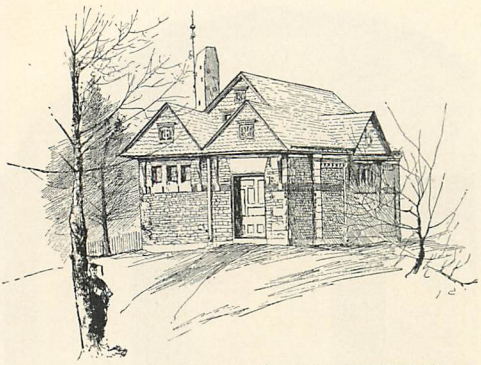
KAPPA ALPHA LODGE, WILLIAMS.



FIELD MEMORIAL WINDOW, KAPPA ALPHA LODGE, WILLIAMS.

sides the transaction of routine business, the several hundred students present from all parts of the country are occupied with social courtesies extended to them by local residents, and with literary efforts in the form of orations and poems, often delivered by members of the fraternity who have attained eminence in public life.

In view of the facts already presented in the course of this narrative, a defense of the fraternities, a summing-up of all the reasons on which their existence and continuance might be justified, seems altogether superfluous. This one significant feature of the case may however be offered to the dubious without comment, as pointing its own moral — that so far, whenever the majesty of the law has been invoked by still obstinate faculties or trustees to drive the fraternities from their institutions, the law has upheld the continuance of the societies and the free rights of the students to join them, provided that in doing so they do not violate any of the proper functions of the college. It was so in 1879, when the faculty of the University of California tried to disband a society which had been allowed to erect a house on college land, and was met by the hostile criticisms of the entire press of that State; it was so in 1882, when the president of Purdue University, Indiana, striving to compel students entering his university not to join any of the societies, was prevented by a decision of the superior court of that State, and in the end resigned his office. The one notable exception to this rule is the case of the College of New Jersey. Here the faculty succeeded in expelling all the fraternities; but it was before the era of their house-building. All of those chapters



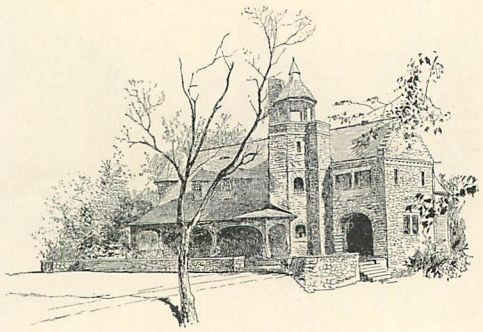
PHI KAPPA PSI (MEMORIAL) LODGE, GETTYSBURG.

which have built houses are now incorporated institutions, paying taxes on their real and personal property, and entitled to the full privileges and protection of local and State laws.

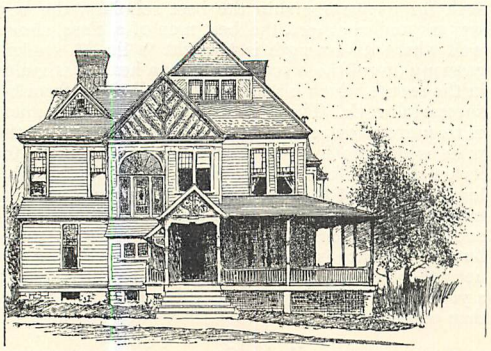
They therefore appear to rest on a more solid basis than mere sufferance; and however ardently certain individuals may wish to see them abolished, it is extremely doubtful if even an organized crusade against them, headed by all the college presidents in the United States and the majority of the faculties under them, could succeed in doing more than to drive the reputable societies into a temporary seclusion, from which, in a few years, they would emerge stronger than ever. Such at least has been the case at many representative institutions.

But the above supposition is relegated to the realms of the impossible when one discovers that a large portion of the educators referred to are themselves members of the fraternities, and in many cases actively associated with their progress. This list includes such men as President Eliot of Harvard, Dwight of Yale, Walker of the Boston Institute of Technology, Seelye of Amherst, White of Cornell, Dwight of the Columbia Law School, Gilman of Johns Hopkins University, Johnston of Tulane, and Northrop of the University of Minnesota. There is not a faculty of any size in the United States that does not contain society members, and few professorial chairs at the largest colleges are not filled by representatives of the leading fraternities. These "little societies" have supplied forty governors to most of the largest States of the Union; and had in the last administration the President of the United States and the majority of his Cabinet. On the Supreme Bench of the United States the fraternities are now represented by five of the associate justices. A summary, published in 1885, showed Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, and Delta Kappa Epsilon to have furnished of United States senators and representatives 39, 25, and 36 respectively; while in the last Congress 13 representatives and 2 senators were members of the last-named fraternity alone; and in the membership of these 3 fraternities are included 24 bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the class-room they are represented by Whitney and Marsh; in the pulpit, by R. S. Storrs and Phillips Brooks; in the paths of literature, by James Russell Lowell, George William Curtis, Donald G. Mitchell, Charles Dudley Warner, Edward Everett Hale, and E. C. Stedman; in recent public life, by Presidents Arthur and Garfield, by Wayne MacVeagh, Charles S. Fairchild, Robert T. Lincoln, John D. Long, William M. Evarts, Joseph R. Hawley, and William Walter Phelps. These gentlemen were not elected into the fraternities after graduation, but were active supporters of these organizations during their undergraduate days. Whatever, then, may be the shortcomings of college secret societies, it is to their credit that their exponents are men noted for ability and prominence in every useful sphere of life, as well as for mere culture and congeniality, while from end to end of the catalogued chapter-lists run in thick procession the starred names of the most brilliant and lamented of the young officers who fell in the battles of our civil war — in the blue and gray ranks alike. Judging the system by its deeds only, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the best societies have in reality been groups of picked men among the fortunate few, comparatively speaking, who are able to incur the expense of a college education.

In almost every college where the secret societies have flourished attempts have been made, some of them quite successful, to carry on local anti-secret societies; and there has existed for many years an anti-secret fraternity, with chapters placed in different colleges, which has been patterned very closely after the societies calling themselves secret, both as to means and ends. But in one case only, that of Delta Upsilon, have the anti-secret orders



DELTA PSI LODGE, WILLIAMS.



PSI UPSILON LODGE, HAMILTON.

been able to keep pace with their secret rivals, in either the quality of their membership, their activity in college affairs, or their increase in material resources. Even here this has been the result of assimilation to the secret fraternities, till now, so far as Delta Upsilon can effect it, the distinction between itself and the secret fraternities is simply that the latter exposes somewhat more private business than do they, and, as to the rest, terms "privacy" what they call "secrecy."

Mr. Warner has said:

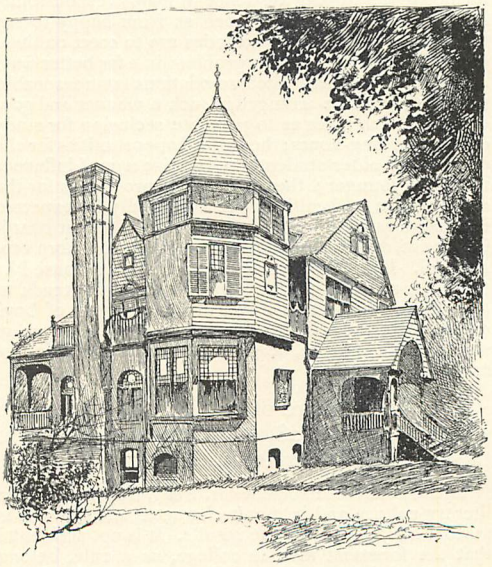
> Notwithstanding their formation is only in obedience to an ancient and universal love in human nature, they are attacked because they are secret. I suppose that some of them are guardians of the occult mysteries of Egypt and India, that they know what once was only known to augurs, flamens, and vestal virgins, and perhaps to the priests of Osiris; others keep some secret knowledge of the formation of the alphabet, or preserve the secret of nature preserved in the Rule of Three, and know why it was not the Rule of Four; while others, in midnight conclave, study the ratio of the cylinder to the inscribed sphere. It matters not. I have never yet met any one who knew these secrets, whatever they are, who thought there was any moral dynamite in them; never one who had shared them who did not acknowledge their wholesome influence in his college life. I mean, of course, the reputable societies; I am acquainted with no other.

The constitutions of many college fraternities are now open to the inspection of faculties; the most vigorous publish detailed accounts of their conventions and social gatherings; nearly all of the homesteads are on occasions opened for the reception of visitors; their rites, ceremonies, and even the appearance of their *sancta sanctorum*, are quite accurately apprehended by rival societies — in short, the old shibboleth of secrecy is a myth rather than a reality.

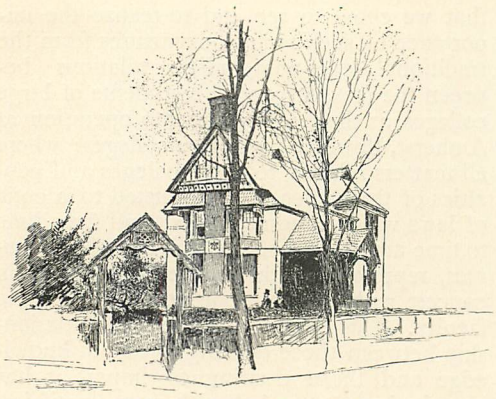
The shrewdest college presidents have long since discovered that to control undergraduate action with a firm though gentle hand they have only frankly to bespeak the aid and win the confidence and assistance of the fraternities represented at their institutions. It is thus that we come to see and to realize the importance of such unique departures from the traditional, ever-antagonistic relations between the faculties and the students of large colleges as those lately put into operation at Amherst, Bowdoin, and other colleges; where all matters relating to the privileges and penalties of the students are adjusted to a code of laws which is administered, and from time to time amended, by a council of undergraduates, representing the fraternities, acting in concert with one or more members of the faculty. This simple and amicable relationship between those desiring to obtain knowledge and those desiring to impart it has already been attended with very gratifying results.

Illustrated by such cases as that of Amherst and Bowdoin, and reënforced by the healthy tone of the fraternity press, which has not failed to wage war on what is reprehensible or deficient in our college life, and has labored to inculcate in their members the obligations which they owe to their college and to the members of rival societies as well as of their own, the words of General Stewart L. Woodford, in speaking of the early days of the societies, seem amply justified, and to promise even larger and still more excellent fruit in the near future:

> To no one cause more than to the fraternity movement has been due the altered conditions of college culture. . . . In matters of study and discipline each student is now largely guided by his personal predilections, by the advice of those whom he sees fit to consult, by the moral force of his chosen associates. These associations are now determined in many colleges by the Greek-letter societies or fraternities.



PHI NU THETA LODGE, WESLEYAN.



DELTA UPSILON LODGE, MADISON.

That they can use without abusing their privileges was very well expressed by President White, at the dedication of the new Psi Upsilon house at Cornell:

Both theory and experience show us that when a body of young men in a university like this are given a piece of property, a house, its surroundings, its reputation, which for the time being is their own, for which they are responsible, in which they take pride, they will treat it carefully, lovingly, because the honor of the society they love is bound up in it.

He added the following profound observations as the result of his long experience, both here and abroad:

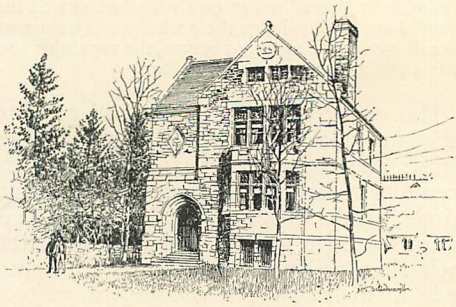
One of the most unpleasant things in college life hitherto has been the fact that the students have considered themselves as practically something more than boys, and therefore not under tutors and governors; but something less than men, and therefore not amenable to the ordinary laws of society. Neither the dormitory nor the students' boarding-house is calculated to better this condition of things, for neither has any influence in developing the sense of manly responsibility in a student. But houses such as I am happy to say this society and its sister societies are to erect on these grounds seem to solve the problem in a far better way. They give excellent accommodations at reasonable prices; they can be arranged in such a manner and governed by such rules as to promote seclusion for study during working-hours; they afford opportunities for the alumni and older students to exercise a good influence upon the younger; they give those provisions for the maintenance of health which can hardly be expected in student barracks, or in the ordinary student boarding-house, and in the long run can be made more economical. But what I prize most of all in a house like this is its educating value; for such a house tends to take those who live in it out of the category of boys and to place them in the category of men. To use an old English phrase, it gives them "a stake in the country."

President Seelye of Amherst College, in an address on June 28, 1887, states, referring to the Greek-letter fraternities:

The aim of these societies is, I say, improvement in literary culture and in manly character, and this aim is reasonably justified by the results. It is not accidental that the foremost men in college, as a rule, belong to some of these societies. That each society should seek for its membership the best scholars, the best writers and speakers, the best men of a class, shows well where its strength is thought to lie. A student entering one of these societies finds a healthy stimulus in the repute which his fraternity shall share from his successful work. The rivalry of individuals loses much of its narrowness, and almost all of its envy, when the prize which the individual seeks is valued chiefly for its benefit to the fellowship to which he belongs. Doubtless members of these societies often remain narrow-minded and laggard in the race, after all the influence of their society has been expended upon them, but the influence is a broadening and a quickening one notwithstanding. Under its power the self-conceit of a young man is more likely to give way to self-control than otherwise. . . .

To represent all the fraternities as standing on anything like the same high plane as to membership, progress in the past, and prospects for the future would be misleading. My thoughts have naturally turned to the standing, the equipment, the aspirations, or perhaps only the pretty dreams of those fraternities which deserve to be ranked as the leaders in the race — that some day all the colleges of the United States will be veritable and acknowledged student democracies; that the fraternity buildings, though smaller than the college halls, will equal the latter in durability and completeness of appointment; that all the large cities will have graduate clubs, where the college fraternity man can renew the old associations that he cherished when a student.

The leading fraternities are fond of affirming the difference in their standard qualifications for membership. Some venerate high scholarship; others pride themselves on the aristocracy of birth or wealth; still others recognize the claims of a heartier and more democratic spirit. This may be true; and yet in all of them there is enough good-fellowship to attract the cultured and enough culture to



PSI UPSILON LODGE, TRINITY.

improve the sociable. They illustrate a law of nature and a law of man, in the tendency of atoms with affinities to form into groups. Having outgrown weaknesses and prejudices, they may be expected to enjoy a career of prosperity.

John Addison Porter.

HARD TIMES IN THE CONFEDERACY.

ITH emotions of mingled pain and pleasure, akin to those that come at hearing once again a familiar air, the echo of whose last cadence vanished years ago, so the reminiscences of the many makeshifts and expedients for maintaining life and a degree of comfort recur to the minds of those who, in the Southern Confederacy, struggled through the period embraced within the years 1861 and 1865. The blood-stained battle-fields where the hosts of contending armies met in deadly conflict witnessed no finer examples of courage and self-abnegation than did the chimney-sides and roof-trees of those times, where the ragged rebels had left wives and mothers and children and slaves to keep the household gods together, to raise the stint of corn and wine and oil, and to tend the flocks whereby they all might be clothed and fed.

It savors more of the ludicrous, perhaps, than of the desperately serious to be told in these latter days of how great an amount of money it took then to buy even the scant supplies of food and clothes which served to ward off cold and subdue hunger. If the State militia-officer of the present who arrays his fine figure in the prescribed uniform of his command, at the moderate cost of some fifty or sixty dollars, had worn the Confederate "army worms" on his sleeve some twenty odd years back, he then could not have disported himself in such an outfit of trousers, coat, and vest for a less sum than twelve or fifteen hundred dollars of the currency at that time in vogue south of Mason and Dixon's line. Or had he been then as now, perchance, a *beau sabreur*, as some of that day were, with a love for the pomp and circumstance of war, though possessing withal the fine spirit of the *gants glacés* of De Preslin at Rethel, in the war of the Fronde, he doubtless would have affected the popular fashion of a soft slouch hat with a black plume waving from it and the brim upheld by a glittering star; and this gay headgear would have cost him a cool two hundred dollars of Confederate currency. But they were few in number who could wear fine uniforms even in the earlier days of the conflict; and in the latter years the prices of all commodities rose in a steady scale — save only that of one, which remained for the most part steadfast and immovable from first to last, and that one was military service.

The privilege of fighting, bleeding, and even dying for one's unhappy country was in those days an inestimable boon which outweighed every sordid consideration of Confederate promises to pay — at least in the opinion of the higher authorities; and when a pound of tea from Nassau brought five hundred dollars, and a pair of cavalry boots six hundred dollars in that ridiculous medium of exchange, the pay of the private soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia was about eight dollars a month! Though there be something ludicrous in it all, the humor of it touches so nearly the outer edge of the heroic as to seem strangely like pathos.

Even where the money was to be had, the materials for handsome uniforms were not; and it is said that the insignia of rank on the sleeves and collar of a distinguished Confederate general were made by his wife from pieces of yellow flannel which before the war had been one of his children's petticoats.

Style and material were, after all, mere matters of individual gratification; for the army cared little what manner of raiment officers or comrades wore, save to make "b'iled" shirts, and a superfluity of finery wherever visible, subjects of infinite jest. The soldiers were as ready to cheer the dingy little forage cap of the puritan Stonewall Jackson when he trotted down the lines as to salute with applause the plumed chapeau of the dashing cavalier Stuart.

The traditional rebel soldier in the persimmon tree, who told his captain that he was eating the green persimmons in order to fit his mouth to the size of his rations, epitomized in his epigrammatic speech the history of the economic conditions of the Southern States, both in the field and at home, during the war of the Rebellion. After the seaports of the South had once become thoroughly blockaded, it was a continuous, and in the end unavailing, struggle on the part of the people of the Confederacy to accommodate the status of supply to that of demand.

After the war ended, a monthly magazine dedicated to perpetuating the records of the war from a Southern standpoint, and soon perishing in the vain endeavor, published a rude wood-cut, which, with its concomitant inscription, expressed with great pith and point

the extremities to which soldiers and homefolk alike were reduced in the latter days of the contest. It represented two lank, lean, lantern-jawed Confederates in a blackberry patch. One of them, on his knees, the more readily to reach the palatable fruit, is looking upward at his comrade with a grim smile, and saying:

"They can't starve us, nohow, as long as blackberries last."

The vein of his self-gratulation and assurance is readily acquiesced in and reënforced by the other, who responds in a spirit of apt commendation, and with an even larger and more catholic faith:

"Naw, sir! And not as long as thar 's huckleberries, nuther. And when they 're gone, come 'simmons!"

To the uninitiated stranger who saw and read, the rude cut and its underwritten legend, if considered at all, doubtless were held coarse and witless; but to him who knew the bitter meaning thereof, through his own harsh experience, they spoke with the emphasis of a stern and powerful significance.

We read with a shudder of the dire straits to which the denizens of beleaguered cities are often subjected, when unclean animals and unwholesome refuse become the sole means of subsistence, and rejoice to think that such vicissitudes are few and far between. But it is no exaggeration to say, that, while only in exceptional instances were the Southern people reduced to such a pass, yet, from the day when the Federal fleet blockaded the harbors and forts of the Confederacy, their wants often left them not very many degrees removed from the condition of besieged people in the latter stages of beleaguerment.

While the ratio of cold and hunger experienced was in an inverse order to that of comparative physical comfort the country was full of suffering, and thousands of people who had been reared and had lived in the extremes of ease and affluence were for months and years without what are believed, from the standpoint of the present, to be the commonest necessaries of daily life.

The blockade-runners made at intervals perilous trips from Wilmington and Charleston to Nassau and back, carrying out cargoes of cotton and bringing in supplies. But these scanty imports were only a drop in the great empty bucket of want; and the South was forced to rely upon its own products, its own industry, and its own ingenuity to meet the demands of physical and social existence. The sudden realization of this duty of the hour was a greater shock to the inert and indolent South of that time than even that of arms; yet the deductive philosopher, speculating upon the origin and progress of the great material growth and prosperity attained within the last two decades by the States once in rebellion, may well be led to attribute to this growth and prosperity the initial leaven of a highly wrought self-reliance and courage born of the sacrifices and struggles of that period. The women of the Confederacy learned the moral of the chapter even between the hard lines of its beginning; and it is by the men born of these mothers that the new South has been enabled to rise from the ashes of the old.

Forcing its producing capacity to the utmost limit that the crippled condition of labor would allow, and straining its ingenuity until that ingenuity threatened to give way, food and clothing at last failed the people of the South. The want of these things was the indomitable engineer who cleared the way for Sherman's march to the sea, the unanswerable herald who summoned Lee to Grant's presence at Appomattox Court House. It is no reflection upon the great generals of the Union to say, as the historian must, that the Federal navy, bringing the blockade, brought the hard times to the Confederacy, and that the hard times hastened its fall.

With the markets of Europe left open to its cotton, and with powerful friends at the courts of England and of France, whose friendship perhaps would have assumed a more substantial form but for the environing Federal fleet, who can prophesy what might not have been the fate of the young Government? But with its most important staple thrown almost valueless upon its hands, the moral no less than the physical effect of the blockade upon its fortunes was tremendous. The land that had laughed aloud with plenty under the bounteous and beneficent rule of King Cotton saw the scepter of that sway depart from it, and was sad. The free-trade, carried on without let or hindrance, wherever any trade was possible among the seceded States, which lay for the most part in a common latitude, and the variety of whose products was very slight, constituted a profoundly insignificant item when weighed in the balance against the no-trade of a vast outside world, producing all things that the wants of man might require. Of manufactures the South of that time knew absolutely nothing. She had no fisheries — or, having them, the blockade would have ended them. The mineral wealth that lay beneath the surface in many of her States was enveloped in a density of ignorance that was only accentuated by the scattered charcoal iron-furnaces set at wide intervals here and there in the Virginia or Georgia or east Tennessee hills, like faintly glimmering stars on the border of the great dark.

And yet during the hard times rude manufactures of various kinds were initiated, and the charcoal furnaces were multiplied. The cotton which could not be sold to Europe was made into cloth at home, and from the iron that ran molten from the scattered furnaces were wrought the death-dealing cannon of an historic army.

The currency of the new Government was from the beginning weighted down with a collateral condition which, though it had small effect on patriotism, caused no slight anxiety in the breast of far-seeing and circumspect men. This weighty condition was the promise to pay the stipulated amount of each note to the bearer of the imprinted piece of paper only at the expiration of a specified period of time "after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States of America." In the final issue the anxiety and doubt of caution were fully justified, for no treaty of peace was ever concluded between the Governments named in the elusive bond. Neither blood nor flesh might redeem the ill-starred paper from the Shylock of defeat.

This element of uncertainty made the value of the currency as shifting and mutable as the fortunes of the armies of its Government; but a cause of depreciation much more potent and far reaching was the diminution and final cessation of the cotton traffic by reason of the blockade.

The continental currency of the Revolution, floated on the tentative credit of a feeble and undeveloped country, did not lose its value any more rapidly than did this money of a confederation of some of the wealthiest and most prosperous States on the North American continent.

The dollar and ten cents of Confederate money which in September, 1861, would buy as much as a gold dollar of the United States, was worth in September, 1864, only about one-twenty-seventh of a gold dollar, and would buy scarcely anything, because it had no circulation anywhere except in the Confederacy, and at that time there was hardly anything in the Confederacy for sale.* The very color in which the calamitous currency was printed seemed ominous; and with its systematic and rapid decline the fortunes of the embryo Government which it represented took on a cerulean and unpropitious hue. Finally it became so valueless for all purposes of trade that many, looking for an early and untoward ending of the struggle, refused to accept it at all. It was in vain that in many sections indignation meetings were held by the more patriotic in which those who declined it were denounced; for numbers of tradesmen and professional men alike advertised in the current newspapers that they would none of it, and that their dealings would be "by way of barter and exchange alone."

At an earlier period the theory had seemed to prevail that it was impossible for too much money to be afloat; and though the Government presses groaned beneath their steady output of Confederate treasury-notes, and the Register and the Treasurer of the Confederate States were reduced to the extremity of hiring men to sign the almost innumerable bills for them, State treasury-notes were circulated in profusion, while "wild-cat" bank-notes of all sorts, shapes, and sizes vied with the "shin-plaster" utterances of municipalities, private corporations, firms, and individuals in supplying the popular demand.

Counterfeiting must have been an easy task; but if counterfeits were circulated, they were received without question when every man who could hire a printing-press and write his name had the power to make as much money as he would.

This overflowing deluge of fiat money alarmed and dissipated the old-fashioned gold and silver coins of our progenitors, which fled incontinently, as they will do under such circumstances, to the coffers of the cautious and the stockings of the saving. Supplies of food and clothing, with a sturdy contempt

* The following is a table of values of Confederate money adopted by the courts of Virginia after the war for convenience in settlements of transactions in that currency:

	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865
January	.....	$1.25	$3.00	$20.00 to 20.50	$45.00 to 60.00
February	.....	1.25	4.05	22.50 to 25.00	45.00 to 65.00
March	.....	1.30	5.00	23.00 to 24.50	60.00 to 70.00
April	.....	1.40	5.50	22.00 to 23.00	60.00
May	$1.10	1.50	5.50	18.00 to 21.00	.....
June	1.10	1.50	7.00 to 8.00	17.00 to 19.00	.....
July	1.10	1.50	9.00	20.00 to 23.00	.....
August	1.10	1.50	12.00 to 13.00	22.50 to 25.00	.....
September	1.10	2.50	12.00 to 13.00	22.50 to 27.50	.....
October	1.15	2.50	14.00	26.00 to 27.00	.....
November	1.15	3.00	15.00 to 17.00	27.50 to 33.50	.....
December	1.20	3.00	18.00 to 20.00	34 00 to 49.00	.....

for such an absurd financial theory, stoutly declined to lend it any countenance, and became monthly less purchasable than before.

Such a staple and necessary article of food as salt advanced within two months during the first year of the war from ten to eighteen dollars per sack, and from this time on continued to show a steady increase in price to the end, in spite of the fact that the salt springs and "licks" of Virginia, east Tennessee, and the Indian Territory were furnishing constantly large quantities of it.

Every article of food increased in price in a similar ratio; and the market reports of produce and supplies in contemporaneous Confederate journals present a strange contrast from month to month and year to year. Perhaps the most striking instance of the advance in prices of food supplies occurs in the case of flour, which in March, 1863, sold for $25 per barrel; in January, 1864, for $95 per barrel; and in January, 1865, for $1000 per barrel. The spectral army in the Confederate rear, led by General Hard Times, was closing up its ranks, touching elbows, and moving at a double-quick in those days of January, 1865. There was death at the cannon's mouth in front of the hungry, footsore, shivering rebel, and starvation in the rear.

Even so early as February, 1863, the money value of a day's rations for 100 soldiers, which had in the first year of the war been about $9, was at market prices $123. In the corresponding month of the following year a day's rations had no estimated market value. From the soldier who possessed them money could not buy them, and he who was without them was unable to procure them at any price.

Side by side with the reports of battles and the records of peace commissions, congresses, and legislatures, the blurred columns of the Confederate press were wont to teem with domestic recipes for cheap dishes, directions for raising and utilizing various vegetable products, instructions for making much of little in matters pertaining to every phase of household life. Hard by a list of dead and wounded would stand a recipe for tanning dog-skins for gloves; while the paragraphs just succeeding the closing column of the description of a naval engagement off Hampton Roads were directions for the use of boneset as a substitute for quinine.

The journals of that day were printed usually upon the poorest paper, made of straw and cotton rags, and so brittle that the slightest touch mutilated it. The ink, like the paper, was of the cheapest and commonest, and left its impression, not only on the face of the sheet, but on the hands no less than on the mind of the reader. Few fonts of new type found their way into the Confederacy during the war, and at the end of four years the facilities for printing had come to a low ebb. It was no uncommon thing for publishers to issue half-sheets in lieu of a complete paper, with scarcely an apology to subscribers for the curtailment of their literary and news rations. It was generally understood that this happened only through stern necessity, and not from any disposition on the part of the newspaper men to give less than an equivalent for the subscription price. Sometimes the journal which on yesterday appeared in all the glory of a six-column page was to-day cut down to a four-column half-sheet; or publication was suspended with the announcement that the stock of materials had been exhausted, and that as soon as the office could be replenished publication would be resumed. Eagerly as the rough sheets were looked for and closely as they were read, a diminution of matter in them, or a failure to appear, caused only passing comment or dissatisfaction. Men's minds were so filled with the thousand things that each day brought forth about them, there were so many rumors in the air, and news flew so rapidly even without newspaper aid, as to cause them not too greatly to miss that which to-day has come to be one of the veriest necessities of American life — a daily journal full of all the doings of all the world.

Sometimes even the coarse straw-paper failed the publishing fraternity when an edition was absolutely imperative; yet in such emergency the inventive talent never deserted them. It was considered a wonderful journalistic feat on the part of its publishers for the Vicksburg "Citizen," during the siege of that city, to make its appearance, when all other resources had failed, upon wall-paper.

Publishers of books and sheet music occupied a scarcely less helpless condition than the newspaper people. Their sole grounds of superiority consisted in the fact that the demands upon them were not so urgent. The girl who sang to her soldier lover the popular songs of that time, "Lorena," "When this Cruel War is Over," "The Standard-bearer," or "Harp of the South,"— which were all duly advertised "at the retail price of one dollar per sheet; the trade supplied, however, at half off, with an additional discount where one hundred of one piece are ordered,"— did not experience that immediate and insistent need of the song and its music which men and women alike felt for the newspaper that would tell them where the last battle had been fought, which army had been victorious, who had been promoted, and who had fallen. The

fateful column might contain evil or good report of some dear one, and its coming was full of interest and apprehension. Yet the sheet music, printed, like the newspapers, in the roughest style, upon the commonest paper, with now and then a caricatured lithographic likeness of some Confederate general on the title-page, continued to be sold and sung, even though its price ran from one to two dollars per sheet.

War songs and war music were the order of the day; and the soldiers in the camps and the small boys in ragged jackets shouted, with an equal zest,

"The despot's heel is on thy shore!"

or

"Farewell forever to the Star-spangled Banner!"

from diminutive paper-covered books of martial ballads. The little song-books cost anywhere from two and a half to five Confederate dollars; and their contents, with a few notable exceptions, were as mediocre as the paper on which they were printed. The sentiment was there, nevertheless; and this was cared for by the singers more than the music or the lyrical or literary excellence of the songs.

The missionary and religious publishing houses never ceased their praiseworthy labor of printing tracts and pamphlets for distribution among the soldiers; but publications of a more ambitious or secular standard were very few. Now and then some adventurous firm in Richmond or Charleston or New Orleans would issue a badly printed edition of a new novel, reproduced from a copy smuggled in "through the lines" or brought by the blockade-runners from Nassau. Still, even "John Halifax, Gentleman," and "Les Misérables," which first appeared in the South in this way and this dress, lost much of their attractiveness in their Confederate garb of inferior ink, bad type, and worse paper.

Reminiscence of books and papers of the period recalls the dire and unfilled want of every species of stationery in each household, and the rough devices which were resorted to for supplying such deficiencies. It was a time when any individual who wished to use an envelope might be compelled first to make it, after the theory of "first catch your hare," etc. The manner of their making was to cut them out of paper by a tin or pasteboard pattern, and fasten the flaps either with glue manufactured from the gum of the cherry-tree, or with ordinary flour-paste. Old desks and secretaries were ransacked, and frequently not unsuccessfully, for the red wafers or the sealing wax of an earlier date. Even the most stylish and fashionable note paper for correspondence had an extremely unstylish texture, to say nothing of its hue, that ill comported with the red wax stamped with a crested coat of arms. The juice of poke-berries, compounded with vinegar, or the distillation of a vegetable product known as "ink balls," usurped the place of ink, and faded from its original purple or crimson color with great rapidity to one of ugly rust. Steel pens were scarcely to be had for love or Confederate money; and the forgotten accomplishment of trimming a gray goose-quill to a good nib came to be once more an accomplishment with an ascertained value. The mucilage on the backs of the ill-engraved blue ten-cent stamps, adorned with the head of Jefferson Davis, often failed of its purpose; and the fingers, which were not infrequently tired enough after cutting out and making the envelope, trimming the pen, and writing the letter, must need still go through the labor of separating the stamps from each other with a pair of scissors or a penknife, and applying flour-paste to the back of the recalcitrant stamp, to insure the safe carriage of the missive of affection to the far-away soldier whose eyes might never read it.

The boys of that day, bereft of pencils, made them for themselves by melting bullets and pouring the molten lead into the cavity of small reeds from the cane brakes. Trimmed to a point, the home-made pencil, though its mark was faint, sufficed to serve the purposes of the young scribes and mathematicians.

It seems almost a figment of the fancy to recall in detail the array of makeshifts and devices which the hunger and thirst of the hard times compelled. We read with curious interest the item of news in the Virginia newspapers of January, 1865, that

> Thompson Taylor, Esq., who had charge of the cooking of the New Year's dinner for the soldiers of General Lee's army, sold the surplus grease from the meats cooked to one of the railroad companies for seven dollars per pound.

If we might shut out the memories of the depreciation in value of Confederate money, and of the hardships and want prevalent in the Southern Confederacy at the time, we should doubtless wonder what strange army was this the remnants of whose magnificent viands could fetch so marvelous a sum; and haply recollections of the luxury and effeminacy of that innumerable array which the great king led into ancient Hellas would flit across our bewildered minds. Yet how different the reality; and how sharply the little item accentuates the story of privation and suffering! Provisions, which were plentiful enough in the days when the Yankees were to be "whipped

with corn-stalks," grew constantly scarcer and higher priced. The necessaries of the life of to-day were the luxuries of that storm-and-stress time. With "seed-tick" coffee and ordinary brown sugar costing fabulous sums and almost impossible to be obtained, it is small matter of wonder that the unsatisfied appetite of the rebel sharpshooter at his post far to the front often impelled him, though at the risk of detection and death, to call a parley with the Yankee across the line, his nearest neighbor, and persuade him to a barter of the unwonted delicacies for a twist of Virginia home-spun tobacco. Perhaps it never affected the mind of either with a sense of incongruity in their friendly dealings to reflect that the duty and the purpose of each was to shoot the other at the earliest opportunity after the cessation of the temporary truce and the return of each to his post.

Lovers of the fragrant after-dinner Mocha were forced to put up with a decoction of sweet potatoes that first had been cut into minute bits and dried on a scaffold in the sun as country housewives dry fruit, and then roasted and ground in a worn-out coffee-mill, or brayed in a mortar with a pestle. In yet more northern latitudes parched rye furnished even a poorer substitute for the Eastern berry; while coupled with the use of this last makeshift was the vulgar superstition that it produced blindness.

The old women and Dr. Johnsons of the Confederacy who could not exist without their fixed number of cups of tea a day drowned their happy memories of hyson in a solution of raspberry leaves, or the more medicinal preparation of the root of the sassafras bush. It was a gruesome time, and there were those who survived bullet and blade to surrender at last to indigestion and acute dyspepsia.

The number and character of intoxicating drinks were many and varied. Corn and rye whisky abounded; while in some latitudes pine tags and even potato peelings went into the impromptu still to come out pure "mountain dew." No internal revenue system aroused the ire of the untrammeled distillers, and alcoholic liquors were cheaper in proportion than most other commodities; yet the amount of drunkenness was not what might have been expected. A favorite small beer in those sections where the persimmon-trees flourished best was made of the fruit of that tree, and was called in the vernacular of at least one part of the Confederacy "'possum toddy."

Housekeepers and cooks racked memory and imagination to make dishes that combined the absolutely essential conditions of being at once cheap and nutritious. Housekeeping, even in old Virginia, famous for its cookery, hung a dejected head; and the whole South was less in want of the army of cooks, which Horace Greeley said it so much needed when he visited it after the war's end, than of something for the army to cook. A rare and famous dish of those days was "Confederate duck" — a dish which would have done no discredit to the piping period of peace, and which grew rarer and more famous as the hard times came nearer home to the Confederacy. This peculiarly named fowl was no fowl at all, but a tender and juicy beefsteak rolled and pinioned around a stuffing of stale bread crumbs, buttered and duly seasoned, and roasted before a roaring fire with spit and drip-pan.

At home and abroad sorghum came to take the place of the vanished sugar. The children at home ate it in their ginger cakes, and the soldiers in camp drank it in their rye-coffee. The molasses and sugar of Louisiana were procurable in degree till the fall of Vicksburg; but the spirit of independence was rife, and each State desired and determined to rely as much as possible on its own products. The theory of State sovereignty was extended even to sorghum; and its introduction was hailed everywhere as one of the greatest boons of a beneficent Providence. The juice of the cane, extracted in a primitive fashion by crushing the stalks between wooden rollers revolving upon wooden cogs and impelled by horse-and-little-darky power, was caught in an ordinary trough, boiled down into proper consistency in preserving kettles, kitchen pots, or whatever might be utilized for the purpose, and barreled for use as sorghum molasses. The syrup thus produced was quite a palatable one, with a slightly acidulous and not disagreeable flavor, but with an unpleasant tendency to make the mouth sore. It was known as "long-sweetening," in contradistinction to its predecessor, "short-sweetening," the sugar that was scarce.

From its use in the place of sugar sorghum soon leaped into high repute as an almost universal food staple. It was warranted to cure any case of hunger in man or beast. Writers in the suggestive daily press undertook in elaborate and exhaustive essays to show that sorghum syrup was nearly as nutritious as meat and an exceedingly good substitute for it, while the seed of the sorghum cane was capable of being ground into a meal that made a most excellent and wholesome brown bread. They claimed that the problem of blockaded existence had been solved in the discovery of a plant which produced in itself meat and bread for the human family and provender for cattle. Yet the average denizen of the Confederacy, whether at home or in the army, while rendering due credit to the inge-

nuity and skill with which the cause of the "food staple" was advocated by its champions, appealed to the higher arbitrament of his own digestion; and though willing to accord sorghum its real merit as serviceable and useful in the place of something better, he was always ready to exchange it for the more certain and familiar nutriment of bacon and "corn pone." To see it fulfill the functions of sugar in the latest recipe for Confederate coffee and tea was well enough; but quietly to submit to its usurpation of the high places of pork and corn was more than the appetite of hungry rebeldom would endure.

There was a secondary use to which sorghum was put, in which it met with decided favor from a select few. This was its use in the manufacture of blacking. The manuscript recipe books of that day say that "wonderful shoe blacking, as good as Mason's best," can be made of sorghum molasses, pinewood soot, neat's-foot oil, and vinegar.

Yet, on the theory of the survival of the fittest, the average Confederate must have been right and the theoretic writers in the newspapers wrong about the value of sorghum; for bacon and corn bread have long since regained their wonted ascendency in the South, and sorghum has vanished entirely from the fields where it once flourished, save, perhaps, where here and there some man and brother cultivates it yet in his little "truck patch," making "long-sweetening" for the consumption of his family in as primitive a method as that in which he helped his quondam owner to make it "endurin' o' the wah."

In the hardest times of the war period, when provisions were the scarcest, the latch to the larder of every Southern housekeeper hung out to each Southern soldier, no matter how ragged or humble. For him the best viands about the place were always prepared; and his was the high prerogative of receiving the last cup of real coffee, sweetened with the solitary remnant of sugar. With compassionate pity the women recognized the hardships in the army life of the Confederate soldier, and were always ungrudgingly ready to mitigate its severities in every possible manner.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy" was a maxim of necessity in the hard times; for there was no raiment the subject of barter or sale which was inexpensive. Sporadic instances taken at random prove the general rule. In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse home-spun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book.

In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets "brought through the lines"; for in spite of patient self-sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedsides of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp-eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit.

But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either.

The superstition expressed in the couplet,

> See a pin, and pick it up,
> All the day you 'll have good luck,

gained its converts by the score; more, however, as can be readily imagined, for the sake of the pin itself, which it was a stroke of happy fortune to find and seize, than of any other good luck that was to accompany the finding. The broken needle of Confederate times did not go into the fire or out of the window, but was carefully laid aside until the red sealing wax of the ransacked desks and secretaries lent it a head wherewith to appear as a handsome and useful pin. To obtain the bare materials out of which to fashion garments for the family and for the servants soon became a serious question. The house-carpenter and the blacksmith were called into service to this end, and cotton once more became king, though of a greatly diminished sovereignty. Carding-combs of a rough pattern were constructed for the purpose of converting the raw cotton into batting, and thence into rolls of uniform length and size for spinning. The hum of the spindle and the clank of the loom-treadle were the

martial music with which the women at home met the fierce attacks of the legions of cold and nakedness.

Spinning-wheels, reels, bobbins, looms, and all the appurtenances for the weaving of cloth were made and used at home; and the toilers in the cotton-fields and the spinners in the loom-shed worked on contentedly, with a seemingly sublime indifference to the mighty struggle that was convulsing a continent for their sakes.

Of this dusky people it may here be said that, no matter what philanthropists, politicians, or philosophers have said of them in the past or shall prophesy of them in the future, they were true to every trust reposed in them; and with a most tremendous power for direst evil in their possession, the negroes of the South in the days of the civil war did naught but good. If the "colored troops" of the Union army "fought nobly," the slaves of the Southern plantation so bore themselves in those stirring times as to merit no smaller meed of praise.

Cotton and woolen fabrics of firm and substantial texture were woven, cut, and fashioned into garments for whites and blacks. Plentiful crops of flax reënforced the array of wool and cotton; and many a little flax-wheel which in the days of peace has since moved North to adorn in its newly gilded and beribboned state the boudoir of some æsthetic girl might tell pathetic tales of its former place of residence if the tongue of its tiny spindle had but speech.

The dyes of the forest wood-barks, of the sumac, of the Carolina indigo, and of the copperas from the numerous copperas wells were utilized to color the cloth thus woven. We read in the current newspapers that "a handsome brown dye" is made by a combination of red oak-bark and blue stone in boiling water; and that "a brilliant yellow" may be obtained by pouring boiling water upon other component parts of "sassafras, swamp bay, and butterfly root." The same authorities tell us that "vivid purples, reds, and greens" were produced from a composition of coal-oil and sorghum, tinted with the appropriate tree-bark; though of coal-oil for other purposes there was all too little. If a great similarity of quality and texture existed in the homespun cloth, the enumeration of the foregoing means of dyeing clearly demonstrates that there was at least opportunity for as great diversity of color as distinguished the famous coat of Joseph; though the reader of to-day is apt to look with some suspicion on the conspicuous forwardness of the adjectives "vivid," "brilliant," and "splendid," which always accompanied these talismanic recipes.

Strong thread for sewing was evolved from the little flax-wheels. For any unusually handsome work, if by any odd chance such work should happen to be demanded, sewing silk was procured in an emergency by raveling the fringes of old silk shawls or picking to pieces silk scraps which had survived time's touch, and carding, combing, and twisting them into fine threads. These little silken "hanks" were sometimes so prettily colored by means of the dyes that have been described, as to become in the eyes of the womankind of that generation almost as beautiful as the many shaded, dainty *filoselles* of the present are to the women of to-day.

In the old Greek philosophy the limitations of desire were the boundaries of happiness. Stern necessity inculcated in the minds of the people of the South the folly of desiring much, and they learned the lesson fully; but its knowledge disproved in their case the truth of the old pagan doctrine. There were so many cares and anxieties and apprehensions treading close upon each other's pinched and starving steps that happiness could not always sit, a tranquil guest, at the poverty-smitten fireside.

For hats and caps many were the quaint devices contrived. Men's silk hats were seldom seen, save in some battered and forsaken shape and style that bespoke the halcyon days "before the war." When in occasional instances they appeared trim and new with the nap lying smoothly one way, they were generally recognized to have come from Nassau with a blockade-runner, and known to have cost much money. Their wearers, however, were not objects of envy to those who saw them run the gauntlet of the soldiers' gibes, who with rough wit and often rougher words scoffed at the wearers at Rome of apparel that self-respecting Romans had long since ceased to wear. Even the conventional slouch hat of the South, which had divided the affections of its *jeunesse dorée* with the voluminously skirted broadcloth coat before Fort Sumter fell, and whose popularity was easily renewed after Appomattox, and still holds perennial sway, passed away in large measure with the later months of the Confederacy.

With the growth of "substitutes" in the matter of things inanimate to eat or to wear, "substitutes" decreased in the acceptation of the term as descriptive of those who for pecuniary consideration were willing to take others' places in the ranks. The military draft, which enrolled old men and boys, took also many of the hatters of military age who had been left scattered through the Southern States, and then winter headgear got down to the bed-rock of coon and rabbit skins.

For making summer hats the Carolina palmetto leaf was in the greatest repute. Next in availability came wheat or rye straws, carefully selected with a view to size and quality, and bleached in the sun. The palmetto strips or the straws were first steeped in water to render them more pliable, and then plaited together by hand and sewed into proper shape. What constituted proper shape was usually a question to be solved only by the maker, and varied from the eminently picturesque to the decidedly grotesque or uncouth. If the hat of palmetto or straw was intended to adorn some feminine head, perchance a faded ribbon, redyed, or a gray partridge wing, lent it additional grace and beauty. In winter, home-woven hats, or knitted caps of the Tam o' Shanter type, were frequently seen. In spite of fashion's adverse though half-hearted decrees, young faces of those days seemed as sweet and winning under wide-brimmed "sundowns" or old-time "pokes" as ever did those that have laughed beneath a "love of a bonnet" of a more *de rigueur* mode.

With the adjuncts of the female toilet the blockade made sad havoc. Silken stockings became undreamed-of luxuries; and their accompanying articles of apparel, which when first donned by a bride must always be composed of

> Something old and something new,
> Something borrowed and something blue,

fell far short of easy silk elastic, being made of knit yarn or cotton. Stockings of wool or cotton were the best that the most luxurious might aspire to. Shoe-strings were made in quantities by the children on little bobbins, or by plaiting or twisting threads together. Ladies' button boots were things almost unknown. Shoes were sometimes made of the pliant leather found in the flaps of disused cartridge-boxes and of the discarded belts of the soldiers. Oftener they were fashioned of cloth cut on the pattern of old shoes and sewed to leathern soles. Crinoline and corsets were constructed of hickory splints in lieu of whalebone and steel springs; and the prepared bark of certain kinds of trees or certain plants furnished the ladies with a supply of braids and switches. Then as now, however, the style of arranging the tresses of the female head frequently changed under the dictates of a fashion feebly endeavoring to assert itself wherever possible; and at one time even a small amount of natural hair easily served the purpose of covering the crescent shaped pillows on which it was put up, the startling names of which were "rats" and "mice."

Buttons, pins, buckles, hooks and eyes disappeared by degrees from the face of the Southern Confederacy. Some wooden buttons were turned upon lathes from maple and similar wood, and there were horn buttons here and there; but both species were for the most part clumsy and ill-shapen. The whites of the Confederacy were content with them, while the slaves skewered their "galluses" to their trousers with wooden pins or the thorns of the locust.

Combs were made of horn or wood; and bristle tooth-brushes were replaced with twigs of the dog-wood, the black-gum, the sweet-gum, and the althea. The latter was especially valued as serving the double purpose of brush and dentifrice at once.

Turkey-wing fans and fans of peacock feathers supplanted those of a more or less artistic and elaborate design and finish; and many other articles of use or ornament, dear to the feminine heart and not easily attainable, were ingeniously simulated.

In February, 1864, it was officially announced that two hundred soldiers of the Stonewall Brigade were entirely without shoes. The statement indicates the great stress of poverty in respect to leather. The slave population in the farther South went barefoot in the summer and wore "wooden bottoms" in the winter. Men of the easiest circumstances, as easy circumstances then went, were forced to be content with shoes of the coarsest. To shoe the Army of Northern Virginia had made a dearth of leather in the South, and every method of economy was practiced to avoid further trouble on this score. The "wooden bottoms" of the slaves resembled in some respects the wooden shoes of the French peasantry. The upper-leather was that of the ordinary shoe, and was fastened by means of small wrought-iron nails to a sole and heel cut carefully to fit the bottom of the foot from a solid block of cypress wood. Their novelty, when first introduced among the negroes, made captive the fancy of the children of both races; and juvenile wooden bottoms were the rage for a long time.

As the years went by and the war went on, household furniture perished in the using and had to be replaced. Worn-out carpets saw themselves renewed in pretty colors and patterns, as bright and serviceable though not so handsome as Wilton. They came from the busy loom rooms with restored capacity to keep out the cold and deaden the clatter of the little wooden bottom shoes. Cozy rugs were made of the most unexpected materials, such as old shawls, flannel petticoats, stockings the heels and toes of which had forsaken them, and the like. Curtains of quaint stripes and figures, woven of stuffs from similar sources,

shut out the winds of winter, and gave comfort and beauty to the rooms. Broken chairs and decrepit sofas were replaced with others constructed of homespun cloth and cotton stuffing upon frames of wood roughly put together, or fashioned entirely of broom straw from the old fields, bound together in ornamental shapes with hickory withes. Sometimes interlaced grapevines made a pretty and not uncomfortable chair or sofa; and the common wooden frames, bottomed with twisted shucks or oak splints, abounded everywhere.

Many persons had their glass and china ware destroyed during the war; and it was almost impossible to replace it, even at ruinous prices. Such articles were always eagerly sought for at auction sales, and he who came determined to purchase must needs have a plethoric purse. Porcelain and earthenware of a coarse kind were manufactured from kaolin found in the Valley of Virginia and at other points in the South.

In their many exigencies and narrow straits the people of the Confederacy were nowhere put to a more crucial test than in the matter of lights. In the cities, gas, the fumes of which were as offensive to the olfactories as its radiating power to the eye, afforded a wretched pretense of illumination. In the country, where even the miserable gas was not to be had, the makeshifts to supply light were many. There was but little coal-oil in the South, and as little sperm-oil; and the tallow of the country went in large measure to the armies for military purposes.

A favorite lamp, and one easily fitted up, was a saucer of lard with a dry sycamore ball floating in the midst of it. A blaze applied to the sycamore ball readily ignited it; and it burned with a feeble, sickly glare until its sea of lard disappeared and left it no longer a fiery island. In the recipes printed in the current newspapers setting forth the proper manner of preparing the sycamore balls for use as candles, special insistence is made that they are to be "gathered from the tree and dried in the sun." If allowed to become overripe and fall to the ground before use, their fibrous covering would lose its hold upon the core, and drop away into the lard.

In the slave-quarters, "fat" pine knots blazed upon the hearth through winter and summer nights alike; while the night scenes of the negroes' merry-makings in the open air were illuminated by means either of the same material, or of crude tar piled upon the bowls of broken plantation shovels, set high in the midst on tripods made of three-limbed saplings. The juba-dance and the corn-shucking were equally invested with elements of the unreal and the grotesque, where the flickering and shifting lights of the unconventional lanterns touched the dusky faces and forms and the smoke of their strange altars rose over them.

Another light in great vogue was the "Confederate," or "endless," candle. It was constructed by dipping a wick in melted wax and resin and wrapping it around a stick, one end of the wick being passed through a wire loop fastened to the end of the stick. The wick burned freely when lighted, but the illumination was very feeble; and unless the candle was watched, and the wick drawn through the loop and trimmed every few minutes, the whole affair was soon aflame. A great advantage of the Confederate candle was the length of time which it would last, its duration, when properly attended, being commensurate with the length of its wick and stick.

By the light of the sycamore ball or of the endless candle thousands throughout the South pored over the news columns of the papers at night to learn how went the battle, or scanned the lists of the wounded and the dead with eyes that ached with their hearts.

At no season of the year did the hard times draw so bitterly near the hearts of the adults as when the little homespun stockings hung about the chimney-place at Christmas, to await the coming of Santa Claus "through the lines." If he did not always bring bounteous profusion of gifts, the innocent fiction of his having been robbed by the armies on his way from the country of sleds and reindeers found many ready little believers, who, taking it for truth, yet did not really know how much of truth there was in it. To the younger children, who had no personal knowledge of the existence of many of the things that made the Christmas times so attractive to their elder brothers and sisters, the season was not so forlorn and pathetic as it often seemed to those who would have done so much for them and yet could do so little. Nor did they comprehend, if perchance they ever saw, the tears that oftentimes crept into unwilling eyes at the severe leanness of the little Christmas stocking, and the poverty that constituted its chief ingredient. Peanuts, known in the vernacular as "goobers," both raw and parched, pop-corn in balls and pop-corn in the ear, Florida oranges, apples, molasses cakes and molasses candy made up the list of confectionery dainties for the young people at that season. There were few of the many thousands of children living in the South when the war ended who had ever seen, even in a store window, a lump of white sugar or a striped stick of peppermint candy. The sorghum cakes of the hard times took the shapes of soldiers with im-

possible legs and arms, waving equally impossible banners; there were also guns, swords, pistols, horses with wonderful riders, and a multitude of curious animals not to be found described in any natural history then or now extant. So the molasses candy of the period was fashioned into baskets, hats, dolls, and manifold kinds of figures. Jumping-jacks, or "supple sawneys," were made of pasteboard, and worked their arms and legs through the medium of a cotton string. Rag doll-babies with eyes, noses, and mouths of ink were in great favor in the absence of those of wax or china; while here and there was the ever-welcome Noah's Ark with its menagerie of animals and its crew of men and women, all curiously carved out of pine-bark. Indestructible linen books for the little ones were made of pieces of cotton-cloth stitched together, on which were pasted pictures cut from old illustrated papers and magazines. Knitted gloves, suspenders, comforters, wristlets, and the like filled up the measure of the Christmas gifts.

Yet none the less gayly for the privation and distress standing so near at hand did the girls of that era trip it in the dances of the Christmas-tide with their brave soldier partners whenever opportunity offered; and none the less beautifully for the hard times did the red holly-berries of the season show from their waxen green, or the mistletoe hang overhead, in the light of the endless candles. For the young women of the South, full of vim and life and spirit, the period of the war was in many respects a happy one. The girls and their lovers danced, as the soldiers fought, with all their might, and enjoyed it while it lasted. But with them, as with their elders, sorrows crowded on each other's heels, and the bride of yesterday was often the widow of to-day. They affected military dress, and wore brass buttons and epaulets whenever attainable. The demands of society upon them made sad havoc with many relics of earlier days which had been religiously preserved up to that time. The chests of every garret were ransacked; and morocco shoes and satin slippers of a bygone generation, that had never tripped a livelier measure than a minuet, were held a veritable treasure-trove, and were dragged forth and danced in merrily. Many a lassie at the military "hops" showed her white arms and shoulders above the moth-eaten velvets and time-stained silks that had been worn by her young-lady grandmother.

Out of sight and hearing the hard times in the Confederacy have vanished. The recollection of them is attuned to melancholy; there is many a touch of bitter sorrow and of sharp regret in the strain; but the lapse of years has softened the once familiar air until the minor notes of joy are eloquent amidst the chords of grief.

A. C. Gordon.

THE MOUNTAINEERS ABOUT MONTEAGLE.

AMONG the first signs that the exhausted and poverty-stricken South of 1866 was neither dead nor paralyzed were her attempts to utilize certain natural resources, little valued or considered in the old easy-going ante-bellum days. One of the early movers along this line was a Tennessee company that opened some coal mines in the neighborhood of Monteagle, and then stretched up a daring arm from the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, skirting the mountain's base, to their possessions on its summit. Then came the announcement that a house for summer boarders was opened near the arm's terminus.

Responding to this challenge, our party left the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway at Cowan, and from its primitive ticket-office followed a sooty train-man down the track, past several long coal-trains and into a queer little box of a car, that had, however, its cushioned seats, its polite conductor (not yet visible), its painted tin cooler with the refreshing liquid ice-water, and its nickel-plated cup safely chained — all in grimy completeness.

Two passengers already were sharing these accommodations. One was a big-jointed, long-featured, shrewd-eyed, middle-aged man, dressed in a new suit of blue homespun, while his grave face and iron-gray hair were queerly surmounted by a small parti-colored straw hat — one of the sort oftener seen abloom on the head of some future sovereign, where its pristine freshness is wont to mark such high festivals as "the day of the big show."

On the opposite side of the aisle a small "pyeart" old lady in a brown and white calico dress, and with a large white kerchief folded about her shoulders and crossed over her bosom, sat with bared gray head by an open window.

Before we had had time to choose our seats

after the shift-for-yourself fashion of travelers, our old lady had assumed the duties of hostess and was receiving us with a cordial hospitality the like of which, I venture to say, never before had been seen in a railway car.

"Yes, thes take a seat an' set down onter this yer settle — lemme bresh off the sut an' truck, ur 't 'u'd smudge yer frock. Hit 's sorter shaddery an' cool on this side er the kyar, an' a little wind a-stirrin'. Now yer perlisse an' yer redicule ken go right up hyer, yer bonnet too, ef yer a mind ter go 'thout'n hit whilse yer a-ridin'."

Her own black splint sun-bonnet hung from a hook above her seat, a striped shawl carefully rolled in a brown paper and tied with a white cotton string lay in the rack, and on the seat beside her was a curiously braided home-made basket.

"An' you — all back there — ken retch up an' fix yoren thes the same, right 'bove yer own heads. Mighty handy they 're got it fixed off — all 'round too. Lige Tait, ez used ter work fer us an' now 's got hired ter help steer the kyars,— thes a-haftin' ter watch out, an' ter run backurds an' foruds on top, a-screwin' one ur nuther place down tight, soster hol' the wheels percizely onter their tracks,— he was a-showin' me all 'bout'n the 'rangements whilse I wair a-riden' down in this yer kyar lais week."

"Ah, then you live on this mountain. I 'm glad we have met you; because we are going to spend a little time up there. If this has been your first visit to the lower country, you must have found it interesting."

"An' so it have been, real excitin'; what with some ur nuther new piece er quarness, a everlastin'y a-comin' jam up agyins the one thes ahead'n it, an' the nex' a-jamin' agyins me both afore airy one could skeeter out 'n the way, so 't my min' 's in cunsider'ble er a jumble.

"Yes, I 've ended up my visit an' air now sot out on my back trip torge home. An' Square Cash there, a neighbor er our'n, ez wus a-goin' ter go an' take a journey down ter Winchester ter mind aiter some er his business, an' which bein' 't I had n't got no manpyerson ter carry me home, he thes promust ez he 'd make out ter be ready agyins I wair, an' 'u'd inshore ter be in time before the kyars wus ter start, bein' a-aimin' ter ride back inside the kyar hisself. Square Cash knows all 'bout'n the kyars, an' 's a monstrous handy pyerson ter be along er."

But by this time 'Squire Cash hardly needed these commendations. The friendliness of his long arms and large hands in reaching racks, adjusting seats, and shading windows had convinced our young ladies that he was indeed a handy person to be along with; and a half-concealed twinkling of his gray eyes suggested that he might be an entertaining one besides.

"You look some like yer head mout be a threat'nin' ter go an' set in fer a regler throbbin'," said this born hostess, as I leaned my head back and shut my eyes. "Lemme wet yer hankerch an' put thes a drib er sampfire — "

"Oh, no, thank you. I 'm not suffering — only a little tired."

"Well, I hyearn some valley folks a-goin' on mightily 'bout'n the mounting a-bein' a prime place fer restin'. I could n't skasely make out in my mind how folks 't did n't never haff ter do no scutlin' roun' a-yearnin' a livelihood — on 'count er bein' ez rich ez pine — could naiterly be so dreadful bad off fer a rest. But aiter stewin' roun' in that swulterin' valley fer nigh onter a week — lettin' alone fer a whole in-dyo-rin', livelong lifetime — I feel ez slimpsy ez a dish-rag. An' I hain't been a-doin' a smidgen er work, ur airy formed thing ez orter, in reason, ter tire a body; 'lessen you 'd count a little fiddlin' 'roun, aiter the victuals wus all done cooked an' et up, a-reddin' up the dishes; ur else a-blairin' er my eyes at quar sights an' amazin' er my noggins at quar doin's."

Some one suggested that she would enjoy getting back to the mountain and having a good rest.

"That 's percizely what I 'm 'lowin' ter do, ef loppin' down an' lollin' 'roun makes restin'. But I wair thes a-studyin' ter myself, Mis',— Mis'— Now, don't hit 'pyear ruther onhandy not a-knowin' no names ter call one nuther by? Mine air Mis' Larkins, Aint Bashiby Larkins, folks mostly saiz."

Here, as I am glad to remember, my sense of courtesy prompted me to give, in addition to my own, the full name of every member of our party, with some short explanatory paragraphs, biographic and historical, attached to each. These recitals called out, now and then, equally interesting items in regard to numerous friends and kinsfolk of her own.

By the time that interchange of civilities was concluded and the various bags and bundles of our party had finally settled themselves into their several "handy places," and poor little Thad, after having been hustled out of three seats and fidgeting himself out of three others, at last had got his small person satisfactorily deposited beside 'Squire Cash, our train began to move. Almost immediately we found ourselves ascending the mountain — our little car clinging to a long empty coal-train that, in its turn, held fast to the puffing, straining locomotive as, far before and above us, it climbed a zigzag track up the mountain's side. The sight was a novel one even to those

of our number who repeatedly had crossed by railway the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, giving, as all felt, a startlingly distinct impression of *climbing*. In fact, as we watched the locomotive, first from this side and then from that, now recklessly clattering along the brow of a precipice far up to the left, and now away off to the right fairly crouching for the spring to another height, it hardly seemed to belong to the tame lowland species suited to smooth ground and a level track. It was easier to fancy it some fierce gigantic savage, as well fitted out for life in the mountain wilds as any other "varmint."

But we had not a monopoly of that sentiment, as we soon learned.

Mrs. Larkins was now sitting a little apart from any of us but near to 'Squire Cash, and as we slowed up at a water-tank we heard her voice above the lessening noise.

"I 'd never 'a' drump hit, afore I seen an' hyearn it 'ith my own eyes an' yers, ez anything 't ain't a livin', knowin' creetur could 'a' clum the mounting like that air engine do. Yer see hit a-staivin' 'long, 'thout nuther horn nur huff, a-pullin' an' a-catecornerin' this yer ways an' yander ways, so powiful knowin' 'bout'n all the steep places, hit thes puts me in mind er Uncle Peter Beans's idy—'lowin' 't ef they warn't a live, livin' varmint shet up insides, 't wuz ez plain ter be seed ez a Jack-i-lantern 'n a dark night 'at the Ole Nick hisself hed tinkered up the paturn—I reckon you hyearn 'bout'n hit, Square Cash?"

"Yes, I hyeard 'em a-tellin' er it. I ginerly listen at any jawin' 'bout what Uncle Peter Beans hes been a-sayin'; purty cute notions now an' agyin comes out er that quar ole head er his'n."

"Oh, please tell us about it—about him and what it was that he said about the locomotive," pleaded a listener.

"Well, I don't reckon 't 'u'd be skeersly time ter mighty little more 'n interjuce 'im, so ter speak, tell the train 'll start on, 'thout hit 's hendered longer 'n common," he replied.

"An' yer cain't hear yer own yers then, 'th all the hills a-boundin' er the noises all backurds an' ever' which aways through other, like they keep a-doin'," said Mrs. Larkins. And she added, "Hit 's ruther agravatin' a-haftin' ter shet up an' be outdone that away."

But 'Squire Cash, like other good talkers, evidently appreciated an interested audience.

"Anyways," said he, "I 'm a good mind ter set in an' tell you ladies some little 'bout 'm, an' then some day ef ary y' all 'u'd jes recullec' ter put Aint Bashiby en mind er 'im she 'd be up ter tellin' a heap more."

"Yes," Mrs. Larkins agreed, "I 'll be roun' ever' wonst an' awhile ter whur y' all ul be aboardin' out, at a-tradin' off my butter 'n' aiggs, an' liker 'n not we 'll fall in 'long er one nuther agyin 'n' agyin."

"Ter start on," began 'Squire Cash, as he lifted his little patchwork-pattern hat from its incongruous perch and reaching down carefully balanced it on some rusty saddle-bags at his feet—"ter start on, I reckon 't Uncle Peter Beans is some different frum anybody 't you all ever seen. He lives on the fur side er this yer rainge in a little cove, purty well shet in all roun', whur they say the Beanses hes lived ever sence the Revolution—'t any rate, it 's named Beans's Cove; an' only three ur four more families lives in it. They don't neighbor much with nobody besige theirselves,—bein' so shet in like,—an' they say some er the women, an' even middlin'-sized boys, hain't never been nowhurs outsides."

"Raise their children, boys and all, shut up there that way for years an' years," interjected Thad, in a tone of deep disgust—"make them go to some little snippy sort of a Sunday-sch—"

"If they have really found a way to keep boys shut up they can make a fortune on the patent," came in a sharp treble voice from the third seat back.

But Thad's lucky head was proof against all such pop-gun missiles as that; it hardly checked his comment. I have not taxed the reader with a description of our prosaic party of "women folks"; but I have a mind to risk half a dozen lines on Thad. Not that he was in any sense a peculiar specimen of the budding American sovereign, but because—well, because he was *Thad;* and, like most other young animals, was an interesting object to watch, though not always a convenient one to have around. And a vigorous, thriving, natural young animal he was too; with, moreover, some embryonic human traits of a not unkindly sort. But his one point of distinction was his good-humor; a certain sturdy, equable, self-sufficient, and apparently self-generating buoyancy that forty times a day I looked to see collapse, and forty times a day saw rebound without the sign of a puncture. Beneficent Nature had given him a good, thick, snub-proof cuticle that (as there is scientific warrant for stating) she had specially hardened up to suit the exigencies of his environment. Perhaps it should be added that the word *environment* is intended here to refer to a family of critical older sisters who—ah, I had forgotten—who are not to be thrust upon the reader's attention, and therefore need not be described.

But to return to Thad. As I afterward found out, he had stowed away somewhere in his round head—that, like his pockets, was

an unassorted museum of queer odds and ends — a pretty correct idea of a *cave;* and at the word *cove*, that dark apparition had popped up like a Jack from his box, to symbolize before Thad's mental vision Uncle Peter Beans's place of abode — the place where they "kept boys shut up, year in and year out."

I caught only enough of his last sentence to infer that it expressed no good opinion of a set of folks who chose to keep themselves, more particularly their boys, shut up so all their lives — "keeping up a snippy little Sunday-school and everything off to themselves inside their old cove-hole, rather than let the boys out even on Sundays."

'Squire Cash looked down at him a moment, apparently conscious that he was a little hazy as to the boy's point of view, and then replied at random, addressing the ladies rather than Thad:

"No, don't reckon they hold no meetin's in the Cove, none er 'em a-bein' exhorters ur class-leaders. But the circuit-rider holds his 'p'intment jes a few miles roun' the knob, ginerly ever' four weeks; an' some er the young folks goes, pertickler when the big two-days' time comes roun'. The ole folks hain't never tuck much ter meetin'-goin'; but that 's nuther here nur there, ez ter techin' on the story I 'm a-aimin' at.

"Ez fer Uncle Peter though, he 's 'mazin' fond er seein' an' hearin' what-all 's goin' on roun' the mount'n — jes kinder cullectin' up the news an' a-sortin' it out fer the use er his settlement. Off he puts thes a-ways ur thet a-ways, whurever anythin' 's happened, an' picks out the identical fax on it, 'cordin' ter *his* judgment, an' wraps 'em up inter a snug little budget, so ter speak, an' goes a-toatin' er 'em back ter Beans's Cove, bent on makin' shore 't the Cove folks gits the raal truck ur none 't all. 'Lows thet 's what he 's spared ter 'em fer, jes ter watch out 'n they hain't befooled inter swallerin' no lies.

"Fer a good long while now he 's been the oldest man-pyerson in the Cove, an' he 'lows 't the folks jest naiterly believes what he tells 'em ter an' shets their yers at all the rest. 'T ain't percizely that away, but the Cove folks thinks a cunsider'ble chance er Uncle Peter, an' never out 'n' out contends against his judgment.

"Well, now, when the word wus fust tuck ter Beans's Cove 'bout what a' onaccountable, rampaigin' cunsarn the company hed gone an' brung ter the mount'n, ez Ainse Hawes saiz, Uncle Peter wus in a powiful pucker — 'lowin' 'at Jim Counts, ez hed brung the word, wus everlaistin'y a-hatchin' up somepin out 'n nothin'; leastwise a-gettin' er it hine end formust ur wrong sides outurds, so 's 't 'u'd naiterly look quar, ef not skyeery. Not ez he reckoned 't Jim Counts p'intedly laid off ter tell sich whoppers; like 's not he 'd fooled hisself; liker too, that cimlin head er his'n a-bein' nigh er about ez green ez a gourd."

"Pretty rough on Jim Counts — like callin' 'im a fool was the best could be —"

"Now, Thad, there you go again. I 'll give you a quarter to hold your tongue till we get up the mountain." And a second voice added, "Seen and not heard is the word for you, youngster. Please go on, 'Squire Cash."

"But Uncle Peter," continued 'Squire Cash, as he handed Thad a stout stick of striped candy and returned the parcel — a bulky one, some eight inches long — to the outside pocket of his blue coat; "but Uncle Peter 'lowed hit mout 'a' been wuss. S'posin' this wus week afore lais, an' his right knee ez stiff ez still-yurds, an' nigh 'n' about a-threat'nin' ter come onjinted ever' time 't wus teched, on account er that rumatiz ring roun' the moon; stidder like hit wus now, an' ever' laist one er 'em dependin' an' a-restin' easy beca'se they jedged an', in a manner, know'd 't he 'd naiterly concluded ter up an' go an' git a holt er the straight 'n it hisself.

"Fur hit warn't in reason 'at he wus a-goin' ter go an' set roun' on his hunches and see the Cove fairly et up alive wi' the oudaciousest pack er lies ez hed ever been let loose onter 'em. He 'd treed a middlin' good chance er that sort er varmints in his day an' time; an' he reckoned he 'd haf ter keep on a-trackin' 'em up an' a-reddin' 'em out ez long ez his ole laigs could waiggle. He 'd let that smarty gang ez hed befooled Jim Counts know 't the Cove hed ginerly been counted ez a-haf-in' a head ur so 'mongs' 'em 't wus some better 'n a fros'-bit cimlin; an' 'at the whole settlement did n't set roun' 'ith their mouth a-hangin' open, bent on swallerin' ever'thin' 't wus dropped inter 'em. But he hoped in the name er common sense 't aiter this Jim Counts 'u'd thes set in an' lay hisself out ter naiterly harden up that sap-head er his'n, so 's never aygin whilse the yeth stands still, ter git hisself inter airy nuther sech a flounder.

"So, nex' mornin', long 'nough afore crowin' time, up he bounces an' 'thout a-waitin' fer nuthin' but a swig er coffee — an' Aint Prindy had ter scuttle roun' middlin' pyeart less'n she would n't er got that b'iled in time — an' a-swallerin' er one cold snack an' a-puttin' unuther 'n inter 'is pocket, out he puts fer the mines."

"Must 'ave been a pretty long ride. I wonder how far," began Thad.

"Oh, bother, we can hear you when we can't hear anything else! No, don't answer him, Mrs. Larkins; papa says every answer

you throw to Thad just knocks down half a dozen more questions." But Mrs. Larkins, leaning over towards Thad, was saying, "'T wus a walk stidder a ride, sonny. An' how fur 'u'd you count hit, Square Cash?"

"Well," said 'Squire Cash, leaning back in a deliberative attitude, "frum eleven miles ter a right smart upurds both there an' back, 'pendin' on which a-ways he 'd 'ave went. Now the direction 't Uncle Peter mostly takes, a-follerin' the reg'lar waggin track down roun' by the two Creelses, a-skyartin' 'long the aige er Owl's Holler, an' a-crossin' er the main park er Squaw Creek someurs 'bouts the deer-lick, an' then a-b'arin' out — I don't kyeer how sharp nur how direck he 'd b'ar out, ter strike the big road 't runs all the way across clean ter Ailtemount 't 'u'd be a monstrous good thirteen miles. But ef he had jes 'ave tuck a straight shoot foruds, an' right up across the knob, an' then 'a' slainted off a leetle north-way-like frum the p'int, torge Treasyer Cove, an' frum anywhurs long o' there ter the left er that ole b'ar-walker' 'a' struck a bee-line right spang through the Big Woods, an' on inter that snaigly strip er sorter mixed chestnut timber — likely a-needin' ter lean out some little north-ways agyin jes here, so 's ter miss the jump-off 't the head er Deep Gulch, tell he 'd 'ave come out onter the mill-road sorter catecornerin' across frum the ole Damurus clearin'— why, 't would n't skursly 'a' been, lemme see,"— then looking up at the top of the car with the air of one making a very nice calculation,—"'t would n't nohow 'a' been — hit *could n't* 'a' been — mighty little upurds er a bare elevin an' a half, nuther a-goin' nur a-comin'.

"But Uncle Peter 'lows 't when he 's got the day ahead er 'm he don't mind a few miles more ur less. An' the nigh cut a-bein' ruther lonesome wi' no paissin' nur repaissin', he 'd ruther take his time, an' a mighty good chance ter strike up 'long er someun wonst an' awhile on the big road — hit mout be a stranger all the way from Pelham ur Ailtemount. An' then a-comin' home he can drap in on Granny Creels, an' may-be take a cheer an' draw up fer a sup er Miss Peniny's coffee.

"Well, now, that night aiter the mornin' ez he 'd struck out fer the mines, 'long betwixt roostin' time an' candle lightin', when 't wus most time fer him ter be a-showin' 'isself, Ainse Hawes an' Jim Counts tuck it onter theirselves ter be a-startin' out a coon-huntin' 'long the waigin road 't he 'd be a-comin' by. An' what with foolin' 'long at a slow sainter, an' a-restin' ever' wonst an' awhile, they hed n't got fur tell they seen 'im a-comin'. An' ez soon ez they 'd got up nigh 'nough apart ter make out 'is looks they knowed 't he was might'ly out er kilter — a-blairin' straight ahead'n him ez vig'rous ez a wild-cat, an' that crabbed 'at he 'd skursly let on ter nodis 'em aiter they 'd up an' told him good-evenin' jes ez swiftly an' respectin' ez they knowed how. But they tagged 'long aiter 'im, a-makin' out ez how they 'd foun' the night wus too dark fer huntin', an' ez they 'd done tuck the back track afore he come along.

"Then aiter a while they ventered ter sidle up besige 'im an' ter 'low ter 'im how 't the Cove folks wus all a-stewin', not to say a fairly a-sizzlin', ter hear what wus his concludin's 'bout that air fool cunsarn ez the company hed hatched up — ef 't wus wuth talkin' 'bout.

"Then Jim Counts says he jes' flew all ter flinders. 'Lowed he 'd never laid off ter have no kunjurin's nur kulloquin's hisself, a-lettin' alone ez ter out 'n out dealin's an' compax; an' he hed n't no call yit ter go ter mommuckin' up his brains 'bout'n them ez hed — nuther their works. But he jedged they mout 'a' kivered up their tracks (which he mout thes ez well say horns an' huffs) better 'n they hed done, ef they 'd made out ter 'a' used a few grains more sense;— ef they hed 'ave says 't wair some vig'rous varmint ez they 'd got shet up insides, a-doin' er the pullin', same ez the puffin' an' the bellerin', hed 'a' been a sensible lie. An' he hoped fer the gracious sakes they war n't airy naiterl born simple nowhurs roun' Beanses Cove ez 'u'd go ter makin' a pesterment fer theirselves 'bout'n a' onhuman cuntrivance, which he 'd resk goin' so fur ez ter jedge ez nairy single mortrel creetur ez hain't a mind ter sell out baig an' baiggin won't never see through the inerds on it — not ef they wear theirselves ter solid frazzles a-tryin'.

"Someurs 'long 'bouts here Uncle Peter stumpt 'is toes agyins one er them snaigly little saissafras sprouts, an' keeled over inter the gully. An' by the time the boys 'd got 'im hauled out an' onter 'is feet, an' the begaumin's er the mud scraped off — you see it was sorter'n a loblolly at the bottom er that gully — he 'd 'a' cooled off a cunsider'ble, an' likely begun ter skyeer hisself, less'n longer furgittin' ter be kyeerful in 'is goin's on he mout 'ave went a leetle too fur. An' so up an' at it he goes ter work a-smoothin' it up sorter this a-ways.

"Says ze, 'Not ez I wuz uther a-saissin' ur a-floutin' ur a-bemeanin' at anybody which hit 's a part er their reg'lar business, 'long er bein' onhuman theirself an' naiterly a-havin' a' onhuman sort er sense.

"'Pintedly,' says ze, 'I hain't got nothin' agyin *him*, an' I don't aim ter never say nothin' agyin 'im; an' ef ever he wus ter go an' git riled up ter come a-slashin' agyins me, like ez how 't he blieved he owed me a spite, 't 'u'd be on the a'count er a misonderstandin' 'bout'n who I was a-aimin' at.'"

Here a brakeman came up to speak with 'Squire Cash; but Mrs. Larkins chinked up the opening made by this break in the story to good advantage.

She said, "Uncle Peter is powiful skyeery 'bout gittin' the Ole Un sot agyins 'im, an' takes a heap er pains, mostly, ter keep on the good side er 'im; stidder blamin' er meannesses onter him ur a-callin' 'im by bad names sich ez Ole Harry, Ole Scratch, an' the like ez 'u'd gyin him a spite."

"'An' what 's more,' " said 'Squire Cash, going on with his quotation from Uncle Peter,— "'What 's more, 't ain't in reason ez anybody orter blame 'im fer his dealin's 'long er them ez banters 'im ter trade that away.

"'But hit 's a' 'mazin' mean trick er them banterers; aiter he 's went an' made a' up-an'-down square bargain with 'em, an' a-goin' right straight 'long in 'is dealin's, he 's went on ter fix up a' onaccountable cuntrivance fer 'em,— leastwise he 's tinkered up all hits main p'ints,— an' then they thes ups an' goes ter flairin' er theirselves all over the top side er creation, a-paradin' roun' an' a-showin' off the cunsarn, an' actilly a-goin' so fur ez ter p'intedly claim the credit on it; a lettin' on like 't they thes naiterly studied it all up theirselves an' hatched the whole cunsarn bodacious out'n the insides er their own heads.

"'Well, I wus deturmd ter not go ter startin' up no jowerin's 'long er 'em, which they 'd 'a' bin the whole tribe ter 'a' j'ined in on me, besige er havin' er their dealin's an' their compax ter back 'em up. But 'thout a-purtendin' ur a-lettin' on ter counterdick 'em, I thes up an' 'lowed ter the feller ez hed done the main chance er the praincin' roun', how 't them all was mighty fine p'ints fer showin' off an' like 's not they growed naiterl ez chinkipins whur that cuntrivance wus hatched up, but how ez I 'd hyearn tell 't outsiders had ter do some monsturs tall tradin' afore they 'd git a holt er 'em.

"'"What sorter p'ints you a-meanin'?" sez ze.

"'Now ef I had n't 'ave kep' a' oncommon gripe onter ever' lais one er my seven senses I 'd 'a' actilly 'a' b'ilt over at 'is imperdence — a-upin' an' a-aixin' er me what sorter p'ints I wus a-meanin', right spang in the face er that air 'dacious piece er quarness, a-tearin' up the very yeth 'ith its fire an' its smoke an' its bellerin's, an' its stavin' 'long 'ith the wheels all a-whirlin' 'thout nuthin' a-pullin' nur nuthin' a-pushin', an' that air one termenjus quar-lookin' eye a-stairin' straight ahead, an' which them ez hes seed hit fer theirselves ull swor' afore the magister how ez hit ups an' blazes out like the moon afire ever' dark night.

"'But you all take nodis now who I 'm a-lettin' out at. Ez I wus a-sayin', I don't aim no saissin's nur floutin's nur bemeanin's at the one ez orter git the credit er the job. An' which I 'm a-layin' off ter allus stand up p'intedly fer 'im, bein 't he hain't never done me no harm an' I hain't never knowed him ter meddle 'ith nobody ez did n't fust meddle 'ith him — uther a-banterin' ur a-agravatin' er him.'

"Now, don't you ladies say 't Uncle Peter 's got a right cute ole head er his own, an' watches out middlin' sharp? Some ruther makes fun er 'is doctrine techin' the Ole Scratch an' 'is works, but fer all that hit 's a doctrine ez hes some mighty good p'ints," concluded 'Squire Cash with immovable gravity of features as he went toward the door, "a-bein' fer one thing powiful handy 'bout gittin' roun' pesterments. Why, it styeers Uncle Peter clean apaist a whole raift-load er de-fic-ulties ez a plenty er folks flounders at."

"How? Please tell"— But by this time he was out, and soon we saw him taking long strides up the curving track on which stood our train, while Thad's short legs close behind "had to waggle themselves like everything," as he afterward expressed it. Some one suggested that they might be left, that it must be about time for our train to start.

"No, I don't reckon it can start on yit awhile," replied Mrs. Larkins. "Lige Tait was a-tellin' Square Cash how 't some kyars ahead 'n us hed got off 'n their tracks, an' he counted 't 'u'd be a right smart while afore our 'n could budge."

After a while one of our party expressed the belief that 'Squire Cash had been playing on our credulity, that he had made up that whole story as he went, and appealed to Mrs. Larkins: "Do you think Uncle Peter Beans or anybody else believed such things?"

"Tubbe shore, tubbe shore," said she; "some does. A men-yer and a men-yer one is sorter skittish an' skyeery like 'bout 'n haints an' signs an' so on. But mighty few has it all studied up an' fixed out reg'lar in their minds like Uncle Peter does." Then, in a very gentle and dispassionate but mildly argumentative tone she added:

"But hit 'pears ter me, hit shorely 'pears ter me, ef I wair a-goin' ter haf ter go an' swaller any sich doctrun, I'd ruther take it all strung tergether in Uncle Peter's way, so 's 't 'u'd look some like sense, ur leastwise like hit aimed ter be sense, nur thes ter take up wi' snips an' patches er quarness which even Uncle Peter hisself would n't pertend ez they hed a grain er sense ur reason ter 'em — like a-bein' skyeered at a rabbit a-crossin' yer track, ur afyerd ter eat if they happens ter be thirteen, an' a-dasentin' ter begin no jobs on Friday, an' a 'lowin' 't which away they see the moon over one ur

UNCLE PETER BEANS.

er t' other shoulder ull have a heap ter do 'long which an' t' other a-happnin' that month. But lawsy ter massy, yer mout thes ez well argy at the man in the moon, 'gyinst sailin' roun' nights, ez ter waste yer breath on them ez takes up er sich notions.

"I hain't a-pes't'rin' my noggin nuthin' much 'bout'n 'em; they ken swaller hit in snips an' patches, ef they 'd ruther, fer all er me.

"An' Uncle Peter, he ken count ez they thes got the main p'ints er that air engine 'long er their kulloquin's; ur he ken hold ez 't wair out 'n' out tradin' an' a-signin' over er themselves ez bought hit all done tinkered up an' topped off,—primed an' triggered fer a-runnin' up hill ur down,—ur them ez wants ter ken 'low 't they 's a vig'rous varmint shet up insides, an' they won't none er 'em git up no jowerin's 'long er me.

"I 'll thes go 's fur ez ter say, ef 't ain't a-livin' an' a-knowin', hit 's shorely a-bein' an' a-doin', like that valley school-keepin' woman has it in her rigmarole over 'n' over agyin. An' hit 's bein' an' doin' suits me middlin' well, 's 'long ez it 's a-hisetin' we all out'n that air br'ilin' valley. Blazes, jes ter think er all them nigger folks a-slatherin' roun' through the sun, an' the sweat a fairly sizzlin' out'n 'em, an' that mop er swinged wool atop er their heads—you 'd 'a' thought they wus naiterly boun' ter swulter. But they kep' ez pyeart ez crickets, a laughin' an' a-jawin' ter one nuther like they felt ez cool ez a kercumber. Quar, though, ter see their heads all swinged up thet away 'thout a-bein' burnt so 's ter blister."

"I don't understand about their being singed," said I, with vague thoughts of an accident floating through my brain. But in another half-minute these had given place to an idea that proved to be nearer the truth.

"Had you not seen negroes before, Mrs. Larkins, and don't you know their hair is naturally different from ours—woolly?"

"Yes, I 'd hyearn how 't their heads was kivered with wool 'stidder raal hair. But what I tuck pertickler nodis at, wus it all a-bein' scorched inter crisps, like evum black wool would n't naiterly be. Did n't you all see none er their heads 't showed ez they 'd been swinged sense the hot weather come on?"

"No, we did n't think of such a thing."

"Well, 't looked quar. But now I mind how dreadful quick any yarn truck ull ketch a scorch,—'nough sight quicker 'n cotton ur flax, airy one,—'t ain't no wonder 't their heads 'u'd be more ur less swinged. Some er 'em wus a heap sight wuss 'n yuthers. Two ur three boys 't I seed hed got sich a scorchin'—may be longer bein' kyeerless an' goin' 'thout'n their hats over 'n' over agyin—'t was swinged clear down ter the roots, an' that brickly 't nigh 'n' about ever' laist smidgen on it wus breshed off tell their heads wus positive naked, 'less'n thes now an' agyin little sindery streaks an' spots lef'. Looked some like an ole field aiter hit 's been blazed over in a dry spell; which y' all know how 't 'u'd be mostly all burnt off plum down ter the yeth, and thes wonst an' awhile little black patches er scorched up stubble a-showin'."

At last I remembered having seen heads that looked just that way; and I was almost

afraid of seeming stupid in not having thought of the sun's singeing them as the cause.

"There they come — yes, that 's 'Squire Cash leading the way; and there 's Thad at his heels. Of course Thad kept within question range. Now our train 'll start."

"Well," commented Mrs. Larkins, "hit 's time, I jedge. No, my patience ain't wore out, but hit 's a-beginnin' ter frey roun' the aiges. I never staid away from home but two nights hand runnin' afore; an' now 't I 've been a-jaintin' better 'n a week, I feel tolible keen ter git back. Besige, I 'd like the smell er some coffee."

"We might have got a cup of coffee at Cowan, if we had thought of being detained," said I.

"Well, fer my part I thes ez leve 'a' waited ez er drunk any er their'n — liver, too, I allow. Nuthin' 'u'd do Lige Tait ez soon ez we got inter Cowan the day I rid down in this kyar, but he must put right out an' borry a cup an' saisser an' fetch me some coffee from the tavern. Flattish truck Lige said he 'lowed 't wair afore he brung hit, but I reckoned ter 'im they was different fashions fer coffee, an' like 's not them ez follered that 'n' 'u'd count our'n sorter out'n date. An' I forced down a cunsider'ble on it, 'long er my snack, aiter Lige 'd went on an' laid 't all off ter me, how 't I 'd haf ter thes set in an' set roun' the whole indyorin' day a-waitin' an' a-waitin' fer the carryall 't hauls folks backurds an' foruds ter Winchester, besige it a-bein' that ag'ravatin' ter be hendered so, an 't I wair boun' ter be wore threadbare. But threadbare hain't no name fer it, Miss R——; I wair plum frazzled out. Hafin' ter work goes mighty agyins the grain sometimes, but 'tain't a circumstance ter hafin' ter do nothin'. Hit 's a positive fac', I 'd a-gyin a purty fer evum a little knittin' ter piddle at."

"Well, I reckon y' all are jest about tired out, but we 'll get off dreckly now," said 'Squire Cash, coming in.

One of our young ladies reminded him that he had treated us rather badly in breaking off just where he did — that if Uncle Peter's way was such a good one, we wanted to hear its advantages explained.

"Lemme see now; whurabouts was I? Why, yes, now I riccullect. I orter 'a' p'inted out the advantages, ef y' all don't see 'em a'ready. But 't won't take you ladies more 'n seven secunts ter see the sense er the main p'int ef you could wonst git a good look at it."

"Pore little creetur, he 's all frazzled out," said Mrs. Larkins. "See how his head 's a-doddlin'."

Then it was a sight worth seeing when 'Squire Cash gently lowered Thad's limber-necked head (with forehead drawn into a mimic frown and sunburnt nose thickly bestudded with small beads of perspiration) to a shawl-strap bundle and lifted his dusty, dangling little feet to the seat.

As he reseated himself on the other side of the aisle he began, "'T won't take you ladies more 'n seven secunts —" But the clatter of our train now in motion drowned his voice.

Talking, or rather hearing, being now impossible, all gave themselves up to enjoyment of the surrounding scene. In the shadowy solemnity of the mountain forest, the many colored wild-flowers, the long tendrils swaying from precipitous gray cliffs, even the clumps of azaleas here and there bursting into bloom, seemed, not gay, but tender and hallowed, like decorations in a cathedral.

As we rose higher and higher, now and then where the craggy cliffs receded a friendly opening in the forest permitted us to look far out across an illuminated sea of shimmering, silvery air that rolled in enchanted billows over all the lower world; or down through its blue-gray depths to where, pictured in miniature, lay the farms and hamlets, orchards and gardens, dark woods, and golden harvest fields of the wide-spreading valley. 'Squire Cash now had taken a stand on the platform. But Lige Tait (as we had come mentally to name our silent brakeman) signaled us to be on the lookout before coming to each of these openings. Then with the non-committal face and manner that are the common heritage of so many of his race, his pathetic eyes would watch our faces while we gazed. But he heard all comments and admiring explanations with a grave silence that seemed to say: "It is just as it always has been and always will be. It will do you good to see it, and you are welcome to the sight; but your praise is not needed."

As our car ran very slowly past the largest of these forest windows, and all silently drank in the wonderful beauty, Aunt Bashiby's strong face grew soft below the scanty gray hair that a breeze was slightly stirring, and after a long-drawn breath she said:

"Hit 's a beautiful sight to see. Don't look like they orter be anybody uther a-frettin' er theirselves ur a-bein' mean ter one nuther an' a-livin' in sich a world. An' the mounting shows grand from the valley too. I wush you could see hit, Miss R——, frum Clarinda's back door. Powiful diffurnt, tubbe shore; but 't'u'd puzzle a body ter say 't airy one 's better 'n t' other."

"Makes me think er folks, Aint Bashiby," said 'Squire Cash, taking his seat, "how they hain't obligated ter be all ezackly alike ur else they won't be the right sort, 'cordin' ter what

MR. CASH AND AUNT BASHIBY.

some 'pears ter reckon. Fur 's I ken see, I jedge they 's sever'l right sorts same ez they 's sever'l wrong sorts."

"Well," said Aunt Bashiby, after a pause, "I never studied 'bout'n hit that away afore; but they 's a heap er sorts er most ever'thin', animal creeters, an' varmints, an' trees, an' gyarden truck; an' one tree ur one creeter a-bein' one way, an' the nex' tree ur the nex' creeter thes t'other way, hain't no sorter sign 't airy one er 'em ain't percizely like hit orter be."

This mountain-top scenery is a curious mixture; wide forests, level as a prairie, and long, sloping hills that stretch out to the sun, being as characteristic of the region as are its beetling cliffs and craggy chasms. One can easily fancy these level forests and sunny slopes to be remnants of booty, captured in titanic maraudings from the quiet valley below — in that dim past of "far-off, wild, and lawless times, when tempting plunder did warrant pillage."

Now we are in the heart of one of these captured forests. In a solitude that seems primeval it stretches away on every hand, and — But our train is stopping; and I hear Mrs. Larkins saying, "Shore 'nough, Jimsy an' the naig 's a-waitin'."

Looking out we see a sedate little horse accoutered in an ancient side-saddle and bestrode by a small barefoot, shirt-sleeved laddie; the last descriptive compound being literal, so far as the little blue cotton shirt is allowed any visible part in the costume. That primary garment is suppressed, and territory belonging to the absent "wescut" overrun by a coalition of forces, some transversely striped "galluses" of surprising width having made common cause with the small, high-shouldered butternut trowsers for the conquest.

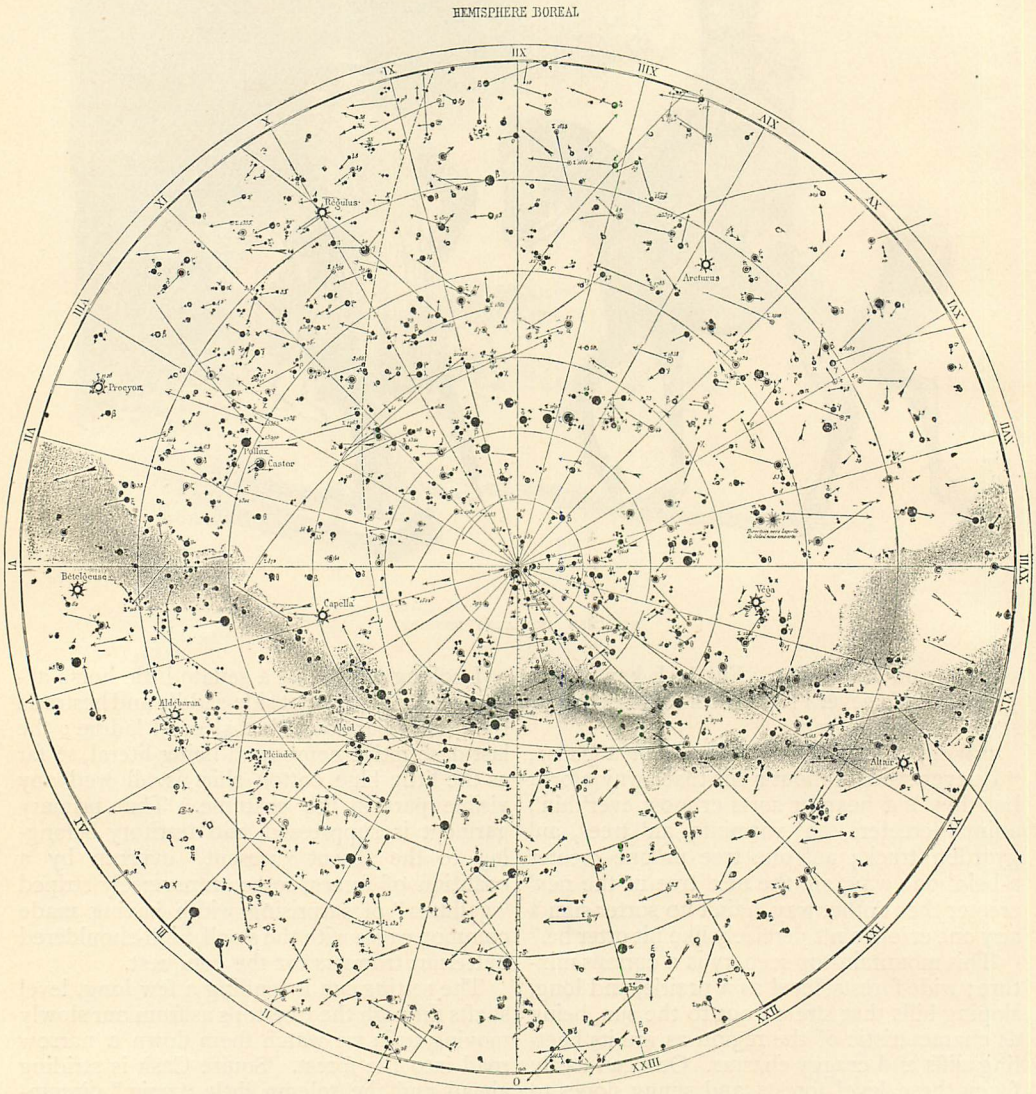
The setting sun is sending a few long, level shafts through the tree-tops as from our slowly moving train we watch them down a narrow road into the forest. 'Squire Cash is striding ahead and the solemn little "naig" circumspectly following, with Mrs. Larkins sitting very erect, while Jimsy's queer little figure is outlined on her back like an immense fancy buckle clasping the blue girdle of his arms about her waist.

As the quaint figures disappear, I try to picture the little homes with the peach-trees about them. But my imagination fails to evoke any sort of human habitation from the darkening depths of the forest.

Martha Colyar Roseboro'.

SIDEREAL ASTRONOMY: OLD AND NEW.

II. THE RESULTS THAT IT HAS ATTAINED.



FLAMMARION'S CHART, SHOWING THE SECULAR MOVEMENTS OF THE STARS AND THE STELLAR SYSTEM OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE. (FROM "ATLAS CÉLESTE," BY PERMISSION OF GAUTIER VILLIERS.)

IN the preceding article we collected the data which the ancient and the modern astronomy has placed at our disposition. We saw that a few hundred of the stars have their positions fixed with the last degree of precision; a few thousand are known nearly as well; half a million have their places approximately known, and half of these last are tolerably well determined. The brightness of some 10,000 stars is well known, while the brightness of nearly half a million is known with fair approximation. The distances of a few stars (about fifteen) are known with precision; the distances of a few more are approximately known.

These are the data which have been amassed by the observing astronomers of the modern period, beginning with Bradley (1750). In the present paper we are to see some of the general conclusions which may be drawn from these data. What are the distances, what are

the dimensions, of the stars? What is the orbit in which our sun, with its group of planets, is traveling? What stars are our nearest neighbors and traveling with us? Are stars in general aggregated into systems of comparatively small size, or are the stars as a whole collected into one vast system, bound together by a common bond, and endowed with a common motion?

The stellar universe, as we see it at any moment, is quite complete. Change does not seem to belong to the region of fixed stars. Yet every one of the millions of observations has been made to fix a position so accurately that the slow changes which must be going on may not escape us; so that the laws of these changes can be formulated. If we know that a star retains its position invariably, if we know positively that its brightness and color remain the same, it becomes for these very reasons a most useful standard of reference, but it does not, as yet, help us to solve the problem of the stellar universe. We must seek a clue elsewhere, among the stars where changes are manifest, so that the unknown laws of these changes may be unfolded.

PROPER MOTIONS OF STARS.

As WE said, nothing appears to be more invariable or unalterable than the region of the fixed stars, and, in a general sense, nothing is more so. But when we come to a closer view all is change there as well as elsewhere.

Since Rome was built the apparent situation of Sirius has changed more than a diameter of the moon, Arcturus has moved more than three such angular diameters, and so with other stars.

If gravitation is truly universal, if all the stars are bound together in one system by this law, as we believe, then no star can move without affecting every other. As one moves all must move. The real motion of any star is along some line or curve; we see this real motion projected on the ground of the heavens as an apparent change of its latitude and longitude. Knowing the latitude and longitude of the star now by observation, we may compare these with the positions of twenty, fifty, or a hundred years ago. It is possible to allow by calculation for every one of the complex changes produced in the apparent position of a star by every cause not in the star itself. Each one of the several observations, when so reduced to a common epoch, should give the same position, except for the small and unavoidable errors of observation and the proper motion of the stars.

For example, here are the observations made by Dr. Gould in the last twelve years on a southern star, all reduced to what they would have been if made on January 1, 1875:

Year of Observation.	*Right Ascension.*	*South Declination.*
1873	$23^h\ 58'\ 0.92^s$	$37^\circ\ 58'\ 13.9''$
1876	2.19^s	$20.9''$
1881	4.63^s	$34.1''$
1885	6.60^s	$42.0''$

These do not agree. They ought not to differ by more than 0.20^s or $3''$* if the star were at rest. If we assume that the star is moving in right ascension by 0.482^s and in declination by $2.45''$ yearly, and apply these numbers, the positions will harmonize.

1873 is two years before 1875, and we add twice 0.482^s and twice $2.45''$; and subtract for the other intervals. The observations thus corrected give

For 1873	$23^h\ 58'\ 1.88^s$	$37^\circ\ 58'\ 18.8''$
1876	1.71^s	$18.4''$
1881	1.74^s	$19.4''$
1885	1.78^s	$17.5''$

and are harmonious within the errors of observation. If we assume that this star is as near to the earth as the very nearest of all the stars, it is certainly moving no less than 600,000,000 miles per year. Yet it will require more than 3000 years for it to move from its present place by so much as one diameter of the moon.

The calculation that has been outlined here for one star has been performed for several thousands of the better known stars, especially for the 3222 stars which were most carefully determined by Bradley in 1750. For each one of these the proper motion has been determined with the greatest nicety. The results at first sight are interesting only in a very special way. No. 1, for example, may be moving $21''$ in a century along a path inclined by 10° to the equator. No. 2 moves $44''$ in a century along another path inclined by another angle, and so on to No. 3222. Here seem to be 3000 isolated facts, each one useful in its narrow relations, but each having no connection with any other.

Let us suppose for a moment that the sun, with the solar system, and the earth, our point of view, are moving onward in space, and imagine how such a motion would affect the appearance of a universe of stars scattered all about us. If the sun alone has a motion, all the stars towards which we are moving will appear to be retreating *en masse* from the point in the sky towards which our course is directed. The nearer stars will move most rapidly; those more distant, less so.

In the same way the stars from which we are retreating will appear to crowd together

* Errors of observation of this magnitude may exist.

and approach each other. It is as if one were riding on the rear of a railroad train and watching the rails over which one had just passed. As one recedes from any point the rails at that point seem to come nearer and nearer together. If we were passing through a forest we should see the trunks of the trees from which we were going apparently moving nearer and nearer to each other, while those at the sides would retain their distance apart and those in front would be moving wider and wider apart.

Here is a case in which we are sensible of our own motion and observe the effects of that motion in the positions of the fixed objects about us. We may turn the question about, and inquire whether the observed motions of the stars indicate any real motion of our own.

The outline of the problem is here much as it presented itself to Sir William Herschel in 1782. The details are extremely complicated. It is certain that we are *not* passing along through space among a vast number of *fixed* stars. Each star has a motion peculiar to itself. It also is moving along a vast orbit, and this real motion of the star is evident to our instruments. Combined with the veritable motion of the star itself is the parallactic motion produced by the shifting of our point of view as the earth sweeps forward through space.

It is for analysis to separate the effects of these two motions and to determine what is the real direction and the real amount of the solar motion. The processes of the analysis cannot be given here, but fortunately it is easy to exhibit both the data and the results graphically. This has been well done by M. Flammarion in the figure that we copy.

The circle marked "Northern Hemisphere" gives the positions of those northern stars which are known to have a proper motion. The size of the dot representing each star gives the magnitude (*i. e.*, brilliancy) of the star. The arrows attached to the star represent the directions in which the stars move on the surface of the sky by their proper motions. The lengths of the arrows represent the velocities with which the stars move. At the time of making the map the stars are in the positions marked by the dots. At the end of 50,000 years they will be at the ends of their respective arrows.

Thus the data are all presented graphically. Notice what variety there is. Notice, too, the striking fact that some of the largest proper motions belong to some of the smallest stars. One would think that the brighter stars would be the nearer, and therefore that on the average they would have the larger proper motions. For evidence on this point I have compiled the little table which follows from Argelander's list of the 250 stars with the best known proper motions. I have chosen the fainter magnitude classes in order to get a sufficient number of stars:

77 stars between 6th and 7th magnitudes have a proper motion of 0.54″ yearly; 80 stars between 7th and 8th magnitudes have a proper motion of 0.56″ yearly; 58 stars between 8th and 9th magnitudes have a proper motion of 0.71″ yearly.

That is, the proper motions do not seem to diminish as the numerical magnitude diminishes.

But to return to the plate. In the middle of the triangle formed by the pole (center) of the Northern Hemisphere and the two points XVII and XVIII on the edge is a figure like the sun. That is the point towards which the sun is moving. It is in the constellation Hercules, not far from the bright star Vega, which is near our zenith in the summer sky. In the corresponding position on the map of the Southern Hemisphere, which we do not reproduce, is a similar point; it is the point from which we come. All over the map are arrows not attached to any stars. These show the direction and the velocity of that part of the proper motion due to the motion of the solar system alone. In general the arrows belonging to the stars should agree in length and in direction with these unattached arrows — and in general they do, for the latter were derived from computations based on the former. But there are many exceptional cases; and, at first glance, it is the exceptions which seem to be the rule.

There is no space to refer to special cases except in passing; but the reader should note a pair of stars marked 21,258 (of Lalande's Catalogue) and 1830 (of Groombridge's Catalogue). They were about 15° apart in 1880, and on the map they may be found about half way from the pole (center) to the edge, near the straight line marked IX. In 50,000 years one will be on the straight line VI, and the other near the straight line XIII, at the very edge. They will be more than 200 diameters of the moon apart then, while now they are not more than 30 such angular diameters. Proper motion alone will in time change the whole aspect of the sky.

So MUCH for the map. Analysis gives the same results in numbers. It declares that the apex of solar motion is in the right ascension 260° and in declination 36° north, which defines the point in Flammarion's map marked by the figure like the sun; and analysis further declares that the amount of the solar motion in

one hundred years, if viewed from a point at the average distance of the 3222 Bradley stars, would be 5.05°.

If we know this average distance in miles, we can assign our own velocity in miles. With our best present knowledge, it follows that the sun, the earth, and the whole solar system are moving through space at the rate of

586,000,000 miles per year.
1,600,000 " " day.
67,000 " " hour.
18½ " " second.

The earth moves about the sun in its own orbit at about the same rate of 19 miles per second, while sun, earth, and orbit move along in space another 19 miles.

We can now go back to the stars themselves, and subtract from the observed proper motion of each star that portion (*motus parallacticus*) which is due to the motion of the solar system, and leave that portion which is due to the star's own motion (*motus peculiaris*).

Is there anything common to the truly proper motions of the stars? In the first place, it may be said that, so far as we know up to this time, these motions are, in general, not curved. They are practically straight lines. They have no common center. There is no great central body around which revolve the suns of all other systems. If there be such a body it will be many centuries before we shall know it; and we may say that, so far as our knowledge goes, there is none.

SYSTEMATIC MOTIONS OF THE FIXED STARS PARALLEL TO THE MILKY WAY.

But if we are obliged to consider the motions of all the stars to be practically in right lines, and not in closed orbits, there is no reason why we should not examine the question of whether the stars as a whole do not have some systematic motion — whether there is not among this variety some unity. The most natural hypothesis to start with is that the stars have a vast rotation in planes parallel to the Milky Way. We already have good data for examining this, and in a few years, when the zones of the *Astronomische Gesellschaft* are complete, much material will be added. Without some assumption of the sort, that the stars rotate in planes parallel to the Milky Way, it is hardly possible to explain the existence of the Milky Way itself. It would necessarily disintegrate more and more with the lapse of time, and it would be a pure accident that we happen to live at a time when this disintegration has not been accomplished. The investigation of this possible rotation has been carried out by two pupils of Professor Gyldén and of Professor Schoenfeld respectively. While the result in one case is fairly against the hypothesis of such a rotation, in the other it is somewhat in its favor. The doubt in the matter arises solely from the deficiency of the data, and this will soon be supplied. In the mean time it should be an answer to those objectors who ask what is the use of another new catalogue of stars, that this catalogue, and every other catalogue, goes a certain way towards providing the means for solving the very greatest problem that can be presented to the human mind by natural objects.

Look at the Milky Way stretching across the summer sky with the bright star Vega burning near it. Think that the few proper motions laboriously determined by Halley and Maskelyne enabled Herschel to announce that the sun, the earth, and every planet is moving towards a spot — near Vega — which he could point out. Think, too, that the smallest efforts of every faithful observer, the world over, go to the solution of the question, How do all these thousands of stars that I see move in space? Are they bound up with that Milky Way in one fate? Or is that permanent shining track, which seems unchanged since Job and the patriarchs looked upon it — is that doomed to destruction? The finger of analysis can point out the fate of those myriads of shining stars, and man becomes fit to live under their influence when his mind adds the beauty of law to the wayward beauty of their shining.

SPECTROSCOPIC PROPER MOTIONS — MOTIONS IN THE LINE OF SIGHT.

The observation of a star's position is really nothing but the determination of the place where the line joining eye and star pierces the celestial sphere. The determination of its proper motion is nothing but the determination of the rate at which its apparent position changes. If a star is moving directly towards us, or directly away from us, its apparent place in the sky will remain unchanged. But we have in the spectroscope a means of measuring the motion of a star in the line of sight. The principle of the method is simple. The application of it is most difficult. Every one has noticed, in traveling upon an express train, the sudden clang of the bell of a train passing in the contrary direction; and how the note, the pitch, of the sound of this bell rapidly changes from high back to low again. Nothing is more certain than that the bell has but one essential pitch. Why, then, does it change? The engineer of the passing train hears his own bell giving always the same note, and this note is determined by the length of the

sound waves that reach his ear. Suppose them to come at the rate of about 500 per second to him. He is always moving at the same rate as his bell. But to us in the other train the case is different. When the bell is just opposite us 500 waves come to us per second; when we are approaching the passing train more than 500 come to us (not only the 500 sent out by the bell, but those others which we meet by our velocity); as we leave the passing train, less than 500 waves overtake us per second. Hence the pitch (the number of waves per second) varies. The same thing happens in the case of light. In the spectrum of a star there are certain dark lines the presence of which is due to hydrogen in the star's atmosphere. If the star is at rest with respect to us, these lines are not displaced in its spectrum; a definite number of waves per second (say *A*) come to us from the spectrum on both sides of these lines. If the star is approaching us, more waves than *A* reach us; if the star is receding, fewer waves reach us. The pitch of the line, so to say, is altered; and the spectroscope can measure this change of pitch.

When this is done with respect to the principal stars the most interesting results follow.

Vega (Lyræ) is found to be approaching us at the rate of 75 kilometers per second, Pollux is approaching us at 67 kilometers, Arcturus at 70 kilometers, etc.; while Castor is receding from us 44 kilometers per second, Regulus is receding 33 kilometers, Procyon 74 kilometers, and so on. After years the aspect of our sky will change. We shall have new glories in the galaxy, and after thousands of years these again will leave us. There is ceaseless change here as everywhere.

No adequate idea of the delicacy of the measures upon which these results depend can be briefly given; but delicate and difficult as they are, we have evidence that they are to be trusted. The independent observations of Dr. Huggins, Dr. Vogel, and Mr. Maunder of Greenwich show a good agreement. It is hoped that the Princeton telescope in the skillful hands of Professor Young may contribute to our knowledge of stellar motions in the line of sight; and this is a research to which the large refractor of the Lick Observatory will be especially devoted. The consistency of the results reached by the three observers named above for the stars observed in common by them makes the one exceptional case extremely interesting.

Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, was naturally among the first to be observed. It has been followed from 1875 to 1885, ten years, with the results given below:

Year.	*No. of measures.*	*Motion, per second.*	
1875–77	8	21.1 miles	receding.
1877–78	8	23.0 "	"
1879–80	10	15.1 "	"
1880–81	4	11.3 "	"
1881–82	22	2.1 "	"
1882–83	18	4.7 "	approaching.
1883–84	43	19.4 "	"
1884–85	8	21.5 "	"

Here we have well-marked evidence of a real change in the direction of the motion of Sirius, with respect to the earth, and it is based on spectroscopic observations alone. It happens also that it was known, from observations with the telescope, that Sirius was moving in an elliptic orbit, and hence necessarily approaching us at times, and at times receding from us. It will not require many more years to determine all the circumstances of this motion, of which we unexpectedly have a double proof.

PARALLAXES OF THE STARS.

THE ancients placed all the fixed stars on the inner surface of a vast sphere which turned about the earth's center once each day. They had absolutely no way of even guessing how far off this sphere might be. In 1618 Kepler's guess was 4,000,000 times as far as the sun; in 1698, Huyghens placed Sirius 28,000 times as far as the sun; in 1741, Picard showed that the errors of observation with the instruments of his time were as great as the parallaxes of the stars themselves, and that therefore the problem was indeterminate to him; in 1806, Delambre concluded that the same thing remained true, notwithstanding the improvements of the instruments in the meanwhile. It was not till 1836 that W. Struve and Bessel really determined the parallax, and hence the distance of two different stars α Lyræ and 61 Cygni.

It is familiar to all that the distances of even the nearest stars are not to be conceived when they are expressed in miles or familiar units. No star is so near to us as 200,000 times 93,000,000 of miles. We have to express these distances in terms of the time required for light to pass from star to earth. For 61 Cygni that time is 2377 days, or 6½ years. It was the elder Herschel who put these immense distances before us in the true light, by showing that if to-day the star were blotted out of existence its mild light would shine on for years, until the last ray that left it had finally ended its long journey and reached the earth, more than six years afterwards.

But all stars are not equally distant. The light from one star may be 10, from another 100, from another 1000 years old when it reaches us. We must no longer regard the study of the stars as a study of their contem-

poraneous existence. It is rather the ancient history of the universe which is exhibited to us by the vault of heaven. Assiduous observers have determined the parallaxes of about a score of stars. The first stars to be examined were either the brightest (as in the case of Vega), or those of large proper motion (as 61 Cygni). In general, the brightest stars should be the nearest, one would think, and yet the very largest parallaxes belong to the fainter stars. Similarly the star with the greatest proper motion has a very small parallax.

By treating all the certain data in various ways, Professor Gyldén has come to the conclusion that the average parallax of a star of the first magnitude is about 0.084″, or that the average distance of our brightest star is 160,000,000,000,000,000 miles. But to make farther steps in the problem of the "construction of the heavens," we must know more than the average parallax of the brightest stars. We must be able to assign the average parallax of stars of each order of magnitude, and this in both hemispheres.

This task is now undertaken for stars down to the fourth magnitude by two observers who have already distinguished themselves in this field — Dr. Gill, Royal Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, and Dr. Elkin, now at Yale University Observatory. These gentlemen have devoted their energies to this one problem, which will require perhaps ten years for its solution in the form that they have chosen for it. Dr. Ball, Royal Astronomer for Ireland, is systematically searching for stars of large parallax and incidentally proving many stars to have small parallax — a fact which it is just as important to know as its converse.

The next dozen years will show immense strides in our knowledge of the stellar distances of individual stars, and it may well be that some general relation between distance, brightness, and proper motion of situation in the sky will result from the great increase of data.

DISTANCES OF STARS OF EACH MAGNITUDE.

THE golden time for astronomers will come when the parallaxes of enough stars have been determined for them to be able to say that the distance of an average third, fourth, sixth, or tenth magnitude star is so many, or so many, times the sun's distance. That time has not yet come, nor will it have come even when the great work undertaken by Messrs. Gill and Elkin has been ended. There is no certain way of assigning the stellar distances but by measurements such as they are making. But it is a fair procedure to make certain assumptions as to stellar distances, to work out the logical consequences of these assumptions, and to compare these consequences with known facts. An agreement with the facts will, in some degree, support the assumptions. If we assume the stars to be of equal brilliancy one with another, we have one basis of computation. If we suppose them, further, to be equally distributed in space on the average, we have another basis. These conditions lead at once to the following table:

Magnitudes.	*Relative Distances.*
1	1.00
2	1.54
3	2.36
4	3.64
5	5.59
6	8.61
7	13.23
8	20.35

We can test these assumptions to some extent. If they are true, then the ratio of the actual number of stars of any brightness to the actual number of stars of the next lower grade of brightness, raised to the two-thirds power, should be 0.400. Using the stars of the sixth and seventh magnitudes, this number results 0.426; of the seventh and eighth, it results 0.4003, etc. The two hypotheses are in the main not far from correct, and therefore the relative distances above given are not very far wrong for stars down to the eighth magnitude. There is strong reason to believe that the fainter stars, from eleventh to fifteenth magnitudes, do not follow the same law. We have seen that the average distance of a first magnitude star is 160,000,000,000,000,000 miles. Multiply this by 20.35 and you have the best estimate now available of the distance of an eighth-magnitude star. It is inconceivable, but no more so than the first number. Light would require 600 years and more to reach us from such stars.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE STARS OVER THE SURFACE OF THE CELESTIAL SPHERE.

THE real question to be solved is, How are the stars distributed throughout solid space itself? To solve this question completely the distance of every star from the earth must be measured (which is a simple impossibility), or else we must find some law which connects the brightness, or the proper motion, or the position of a star with its distance. Suppose that 10 stars of each magnitude from the brightest down to the faintest are selected — say 150 or 160 in all — and that the parallax of each individual star is determined. This would be a tremendous labor in itself, and would require the work of several observers for a score of years. But suppose this work done. Suppose that the average distances of the ten stars of each group resulting from the measures were I, II, III, IV, V — — — — — — XIII,

XIV, XV, XVI. Would any general relation exist between the magnitudes 1 — — — — 16 and the corresponding distances I — — — — XVI? From those measures that we already possess this is by no means sure. In fact, the evidence seems to be directly opposed to this conclusion. The average measured parallax of 5 first-magnitude stars is about 0.27″; of 3 fourth-magnitude stars about 0.13″; of 3 fifth-magnitude stars about 0.31″; of 7 sixth-magnitude stars about 0.21″. That is, the parallax does not seem materially to decrease as the brilliancy diminishes from the first to the sixth magnitude. If, instead of comparing the magnitudes with the distances, we compare the proper motions, there seems to be no evident agreement. The stars with the largest proper motions do not in general have the largest parallaxes (and hence the smallest distances). We have not enough determinations of parallax to decide whether the region of the sky in which a star is situated has any relation to its distance; so that for the present we are not sure that a series of measures so extensive even as the one we have imagined would solve the question of the relation between magnitude, or proper motion, and parallax. Such a series would go a great way towards deciding whether the question was solvable or not. It would add enormously to the very small number of certain facts bearing on the subject of the constitution of the stellar system. And it is to the great credit of this generation of astronomers that such a series has actually been begun (for stars of from first to fourth magnitudes) by Messrs. Gill and Elkin at the Cape of Good Hope and New Haven respectively, as has been mentioned already.

In the absence of real knowledge with regard to the distribution of the stars in space, much labor has been expended on the study of what we may call stellar statistics — the statistics of the distribution of the stars on the surface of the celestial vault. This distribution of the stars is known when once we have a map of their positions, which it is comparatively easy to make. Or a more rapid method of studying this distribution may be employed — that of *star gauging*, so called by Herschel, its inventor. This consists essentially in counting the number of stars visible in the field of the telescope as it is directed to various known portions of the sky. The mere number of stars visible at each pointing may be laid down on a map, like the soundings on a hydrographic chart. The data are easily gathered. How are they to be interpreted? We may briefly indicate one obvious method. Suppose that we have made such star gauges with telescopes of five different powers over the same areas in the sky. The largest telescope will show all the stars say down to and including the fifteenth magnitude; the next smaller those to the fourteenth; the next to the thirteenth, the twelfth, the eleventh (the actual distribution of the individual stars from first to tenth magnitudes is known by the *Durchmusterungen*). In any area the difference between all the *Durchmusterung* stars (from one to tenth magnitude) and the number seen in telescope I (the smallest of the five supposed) will give the number of the eleventh-magnitude stars in that region.

The difference between the counts by telescope I (which shows all stars down to and including the eleventh magnitude) and telescope II (which shows all to twelfth magnitude) will give the actual number of twelfth-magnitude stars. Combining the results of the telescopes II and III we should have the number of thirteenth-magnitude stars for this region, and so on for the fourteenth and fifteenth magnitudes. Thus the actual number of the stars of each magnitude in this area (and similarly for other areas) will be known. We may interpret these figures somewhat in this way. Take a map which shall have spaces on it for the whole sky, and devote this map to exhibiting the results of our gauges for the fifteenth-magnitude stars. Wherever there are 100 of these to the square degree lay on one tint of color; wherever there are 200, two tints; 300, three tints, and so on. The final map will exhibit to the eye the results of our gauges for the fifteenth-magnitude stars. Where the tint is deep, there are more stars; where it is light, fewer. Another such map must be made for the fourteenth-magnitude stars; another for the thirteenth, and so on. Now place these fifteen maps side by side before you, and it will be possible to obtain at once a number of definite conclusions. Here the stars that we call fifteenth and those that we call fourteenth are really connected together in space. Why? Because this long ray of many fifteenth-magnitude stars on one map is matched by this other long ray of just the same position and shape of the fourteenth-magnitude stars. The thirteenth, too, we will say, is similar. But the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth do not in their distribution at all resemble the fainter stars in this region, but they do resemble each other. In this way, passing from region to region, the general peculiarities of each region may be made out, and much light may be thrown on the vital question, How many magnitudes of stars exist at the same distance from us? Are the stars of the so-called ninth, tenth, eleventh magnitudes all really at the same distance from us, and are their differences in brightness simply due to differences in size, or are they really at different distances?

A large amount of evidence upon these fundamental points already exists, and more is being accumulated, and it appears possible that a skillful use of it may throw much light on the real question. The new photographic processes will be of immense importance for this investigation. We have not the space to go farther into this method of research, but we may just refer in passing to one interesting form of it. We have already elaborate maps of certain portions of the sky showing the position and magnitude of every star down to the thirteenth. These are the maps used for the discovery of asteroids. From each of these maps we can make thirteen others, each of which latter shall show the stars of one magnitude only. Now compare these thirteen derived maps, and see what the evidence is that the stars of any two magnitudes are connected or independent. This method is capable of bringing out most interesting conclusions when it is thoroughly carried out, as it has not yet been to any large degree. The local arrangements of stars can be adequately studied in this way; and it is not too much to expect that the typical forms of stellar systems — distorted by perspective, of course — may be exhibited here.

Suppose one typical form to be a circular ring, as it appears to be. The apparent dimensions of these rings may well give us a clue to the relative distances of the stars of which they are composed. The preliminary work of this kind which has been done at the Washburn Observatory appears to promise some definite results in this direction.

MASSES OF BINARY AND OTHER STARS.

THE binary systems are those composed of two stars which are connected with each other by a mutual gravitation. They revolve about a common center of gravity in orbits which can be calculated. In some few cases the parallax of these stars is known; and in every such case the sum of the masses of the two stars becomes known in terms of the mass of our own sun. It is especially noteworthy that in every known case the mass of the binary system is not very different from the mass of our own sun. That is to say, all the stars whose masses are known at all are such bodies as our sun is: they shine with light like his; they are of the same order of magnitude mass.

The term "hypothetical parallax" is applied to a parallax computed for a binary star on the supposition that the mass of the binary, although unknown, may be hypothetically assumed to be the same as the sun's mass. So far as we can judge, these hypothetical parallaxes must be provisionally accepted as essentially correct.

If we can assume that the intrinsic brilliancy of the fixed stars is the same for each star, which does not seem to be a very violent supposition, several interesting conclusions follow which can only be stated here.

If it be true that for the stars, taken one with another, a square mile of surface shines with an equal light for each star, then among stars of known distances some must be at least 270 times as great in diameter as others. This is about the proportion of the sun to Mercury. Also it follows that binary stars whose colors are alike must be composed of stars of like size; and also, that on the average the brightest star of any cluster is about four times as large as the smallest star of the cluster. No star is more than 200,000 times farther than the nearest fixed star. Other assumptions which might serve as a basis for computation will give other results; but for the present we have to content ourselves with some such assumption, and in the infinite variety of circumstances among the fixed stars choose that one as general which seems to be the most likely *a priori*, and which leads to results which agree with the facts of actual observation.

THE CLUSTER OF STARS TO WHICH OUR SUN BELONGS.

THE *Uranometria Nova* of Argelander gave the positions of the lucid stars of the northern sky, and it has been supplemented by the *Uranometria Argentina* of Dr. Gould, which covers the southern sky. With the stellar statistics of the whole sky before him Dr. Gould was in a position to draw some extremely interesting conclusions with respect to the arrangement of the brighter stars in space, and to the situation of our solar system in relation to them. The outline of his reasoning can be given here, but the numerical evidence upon which his conclusions are founded must be omitted. In the first place, it is fairly proved that in general the stars that are visible to the naked eye (the lucid stars) are distributed at approximately equal distances one from another, and that on the average they are of approximately equal brilliancy. If we make a table of the number of stars of each separate magnitude in the whole sky we shall find that there are proportionately many more of the brighter ones (from first to fourth magnitudes) than of the fainter (from fourth to seventh magnitudes). That is, there is an "unfailing and systematic excess of the observed number of the brighter stars." We cannot suppose, taking one star with another, that the difference between their apparent brightness arises simply

from real difference in size, but we must conclude that the stars from the first to fourth magnitudes (some 500) are really nearer to us than the fainter stars. It therefore follows that these brighter stars form a system whose separation from that of those of the fainter stars is marked by the change of relative numerical frequency.

What, then, is the shape of this system? and have we any independent proof of its existence? Sir John Herschel and Dr. Gould have pointed out that there is in the sky a belt of brighter stars which is very nearly a great circle of the sphere. This belt is plainly marked, and it is inclined about 80° to the Milky Way, which it crosses near Cassiopea and the Southern Cross. Taking all the stars down to 4.0 magnitude Dr. Gould shows that they are more symmetrically arranged with reference to this belt than they are with reference to the Milky Way. In fact, the belt has 264 stars on one side of it and 263 on the other, while the corresponding numbers for the Milky Way are 245 and 282. From this and other reasons it is concluded that this belt contains brighter stars because it contains the nearest stars, and that this set of nearer and brighter stars is distinctively the cluster to which our sun belongs. Leaving out the brighter stars which may be accidentally projected among the true stars belonging to this cluster, Dr. Gould concludes that our sun belongs to a cluster of about 400 stars; that it lies in the principal plane of the cluster (since the belt of bright stars is a great, not a small circle); and that this solar cluster is independent of the vast congeries of stars which we call the Milky Way.

We know that the sun is moving in space. It becomes a question whether this motion is one common to the solar cluster and to the sun, or only the motion of the sun in the solar cluster. The motion has been determined on the supposition that the sun is moving and that its motion is not systematically shared by the stars which Dr. Gould assigns to the solar cluster. But a very important research will be to investigate the solar motion without employing these 400 stars as data.

In what has gone before I have tried to exhibit some of the main questions in purely Sidereal Astronomy; to show some of the more important results already reached, and especially to indicate the directions along which present researches are tending. It is impossible to give a complete view in this or in any other single branch of astronomy, for they are all indissolubly bound together.

The methods of the new astronomy have taught us that in the condition of the variable stars, where the intense glow has cooled to a red heat, we can see the future of our own sun as well as its past in the brilliant white and violet of the brightest and youngest stars. It requires the profound mathematical analysis of Gyldén to interpret his equations so as to explain to the new astronomy exactly how the phenomena of the rotation of variable stars produce the effects which are observed by its methods.

Professor Langley measures the light and heat of the moon by the new methods; Professor Darwin interprets the mathematical theory of the tides so as to trace back the origin of that heat to the remote time when the earth and moon formed one mass, and rotated in less than an eighth part of our present day. All the parts of the complex science are intimately connected, and no one can be separately treated without losing sight of many lines of research of the greatest promise and importance.

But I hope that enough has been said to show that the old astronomy is not idle; that it has its new side; and that its energies are addressed to the solution of tremendous problems of the highest significance. In broad terms, it seems to me to be the noble aim of the new astronomy to trace the life-history of an individual star, and of the old to show how all these single stars are bound together to make a universe. There is no antagonism in their objects. Each is incomplete without the other.

Edward S. Holden.

WAVES AND MIST.

THIS is the fancy that thrills through me
Like light through an open scroll:
The waves are the heart-throbs of the sea,
And the white mist is her soul.

William H. Hayne.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Modern Collegiate Education.

THIS month will witness the annually recurring revival of the general educational system of the country. The machinery of public schools, private schools, colleges, and universities will begin to move again after the summer vacation; and men and women who have for weeks been thinking only of recreation will turn their thoughts again to the great questions which come up in the process of education. The season, then, seems an appropriate one at which to call attention to one of these questions, primarily affecting our modern development of collegiate education, but touching very many other phases of the whole educational system.

One can hardly look at the schedule of studies in the better equipped American colleges without a special wonder at the magnitude and completeness of its machinery, surpassing anything that our forefathers could have considered possible. In some institutions two hundred courses or more are offered to the academic undergraduate students, covering every variety of topic, from Pali to Political Economy. The work of instruction in every department and sub-department is coming more and more to be done by men specially trained, and often distinguished, in their own lines of study, to whom the body of facts in those lines is almost as ready as instinct itself, and who pour out those facts upon their pupils as if from an ever-swelling fountain. In the logical outcome of the American college curriculum the whole body of human knowledge seems to be gathered together and laid before students for their consideration and appropriation. One cannot help feeling a certain further satisfaction as he marks the development of a new and indigenous type of university life, a natural outgrowth of the American college system, as it bursts beyond its original limits.

We are apt to think of the former American college as differing from the present type only in degree, in its smaller number of professors and students, and in its smaller facilities for work. The absolute meagerness of the college curriculum of a hundred years ago needs to be seen in order to point the contrast with the radically different spirit of its modern successor. The materials for such a contrast are easily accessible; and, as a type of the higher education of the time, we may take the four-years' course at Yale, towards the end of the last century, as given by President Dwight. *Freshman Year:* Græca Minora; six books of the Iliad; five books of Livy; Cicero de Oratore; Adam's Roman Antiquities; Morse's Geography; Webber's Mathematics. *Sophomore Year:* Horace; Græca Majora; Morse's Geography; Webber's Mathematics; Euclid's Elements; English Grammar; Tytler's Elements of History. *Junior Year:* Tacitus; Græca Majora; Enfield's Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; Chemistry; Vince's Fluxions. *Senior Year:* Logic; Chemistry; Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; Locke on the Human Understanding; Paley's Moral Philosophy; Theology. If this course differed from those of other colleges of the time, it was only in its greater completeness and in the thoroughness with which it was given.

And yet it was from such institutions and courses of study as this that the country received its great men of the past — men to whose work not only the students but the instructors of the present still look for guidance. The case is strongest with regard to public men, for the lack of law-schools and of any higher phase of education then made the meager undergraduate curriculum practically the only basis for the future statesman's training. With little or no historical or political instruction colleges then sent out men whose treatment of difficult problems of law and government must still command our admiration and respect. Omitting lesser lights, there were in public life or in training, in the latter part of the last century, from Harvard, the Adamses, Bowdoin, Dexter, Eustis, Gerry, John Hancock, Rufus King, Lowell, Otis, Parsons, the Quincys, and Strong; from Yale, Joel Barlow, Silas Deane, Griswold, Hillhouse, the Ingersolls, Tracy, the Trumbulls, and Wolcott; from Princeton, Ellsworth, Luther Martin, Pierrepont Edwards, Madison, Bradford, Lee, Burr, Morgan Lewis, Brockholst and Edward Livingston, Dayton, Giles, Bayard, Harper, Mahlon Dickerson, Berrien, Rush, Forsyth, and Sergeant; and from Columbia, Hamilton, Jay, Robert R. Livingston, and Gouverneur Morris. Are the institutions named as well represented in public life now? If we leave out of account those men now in public life who represent only the law-schools of Harvard, Yale, and Columbia, and not their undergraduate departments, the contrast would be most striking; and we might almost conclude that the influence of these four institutions on public life had decreased in direct proportion to the increase of their undergraduate curriculum.

The case is much the same in literature. Bowdoin's class of 1825, trained under the old meager system, gave more names to American literature than most of our departments of English Literature have yet succeeded in adding. Similar contrasts might be brought out in other directions; but the rule is sufficiently well established to call for explanation. Medicine and science, however, may fairly claim to have held their own; and perhaps an explanation may be found in this exception to the general rule.

The wonderful development of modern science has been rather one of principle and methods than of mere facts: the accumulation of fact has been a consequence of the change in method, though it in turn has often developed unsuspected principles, or forced a new change of methods. Is it not possible that the modern development of the college curriculum in other respects has as yet gone too largely to the mere presentation of facts? The instructor, tending constantly to specialism, is as naturally tempted to gauge the success of his work by the greater breadth and completeness with which he states the facts embraced within his subject.

If this is the principle which guides or controls him, the increased number of courses will mean merely that facts which were only suggested or were entirely ignored under the old system are now stated in full. That would mean that the student has his mental food chewed and almost digested for him, and may go through a four-years' course in college without thinking ten thoughts of his own from first to last; while the student under the old régime, compelled to do his own thinking on a great variety of subjects, developed principles and methods for himself, and then accumulated facts during the years in which the modern student is engaged in forgetting them.

The contrast already alluded to is perhaps more suggestive in the case of Princeton than in that of the other three colleges. The list of her alumni who became distinguished in public life is quite a long one; but it is noteworthy that it is almost literally limited to the years between the inauguration of President Witherspoon and the graduation of the last class which he can be supposed to have influenced (1768–97). During those years there is scarcely a class without the names of one, two, or more men who became distinguished more or less in public life; after the last-named date, such names become far more sporadic. In this case, at least, it was a matter of more serious import that the *man* had died than that the curriculum should be widened.

If there be any element of truth in the explanation here suggested rather than worked out, there is not the slightest necessity for destroying any of our college buildings, for stopping or limiting the development of elective courses, or for reverting in any point to the meager curriculum of the past. All that is necessary is that the college should see to it that the instructor should not convert the elective course into a machine for "cramming" the student within narrower lines as he never was crammed under the old system; and that the student shall not, under the guise of a wider freedom, be deprived of the license and encouragement to think for himself which the old system gave him. After all, it is from the two or three men out of a hundred who think for themselves, and think correctly, that a college must expect to obtain the reputation which comes from a line of alumni distinguished in public life, in literature, and in all forms of human activity.

Individuality in Teaching.

THE criticism that sees danger to the schools in the elaboration of systems and puts forth even the faintest plea for individuality in teaching must meet the counter-criticism of those who point out that genius keeps to the mountains and only mediocrity finds its way to the school-room.

How easily can the names of the great teachers of youth be counted upon the fingers of one hand! Of the great teachers of the common-schools we have almost no traditions. Pestalozzi and Froebel made it possible for mediocrity to reach a child's mind; but without well-learned guiding-lines, the average instructor makes the school-room a chaos where ignorance becomes its own law and shuts out knowledge.

In some such manner the pleader for system might argue. But the great difficulty is that we have not yet learned the relative meaning of ignorance and knowledge. We do not teach the right things and we do not get the best results. We use examinations as gauging-lines, but our percentages do not show true values. We get bits of information and progressive series of bits, but we have flooded the child's mind, not developed it. Our school-room work too often runs along the line of mere suppression — suppression of teacher, suppression of pupil, suppression of individuality; the apotheosis of ruts. We build up elaborate school systems in our great cities, bind all the schools together in a series of grades, apportion the hours for all work,— indeed, the very minutes,— set a thousand machine-moved teachers in the schools, and then pour in an overcrowded throng of children and begin to examine them. The children are of all sorts and nationalities: some well fed, well cared for, and well loved; some almost barbaric, with generations of ignorance and poverty and indifference to education behind them. But our education of all lies chiefly in our examinations, in which the teachers are examined with them, for upon the results depend the teachers' fortunes. This is one of our proud methods of building up the state. Of instruction, of character-forming, of mental growth, there is scarcely a thought. Often it seems but a great and complex system for wasting the formative years of childhood.

Now it is certain that we must have system and method, but we must have something besides. Train our teachers well, but allow them a certain liberty to work out results. It is not information that we should ask of school-children so much as it is character and mental life. What are values? — that should be a child's first lesson. Make a boy feel the worth of a thing, and the hard road becomes a pathway to the stars. He feels his share in the future; he knows his place in the universe, and is its heir. Character, right ambition, character — get the value of these in a boy's mind, and your road becomes easy.

The power to think for one's self has too little standing in the schools; and we do not insist enough upon the appreciation of the worth of the school work. Too often we try to wheedle our children into knowledge. We disguise the name of work, mask thought, and invent schemes for making education easy and pleasant. We give fanciful names to branches of study, make play with object-lessons, and illustrate all things. To make education amusing, an easy road without toil, is to train up a race of men and women who will shun what is displeasing to them. But there is no substitute for hard work in school if we are to have a properly trained people; we must teach the value of work and overcome the indifference of children to ignorance.

No one ever came nearer to success of this sort than the Rev. Edward Thring,* who for thirty-four years was head-master of the grammar-school at Uppingham, England. What his methods were, this is not the place to state; but he insisted upon nothing more strongly than upon this, that it was not enough for the teacher to know the subject taught and why it should be taught, but that the child too should feel its value for him and be assured of his ability to absorb the knowledge. He always insisted upon preparing the child's mind for the knowledge to be implanted. The

*See article on "Uppingham" in this number of THE CENTURY.

mind itself was his chief care; of mere information he had slight respect. He worked for a strong mind, not a full one; for mental life, mental activity, and power.

In America, Frederick W. Gunn,* working along similar lines, influenced his pupils with such power that his school became a wonderful force for the formation of character. With both these men character was the object sought. With both, education meant character, mental life, and growth, not knowledge-lumps and the accretion of book lore. Both were successful, for they held their own high level, kept faith with their convictions and their duty, and did not attempt impossible things.

A Just Employer.

NOT long ago a foreigner shook his head sadly as he wrote about New England. Its stony hills and rocky coast, its glacier-plowed and niggardly soil, its overhot summers and over-cold winters, were, he deemed, unfavorable for the nurture of men and the development of a great state. The time would come when the New England man would have to yield to the odds against him. This fanciful theory has no warrant.

How New England men get and keep dominion over unkind nature — how they help build the state — may be shown in a notice of one of its good men, Samuel D. Warren, whose body after seventy years of activity was recently laid to rest. The record of his life is uneventful but full of suggestion. He left his birthplace, at Grafton, Massachusetts, to make his way in the world when he was only fourteen years of age. He was not strong in body; his education was necessarily slender; he had no rich kinsmen to lean upon. A good mother and a sound New England religious sentiment had given him something better,— strong principles and high ideals,— and he went cheerfully to the first work he found, to the drudgery and poor pay of an office boy in a Boston paper-selling house. His advancement was slow. Although a junior partner soon after reaching his majority, he was nearly forty years old before he thought himself strong enough to buy and manage unaided a small paper mill in Maine that did not then give work to one hundred hands. But he made it prosperous. In ten years he stood in the front line of American manufacturers, for his paper had earned and kept a world-wide reputation. At the time of his death his Cumberland Mill was the largest paper mill in the world, perfecting forty tons of paper a day and giving direct employment to more than eight hundred persons.

The daily and weekly papers of New England have already chronicled the more important details of his business life, as well as his liberality to churches, hospitals, and asylums. They need not be repeated. That he has acceptably made for many years the paper for THE CENTURY and for "St. Nicholas" calls for at least a passing notice; but evidences of his skill and public spirit seem less deserving of special comment than his efforts in another direction which as yet have not been noticed at all.

In his own way Mr. Warren did much to allay the unjust strife between capital and labor. In every other large manufacturing village strikes and lock-outs were frequent. Some regarded them as unavoidable phases in the relation of masters and workmen. "Offenses must come." But there was never a strike in Cumberland Mills, before which the fowlers of the labor unions spread their nets in vain. This steady resistance of the workmen to snares which elsewhere never missed their object is due to the conscience of Mr. Warren. He did not think his duty done when he paid his workmen agreed wages. He made it his duty to have them live in good homes and enjoy life. He built the houses, and equipped them better than other houses of a similar class, and offered them at lower rent. The church and the school-house were supplemented by a public library, a gymnasium, and a large room for social gatherings. Other manufacturers of New England have done similar work, but few have done it with equal tact. Certainly no one has done it with greater success. Whoever walks around the little village and notes the general tidiness of the place, its neat houses and trim gardens, its cheery and frank-faced men and women, its exemption from beer-gardens and dance-halls and variety shows, and then compares the cleanliness of this with the squalidness of other manufacturing villages that he may have seen, will at once admit that the molding of paper, worthy work as it is, is not so worthy as the molding of the fortunes and the characters of human beings.

* See "The Master of The Gunnery," published by The Gunn Memorial Association; see also Dr. J. G. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," in which Mr. Bird and the Bird's Nest stand for Mr. Gunn and the Gunnery.

OPEN LETTERS.

Gettysburg Twenty-five Years After.

THE spectacle exhibited at Gettysburg at the recent meeting of Union and Confederate veterans, twenty-five years after the battle, and the sentiments expressed by such battle-scarred heroes as Slocum, Sickles, and Longstreet, Beaver, Hooker (of Mississippi), Robinson, and Gordon, should swell every American heart with the most legitimate pride. It is well, however, that while indulging in justifiable exultation, we, and especially our descendants, should forever remember the lesson taught by the thorough-hearted reconciliation of those who for four years were such deadly foes. It is well that those who come after us shall understand the *true* and *rational ground* of the national pride which they should cherish, chiefly as an incentive to equal nobleness of achievement. Our pride is not based solely upon the unsurpassed valor displayed upon both sides, for other soldiers in many other lands and times have fought as well, though none better. "*Vixêre fortes ante Agamemnona.*" It has a nobler and loftier source. It is the unequaled — in fact, the unapproached — generosity and magnanimity of the American character which alone in all history was able to achieve victory without vengeance, and to accept the consequences of defeat without degradation and without rancor. It is this noble trait which places us foremost of all the world.

For, without going back to antiquity, which is full of the massacres and proscriptions of the vanquished,

no such example has ever been seen before among the most enlightened nations. Did Puritans and Cavaliers ever join hands in harmony, or the Jacobites and the followers of the House of Hanover? It was only after the scaffolds and proscriptions of the Restoration, offset later by those which followed the bloody field of Culloden — it was only after generations had passed and death had removed the last of the "Pretenders" that Great Britain ceased to be torn by insurrections and party hatreds. But even at this day, what Irishman can tamely accept the position into which England has forced his country? What Polish patriot has ever acknowledged that Russian conquest was best for his people, though more than half a century has elapsed since its completion?

No nation ever passed through such an internal conflict as ours. The nearest approach to it was the struggle of La Vendée against the French Republic in 1793–98; and after three generations it can hardly be considered as altogether ended, for no Vendéan leader has ever given hearty and complete allegiance to any government that France has had since those days, except to the Bourbon restoration. The descendants of La Rochejaquelein, of Charette, Lescure, and Cathelineau, as well as the sons of the brave and fanatical Vendéan peasantry of '93, are to-day the bitterest foes of the Republic, and proclaim openly, even in the National Assembly, their purpose to destroy it and to reëstablish "the throne and the altar" upon its ruins.

Now mark the contrast. We have not had to wait until another generation took the place of the combatants. Less than twenty-five years after the close of our gigantic war the very men who fought it meet spontaneously in fraternal concourse, without the least utilitarian or political purpose, but simply in obedience to the irresistible impulse of their hearts, whose desire for union and harmony amounts to enthusiasm; and the unanimous sentiment of all is one of exulting happiness at the result which has made us one people, more thoroughly united than we ever were before, rallying with boundless devotion around the national flag and Government.

What is the cause of this wonderful contrast?

Respect for each other's valor, though a factor, would not have sufficed to efface animosities. Surely the Russians must have honored the Polish patriots' bravery; and the Blues, who fought for the Republic, could not help respecting the reckless daring of the Whites, who fought for king and altar in La Vendée. But this feeling has failed to allay the rancor and hatred caused by past but still unforgotten cruelties.

Nothing can account for the contrast but the superior intelligence, generosity, and magnanimity of the American people, who even in the heat and violence of conflict never regarded as a crime an honest difference of opinion, even though carried to the extreme of armed resistance. Whatever may be said by those who never realized what war has been and is in other lands, there is no question that, on the whole, our war was the mildest and most humane ever fought, and the freest from those excesses usually considered the inevitable concomitants of war. There were no slaughters of prisoners after surrender, no scaffolds, no *fusillades*, no *noyades* of the vanquished, as in Poland and La Vendée; and never were fewer men executed as spies, or guerrillas (*francs-tireurs*), according to the recognized code of war. And when, at the final act of the drama, the conqueror had the power to demand unconditional surrender, how generous were the terms offered, how regardful of even the soldierlike honor of the conquered!

Although after the struggle of arms had ceased, some oppressive legislation, which would have better been omitted, prevailed for a short time, yet not one of the so-called rebels was deprived of his life or property, or driven into banishment, for any act done during the war. Years ago even the most prominent supporters of the late Confederacy were readmitted to all the privileges of American citizenship. As said Governor Beaver the other day, "You are our equals in courage, perseverance, and intelligence; our equals in all that dignifies and adorns the American character." He might have added also — equals in devotion to our common country.

This is why there are no bitter and revengeful memories of bloodshed, otherwise than on the battle-field in honorable warfare, to perpetuate hatred and animosities between us and our descendants. This is why the Confederate veterans acknowledge in all sincerity of heart that the war ended in the way that was *the best* for the entire country, and why those who wore the blue and the gray can clasp hands with heartfelt sympathy and affection, and all of us, North and South, are ready to shed all our blood, if need be, in defense of our truly reunited country. This is why we have no Poland, no Ireland, no Vendée in our blessed land. This is why we can point all other nations to the unequaled record of American generosity, forgiveness, and magnanimity, far more glorious than the victories of war. Above all, this is why we can leave to our posterity the noblest inheritance and the noblest memories that any people ever had. May they ever remember the grand old maxim: *Noblesse oblige!*

R. E. Colston,
Formerly Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

Is the Siberian Exile System to be at Once Abolished?

I DO not believe that the exile system is upon the eve of abolition, nor that it will be abolished within the next ten years; and I will state, as briefly as I can, some of the reasons for my skepticism.

The number of criminals now sent to Siberia annually, not including innocent wives and children, varies from 10,000 to 13,000. These criminals may be divided, for my present purpose, into five great classes, viz.: First, hard-labor convicts; secondly, compulsory colonists; thirdly, communal exiles (persons banished, on account of their generally bad character, by the village communes to which they belong); fourthly, vagrants; and, fifthly, political and religious exiles. The proportion which each of these classes bears to the whole number of banished may be shown in tabular form as follows, the figures being taken from the report of the Bureau of Exile Administration for the year 1885:

Criminal Class.	*Number.*	*Per cent. of whole number.*
Hard-labor convicts	1551	15.16
Compulsory colonists	2841	27.78
Communal exiles	3751	36.66
Vagrants	1719	16.80
Political and religious exiles	368	3.60
Total	10,230	100.

When this great body of offenders reaches Siberia it is divided into two penal classes, viz.: First, criminals who are shut up in prisons, and, secondly, criminals who are assigned places of residence and are there liberated to find subsistence for themselves as best they may. The first of these penal classes — that of the imprisoned — comprises all the hard-labor convicts and all of the vagrants, and numbers in the aggregate 3270. The second, or liberated class, includes all of the compulsory colonists, all of the communal exiles, and most of the political and religious offenders, and numbers in the aggregate nearly seven thousand.

It is manifest, I think, that when a flood of ten thousand vagrants, thieves, counterfeiters, burglars, highway robbers, and murderers is poured into a colony, the class most injurious to the welfare of that colony is the liberated class. If a burglar or a thief is sent to Siberia and shut up in prison, he is no more dangerous to society there than he would be if he were imprisoned in European Russia. The place of his confinement is immaterial, because he has no opportunity to do evil. If, however, he is sent to Siberia and there turned loose, he resumes his criminal activity, and becomes at once a menace to social order and security.

For more than half a century the people of Siberia have been groaning under the heavy burden of criminal exile. More than two-thirds of all the crimes committed in the colony are committed by common felons who have been transported thither and then set at liberty, and the peasants everywhere are becoming demoralized by enforced association with thieves, burglars, counterfeiters, and embezzlers from the cities of European Russia. The honest and prosperous inhabitants of the country protest, of course, against a system which liberates every year, at their very doors, an army of seven thousand worthless characters and felons. They do not object to the hard-labor convicts, because the latter are shut up in jails. They do not object to the political and religious exiles, because such offenders frequently make the best of citizens. Their protests are aimed particularly at the compulsory colonists. Half the large towns in Siberia have sent memorials to the Crown asking to be relieved from the burden of communal exile and criminal colonization; nearly all the governors of the Siberian provinces have called attention in their official reports to the disastrous consequences of the exile system as it is now administered; the liberal Siberian newspapers have been hammering at the subject for more than a decade; three or four specially appointed commissions have condemned criminal colonization and have suggested methods of reform — and yet nothing whatever has been done. Every plan of reform submitted to the Tsar's ministers up to the present time has been found by them to be either impracticable or inexpedient, and has finally been put, as the Russians say, "under the table-cloth." Not a single plan, I believe, has ever reached the stage of discussion in the Council of State.

Within the past five years great pressure has been brought to bear upon the Government to induce it so to modify the exile system as to relieve the Siberian people of a part of their heavy burden. Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the Chief of the Prison Department, has made a journey of inspection through Siberia, and has become convinced of the necessity for reform; General Ignatief and Baron Korff — both men of energy and ability — have been appointed governors-general in eastern Siberia and have insisted pertinaciously upon the abolition of criminal colonization; the liberal Siberian press, encouraged by the support of these high officials, has assailed the exile system with renewed courage and vigor; and the Tsar's ministers have been forced at last to consider once more the expediency, not of abolishing the exile system as a whole, but of so modifying it as to render it less burdensome to the inhabitants of a rich and promising colony. In giving the subject such consideration the Government is not actuated by humane motives — that is, by a desire to lessen the enormous amount of misery which the exile system causes; it wishes merely to put a stop to annoying complaints and protests, and to increase the productiveness and tax-paying capacity of Siberia. In approaching the question from this point of view, the Government sees that the most irritating and burdensome feature of the exile system is the colonization of common criminals in the Siberian towns and villages. It is this against which the Siberian people protest, and it is this which lessens the productive capacity of the colony. Other features of the system are more cruel,— more unjust and disgraceful,— but this is the one which makes most trouble, and which, therefore, must first have attention.

Just before I left St. Petersburg for the United States on my return from Siberia, I took breakfast with Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the Chief of the Russian Prison Department, and had a long and interesting conversation with him concerning the exile system and the plan of reform which he was then maturing, and which is now said by the London "Spectator" to involve the entire abolition of exile to Siberia as a method of punishment. The view of the question taken by Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi at that time was precisely the view which I have indicated in the preceding paragraph. He did not expect to bring about the abolition of the exile system as a whole, nor did he intend to recommend such a step to the Tsar's ministers. All that he proposed to do was so to restrict and reform the system as to make it more tolerable to the Siberian people. This he expected to accomplish by somewhat limiting communal exile, by abolishing criminal colonization, and by increasing the severity of the punishment for vagrancy. The reform was not intended to change the status of hard-labor convicts, nor of administrative exiles, nor of politicals; and Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi told me distinctly that for political convicts a new prison was then building at the famous and dreaded mine of Akatui, in the most lonely and desolate part of the Trans-Baikal. Of this fact I was already aware, as I had visited the mine of Akatui, and had seen there the timber prepared for the building. It was the intention of the Government, Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi said, to pump out the abandoned Akatui mine, which was then half full of water, and set the politicals to work in it.

At the time of our conversation Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi did not regard the complete abolition of the exile system as even possible, much less practicable. He estimated that it would cost at least ten million rubles to build in European Russia the prisons which the abolition of the exile system would necessitate, and he did not think that, in the straitened condition of the Russian finances, it would be possible to appropriate such

an amount for such a purpose. Furthermore, the complete abolition of the system would make it necessary to revise and remodel the whole penal code, and to this step objections would probably be raised by the Minister of Justice. Under such circumstances, all that the Prison Department hoped to do was to make such changes in the system as would render it less objectionable to the Siberian people and less burdensome to the commercial interests of an important colony.

Since my interview with Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi, the scheme of reform which he then had under consideration has been completed, and, if it has not been "put under the table-cloth," it is now awaiting the action of the Council of State. I have every reason to believe that no material change has been made in it since I discussed it with its author. Its provisions have been published repeatedly in the Siberian newspapers, and as recently as May of the present year the "Russian Courier" printed an abstract of it by sections. The plan is, in brief:

First. To substitute imprisonment in European Russia for forced colonization in Siberia, and to retain the latter form of punishment only "for certain offenses" and "in certain exceptional cases." The "Spectator" may have taken this to mean that the whole exile system is to be abolished; but if so, it misunderstands the words. The meaning is, simply, that one class of exiles — namely, "poselentse," or compulsory colonists — are hereafter to be shut up in European Russia, unless, "for certain offenses" and "in certain exceptional cases," the Government shall see fit to send them to Siberia as usual. This reform would have affected in the year 1885 only 2841 exiles out of a total number of 10,230.

Second. The plan proposes to increase the severity of the punishment for vagrancy by sending all vagrants into hard labor on the island of Saghalien. This section is aimed at runaway convicts, thousands of whom spend every winter in prison and every summer in roaming about the colony.

Third. The plan proposes to deprive village communes of the right to banish peasants who return to their homes after serving out a term of imprisonment for crime. This is a limitation of the exile system as it now exists, and in 1885 it would have affected 2651 exiles out of a total of 10,230.

Fourth. The plan proposes to retain communal exile, but to compel every commune to support, for a term of two years, the persons whom it exiles. The amount of money to be paid for the support of such persons is fixed at $18.25 a year per capita, or five cents a day for every exile. To what extent this would, in practice, operate as a restriction of communal exile, I am unable to say. The "Siberian Gazette," in a recent number, expressed the opinion that it would affect it very slightly, and attacked the plan vigorously upon the ground of its inadequacy.

Fifth. The plan proposes to modify sections 17 and 20 of the penal code so as to bring them into harmony with the changes in the exile system above provided for.

This is all that there is in the scheme of reform submitted by the Prison Department to the Tsar's ministers. It is, of course, a step in the right direction, but it comes far short of a complete abolition of the exile system, inasmuch as it does not touch the banishment to Siberia of political offenders, nor the transportation of hard-labor convicts to the mines, nor the deportation of religious dissenters; and it restricts communal exile only to a very limited extent. The plan has been discussed at intervals by the Russian newspaper press ever since the return of Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi from his Siberian journey of inspection, and I have yet to see the first hint or intimation that the Prison Department has even so much as suggested the entire abolition of the exile system. The plan which Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi outlined to me is precisely the plan which, according to the Russian and Siberian newspapers, is now pending.

The only question which remains for consideration is, Will this limited measure of reform be adopted? In my judgment it will not be. Before such a plan as this goes to the Council of State for discussion, it is always submitted to the ministers within whose jurisdiction it falls — in the present case to the Minister of Justice, the Minister of Finance, and the Minister of the Interior. Two of these officers have already disapproved the plan of the Prison Department, in whole or in part, upon the ground that it is impracticable, or that it goes too far. The Minister of Finance opposes it *in toto*, and says that "the reasons assigned by Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi for the proposed changes in the exile system are not sufficiently convincing." I have not space for Mr. Vishnegradski's argument against the reform, but it may be found in the "Siberian Gazette," No. 34, p. 4, May 20, 1888. The Minister of Justice declares that the proposed reform cannot be carried out "without the essential destruction of the whole existing system of punishment for crime"; and that "the substitution of imprisonment in European Russia for colonization in Siberia is impossible." Furthermore, he goes out of his way to say that "exile to Siberia for political and religious offenses must be preserved." ("Eastern Review," p. 11, St. Petersburg, April 22, 1888.)

Of course, the opposition of two powerful ministers is not necessarily fatal to a measure of reform of this kind; but, since in the present case they are the ministers who are most directly interested, their influence is very strong, and if they be supported by the Minister of the Interior they will almost certainly be able to withhold Mr. Galkin-Vrasskoi's plan from the Council of State. They will simply "put it under the table-cloth," and report to the Tsar that they find it utterly impracticable.

If this were the first time that the question of Siberian exile had been agitated, and if this were the first measure of reform that had been submitted to the Tsar's ministers, there might be some reason to hope for a change in the existing situation of affairs; but it is an old, old story. Abler men than Galkin-Vrasskoi have condemned the exile system and have submitted plans of reform; stronger governors-general than Ignatief and Korff have insisted upon the abolition of criminal colonization; but their efforts have always been fruitless, and their plans have always been found "impracticable." After such an investigation of the exile system as I have recently made, I hope with all my heart that it may be abolished, and I shall do all that lies in my power; but I greatly fear, nevertheless, that it will remain, for many years, one of the darkest blots upon the civilization of the nineteenth century.

George Kennan.

General Grant and Matias Romero.

GENERAL ADAM BADEAU published in THE CENTURY for October, 1885, an article entitled "The Last Days of General Grant," in which he said:

"About the same time Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister, who had been a valued friend from the period when the French were driven from Mexico, came on from Washington, and insisted on lending him $1000. At first the General declined the offer, but Mr. Romero suddenly quitted the room, leaving his check for $1000 on the table. But for these succors the man who had dined with half the kings of the earth would have wanted money to buy bread for himself and his children."

I presume General Badeau based his statement on an article published by "The Mail and Express" of New York on Saturday, February 7, 1885, which contained, to my knowledge, the first publication of that incident ever made.

Although the statement contained in the preceding quotation is not accurate, I refrained from rectifying it when it was published, mainly because I did not wish to wound any one's susceptibility, and much less that of General Grant's family, as also on account of my natural reluctance to bring myself forward before the public, and because the inaccuracies were only of a secondary character, although reflecting, to a certain degree, on me, since they represented me as forcing General Grant to do a thing which was repugnant to him. But friends of the General and of myself have advised me of the convenience of rectifying the historical facts of this incident, and I have, therefore, determined to make the following statement of what really took place.

The banking house of Grant & Ward of New York, of which General Grant was a partner, failed on the 6th of May, 1884; and believing that said event would place the General under serious embarrassment, I thought that my personal relations with him required my visiting him, and I therefore left Washington on the 9th of that month for New York for the purpose of expressing to him, in person, my sympathy and concern in the difficult circumstances through which he was passing. I had, on the 12th, an interview with General Grant at his residence, No. 3 East 66th street, in the city of New York, and he informed me that all he possessed had been lost in the broken bank; even the interest on a fund of $200,000 which several New York gentlemen had raised for the purpose of giving him an income which would permit him to live decently had been negotiated previously by Ferdinand Ward, and that six months or a year would elapse before he could rely on the interest of said fund. Mrs. Grant was in the habit, he said, of drawing from the bank, a few days after the first of each month, the necessary amount to pay the house bills for the previous month; but in May, 1884, she had not yet drawn the sum required for that purpose, before the failure of the bank. They found themselves, therefore, without the necessary means to do their own marketing (these were his own words). The only amount they had at the house was, he said, as I recollect, about $18.

Surprised at hearing the above statement, I told General Grant that he well knew I was not a rich man, but that I could dispose of three or four thousand dollars, which were at once at his disposal; that I would not need them soon, and that he need, therefore, not be in any hurry concerning the time when he ought to pay them back, and that they of course would draw no interest.

General Grant hesitated somewhat before accepting my offer, for fear, as he said, that this loan would put me to some inconvenience, but told me, at last, that he would borrow one thousand dollars. I asked him whether he wanted said amount in a check drawn by me on the New York bank where I had my funds, or in bank bills; and in the latter case, bills of what denomination he desired. He replied that he preferred ten $100 bills, and I then drew at once a check (No. 406) to my order for $1000, which was cashed at the bank of Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co. of the city of New York, with ten $100 bills; and I returned on the same day to General Grant's house and personally delivered the money to him.

I came back to Washington on the 15th of May, and here a few days later I received from General Grant $436 in part payment of the loan of $1000 made to him on the 12th. On the 24th of the following June I received a letter from the General, dated at Long Branch the day before, inclosing a check of Messrs. Hoyt Brothers on the Park National Bank of New York, to the order of Mrs. Grant, for the sum of $564; so that the loan was fully repaid but a few days after it was made.

Not to wound General Grant's susceptibility, I never breathed a word on this subject to anybody, not even to the most intimate members of my family, and through me nobody would ever have known anything about it.

However great was my desire to help General Grant through the difficult circumstances which he then underwent, I would never have done so against his full consent; and if he had manifested any reluctance to receive the pecuniary aid I offered him I would not have insisted on it, as I did not wish to oppose his will in the least, and much less to force him to accept pecuniary aid.

M. Romero.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22, 1888.

The Canal at Island No. 10.

[THE letters which follow are of interest in connection with the reference to the discussion of the subject by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay on page 659 of the present CENTURY. — EDITOR.]

In THE CENTURY for September, 1885, there is an article headed: "Who Projected the Canal at Island Number 10?" by General Schuyler Hamilton, written to establish his claim to the honor of having originated the idea of the canal across the bend at New Madrid, whereby the fortifications on Island No. 10 were cut off, with the result of their capture by General Pope. General Hamilton, writing of Colonel J. W. Bissell's description of the work, in this magazine for August, 1885, says:

> To the public this reads as though the plan originated with Colonel Bissell, while I am ready to show that while the colonel directed the work, "some officer," as he says,—or, to be exact, I myself,—was the sole inventor of the project.

The general then quotes further to show that the idea originated or was "advanced" by him March 17, 1862.

Both these gentlemen are in error regarding the fact as to who originated the design of this canal. To divest myself of seeming egotism I will use the general's own words: "To be exact, I myself was the sole inventor of the project," having drawn in detail the plan of this canal and particularly described the *modus operandi* of its construction on the 20th of August, 1861, more than *six months* before the canal was cut. This description, with the charts, I sent to General Frémont, who was then preparing his campaign down the Mississippi. The following is his appreciative acknowledgment of the reception of my charts:

HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
ST. LOUIS, September 6, 1861.

MR. JOHN BANVARD,
Cold Spring, Long Island.

SIR: I have received your letter of the 22d ult. with its valuable inclosures. I shall be glad to see your portfolio of drawings, and have no doubt but that I shall find them very useful in my coming campaign down the river.

Accept my thanks for your thoughtful consideration and be assured that it is appreciated by

Yours truly, J. C. FRÉMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

Some years before, I had made, with the idea of publishing them for the use of boatmen, a hydrographic series of charts of the entire river below Cairo, the old ones then in use on the river being very defective. These I also tendered to General Frémont.

It will be remembered that General Frémont was succeeded by General Hunter. Mr. Lossing says in his history: "When General Hunter arrived at headquarters, Frémont, after informing him of the position of affairs, laid before him all his plans." (Lossing's Hist., Vol. II., p. 84.) From this it is evident that my charts and plans were handed over to the new command and eventually utilized at New Madrid, and if there is any honor attached to the originality of the idea, it belongs to your humble servant,

John Banvard.

LAKE KAMPESKA, WATERTOWN, DAKOTA, Sept. 7, 1885.

P. S. As an interesting addendum to this subject of military canals of the Mississippi, I perhaps might say further that I also sent General Grant some useful hints regarding the canal at Vicksburg which he attempted to make. Fearing that through the vicissitudes of camp life he might fail to receive my communications, I sent this to "The New York Times," in which it was printed, the editor calling especial attention to the importance of the article:

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK TIMES":

I see the engineers have failed to cut the canal through the bend at Vicksburg, and that the Southern people are laughing over the event. I have seen just such failures before on the Mississippi. Captain Shrieves, who was employed by Government to improve the navigation, made the same mistake in his attempt to open the Horse Shoe Bend in 1836. I could take a couple hundred of hands and have the old Father of Waters flowing across the bend at Vicksburg in three days. Tell those who have the work in charge to *cut through that argillaceous stratum* they have come to (I know they have encountered it, although it has not been mentioned),—cut through this until they reach the substratum of sand, and the river will go through, even if the ditch through the clay is not over a foot in width.

The Mississippi "bottom" is formed, first of sand, next of this argillaceous formation, and above, the alluvium. In some places I have seen this argillaceous formation not over a foot thick, and it may be so at Vicksburg; and it is rarely over six feet in thickness. However, *cut through it*, and as long as sand possesses its natural capillary attraction, nothing under heaven can stop the river from going through the cut, as the sand will wash out, undermining this superstratum of stiff clay when the superincumbent alluvium falls with it, and within twenty-four hours—mark my words—a steamer can pass through the new channel. In some places this argillaceous formation does not exist at all, as the case at Bunches's Bend, where the bend was opened in the morning by a mere ditch and steamers passed through by night, so rapidly did the banks wash away.

Yours, JOHN BANVARD.

Mr. Banvard's letter to the Editor of THE CENTURY having been submitted to General Frémont, for his comment, he wrote as follows:

NEW YORK, September 28, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . The plans submitted to me by Mr. Banvard were carefully examined in connection with the Mississippi River campaign upon which we had entered agreeably to the plan submitted by me to President Lincoln under date of September 8, 1861, and, in that part relating to the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, also to General Sherman.

My letter in answer to Mr. Banvard shows that I held his plans to be very important. They were directly in aid to Admiral Foote and the gun-boat work, and fitted into the part I had assigned to General Grant in the plan of campaign I had submitted to the President. In this I had proposed that "General Grant should take possession of the entire Cairo and Fulton railroad, Piketon, New Madrid, and the shore of the Mississippi opposite Hickman and Columbus."

It was in this connection that Mr. Banvard's plans became immediately useful.

These plans are not now in my possession. In obedience to orders from the War Department, directing that all papers concerning the Western Department should be delivered immediately to General Halleck, they were at once turned over to him.

There was no opportunity given to single out and return to their rightful owners documents properly belonging to them.

In this way Mr. Banvard's papers were necessarily left among the memoranda of the proposed campaign, and could not have failed to attract attention in connection with the work of the gun-boats.

Much of interest might be said in connection with this subject. But to avoid delay I have confined myself to a direct reply to your question as to what I "know of the justice of Mr. Banvard's claim to the origination of the canal at Island No. 10."

With my knowledge of the above facts, and the impression remaining on my mind, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Mr. Banvard's claim to be absolutely just. Yours truly,

J. C. FRÉMONT.

To the Editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Art Education.

THE most casual education in art will enable any intelligent observer to recognize the wide difference in the qualities of the art of the great revival of the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries and that of to-day, in any school, and of any form. This difference is not merely one of motive—the change from a religious theme to every-day incident is not one which touches the technical side of art at all—nor is it any more in any natural gifts in the painter of the Renaissance not now possessed; not even in profounder religious feeling, which was in the greatest art period as exceptional as it is now, and which was never so potent over the art of the great technicists like Michael Angelo, Veronese, Titian, and Correggio as in that of the weaker men like Fra Angelico and the Mystics. The ascetic spirit characteristic of ecclesiastical art has always been adverse to the highest development of art, which only reached its climax under the freedom induced by a recognition

of the value of pagan liberty. But while music has steadily developed its resources, increased its range and power, retaining and deepening its hold over the human mind, painting has as steadily receded into a position in all respects inferior as art, though in some directions far more influential as the guide to nature-study.

The exceptional minds of the great Renaissance are exceptional still — for a Michael Angelo we have a Millet; for a Titian we have a Turner; for Giorgione, a Rossetti; for Correggio, a Reynolds and a Gainsborough, inferior in no respect of intellectual power, even in some cases superior. Yet in visiting the great European galleries no one who understands the technical merits of painting or sculpture can fail to be impressed with the number of painters there represented whose names are almost unknown, and whose positions in the great schools were those of a decided and neglected inferiority, but whose work shows power and technical mastery which would now place any man among the first of contemporary painters. The examples which we find in the Italian galleries of pictures of the Venetian and Bolognese schools, whose painters we cannot determine in many cases and in many others only know that they were pupils of well-known masters, are sometimes of such power of drawing and execution that we can only repeat, "There were giants in the earth in those days." The most powerful painter of our day, of any school, when measured by Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, Tintoret, Veronese, Titian, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, or, coming down in the scale, even with the Carracci and Guido Reni, is dwarfed in every technical attainment.

Why is it? It is not from intellectual inferiority — men like Delacroix, Millet, Rossetti, Watts, Burne-Jones, Leys, Turner, Israels do not fall below the average of the mental power of any of the greatest schools. Nor will any lack of moral exaltation explain it, for, with few exceptions, the great painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were not moralists — still less purists. I asked Delacroix one day wherein lay this modern inferiority, and he placed it in the want of executive ability, and prescribed copying the great masters as the remedy, which he himself had tried, but with what success we all know; for with all his great imagination and gifts he fails only a little less than others, and his weakest point, in his best period, is the glibness of too facile touch, the subtlety of which is in no relation to its facility. Millet and Turner alone of moderns have that invariable command of form which makes their quickest work their best, or at least never inferior; but the great Italians were equally sure, whether working with speed or at leisure. It is reserved for modern art-charlatanry to simulate with grievous painstaking the appearance of rapidity. And there is no evidence whatever that the great masters, except in a few cases of the sixteenth century, copied as a means of study. Delacroix's remedy is not deep enough, for it will not account for Titian, Francia, Da Vinci.

The system of art education in the earliest time seems to have been not only more secure but far more comprehensive than ours. The young painters went into the masters' studios at the age of from seven to ten, an age at which we now put children to study who desire to make a profession of music; and the need is as great in one case as in the other, for the flexibility of hand — and, what is more important, the early habit of the muscles following the volition without laborious or anxious exertion of the will — can only be achieved in one case and in the other by the training begun in extreme youth. Nor was this all: they seem to have been taught modeling or drawing indifferently, architecture, and even in some cases literature (Giotto was set by his master at Latin at once); they drew for years on their masters' pictures, traced, painted unimportant parts, worked together with the unfailing effect of mutually brightening their intellects and widening their mental range. Art was to them, in a larger or lesser sense, their lives and their education: the studio, followed up by the intellectual association with the thinkers and poets their contemporaries, was their university; and what we know of their lives and their works goes to show that they kept abreast of their times, and that their larger art was in great part due to their wider mental development through the only educator — interchange of thought.

What chance have we to compete with men who were trained in such a school? We begin late and pride ourselves in our self-sufficiency and self-taught blundering. Those who can, contrive to get a few lessons, mostly from people knowing little more than themselves — not in the philosophy or scope of art, but in the use of pigments; at most a year or two in a French atelier, where the Bohemian may easily overrun and choke the artist, where any habits except those of intellectual activity and thought are acquired, yet a certain amount of *chic*, and are stamped with the image and superscription of their idol and exemplar of the day, and graduate as soon as they get a picture in the Salon. What is their education in the larger sense — how many of them know the contemporary poets, to say nothing of Plato and the older ones? — what part could they take in the intellectual movement of their day? Is it not, on the other hand, the fact that the majority of them care only for the qualities which catch the eyes of the buying and uneducated public, and which content them to the end of their art, which is almost invariably in a decline towards mere mechanical and exaggeratory personal qualities, vagaries, and eccentricities, brilliant execution, finishing in glittering or morbid mannerisms and inane repetitions of motives which were never serious and are often utterly frivolous? As to the general education, the larger and equal intellectual development which we dispense with in no other profession and in very few trades, there is not only no general tendency to it, but in a majority of cases our modern men pride themselves on the narrowness of their training, and consider that the shallower they are found the broader they really are. Having no knowledge of the greater principles of art, they plume themselves on not working after theories, and more vigorously claim inspiration the less they are capable of using their brains, as if art were a jugglery which was the better the less thought had part in it.

The remedy? Education. Treat art as we treat all other human occupations, and dismiss the idea that a profession which demanded special natural qualification, the most arduous training, and an all-round development in its best days, can be picked up like tricks in cards in these times. Training of the hand alone is futile. For many years I believed that art education was to be looked for from France alone: I have tried

the schools of Paris long enough to see that the system corrupts and makes abortive by far the greater number of those who try it. Its curriculum is too narrow for the intellectual life — too corrupt for the moral. Few men survive its influences, and how can we entertain the idea of exposing to its dangers our daughters who now must learn?

We want an art university in which the purely technical facility of hand and eye, which must be attained in youth, and generally in extreme youth, as in music, is cared for as the specialty of the course; where the intellectual enlargement shall be never lost sight of; where the theory of art, its science, its history, all that is known of its spirit and manipulation, must be carefully studied and appropriated, and at the same time the general influence of the literary life in its subjective aspect — philosophy, poetry, history, all that widens and deepens the character and gives it dignity and that purpose which is one of the most important elements of morality. The deeper in the character art is rooted, and the wider the range of its roots in their reach for sustenance and support, the greater and more durable its fruits. The purely scientific studies I do not believe to be necessary to the artist. Art has to deal with the subjective side of nature, science with its objective. The former sees only what the heart wishes to see, the latter determines to see and know all that is and every phase of it. The highest use of any created thing to the one is its beauty; to the other, its function; and these have nothing in common so far as art is concerned. Pure science, even geology and anatomy, I believe to have a hardening and blinding tendency on the artistic perceptions. All other branches of mental culture have their place in our university course, and even the positive sciences in their moral and greater intellectual relations as part of its supreme philosophy, though not as special study.

I believe too that the importance of masters is greatly overrated. To catch little tricks of execution, methods which shall enable us to begin sooner the manufacture of pictures, the lessons of men who have already developed convenient and expensive conventionalisms may be very useful; and for the learning to draw correctly, an experienced eye and a trained example certainly render great services, which may be, however, exaggerated, as may all employment of methods originated by others. The true style and method for any painter are those which his own thought and mental conformation evolve, and the acquirement of any other is only the retarding of the full use of his proper language. There are no longer any secrets of the studio, to be acquired only of specialists. Hard work and straightforward use of our common materials, as they have always sufficed for the great painters who originated the great schools, so they will suffice for us. I believe that there is more virtue in the association of a number of sympathetic and purposeful students determined to learn, and profiting by the common stock of their knowledge and experience,—helping, criticising, and encouraging each other,— than in the teaching of the cleverest master living; while a merely clever master offers the greatest of dangers — that of injuring or absorbing the individuality of his pupil without imparting any compensating force. The individuality of the artist is the most delicate of all intellectual growths, and can only be perfectly developed in a free all-round light: the shadow of any protecting greatness makes it one-sided, while the help of associates on an equal footing stimulates a healthy and symmetrical growth. I would not, therefore, put a great painter at the head of the university, but rather a good drawing-master, without great individuality, for the drawing; a good modeler for the school of sculpture; and a sound and careful painter, not a genius or a brilliant specialist, for the instruction in painting — leaving every student free, after acquiring a safe and correct style, in his or her branch, to go on and modify that, and to evolve from it the style or manner which suits his or her social character. Then a supervising faculty of teachers for general intellectual training should hold the reins of the collective government.

A school organized on such a plan would certainly arrive at the highest results our material permits and would not be subject to the fate of all the great schools hitherto — the overshadowing influence of a great master, who absorbs by his magnetic attractions all the artistic life of his followers and reduces them to an assimilated school of imitators, pursuing a vein of art which is not their own. If any future is to be found for American art as opposed to the characterless repetition of foreign thought, I am convinced that it must be got at through this path, followed unflinchingly and as long as need be. Such a school should be established far away from the social attractions and distractions of a great city, and if possible under the shadow of a literary university, where the lectures, library, and general intellectual tone of life may aid in strengthening and keeping up the purpose of life and activity, and where the true purpose of education shall not be interfered with by the premature rushing into notoriety, and where the plaudits of an ignorant public shall not seduce the young artist from the grave and laborious pursuit of excellence founded on the basis of a complete and general education. The people who hope to become artists with a dozen lessons in oils or water color, who want to learn to paint before they know how to draw, whose ambition rests on chair-backs, crewel-work, and the hundred and one forms of amateur art which flood the country to-day, will not profit by our university, nor will they to whom art is but a minister to their vanity; but every one to whom art is a serious thing, something worth giving one's life to in unfaltering endeavor, will find my scheme more or less accordant to his or her aspirations.

W. J. Stillman.

College Fraternities.

OTHERS can give a more accurate opinion than I upon college fraternities elsewhere; but so far as Amherst is concerned, there can be only a favorable judgment concerning them by any one well informed. Without a doubt they exercise here a wholesome energy, both upon their individual members and upon the college. Combination is strength, whether with young men or old; and where men combine for good ends better results may, of course, be looked for than where the same ends are sought by individuals alone.

Now the aim of these societies is certainly good. They are not formed for pleasure simply, though they are one of the most fruitful sources of pleasure in a

student's college life. Their first aim is the improvement of their members — improvement in literary culture and in manly character. They are all of them literary societies. An effort was made not long since to introduce among us a new society, with prominently social rather than literary aims; but it not only failed to receive the requisite assent of the president of the college, but was not favored by any considerable number of the students, many of whom stoutly opposed it.

One of the happiest features of society life at Amherst is connected with the chapter-houses. There are no better residences in the villages than these, and none are better kept. They are not extravagant, but they are neat and tasteful; they have pleasant grounds surrounding them, the cost of rooms in them is not greater than the average cost in other houses, and they not only furnish the students occupying them a pleasant home, but the care of the home and its surroundings is itself a culture.

There need be no objection to these societies on account of their secrecy. The secrecy is largely in name; is, in fact, little more than the privacy proper to the most familiar intercourse of families and friends. Treated as the societies are among us, and occupying the ground they do, no mischief comes from their secrecy. Instead of promoting cliques and cabals, in point of fact we find less of these than the history of the college shows before the societies came. The rivalry between them is a healthy one, and is conducted openly and in a manly way.

The societies must give back to the college the tone they have first received. I am persuaded that in any college where the prevailing life is true and earnest the societies fed by its fountain will send back bright and quickening streams. They certainly give gladness and refreshment to our whole college life at Amherst.

AMHERST COLLEGE, June, 1888. *Julius H. Seelye.*

Notes on "We-uns" and "You-uns."

IN THE CENTURY for July I notice an article from the pen of L. C. Catlett of Virginia, denying that the people of his State ever made use of the expressions "we-uns" or "you-uns."

During the years 1862 and 1865 I heard these expressions used in almost every section.

At the surrender of General Lee's army, the Fifth Corps was designated by General Grant to receive the arms, flags, etc., and we were the last of the army to fall back to Petersburg, as our regiment (the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry) was detailed to act as provost-guard in Appomattox Court-House.

As we were passing one of the houses on the outskirts of the town, a woman who was standing at the gate made use of the following expression:

"It is no wonder you-uns whipped we-uns. I have been yer three days, and you-uns ain't all gone yet."

QUAKERTOWN, PA. *George S. Scypes.*

IF Mr. Catlett will come to Georgia and go among the "po' whites" and "piney-wood tackeys," he will hear the terms "we-uns" and "you-uns" in every-day use. I have heard them, too, in the Cumberland Valley and other parts of Tennessee, and, unless my memory fails me, in South Carolina. Also, two somewhat similar corruptions, namely, "your-all" and "our-all," implying possession; as, "Your-all's house is better than our-all's."

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA. *Val. W. Starnes.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

His Mother.

SHE thought about him days and nights,—
Her only son,— her sleep oft losing;
She viewed him in so many lights
The mingled beams became confusing.
His budding powers each hour enhanced
The fears, her heart forever paining,
Lest on mistaken lines advanced
His mental and his moral training.

With prescience of his growing need,
She pored o'er every scheme presented,
And tried, in teaching him to read,
Seven several systems late invented.
Each game he learned was but a veil
For information's introduction;
Each seeming-simple fairy-tale
She barbed with ethical instruction.

And oft she said, her dear brown eyes
With tender terror wide-expanded,
"Oh, I must strive to grow more wise!
Think, think, what care is here demanded!
How dreadful, should my teaching's flaws,
My unguessed errors subtly harm him,
Or Fortune's arrows wound because
His mother failed in proof to arm him!"

And yet, when that young boy,— whose look
Was like some fair boy-prince, as painted
By rare Vandyke,— his soul a book
By blot of falsehood quite untainted,
Inquired, "Mamma, what 's veal?" with mild
Untroubled smile, in accents clearest,
She told that little, trusting child,
"The woolly, baby sheep, my dearest!"

Helen Gray Cone.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

MY friend, if you are happy, don't try to prove it.

THE man who deserves a monument never needs one, while the man who needs one never deserves it.

HE who undertakes to live by his wits will find the best chances already taken.

WIT inclines naturally towards satire, and humor towards pathos.

MUCH as we deplore our condition in life, nothing would make us more satisfied with it than the changing of places, for a few days, with our neighbors.

ALL the nations of the earth praise liberty, and still they seem to be uneasy until they lose it.

HOW can we ask others to think as we do, when to-morrow we probably shall think differently ourselves?

WITH all her natural modesty, woman has less bashfulness than man.

JUSTICE is every man's due, but would ruin most people.

OPINIONS quite often are a mere compromise between what a man does n't know and what he guesses at.

THERE is nothing that has been praised or abused more than liberty.

THOSE who live to be a century old are generally most remarkable for nothing else.

To be a successful fool, a man must be more wise than foolish.

Uncle Esek.

A Confession.

Do you remember, little wife,
How years ago we two together
Saw naught but love illumine life
In sunny days or winter weather?

Do you recall in younger years
To part a day was bitter pain?
Love's light was hid in clouds of tears
Till meeting cleared the sky again.

Do you remember how we two
Would stare into each other's eyes,
Till all the earth grew heavenly blue
And speech was lost in happy sighs?

Do you another thing recall,
That used to happen often then:
How simply meeting in the hall,
We 'd stop to smile and kiss again?

Do you remember how I sat
And, reading, held your hand in mine,
Caressing it with gentle pat —
One pat for every blessed line?

Do you recall how at the play
Through hours of agony we tarried?
The lovers' griefs brought us dismay;
Oh! we rejoiced when they were married;

And then walked homeward arm in arm,
Beneath the crescent moonlet new,
That smiled on us with silent charm;
So glad that we were married too.

Ah me! 't was years and years ago
When all this happened that I sing,
And many a time the winter snow
Has slipped from olive slopes of spring.

And now — oh, nonsense! let us tell;
A fig for laugh of maids or men!
You 'll hide your blushes? I 'll not. Well —
We 're ten times worse than we were then.

W. J. Henderson.

A Vis-à-Vis.

Across the street I look and see
A face whose graceful outline
Makes my poor beating heart to be
A trout upon love's trout-line.
The gauzy curtains half eclipse
This star of girlish creatures,
Yet oft I catch a smile that slips
In ripples o'er her features.

And through my window oftentimes,
While I alone am sitting,
Lost in a labyrinth of rhymes,
I find a sunbeam flitting
Across the sheet whereon I write,
Like some golden-haloed spirit:
And though her face is out of sight,
Her soul, I know, is near it.

Her presence makes the laggard ink
Run happily to greet her;
I never have to pause to think
Of proper rhyme or meter;
If 't is a word I need, one glance
At her fair features puts it
Upon the sheet in rhythmic dance
Where Fancy lightly foots it.

O charming Vis-à-Vis of mine,
Who lighten so my labors,
I would that you might draw the line
And make us nearer neighbors.
To keep my simile: the fish
Would willingly be taken;
The tempting bait but makes him wish
To leave his friends forsaken.

Again across the street I look,
Alas, you 've drawn the curtain,
And I am left upon the hook
Of sentiment uncertain;
Compelled to leave my rhyme and live
In shadow and confusion,
Until once more you come to give
The light of a conclusion.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

To a Poet in "Bric-à-Brac."

WHEN we, the ungifted of our time,
Who dare not up Parnassus climb,
And cannot even make a rhyme
"With pen and ink,"
Take up THE CENTURY, fresh from press,
To what page first — just try to guess —
Turn we with greatest eagerness?
What do you think?

Believe me, we completely slight
The poets of the loftiest flight,
Whose Pegasus soars out of sight
Of common eyes:
The page we turn to is the last;
Its themes are not too deep and vast;
Its poets, though they 've been surpassed,
Are not too wise.

So, though your muse is never seen
"Within the solid magazine,"
Though on your prayer for loftier theme
She turns her back,
Grieve not — more honored poets yet
May haply wish their verse was set
Within the dainty cabinet
Of Bric-à-Brac.

Annie D. Hanks.

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Emma Lazarus.

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THERE is an old park wall which follows the highway in all its turns with such fidelity of curve that for some two miles it seems as if the road had been fitted to the wall. Against it hawthorn bushes have grown up at intervals, and in the course of years their trunks have become almost timber. Ivy has risen round some of these, and, connecting them with the wall, gives them at a distance the appearance of green bastions. Large stems of ivy, too, have flattened themselves upon the wall, as if with arched back they were striving like athletes to overthrow it. Mosses, brown in summer, soft green in winter, cover it where there is shadow, and if pulled up take with them some of the substance of the stone or mortar like a crust. A dry, dusty fern may perhaps be found now and then on the low bank at the foot—a fern that would rather be within the park than thus open to the heated south with the wall reflecting the sunshine behind. On the other side of the road, over the thin hedge, there is a broad plain of cornfields. Coming from these the laborers have found out, or made, notches in the wall; so that, by putting the iron-plated toes of their boots in, and holding to the ivy, they

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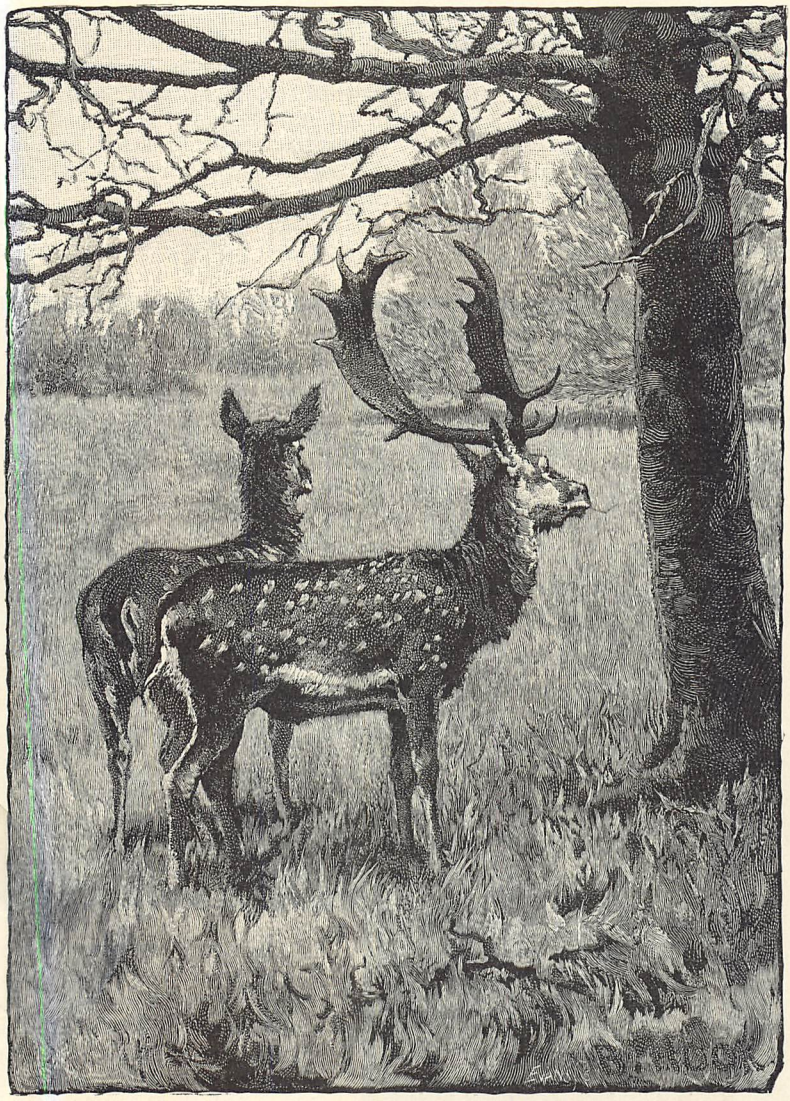
can scale it and shorten their long trudge home to the village. In the spring the larks, passing from the green corn to the pasture within, fluttering over with gently vibrating wings and singing as they daintily go, sometimes settle on the top. There too the yellow-hammers stay. In the crevices bluetits build deep inside passages that abruptly turn, and baffle egg-stealers. Partridges come over with a whir, but just clearing the top, gliding on extended wings, which to the eye look like a slight brown crescent. The wagoners who go by know that the great hawthorn bastions are favorite resorts of wood-pigeons and missel-thrushes. The haws are ripe in autumn and the ivy berries in spring, so that the bastions yield a double crop. A mallow the mauve petals of which even the dust of the road cannot impair flowers here and there on the dry bank below, and broad moon-daisies among the ripe and almost sapless grass of midsummer.

If any one climbed the wall from the park and looked across at the plain of cornfields in early spring, everywhere there would be seen brown dots in the air — above the first slender green blades; above the freshly turned dark furrows; above the distant plow, the share of which, polished like a silver mirror by friction with the clods, reflects the sunshine, flashing a heliograph message of plenty from the earth; everywhere brown dots, and each a breathing creature — larks ceaselessly singing, and all unable to set forth their joy. Swift as is the vibration of their throats, they cannot pour the notes fast enough to express their eager welcome. As a shower falls from the sky, so falls the song of the larks. There is no end to them: they are everywhere; over every acre away across the plain to the downs, and up on the highest hill. Every crust of English bread has been sung over at its birth in the green blade by a lark.

If one looked again in June, the clover itself, a treasure of beauty and sweetness, would be out, and the south wind would come over acres of flower — acres of clover, beans, tares, purple trifolium, far-away crimson saintfoin (brightest of all on the hills), scarlet poppies, pink convolvulus, yellow charlock, and green wheat coming into ear. In August, already squares would be cut into the wheat, and the sheaves rising, bound about the middle, hour-glass fashion; some breadths of wheat yellow, some golden-bronze; beside these, white barley and oats, and beans blackening. Turtle-doves would be in the stubble, for they love to be near the sheaves. The hills after or during rain look green and near; on sunny days, a far and faint blue. Sometimes the sunset is caught

TURTLE-DOVES IN STUBBLE.

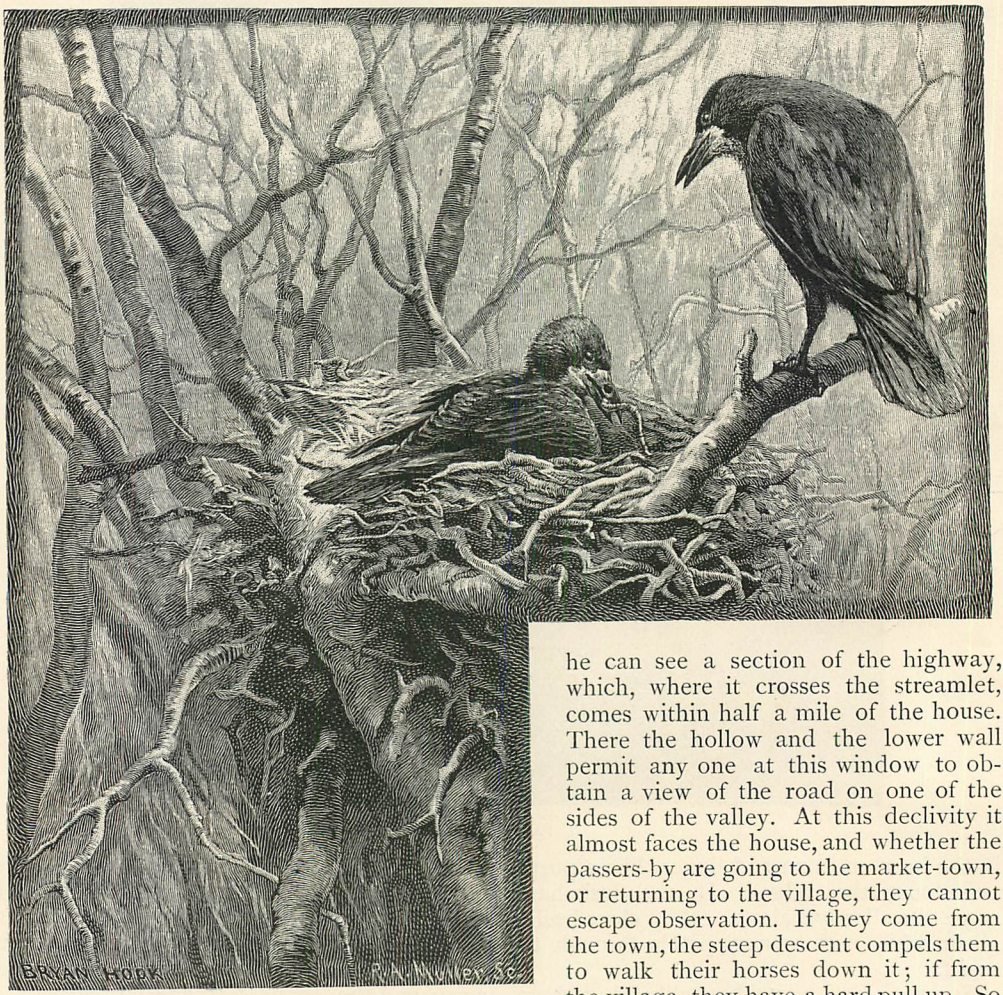


FALLOW DEER.

in the haze on them and lingers like a purple veil about the ridges. In the dusk hares come heedlessly along; the elder-bushes gleam white with creamy petals through the night.

Sparrows and partridges alike dust themselves in the white dust, an inch deep, of midsummer, in the road between the wall and the corn — a pitiless Sahara road to traverse at noonday in July, when the air is still and you walk in a hollow way, the yellow wheat on one side and the wall on the other. There is shade in the park within, but a furnace of sunlight without — weariness to the eyes and feet from glare and dust. The wall winds with the highway and cannot be escaped. It goes up the slight elevations and down the slopes; it has become settled down and bound with time. But presently there is a steeper dip, and at the bottom, in a narrow valley, a streamlet flows out from the wheat into the park. A spring rises at the foot of the down a mile away, and the channel it has formed winds across the plain. It is narrow and shallow; nothing but a larger furrow, filled in winter by the rains rushing off the fields, and in summer a rill scarce half an inch deep. The wheat hides the channel completely, and as the wind blows, the tall ears bend over it. At the edge of the bank pink convolvulus twines round the stalks and the green flowered buckwheat gathers several together. The sunlight cannot reach the stream, which runs in shadow, deep down below the wheat ears, over which butterflies

wander. Forget-me-nots flower under the banks; grasses lean on the surface; willow herbs, tall and stiff, stand up; but out from the tangled and interlaced fibers the water flows as clear as it rose by the hill. There is a culvert under the road, and on the opposite side the wall admits the stream by an arch jealously guarded by bars. In this valley the wall is lower and thicker and less covered at the top with ivy, so that where the road rises over the



ROOKS REPAIRING A NEST.

culvert you can see into the park. The stream goes rounding away through the sward, bending somewhat to the right, where the ground gradually descends. On the left side, at some distance, stands a row of full-grown limes, and through these there is a glimpse of the old manor-house. It is called the old house because the requirements of modern days have rendered it unsuitable for an establishment. A much larger mansion has been erected in another part of the park nearer the village, with a façade visible from the highway. The old manor-house is occupied by the land-steward, or, as he prefers to be called, the deputy-forester, who is also the oldest and largest tenant on the estate. It is he who rules the park. The laborers and keepers call him the "squire."

Now the old squire's favorite resort is the window-seat in the gun-room, because thence he can see a section of the highway, which, where it crosses the streamlet, comes within half a mile of the house. There the hollow and the lower wall permit any one at this window to obtain a view of the road on one of the sides of the valley. At this declivity it almost faces the house, and whether the passers-by are going to the market-town, or returning to the village, they cannot escape observation. If they come from the town, the steep descent compels them to walk their horses down it; if from the village, they have a hard pull up. So the oaken window-seat in the gun-room is as polished and smooth as an old saddle; for if the squire is indoors, he is certain to be there. He often rests there after half an hour's work on one or other of the guns in the rack; for, though he seldom uses but one, he likes to take the locks to pieces upon a little bench which he has fitted up, and where he has a vise, tools, a cartridge-loading apparatus, and so forth, from which the room acquired its name. With the naked eye, how-

ever, as the road is half a mile distant, it is not possible to distinguish persons, except in cases of very pronounced individuality. Nevertheless old "Ettles," the keeper, always declared that he could see a hare run up the down from the park, say a mile and a half. This may be true; but in the gun-room there is a field-glass, said to have been used at the siege of Seringapatam, which the squire can bring to bear upon the road in an instant, for from constant use at the same focus there is a rim round the tarnished brass. No time, therefore, need be lost in trials; it can be drawn out to the well-known mark at once. The window itself is large, but there is a casement in it,— a lesser window,— which can be thrown open with a mere twist of the thumb on the button, and as it swings open it catches itself on a hasp. Then the field-glass examines the distant wayfarer.

When people have dwelt for generations in one place they come to know the history of their immediate world. There was not a wagon that went by without a meaning to the squire. One perhaps brought a load of wool from the downs: it was old Hobbes's, whose affairs he had known these forty years. Another, with wheat, was Lambourne's team: he lost heavily in 1879, the wet year. The family and business concerns of every man of any substance were as well known to the squire as if they had been written in a chronicle. So, too, he knew the family tendency, as it were, of the cottagers. So and So's lads were always tall, another's girls always tidy. If you employed a member of this family, you were sure to be well served; if of another, you were sure to be cheated in some way. Men vary like trees: an ash sapling is always straight, the bough of an oak crooked, a fir full of knots. A man, said the squire, should be straight like a gun. This section of the highway gave him the daily news of the village as the daily papers give us the news of the world. About two hundred yards from the window the row of limes began, each tree as tall and large as an elm, having grown to its full natural size. The last of the row came very near obstructing the squire's line of sight, and it once chanced that some projecting branches by degrees stretched out across his field of view. This circumstance caused him much mental trouble; for, having all his life consistently opposed any thinning out or trimming of trees, he did not care to issue an order which would almost confess a mistake. Besides which, why only these particular branches? — the object would be so apparent. The squire, while conversing with Ettles, twice, as if unconsciously, directed his steps beneath these limes, and, striking the offending boughs with his stick, remarked that they grew extremely fast. But the keeper, usually so keen to take a hint, only answered that the lime was the quickest wood to grow of which he knew. In his heart he enjoyed the squire's difficulty. Finally the squire, legalizing his foible by recognizing it, fetched a ladder and a hatchet, and chopped off the boughs with his own hands.

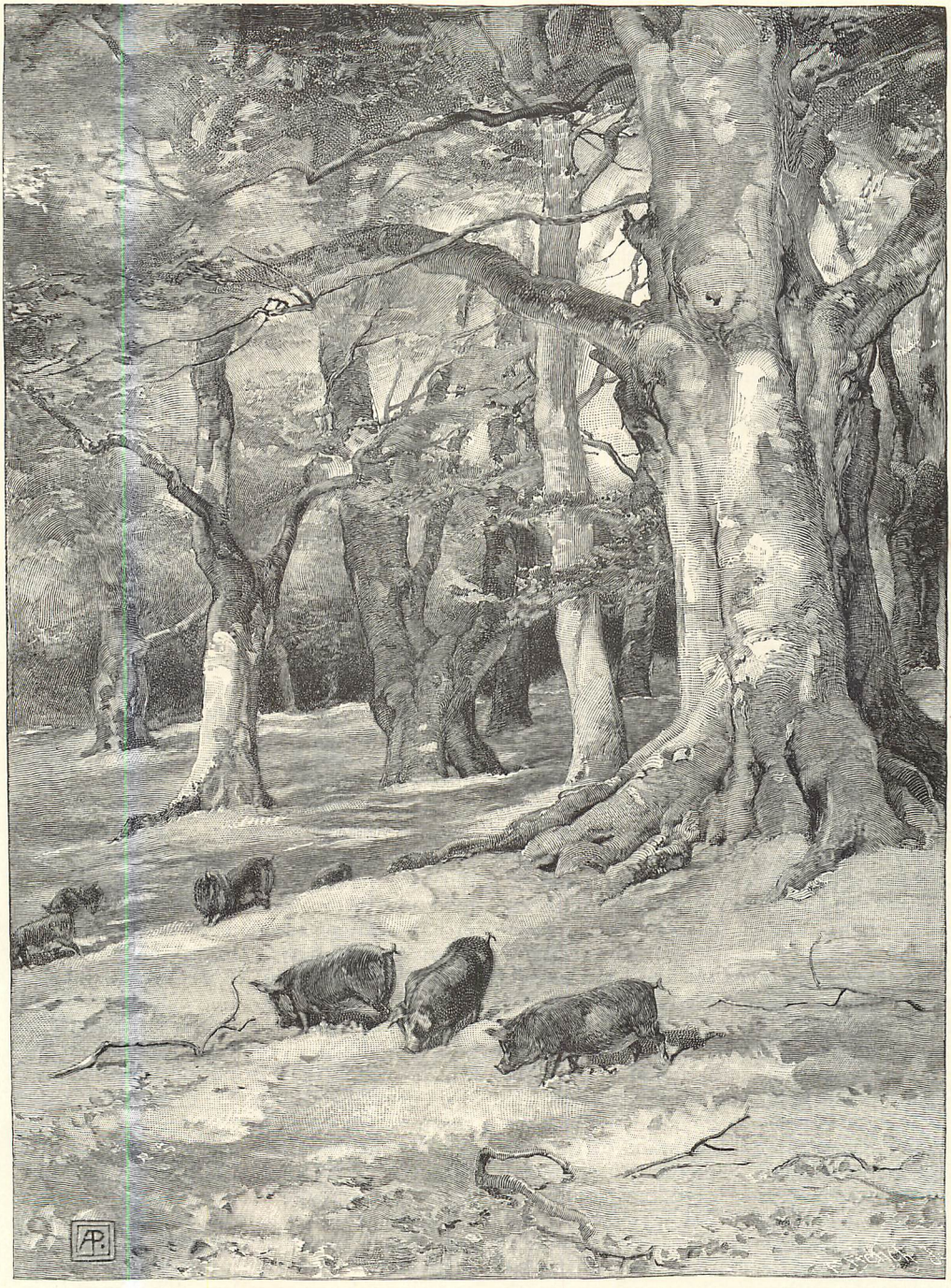
It was from the gun-room window that the squire observed the change of the seasons and the flow of time. The larger view he often had on horseback of miles of country did not bring it home to him. The old familiar trees, the sward, the birds, these told him of the advancing or receding sun. As he reclined in the corner of the broad window-seat, his feet up, and drowsy, of a summer afternoon, he heard the languid cawing of an occasional rook, for rooks are idle in the heated hours of the day. He was aware, without conscious observation, of the swift, straight line drawn across the sky by a wood-pigeon. The pigeons were continually to and fro the cornfields outside the wall to the south and the woods to the north, and their shortest route passed directly over the limes. To the limes the bees went when their pale yellow flowers appeared. Not many butterflies floated over the short sward, which was fed too close for flowers. The butterflies went to the old garden, rising over the high wall as if they knew beforehand of the flowers that were within. Under the sun the short grass dried as it stood, and with the sap went its green. There came a golden tint on that part of the wheat-fields which could be seen over the road. A few more days — how few they seemed! — and there was a spot of orange on the beech in a little copse near the limes. The bucks were bellowing in the forest; as the leaves turned color their loves began and the battles for the fair. Again a few days and the snow came, and rendered visible the slope of the ground in the copse between the trunks of the trees: the ground there was at other times indistinct under brambles and withered fern. The squire left the window for his arm-chair by the fire; but if presently, as often happens when frost quickly follows a snow-storm, the sun shone out and a beam fell on the wall, he would get up and look out. Every footstep in the snow contained a shadow cast by the side, and the dazzling white above and the dark within produced a blue tint. Yonder by the limes the rabbits ventured out for a stray bunch of grass not quite covered by the drift, tired, no doubt, of the bitter bark of the ash-rods that they had nibbled in the night. As they scampered, each threw up a white cloud of snow-dust behind him. Yet a few days and the sward grew greener. The pale winter hue, departing as the

spring mist came trailing over, caught for a while in the copse, and, lingering there, the ruddy buds and twigs of the limes were refreshed. The larks rose a little way to sing in the moist air. A rook, too, perching on the top of a low tree, attempted other notes than his monotonous caw. So absorbed was he in his song that you might have walked under him unnoticed. He uttered four or five distinct sounds that would have formed a chant, but he paused between each as if uncertain of his throat. Then, as the sun shone, with a long drawn "ca-awk" he flew to find his mate, for it would soon be time to repair the nest in the limes. The butterflies came again and the year was completed, yet it seemed but a few days to the squire. Perhaps if he lived for a thousand years, after a while he would wonder at the rapidity with which the centuries slipped by.

By the limes there was a hollow,—the little circular copse was on the slope,—and jays came to it as they worked from tree to tree across the park. Their screeching often echoed through the open casement of the gun-room. A faint mark on the sward trended towards this hollow; it was a trail made by the squire, one of whose favorite strolls was in this direction. This summer morning, taking his gun, he followed the trail once more.

The grass was longer and coarser under the shadow of the limes, and upborne on the branches were numerous little sticks which had dropped from the rookery above. Sometimes there was an overthrown nest like a sack of twigs turned out on the turf, such as the hedgers rake together after fagoting. Looking up into the trees on a summer's day not a bird could be seen, till suddenly there was a quick "jack-jack" above, as a daw started from his hole or from where the great boughs joined the trunk. The squire's path went down the hollow till it deepened into a thinly wooded coomb, through which ran the streamlet coming from the wheat-fields under the road. As the coomb opened, the squire went along a hedge near but not quite to the top. Years ago the coomb had been quarried for chalk, and the pits were only partly concealed by the bushes: the yellow spikes of wild mignonette flourished on the very edge, and even half way down the precipices. From the ledge above, the eye could see into these and into the recesses between the brushwood. The squire's son, Mr. Martin, used to come here with his rook-rifle, for he could always get a shot at a rabbit in the hollow. They could not see him approach; and the ball, if it missed, did no damage, being caught as in a bowl. Rifles in England, even when their range is but a hundred yards or so, are not to be used without caution. Some one may be in the hedge nutting, or a laborer may be eating his luncheon in the shelter; it is never possible to tell who may be behind the screen of brambles through which the bullet slips so easily. Into these hollows Martin could shoot with safety. As for the squire, he did not approve of rifles. He adhered to his double-barrel; and if a buck had to be killed, he depended on his smooth-bore to carry a heavy ball forty yards with fair accuracy. The fawns were knocked over with a wire cartridge unless Mr. Martin was in the way — he liked to try a rifle. Even in summer the old squire generally had his double-barrel with him — perhaps he might come across a weasel, or a stoat, or a crow. That was his excuse; but in fact, without a gun the woods lost half their meaning to him. With it he could stand and watch the buck grazing in the glade, or a troop of fawns — sweet little creatures — so demurely feeding down the grassy slope from the beeches. Already at midsummer the nuts were full formed on the beeches; the green figs, too, he remembered were on the old fig-tree trained against the warm garden wall. The horse-chestnuts showed the little green knobs which would soon enlarge and hang all prickly, like the spiked balls of a holy-water sprinkle, such as was once used in the wars. Of old the folk, having no books, watched every living thing, from the moss to the oak, from the mouse to the deer; and all that we know now of animals and plants is really founded upon their acute and patient observation. How many years it took even to find out a good salad may be seen from ancient writings, wherein half the plants about the hedges are recommended as salad herbs: dire indeed would be our consternation if we had to eat them. As the beech-nuts appear, and the horse-chestnuts enlarge, and the fig swells, the apples turn red and become visible in the leafy branches of the apple-trees. Like horses, deer are fond of apples, and in former times, when deer-stealing was possible, they were often decoyed with them.

There is no tree so much of the forest as the beech. On the verge of woods the oaks are far apart, the ashes thin; the verge is like a wilderness and scrubby, so that the forest does not seem to begin till you have penetrated some distance. Under the beeches the forest begins at once. They stand at the edge of the slope, huge round boles rising from the mossy ground, wide fans of branches — a shadow under them, a greeny darkness beyond. There is depth there — depth to be explored, depth to hide in. If there is a path, it is arched over like a tunnel with boughs; you know not whither it goes. The fawns are sweetest in the sunlight, moving down from



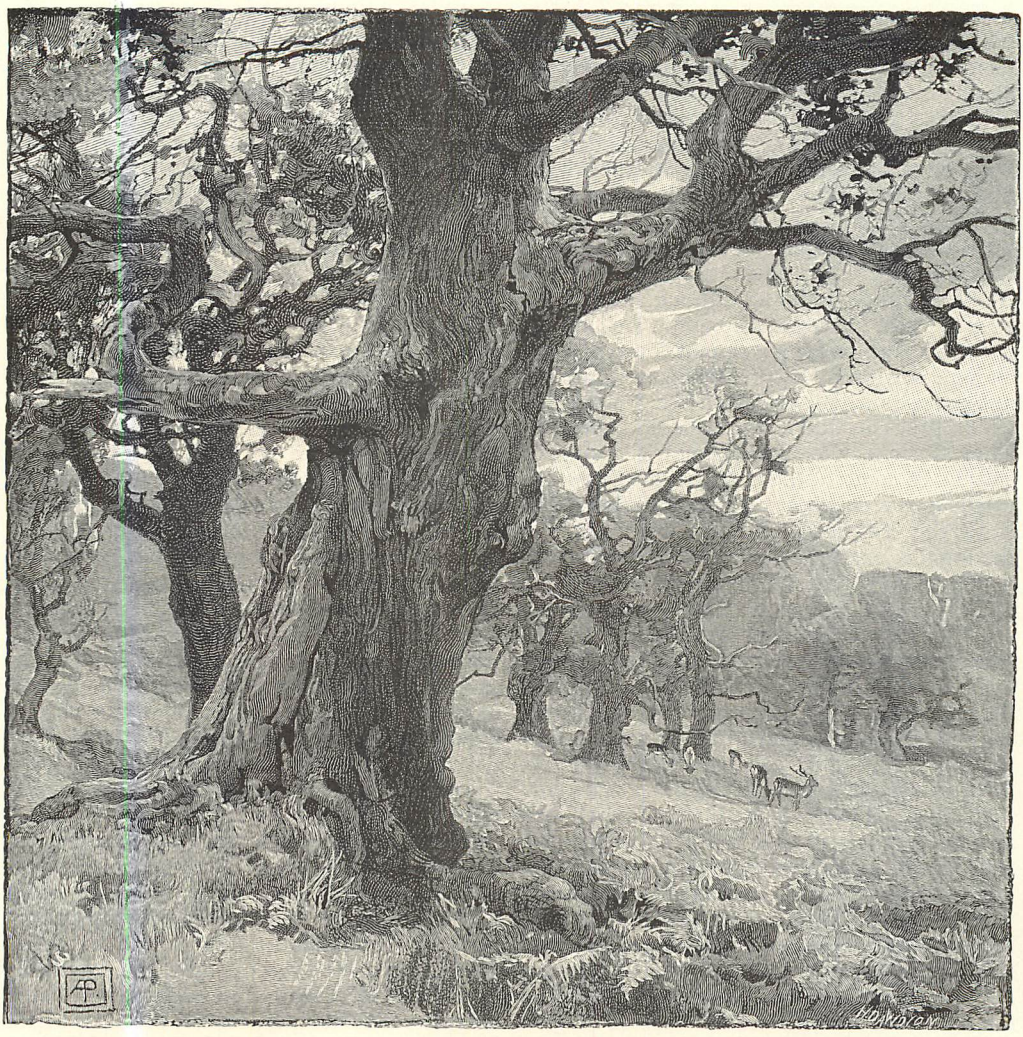
IN THE BEECH WOODS.

the shadow; the doe best partly in shadow, partly in sun, when the branch of a tree casts its interlaced work, fine as Algerian silver-work, upon the back; the buck best when he stands among the fern, alert, yet not quite alarmed,—for he knows the length of his leap,—his horns up, his neck high, his dark eye bent on you, and every sinew strung to spring away. One spot of sunlight, bright and white, falls through the branches upon his neck, a fatal place, or near it: a guide, that bright white spot, to the deadly bullet, as in old days to the

cross-bow bolt. It was needful even then to be careful of the aim, for the herd, as Shakspere tells us, at once recognized the sound of a cross-bow: the jar of the string, tight-strained to the notch by the goat's-foot lever, the slight whiz of the missile, were enough to startle them and to cause the rest to swerve and pass out of range. Yet the cross-bow was quiet indeed compared with the gun which took its place. The cross-bow was the beginning of shooting proper, as we now understand it; that is, of taking an aim by the bringing of one point into a line with another. With the long-bow aim indeed was taken, but quite differently, for if the arrow were kept waiting with the string drawn, the eye and the hand would not go true together. The quicker the arrow left the bow the moment that it was full-drawn, the better the result. On the other hand, the arblast was in no haste, but was adjusted deliberately — so deliberately that it gave rise to a proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot." This could not apply to the long-bow, with which the arrow was discharged swiftly, while an arblast was slowly brought to the level like a rifle. As it was hard to draw again, that added strength to the saying; but it arose from the deliberation with which a good cross-bowman aimed. To the long-bow the cross-bow was the express rifle. The express delivers its bullet accurately point-blank — the bullet flies straight to its mark up to a certain distance. So the cross-bow bolt flew point-blank, and thus its application to hunting when the deer were really killed for their venison. The hunter stole through the fern, or crept about the thickets, — thickets and fern exactly like those here to-day, — or waited Indian-like in ambush behind an oak as the herd fed that way, and, choosing the finest buck, aimed his bolt so as either to slay at once or to break the fore-leg. Like the hare, if the fore-leg is injured, deer cannot progress; if only the hind-quarter is hit, there is no telling how far they may go. Therefore the cross-bow, as enabling the hunter to choose the exact spot where his bolt should strike, became the weapon of the chase, and by its very perfection began the extermination of the deer. Instead of the hounds and the noisy hunt, any man who could use the cross-bow could kill a buck. The long-bow, of all weapons, requires the most practice, and practice begun in early youth. Some of the extraordinary feats attributed to the outlaws in the woods and to the archers of the ancient English army are quite possible, but must have necessitated the constant use of a bow from childhood, so that it became second nature. But almost any man who has strength to set a cross-bow, with moderate practice, and any idea at all of shooting, could become a fairly good shot with it. From the cross-bow to a gun was a comparatively easy step, and it was the knowledge of the power of the one that led to the quick introduction of the other. For gunpowder was hardly discovered before hand-guns were thought of, and no discovery ever spread so swiftly. Then the arquebuse swept away the old English chase.

These deer exist by permission. They are protected with jealous care; or rather they have been protected so long that by custom they have grown semi-consecrated, and it is rare for any one to think of touching them. The fawns wander, and a man, if he choose, might often knock one over with his ax as he comes home from his work. The deer browse up to the very skirts of the farm-house below, sometimes even enter the rick-yard, and once now and then, if a gate be left open, walk in and eat the pease in the garden. The bucks are still a little wilder, a little more nervous for their liberty, but there is no difficulty in stalking them to within forty or fifty yards. They have either lost their original delicacy of scent, or else do not respond to it, as the approach of a man does not alarm them, else it would be necessary to study the wind; but you may get thus near them without any thought of the breeze — no nearer; then bounding twice or thrice, lifting himself each time as high as the fern, the buck turns half towards you to see whether his retreat should or should not be continued.

The fawns have come out from the beeches, because there is more grass on the slope and in the hollow, where trees are few. Under the trees in the forest proper there is little food for them. Deer, indeed, seem fonder of half-open places than of the wood itself. Thickets, with fern at the foot and spaces of sward between, are their favorite haunts. Heavily timbered land and impenetrable underwood are not so much resorted to. The deer here like to get away from the retreats which shelter them, to wander in the half-open grounds on that part of the park free to them, or if possible, if they see a chance, out into the fields. Once now and then a buck escapes, and is found eight or ten miles away. If the pale were removed how quickly the deer would leave the close forest which in imagination is so associated with them! It is not their ideal. They would rather wander over the hills and along the river valleys. The forest is, indeed, and always would be their cover, and its shadows their defense; but for enjoyment they would of choice seek the sweet herbage, which does not flourish where the roots of trees and underwood absorb all the richness of the soil. The farther the trees are apart the better the forest pleases them. Those



AMONG THE OAKS.

great instinctive migrations of wild animals which take place annually in America are not possible in England. The deer here cannot escape — solitary individuals getting free of course, now and then; they cannot move in a body, and it is not easy to know whether any such desire remains among them. So far as I am aware, there is no mention of such migrations in the most ancient times; but the omission proves nothing, for before the Normans, before the game laws and parks together came into existence, no one who could write thought enough of the deer to notice their motions. The monks were engaged in chronicling the inroads of the pagans, or writing chronologies of the Roman Empire. On analogical grounds it would seem quite possible that in their original state the English deer did move from part to part of the country with the seasons. Almost all the birds, the only really free things in this country now, move, even those that do not quit the island; and why not the deer in the old time when all the woods were open to them? England is not a large country, but there are considerable differences in the climate and the time at which vegetation appears, quite sufficient of themselves to induce animals to move from place to place. We have no narrowing buffalo zone to lament, for our buffalo zone disappeared long ago. These parks and woods are islets of the olden time, dotted here and there in the midst of the most modern agricultural scenery. These deer and their ancestors have been confined within the pale for hundreds of years, and though in a sense free, they are in no sense wild. But the old power remains still. See the buck as he starts away, and jumps at every leap as high as the fern. He would give the hounds a long chase yet.

The fern is fully four feet tall, hiding a boy entirely and only showing a man's head. The deer do not go through it unless startled: they prefer to follow a track already made, one of their own trails. It is their natural cover, and when the buckhounds meet near London the buck often takes refuge in one or other of the fern-grown commons of which there are many on the southern side. But fern is inimical to grass, and, while it gives them cover, occupies the place of much more pleasant herbage. As their range is limited, though they have here a forest of some extent as well as the park to roam over, they cannot always obtain enough in winter. In frost, when the grass will not grow, or when snow is on the ground, that which they can find is supplemented with hay. They are, in fact, foddered exactly the same as cattle. In some of the smaller parks they are driven into inclosures and fed altogether. This is not the case here. Perhaps it was through the foggers, as the laborers are called who fodder cattle and carry out the hay in the morning and evening, that deer poachers of old discovered that they could approach the deer by carrying a bundle of sweet-smelling hay, which overcame the scent of the body and baffled the buck's keen nostrils till the thief was within shot. The foggers, being about so very early in the morning,— they are out at the dawn,— have found out a good many game secrets in their time. If the deer were outside the forest at any hour it was sure to be when the dew was on the grass, and thus they noticed that with the hay truss on their heads they could walk up quite close occasionally. Foggers know all the game on the places where they work: there is not a hare or a rabbit, a pheasant or a partridge, whose ways are not plain to them. There are no stories now of stags a century old (three would go back to Queen Elizabeth); they have gone, like other traditions of the forest, before steam and breech-loader. Deer lore is all but extinct, the terms of venery known but to a few; few, indeed, could correctly name the parts of a buck if one were sent them. The deer are a picture only — a picture that lives and moves and is beautiful to look at, but must not be rudely handled. Still, they linger while the marten has disappeared, the pole-cat is practically gone, and the badger becoming rare. It is curious that the badger has lived on through sufferance for three centuries. Nearly three centuries ago a chronicler observed that the badger would have been rooted out before his time had it not been for the parks. There was no great store of badgers then: there is no great store now. Sketches remain in old country-houses of the chase of the marten: you see the hounds all yelping round the foot of a tree, the marten up in it, and in the middle of the hounds the huntsman in topboots and breeches. You can but smile at it. To Americans it must forcibly recall the treeing of a coon. The deer need keep no watch, there are no wolves to pull them down; and it is quite probable that the absence of any danger of that kind is the reason of their tameness even more than the fact that they are not chased by man. Nothing comes creeping stealthily through the fern, or hunts them through the night. They can slumber in peace. There is no larger beast of prey than a stoat, or a stray cat. But they retain their dislike of dogs, a dislike shared by cattle, as if they too dimly remembered a time when they had been hunted. The list of animals still living within the pale and still wild is short indeed. Besides the deer, which are not wild, there are hares, rabbits, squirrels, two kinds of rat,— the land and the water rat,— stoat, weasel, mole, and mouse. There are more varieties of mouse than of any other animal: these, the weakest of all, have escaped best, though exposed to so many enemies. A few foxes, and still fewer badgers, complete the list, for there are no other animals here. Modern times are fatal to all creatures of prey, whether furred or feathered; and so even the owls are less numerous, both in actual numbers and in variety of species, than they were even fifty years ago.

But the forest is not vacant. It is indeed full of happy life. Every hollow tree — and there are many hollow trees where none are felled — has its nest of starlings, or titmice, or woodpeckers. Woodpeckers are numerous, and amusing to watch. Wood-pigeons and turtle-doves abound, the former in hundreds nesting here. Rooks, of course, and jackdaws, — daws love hollow trees,— jays, and some magpies. The magpie is one of the birds which have partly disappeared from the fields of England. There are broad lands where not one is to be seen. Once looking from the road at two in a field, a gentleman who was riding by stopped his horse and asked, quite interested, "Are those magpies?" I replied that they were. "I have not seen any since I was a boy till now," he said. Magpies are still plentiful in some places, as in old parks in Somersetshire, but they have greatly diminished in the majority of instances. There are some here, and many jays. These are handsome birds, and with the green woodpeckers give color to the trees. Night-jars or fern-owls fly round the outskirts and through the open glades in the summer twilight. These are some of the forest birds. The rest visit the forest or live in it, but are equally common to hedgerow and copse. Woodpeckers, jays, magpies, owls, night-jars, are all distinctly forest and park birds, and are continually with

A FOGGER.

the deer. The lesser birds are the happier that there are fewer hawks and crows. The deer are not torn with the cruel tooth of hound or wolf, nor does the sharp arrow sting them. It is a little piece of olden England without its terror and bloodshed.

The fawns fed away down the slope and presently into one of the broad green open paths or drives, where the underwood on each side is lined with bramble and with trailing white rose, which loves to cling to bushes scarcely higher than itself. Their runners stretch out at the edges of the drive, so that from the underwood the mound of green falls aslant to the sward. This gradual descent from the trees and ash to the bushes of hawthorn, from the haw-

thorn to the bramble, thence to the rose and the grass, gives to the vista of the broad path a soft, graceful aspect.

After the fawns had disappeared, the squire went on and entered under the beeches from which they had emerged. He had not gone far before he struck and followed a path which wound between the beech trunks and was entirely arched over by their branches. Squirrels raced away at the sound of his footsteps, darting over the ground and up the stems of the trees in an instant. A slight rustling now and then showed that a rabbit had been startled. Pheasants ran too, but noiselessly, and pigeons rose from the boughs above. The wood-pigeons rose indeed, but they were not much frightened and quickly settled again. So little shot at, they felt safe, and only moved from habit.

He crossed several paths leading in various directions, but went on, gradually descending till the gable end of a farm-house became visible through the foliage. The old red tiles were but a few yards distant from the boughs of the last beech, and there was nothing between the house and the forest but a shallow trench almost filled with dead brown leaves and edged with fern. Out from that trench, sometimes stealthily slipping between the flattened fern-stalks, came a weasel, and, running through the plantains and fringe-like mayweed or stray pimpernel which covered the neglected ground, made for the straw-rick. Searching about for mice, he was certain to come across a hen's egg in some corner, perhaps in a hay-crib, which the cattle, now being in the meadow, did not use. Or a stronger stoat crept out and attacked anything that he

BADGER AND SQUIRREL.

fancied. Very often there was a rabbit sitting in the long grass which grows round under an old hay-rick. He would sit still and let any one pass who did not know of his presence, but those who were aware used to give the grass a kick if they went that way, when he would carry his white tail swiftly round the corner of the rick. In winter hares came nibbling at everything in the garden, and occasionally in summer, if they fancied an herb: they would have spoiled it altogether if free to stay there without fear of some one suddenly appearing.

Dogs there were in plenty, but all chained, except a few mere puppies which practically lived indoors. It was not safe to have them loose so near the wood, the temptation to wander being so very strong. So that, though there was a continual barking and long, mournful whines for liberty, the wild creatures came in time to understand that there was little danger, and the rabbit actually sat under the hay-rick.

Pheasants mingled with the fowls and, like the fowls, only ran aside out of the way of people. In early summer there were tiny partridge chicks about, which rushed under the coop. The pheasants sometimes came down to the kitchen door, so greedy were they. With the dogs and ponies, the pheasants and rabbits, the weasels and the stoats, and the ferrets in their hutches, the place seemed really to belong more to the animals than to the tenant.

The forest strayed indoors. Bucks' horns, feathers picked up, strange birds shot and stuffed, fossils from the sand-pits, coins and pottery from the line of the ancient Roman road, all the odds and ends of the forest, were scattered about within. To the yard came the cows, which, with bells about their necks, wandered into the fern, and the swine, which searched and rooted about for acorns and beech-mast in autumn. The men who dug in the sand-pits or for gravel came this way in and out to their labor, and so did those who split up the fallen trunks into logs. Now and then a woodpecker came with a rush up from the meadows, where he had been visiting the hedgerows, and went into the forest with a yell as he entered the trees. The deer fed up to the precincts, and at intervals a buck at the dawn got into the garden. But the flies from the forest teased and terrified the horses, which would have run away with the heavily loaded wagon behind them if not protected with fine netting as if in armor. They did run away sometimes at harrow, tearing across the field like mad things. You could not keep the birds out of the garden, try how you would. They had most of the sowings up. The blackbirds pecked every apple in the orchard. How the dead leaves in autumn came whirling in thousands through rick-yard and court in showers upon the tiles! Nor was it of much avail to sweep them away; they were there again to-morrow, and until the wind changed. The swallows were now very busy building; there were not many houses for them, and therefore they flocked here. Up from over the meadows came the breeze, drawing into the hollow recesses of the forest behind. It came over the grass and farther away over corn just yellowing, the shadows of the clouds racing with it and instantly lost in the trees. It drew through the pillars of the forest, and away to the hills beyond.

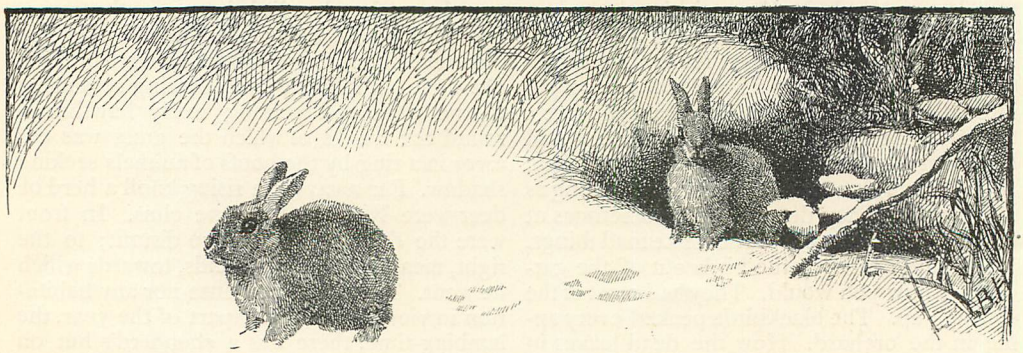
The squire's ale was duly put for him, the particular gossip he liked was ready for him; and having taken both, he looked at his old watch and went on. His path now led for a while just inside the pale, which here divided the forest from the meadows. In the olden time it would have been made of oak, for they built all things then with an eye to endurance; but it was now of fir, pitched, sawn from firs thrown in the copses. For the purpose of keeping the deer in, it was as useful as the pale of oak. Oak is not so plentiful nowadays. The high spars were the especial vaunting-places of the little brown wrens which perched there and sang, in defiance of all that the forest might hold. Rabbits crept under, but the hares waited till evening and went round by the gates. Presently the path turned and the squire passed a pond partly dried up, from the margin of which several pigeons rose up, clattering their wings. They are fond of the neighborhood of water, and are sure to be there sometime during the day. The path went upwards, but the ascent was scarcely perceptible through hazel bushes, which became farther apart and thinner as the elevation increased, and the soil was less rich. Some hawthorn bushes succeeded, and from among these he stepped out into the open park. Nothing could be seen of the manor-house here. It was hidden by the roll of the ground and the groups of trees. The close sward was already a little brown — the trampling of hoofs as well as the heat causes the brownish hue of fed sward, as if it were bruised. He went out into the park, bearing somewhat to the right and passing many hawthorns, round the trunks of which the grass was cut away in a ring by the hoofs of animals seeking shadow. Far away on a rising knoll a herd of deer were lying under some elms. In front were the downs, a mile or so distant; to the right, meadows and cornfields, towards which he went. There was no house nor any habitation in view; in the early part of the year, the lambing-time, there was a shepherd's hut on

wheels in the fields, but it had been drawn away.

According to tradition, there is no forest in England in which a king has not hunted. A king, they say, hunted here in the old days of the cross-bow; but happily the place escaped notice in that artificial era when half the parks and woods were spoiled to make the engraver's ideal landscape of straight vistas, broad in the foreground and narrowing up to nothing. Wide, straight roads — you can call them nothing else — were cut through the finest woods, so that upon looking from a certain window, or standing at a certain spot in the grounds, you might see a church tower at the end of the cutting. In some parks there are half a dozen such horrors shown to you as a great curiosity; some have a monument or pillar at the end. These hideous disfigurements of beautiful scenery should surely be wiped out in our day. The stiff, straight cutting could soon be filled up by planting, and after a time the woods would resume their natural condition. Many common highway roads are really delightful, winding through trees and hedge-rows, with glimpses of hills and distant villages. But these planned, straight vistas, radiating from a central spot as if done with ruler and pen, at once destroy the pleasant illusion of primeval forest. You may be dreaming under the oaks of the chase or of Rosalind: the moment you enter such a vista all becomes commonplace. Happily this park escaped, and it is beautiful. Our English landscape wants no gardening: it *cannot* be gardened. The least interference kills it. The beauty of English woodland and country is in its detail. There is nothing empty and unclothed. If the clods are left a little while undisturbed in the fields, weeds spring up and wild-flowers bloom upon them. Is the hedge cut and trimmed, lo! the blue-bells flower the more and a yet fresher green buds forth upon the twigs. Never was there a garden like the meadow: there is not an inch of the meadow in early summer without a flower. Old walls, as we saw just now, are not left without a fringe; on the top of the hardest brick wall, on the sapless tiles, on slates, stonecrop takes hold and becomes a cushion of yellow bloom. Nature is a miniature painter and handles a delicate brush, the tip of which touches the tiniest spot and leaves something living. The park has indeed its larger lines, its broad open sweep, and gradual slope, to which the eye accustomed to small inclosures requires time to adjust itself. These left to themselves are beautiful; they are the surface of the earth, which is always true to itself and needs no banks nor artificial hollows. The earth is right and the tree is right: trim either and all is wrong. The deer will not fit to them then.

The squire came near enough to the cornfield to see that the wheat-ears were beginning to turn yellow and that the barley had the silky appearance caused by the beard, the delicate lines of which divide the light and reflect it like gossamer. At some distance a man was approaching; he saw him, and sat down on the grass under an oak to await the coming of Ettles the keeper. Ettles had been his rounds and had visited the outlying copses, which are the especial haunts of pheasants. Like the deer, pheasants, if they can, will get away from the main wood. He was now returning, and the squire, well knowing that he would pass this way, had purposely crossed his path to meet him. The dogs ran to the squire and at once made friends with him. Ettles, whose cheek was the color of the oak apples in spring, was more respectful: he stood till the squire motioned him to sit down. The dogs rolled on the sward, but, though in the shadow, they could not extend themselves sufficiently nor pant fast enough. Yonder the breeze that came up over the forest on its way to the downs drew through the group of trees on the knoll, cooling the deer as it passed.

Richard Jefferies.



A MEXICAN CAMPAIGN.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER, AUTHOR OF THE "IVORY BLACK" STORIES.

IN THREE PARTS. PART III.

THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC.

WHEN Pem, a few days later, had recovered his composure sufficiently to give Rose a circumstantial account of the Churubusco battle, that very hopeful young person took her usual cheerful view of what some people might have considered a desperate situation.

"It could n't have been better if we 'd planned it all in advance," she said. "Even Van's interruption was just what was wanted, and I shall tell the poor boy that I am sorry I scolded him so for it; I will, indeed.

"Don't you see," she went on, for Smith certainly did not look much like a person who saw anything of an encouraging nature anywhere —"don't you see what a fix she 's got herself into by saying a great deal more than she meant to? It 's all as plain as possible. She made up her mind some time ago, just as I told you, that she would fight you off, because she was afraid she would fall in love with you; which meant that she really had begun to fall in love with you and did n't know it — or that she knew it and would n't tell herself about it. You can't understand that, I suppose; but any woman can. And then you succeeded in getting her off that way, and began to say things to her; and she got worried, and scared, and lost her wits a little, and hit ever so much harder than she really meant to. She never would have brought up the war again, I 'm sure, if she had n't felt herself to be in a corner and quite desperate. When you suddenly twisted things round on her that way, her first thought, of course, was to tell you that she did n't hate you at all. And then she saw that that would n't do, for it would give you a chance to go right ahead and ask her if she loved you. And then she thought things over and came to the conclusion,— you must always remember what a horrid time she had with that dreadful old husband, and how firmly she has made up her mind never to marry again,— and then, I say, she came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to break things off short, and have done with it. So she said that she hated you."

"Well, that is only another way of telling all that I have told you, Mrs. Brown."

"It is not what you told at all; for you told it as though you thought that she meant it, and I know that she did n't. She only meant to mean it, that 's all."

"Are n't we dropping into metaphysics a little?" Pem asked, drearily. "I don't see that much comfort is to be had from such a finely drawn distinction as that is. Meaning a thing, and meaning to mean a thing, strike me as convertible terms. Don't they you?"

"If a man used them, I suppose they would not have much difference; but when a woman uses them, they have all the difference in the world. When a woman really means a thing, she means it — that is, of course, for the time being. Naturally, things happen sometimes to make her change her mind. But when she only means to mean a thing, she does not really, in the depths of her heart, mean it at all. She only thinks that she ought to, you know. And in the case of Cármen," Rose went on, becoming practical, much to Pem's relief,— for his masculine mind very imperfectly grasped this line of highly abstract feminine reasoning,—"it is perfectly clear that she only said she hated you because she has this foolish notion in her head about not getting married, and was ready to say anything at the moment that would stop you from finding out that she really loves you. For she does love you now, Mr. Smith; and, what is more, she knows it herself."

"But if she won't admit that she loves me, and if she continues to hold me off in this way, I don't see that any good can come of it. It has been very kind of you, Mrs. Brown, to help me as you have done, and to be so sympathetic and good to me, and I am as grateful to you as I can be. But I think that I 'll give up now. It is n't fair, you know, to trouble her any more when it is so clear that she wants me to keep away from her. So I think that to-morrow I 'll go up to Guanajuato,— it was there that I first saw her, you know,— and I — I should like to go once more to the Presa, where we had our first walk together. And then I 'll go on north. I 'd be rather poor company, so I don't mind leaving the party. And I think that I will take a long journey somewhere. I 've been wanting for some time to go into central Africa: it must be a very interesting country, from what I 've read about it. And if I should happen to die of the coast-fever, or get bowled over in a fight, or something of

that sort, you know, it might be just as well. And some time or other you will see her again, very likely; and then you 'll tell her that I really did think a good deal of her, won't you? And if she —"

"Mr. Smith," said Rose with severity, "you will please stop right there. What you are to do to-morrow is not to go to Guanajuato, and from there to a grave in central Africa. You are going with the rest of us to Chapultepec — and you are going to try again!"

"But what chance will I have to try again? You don't suppose for a moment, do you, that Cármen will be of the party? She will know that I will be with the rest of you, or, at least, she will expect me to be, and of course she will stay at home."

"No," said Rose, decidedly; "she will not stay at home. During the past few days she has been thinking things over and has been very miserable. Violet saw her yesterday, and said that she looked wretchedly. And she said that Cármen talked to her for nearly two hours about the way we live at home and about Violet's own life, and said things about the impossibility of Mexicans and Americans marrying, seemingly to give Violet a chance to say how happy her marriage with Mr. Mauve had been. And she asked if it was n't true that all the Americans wanted to make war again on Mexico, and if they were not talking about it all the time and getting ready for it, and seemed very much astonished when Violet told her that the majority of Americans knew very little more about Mexico than that there was such a country in existence, and that they had no more notion of making war against it than of making war against the moon. And what she knows now about the happy life that Violet has led after being married to an American, together with what she herself had been thinking about the probability that her own dismal marriage was n't a fair sample of married life at all, I 'm sure has put her mind into a very unsettled state all around. What you must do now is to finish unsettling it, and then settle it for her once and for all. She certainly will give you the chance. I think that I have not told you yet that she told Violet that she was going to Chapultepec?"

"O Mrs. Brown! How could you keep that back until the very last?"

"So will you go to Chapultepec too, Mr. Smith; or do you still insist upon central Africa and a lonely grave?"

THE expedition to Chapultepec was in the nature of a farewell, for on the ensuing day the Americans were to leave the City of Mexico for their visit to the Carmine hacienda on Lake Cuitzeo. If they returned to the capital it would be only for a night on their way northward; and there was a possibility that they might take the train for the north at Celaya, and so not return to the capital at all. They were pretty dismal over the prospect of home-going, for a very warm love of Mexico had taken possession of all their hearts. Even Mrs. Gamboge, while firmly of the opinion that there was something radically wrong in a country that countenanced hard pillows and employed men as chambermaids, admitted that this journey into Mexico was the pleasantest journey that she had ever made.

And they all were very grateful to the Mexican friends who had done so much to make their stay in the capital delightful. The several interpreters of the party were kept busy that afternoon, as they walked in the beautiful park of Chapultepec, in rendering into Spanish hearty words of thanks, and into English courteous disclaimers of obligation conferred. The pleasure had been all on their side, said their Mexican friends. Nor was this interchange of international amenities ended when they passed out from beneath the long, slanting shadows of the great *ahuehuetes* — the moss-draped trees which were old four centuries ago, before ever the Spaniards came into the land — and slowly walked up the winding way to the height on which the castle stands.

Pem had been shocked when he first saw Cármen's face that afternoon. The lines were drawn as though with illness, and she seemed older by a full year than when he last had seen her. He saw, too, that the spring had gone out of her step, and an air of languor hung over her that she made no effort to throw off. She did not seek to evade him, but as they walked together she managed always to keep near her aunt; and her talk, conforming to her actions, was languid and dull. The only sign of good hope that he could perceive was that gradually a little color came into her face and a little brightness into her eyes.

As they went up the terraced road to the castle, catching lovely glimpses of the valley out between the trees, Pem walked slowly, that they might drop behind the rest and be alone. Once or twice he stopped, calling her attention to the view. His tactics were not successful; for as soon as the space between themselves and the others became appreciable she hastened her steps, and the chance that he thought he had secured was lost. Yet he marked a little hesitancy in her manner each time this maneuver was executed that seemed to imply a disposition on her part, possibly all the stronger because it was thus checked, to grant him the opportunity to speak that he

desired. Once, or twice even, she herself lingered in the way and seemed about to speak; and then moved quickly forward, holding her peace.

Pem would have been glad of the chance to take counsel of Rose at this juncture, for he was at a loss to determine whether these curious signs promised good or boded ill. This young gentleman from Philadelphia was not very wise in the ways of women; but even had he been far wiser than he was, Cármen's curious conduct very well might have puzzled him.

As they came out upon the eastern terrace the glorious sunset view, a reflected splendor in the east, burst upon them — one of the great sunset views of the world.

Below them, at the foot of the sharp, craggy descent, and surrounded by the trees of the eastern park, lay the tiny lake that Carlotta caused to be made while she played for a little space her part of empress here in the castle. To the right lay Tacubaya, a cluster of low, square houses embowered in trees, on a long, sloping hill-side; and beyond Tacubaya rose the blue encircling wall of mountains, culminating in the great solemn mass of Ajusco, that shuts in the valley on the south. To the left lay the city, with its tall church towers rising high above the houses, and its many domes, covered with glazed tiles, flashing in the last rays of the sun; and, farther on, the church of Guadalupe stood out against the hazy lines of the mountains of Teypeyac, and on Lake Tezcuco shimmered a soft light. Right in front, the trees of the park merged into other trees beyond its limits; and the great valley, dotted with gray houses, and gray church towers, and green remnants of ancient forests, and broad, green meadows, stretched away for miles and miles eastward; and in the midst of it the waters of Lake Chalco shone as though on fire. And beyond all, against the limit of the eastern sky, towered the two great volcanoes — masses of gold and crimson clouds above them, and a rich rosy light resting upon their crest-coverings of eternal snow.

Cármen and Pem had stopped a little behind the others; and when Don Antonio suggested a slight change of position, she took a step or two and then stood still. The others moved a little to the left. Pem moved a little to the right; and Cármen, following him, seated herself upon a low wall. The little color that had come into her cheeks in the park had left them now; but her eyes had brightened curiously. Presently they heard Don Antonio advise a move to the roof of the castle: this hospitable Mexican seemed to regard the sunset as an entertainment that he himself had provided for the pleasure of his American friends, and wished to make sure that they got the full benefit of it. Pem looked inquiringly at Cármen; but her gaze was fixed upon the distant mountains, and she made no sign of moving. Then the sound of footsteps and voices died away; and so, at last, they were alone.

Cármen had leaned her head back against the stone wall — just as she had sat that day at Churubusco — and was looking out dreamily across the valley. For the time being she appeared to be quite unconscious of the fact of Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith's existence. Although the situation was precisely that which for two hours past he had been seeking to accomplish, Pem found it, now that it was secured, a trifle embarrassing. Cármen's manner did not at all invite the utterance of the words which he so earnestly desired to speak; but the longer that the silence continued the more he found his nerves going wrong. It was rather at random that he spoke at last.

"The great mountain to the left is called the White Woman, I am told, Señorita. It is a dismal fancy, this of a dead woman lying enshrouded in the snow."

Cármen gave a little sigh as she roused herself. "The Señor does not know the story," she answered absently. "The White Woman is not dead. Far down beneath the snow-covering the fires of her life burn hotly. She sleeps, and the great mountain beside her is her lover, who wakens her with his kiss. This is the foolish story that the common people tell. The Mexicans are very silly, very superstitious, very stupid — as the Señor knows."

Cármen uttered her comments upon the legend and upon her fellow-countrymen hastily and nervously, as though seeking to divert attention from the folk-story itself — a story that she had known, of course, all her life, and that she had told in sheer absence of mind.

"Is it not possible, Señorita," Pem replied, ignoring that portion of her speech that she had added precisely for the purpose of diverting him from what she perceived to be a dangerous line of investigation, "that this is not a foolish story, but a wise allegory? May it not sometimes happen that real women seek to hide with snow the warm love that is in their hearts? I am not speaking lightly, Señorita. I should be very glad to believe that this story has a deep meaning within it; that it is not a mere foolish fancy, but a beautiful and eternal truth." And then he added, speaking very gently, "Will not the Señorita tell me that this may be true?"

Cármen was silent for a moment, and when she spoke there was a grave, solemn tone in her voice that struck a chill into Pem's heart.

"Yes, Señor," she said; "it *is* true. It is true now, and it has been true always. Since the world began there must always have been some women whose fate it was that their love thus should be chilled upon its surface and so hidden; and believe me, Señor,"— and a certain wistfulness of expression came into Cármen's face as she spoke,—"such hidden love as this perhaps may be stronger than the love that is felt and known."

Cármen was silent for a moment, but there was something in her manner that made Pem refrain from speech. Then, still speaking in the same chill, solemn tone, and very slowly, she went on:

"I know what you mean, Señor. I am not a young girl; I have been in the world, and I understand. You do me the honor to love me, and to want my love in return. But this may not be — not, that is, in the way that you desire. I cannot tell you the story of my life. There are some things in it that I have not told even to the good father to whom I confess. Perhaps this has been a sin; but sometimes I think that this rule of our Church which commands us to lay bare our hearts to men, though the men are God's ministers, is not a good rule. It is a great presumption for me to cherish such a thought, but I cannot help it. I have told my sorrows to the God who made me, and who in his wisdom has made my life sad; not to his mother, nor to his saints, you understand, but to him.

"And what I have told only to God I cannot tell even to you. But you may know at least that my life has been very, very bitter since the time that — that I was sold. I really was sold, Señor; and I had not even the poor consolation which is given to some unhappy, lost women,— but less unhappy and less hopelessly lost than I am,— of selling myself. It was as though I had been put in a market-place like a horse or a cow, and for my poor beauty's sake I was bought! Of the time that came afterward I cannot speak, I cannot bear even to think,"— Cármen shuddered as she spoke, and her face flushed with shame and anger,—"but yet I cannot drive the horror of it from my thoughts. And then, at last,— to others it seemed very soon, but not to me,— the God who had brought this bitter sorrow upon me gave me a little help, for my owner died. It had been better far that I had died then too, for I was dead to peace, to hope; my life was ended at a time when for most women life has just begun."

Again Cármen was silent for a little space, and then she said: "Now you will understand, Señor, why it is that I tell you that the story of the White Woman yonder is true; for I myself, a living woman, know that whatever there may be of warm love in my heart forever must remain buried deep beneath the snow."

Pem's eyes had tears in them as Cármen ceased to speak. Once or twice he had put out his hand to her, but she had motioned it away. When she had made an end he spoke eagerly; and while his voice was husky and uncertain, its tone was firm.

"Cármen, Carmencita," he said, "your sorrows have been very heavy and hard to bear, but may not the time have come, at last, when in place of sorrow you shall have happiness? Is it too much for me to offer you this hope? But in my love — my love is very strong, Carmencita; far stronger now that I know how grievous your life has been — I do not dare too greatly when I promise you shelter and great tenderness; and so may come to you peace and rest. And remember," he went on quickly, checking her rising speech, "that my happiness for all my life rests now upon your answer. Love is a very selfish passion, otherwise I would not think, after what you have told me, of my own happiness at all. But I do think of it, though less than of yours. I know that without you my life will be hopeless and worthless. I believe that with me, away from all those things which will not permit you to forget,— in a new life that will make forgetfulness easy, and that will give you the breadth and freedom that I know you need and wish,— happiness is in store for you. Think, think of all this before you tell me that you will live on despairingly, and that into my life also you will bring despair."

Cármen sat motionless. Through her half-closed eyes she looked out upon the fading sunset. The golden gleams no longer were in the sky now, and the crimson had faded into a soft rose-color. On the snow-peaks rested a deep violet tint, and the White Woman shone ghost-like through a purple haze.

"Señor," she said at last, "it may not be. What you have told me of the life that I could live with you I know in my heart is truth. I know that among your people I should find what I long for, and what I cannot find among my own. I have longed with all my heart's strength for the life that you offer me; and I have longed for it far more since I have known you. And I do love you —" Pem started forward, but Cármen restrained him by a motion of her hand. "I love you so well that I cannot consent to accept my happiness at such a cost to you. After the shame that has been put upon me I feel that I am not fit to be your — your wife; I am not fit to be the wife of any honest man. Could you but know!"

Cármen shuddered again, and her voice

dropped low. Then, in a moment, she went on: "This is an old, old world, Señor, and it seems to me that some day it must of itself fall to pieces, so heavy is the load of sorrow and suffering and shame that it carries. But we who are of it must bear with it, and must bear our own part in it, stayed by such hope of another and a better world as God in his goodness may put into our hearts. Sometimes I think that the talk about God's goodness is only a fond delusion, invented by men to save themselves wholly from despair. But I fight against this thought, for if it once fairly possessed my soul I know that I should go mad. And what matters, when all is sorrow, one sorrow more or less? I have borne much, and of my suffering no good has come. What I bear now in refusing the life that you offer me I can bear gladly, for I know that I am bringing good to you. So this is the end.

"See, the dark shadows are falling upon the White Woman. The fire is there, but it is, it must be, covered with eternal snow. Hark! Don Antonio is calling us. We must go to him."

"Cármen," said Pem, speaking resolutely and quickly, "I will not take this answer. I command you not to wreck both of our lives when for both of us happiness is within easy reach. I love you, and so I am your servant; but you own your love for me, and so I am your master. By the right that this love gives me I lay on you my command — accept my love, and with it the life that I offer you!"

"Señor — I — I — how can I answer? At least — let me think. Give me a little time."

Voices and footsteps were near at hand. Pem had only a moment left. "You shall have time to think. To-morrow we go to the hacienda. We shall be there a week; longer, perhaps. Very well, I give you till my return to think. But remember, my order has been given, and it must be obeyed!"

"It was much finer, the view from the tower of the castle, Señor; why did you linger here?" Don Antonio asked politely, but in the slightly injured tone of one who, having provided a feast, feels that a guest is not doing justice to it.

"You must forgive me, Don Antonio, but the Señorita, your niece, as we turned to follow you, had a narrow escape from a fall here at this broken space in the parapet. It was a great danger, and the shock unnerved her. See, she still is pale. But she is recovering now, and we were about to go in search of you when we heard you call."

Cármen, no doubt, was grateful to Pem for this somewhat stirring flight of fancy; but it involved them both subsequently in a rather trying exercise of their respective imaginations, for the entire party insisted upon hearing the minutest details of the adventure told. Only Rose refrained from questioning. She had not much faith in the parapet story, but she did have her own ideas, and reserved her questions accordingly. But what really had happened, beyond the bare fact that that afternoon on the heights of Chapultepec had marked a turning-point in the campaign, Rose never knew.

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

SEÑOR CARMINE'S hospitality, being put to a practical test by the arrival at his hacienda of the entire American party, proved to be as boundless in fact as it had been boundless in promise. His only regret was that the party had not been organized on a larger scale. Jaune and Van, indeed, found his pressing questions as to why the surviving parents of their respective wives had not come with them a trifle embarrassing.

The Señora Carmine — or Mrs. Carmine, as, with lingering memories of her early life at Fort Leavenworth, she preferred to be styled — was equally instant, and far more voluble, in her expressions of welcome and general good-will. She was a stout, jolly woman of eight-and-forty, or thereabouts, with just a suggestion of brogue in her English and Spanish, and with a heart that seemed to be as big as she herself was broad. Rowney Mauve found her at once shocking and delightful, and had the wisdom to congratulate himself upon the fact that his feelings towards his mother-in-law could be of this mixed sort. From Violet's report of her he had expected that things would be a good deal worse.

In point of fact, all of the Americans had dreaded this visit a little. It is one thing to associate somewhat formally with foreigners in a city, and it is quite another thing to be projected into close and intimate association with a foreign family in its own home. Mrs. Gamboge, in whose character adaptability was not an especially prominent trait, frankly admitted that she wished that the visit were well over; and in this wish Mr. Gamboge, who took a warm interest in his own personal comfort and was impressed by a prophetic conviction that this was one of the occasions when his personal comfort would have to be sacrificed, heartily sympathized. Mr. Mangan Brown had his own private doubts as to how things would work out; but he went at the matter cheerfully, and comforted himself with the conviction that, after all, a fortnight is not a very important part of a lifetime. The younger members of the party were disposed to regard the visit in the light of a

very original frolic, and to get as much fun out of it as possible.

Violet, of course, was in a condition of enthusiastic delight that she manifested in her own vigorous fashion, completely exhausting Rowney Mauve during the first two or three days by trotting him about, on foot and on horseback, to see the various places and people and things on the hacienda especially beloved by her. And when Rowney, who was a capital horseman, got the better of the bucking pony, Violet's pride in him was unbounded. This equine victory of Rowney's had the further good result of settling him firmly in the Carmine family heart.

"Ah! he can ride," said Señor Carmine, with the same complacent air that an American father would say of his daughter's husband, "He belongs to one of the best families in the State; he is a consistent church-member; and he is worth five hundred thousand dollars."

But none of the doubts which disturbed the minds of the American visitors disturbed the minds of their Mexican hosts. Self-consciousness is not a characteristic of the kindly Spanish-American race. With a frank cordiality Señor Carmine welcomed these strangers within his gates; and as he was very glad to see them his guests, he did not for a moment imagine that they could be anything else than glad too. In a general way he knew that their customs must be unlike his, and he expected some manifestations of this difference which would seem to him strange. Americans were curious creatures. Had he not married one, and did he not know? It was a cardinal belief with Señor Carmine that his wife, the Señora Brígida O'Jara de Carmine,— the descendant, as she herself had assured him, of a line of Irish kings, and the daughter of a prominent citizen of Fort Leavenworth,— was a shining example of the grace, the elegance, and the refinement of the Americans of the North. It surprised him a good deal to find how, in certain ways, the American ladies now his guests differed from this his standard of American ladyhood.

As for the Señora, this access of American society caused her to renew her youth like the eagles. It was her desire to make the house and the household, for the time being, as American as possible. She arranged her guest-chambers in the fashion, as nearly as she could remember it, of the aristocratic hotel in Kansas City that her father had taken her to for a week, five and twenty years before. She introduced substantial breakfasts at 8 o'clock, and Señor Carmine, eating for politeness' sake, nearly ruined his digestion by his enforced abandonment of his morning bread and chocolate.

On the evening that the Americans arrived, this hospitable lady announced that "it 'u'd be after makin' them feel more home-like, sure, to play some American games," and added, after a moment's reflection, "How 'u'd yees like 'Copenhagen,' now?" And in spite of Violet's protests, Mrs. Carmine organized the game instantly, and "chose" Mr. Mangan Brown and kissed him with a hearty smack that was the very embodiment of cheery hospitality. And both Señor Carmine and Mrs. Gamboge were rather shocked, and very nervous over it, when Señor Carmine, acting under his wife's orders, in accordance with the rules of elegant society in Fort Leavenworth, "chose" and kissed the eldest lady among his guests.

Señor Carmine felt called upon to explain through Violet that this cordial freedom was not in accordance with Mexican customs, which very emphatically was the truth. "But while our house is honored by the presence of Americans," he added, "we desire to make our ways like theirs." Even Mr. Gamboge, after this friendly speech, was not so lacking in tact as to suggest that their host be informed that "Copenhagen" was not an usual form of evening amusement in all classes of society in New York.

However, in private, Violet took upon herself the task of enlightening her mother in the premises. The Señora was a good deal cut up about it.

"To think how times has changed since I was a gurrl, Violet dear! We all uv us, from the Mejor down, was great hands for kissin'-games in the old days at the Foort; an' moighty good fun 't was, too. Your mother 's after feelin' that she 's an old woman, sure," ruefully said the descendant of the royal house of O'Jara. But she accepted her daughter's advice in good part, and among the various modes of entertainment which she thereafter devised for the benefit of her guests "kissin'-games" did not reappear.

To Rose the most distinctive feature of the visit was the arrangement of her bed-chamber. The Señora's memory of the hotel in Kansas City had not been very clear. In fact, it consisted principally of rocking-chairs. As it is a matter of pride with Mexican housewives to have as many chairs as possible in a room, the Señora had sent a liberal order for rocking-chairs to the City of Mexico as soon as the coming of the Americans had been arranged.

"It 's a little horrifying somehow, Van, don't you think," Rose said, "to see all those six rocking-chairs in a row that way? It 's like ghosts and skeletons, you know." Brown failed to see where the ghostliness and skele-

ton-likeness came in; but he was accustomed to having Rose discover unexpected resemblances, and took the matter easily.

"Of course the two little beds are all right," she went on, "for that 's the regular Mexican custom; but I wish they had n't put them at opposite ends of the room — it 's such a very big room, you see."

"Big enough for a town-hall, up in our part of the world," Van assented.

"But suppose I 'm taken sick, or something frightens me in the night; what am I to do?"

"You might have your shoes handy, and shy them at me. You would n't be likely to throw straight enough to hit me; but I 'd hear things banging about, and wake up in time to rescue you."

"Don't be foolish, Van; I 'm really in earnest. It is dreadful to be so far away in the dark. And — why, Van, there is n't any slop-bucket, and there 's only one towel. And it can't be because they 're poor, or anything like that, for they 're not; and the basin and the pitcher are perfectly beautiful French china, good enough for bric-à-brac. Don't you think it very strange? Oh! who 's that?"

Van himself was a little startled, for a door at the end of the room opened and a nice-looking old woman placidly walked through the apartment — smiling in a friendly way at them — and passed out by one of the doors opening on the corridor, bidding them, as she departed, an affable good-night. Neither Rose nor Van was exactly in costume for receiving even transient visitors.

Brown went to close the door through which the old woman had entered. "Why, it 's a chapel!" he said. "She must have been in there saying her prayers. And I don't see what we are going to do about ventilation," he continued, as he examined the doors opening on the corridor. "These things are solid wood, three inches thick. If we shut them, we won't have any fresh air at all; and if we leave them open, anybody can see in. The Mexicans seem to have very extraordinary notions of privacy, anyway."

"I don't like it at all," said Rose. "And with all these old women marching about,— but she seemed a nice sort of old woman, I must say,— and these open doors, and all, I 'm quite nervous. You 'd better shut them all tight, Van. It is such a big room that the air won't be very bad."

But Brown left the door in the corner open, and the first thing that he knew in the morning he was waking up and finding a serving-man gravely entering with an earthen jar of fresh water. The man said good morning, in a matter-of-fact way, and asked — as far as Brown could make out — if the Señor and Señora had rested well, and if there was anything else that he could bring them.

Violet seemed rather surprised when Rose, in a delicate way, lodged a remonstrance against these intrusions.

"Oh, you need n't mind them," she said. "Old Margarita always goes into the oratory at night to say her prayers — she is a dear old thing. And if Juan does n't bring you fresh water in the morning, and see if you want anything, what are you going to do?"

Rose did not feel at liberty to speak about the one towel. She drew on her private stock. At the end of a week the one towel was removed, and a clean towel was put in its place. They were very elegant, in their way, these solitary towels; of beautiful linen, and ornamented with a good deal of handsome embroidery. Rose never quite succeeded in making up her mind as to whether they really were intended for use, or simply were fitting accessories to the bric-à-brac basin and pitcher.

In regard to the slop-bucket, Violet settled the matter promptly. "Just empty your basin out over the edge of the corridor," she said. "That 's the way we always do, you know." And that was the way they did.

Another peculiarity of the household that struck the Americans forcibly was that at meals the women were given their food after the men. The first portion went to Mr. Mangan Brown, the next to Mr. Gamboge, and then the younger men, in turn, received their portions. After this the women, beginning with Mrs. Gamboge, were served. It made one feel like living in the Middle Ages, Rose said.

But with all the oddities and peculiarities of domestic life which they encountered, the underlying kindliness and hearty hospitality of their entertainers made the Americans feel thoroughly sorry when the fortnight came to an end. It was a matter of some doubt, indeed, as to whether they would be permitted to leave at the end of this very short visit. Señor Carmine had counted upon having them with him for several months, he assured them; why could they not stay on? The summer was such a lovely season on the plateau — never hot, never cold; and all manner of delicious fruit to be gathered freshly every day. Why should they not remain?

But Señor Carmine yielded to the inevitable, and aided his wife in devising and arranging stores of all manner of good things to eat and drink for his departing guests to take with them for sustenance by the way. From the quantities of food provided for this purpose, anybody but a Mexican would have inferred that the party was about setting forth to cross an exceedingly wide desert, instead of upon a comfortable journey of eight hours by

rail, with very fair opportunities for sustaining life by stops at two reasonably good eating-stations.

The one member of the party who really was glad to leave the hacienda was Mr. Pemberton Logan Smith. Pem never had known two weeks so long as these two weeks had been. He had done his best to be as cheerful as possible, for he was a well-bred young man, with strong convictions in regard to the impropriety of exhibiting publicly his private griefs; but in spite of his best efforts he had not been wholly successful, so very much depended upon that answer which he was to receive when the two weeks were at an end. He had played a masterful part that day at Chapultepec, but would he be able to keep on playing it? Cármen loved him — she admitted it; but could he force her to give him her love? These were the questions which constantly were in his mind, constantly tormenting him with their varying answers and consequent shiftings from hopeful elation to desolating doubts and fears. Even to have desolation set in for a permanency was better, he thought, than that this racking uncertainty should endure. And so he was very glad when at last his face was set once more towards certainty and the City of Mexico.

Although the train did not arrive at the Colonia station until after 8 o'clock at night, Don Antonio was on hand to meet them, and had a little procession of carriages in readiness for their conveyance to their hotel. No one would have been surprised had he brought along a brass band. Had he happened to think of it, very likely he would.

He had planned one more expedition for them, he said; and hastened to add, fearing that the question of lack of time would be raised, that it was a very little one. It was only to go once more to the shrine of Guadalupe. They had been there once, but he feared that they had not drunk of the water of the Holy Well. Did they know that whoever drank of this water needs must return — no matter how far away they might stray into the world — to drink again? Therefore they must come with him and drink: so would he have assurance that they all would return.

Of course, an invitation of this gracious sort could not be refused; and so it was decided to defer the start northward for yet another day, and to go to Guadalupe on the following afternoon. Pem was well pleased with this arrangement, and especially with the fact, mentioned by Don Antonio incidentally, that it was to his niece that he owed the suggestion of assuring in this way the return of their American friends. Pem could not but believe that herein was ground for hope.

But from Cármen's face, when they all met the next afternoon in the Plaza, he could make nothing: her eyes were downcast, and her lips were firm. But it comforted him to see that the wearied, pained look, that had shocked him so when they last met at Chapultepec, had disappeared. During the short ride on the tramway she sat nearly opposite to him in the car, her eyes still cast down. But through the veil of her dark lashes he felt that she was looking at him earnestly.

As the church already had been visited, there was nothing to detain them from the immediate object of their pilgrimage. Therefore Don Antonio, gallantly escorting Mrs. Gamboge, led the way directly across the pretty plazuela, past the old parish church and so to the beautiful little chapel — the masterpiece of the architect Guerrero y Torres — that covers the Holy Well.

With something of the serious air of one who administers a religious rite, Don Antonio dipped up the water through the iron grating and served it to his American friends. As Pem drank, Cármen for an instant looked full upon him. It was a strange look: but again Pem believed that he had a right to hope.

When the ceremony was ended they mounted the stone stairway that winds up the Cerrito, to take a last look at the sunset light upon the snow mountains.

"Not a last look," Don Antonio correctingly interposed. "You have drunk of the water of the Holy Well."

In Mexican fashion the gentlemen offered their hands to the ladies to assist them in the ascent. Pem gave his hand to Cármen; hers was very cold, and it trembled as it touched his.

Where the stairways from the opposite sides of the hill unite, on the little plateau before the stone screen, they paused to rest; and when the party moved on, passing beyond the screen, Pem took Cármen's hand, as though to follow, but gently detained her. He felt her hand tremble again. She withdrew it from his, and in obedience to his gesture seated herself beside him upon the stone bench. And so once more they were alone at sunset.

But now that the moment for which Pem had longed so earnestly had come, his fears entirely overmastered his hopes, and he did not dare to speak. He knew that this hour would decide his life for him. He remembered all that Cármen had urged to make clear to him that while she loved him she could not give him her love; he remembered how little substantial ground she had given him that day for believing that the conclusion which she had arrived at deliberately, and deliberately had stated a fortnight before, was to be reversed. And as these dreary thoughts

possessed him, hope slipped farther and farther away from his heart.

Cármen sat silently beside him. Her open hand rested upon the stone bench, not far from his, but he had not the courage to take it. Her eyes were turned eastward towards the snow mountains. High above the snow-capped peaks was a glory of red and golden cloud, but the mountains below were cold and colorless. To Pem's mind the White Woman seemed more than ever a dead, cold woman, half hidden beneath her shroud of snow. And as this dreary thought came into his mind, linking itself with the sorrowful thoughts already there, and by an allegory making the sorrow of them still more keen, there came from his lips a sob. Doubtless there is no sound more pathetic than the sob of a strong man.

And then Pem felt a soft hand, not cold, but warm, in his; and at that instant a shifting of the clouds changed the current of the sunlight, and the White Woman was lit up by a ruddy, life-giving glow.

Pem's heart bounded. He raised his head, and his eyes met Cármen's — looking full at him now, bright through tears and full of love.

"Señor, Señor mio," said Cármen, as they rose at last from the stone bench, yet still looked eastward on the splendor of gold and crimson clouds and crimsoned snow, "it was here in Guadalupe Hidalgo that the treaty of peace between the conquered Mexicans and the conquering Americans was signed."

THE END.

Thomas A. Janvier.

ARMY HOSPITALS AND CASES.

MEMORANDA AT THE TIME, 1863–66.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

[Of reminiscences of the Secession War, after the rest is said, it remains to give a few special words — in some respects the typical words of all, and the most definitive — of the army hospitals and samples of those that filled them, of the killed and wounded in action, and of soldiers who lingered afterward, from these wounds, or were laid up by disease or prostration. The general statistics have perhaps been printed already, but, as introductory to the incidents I am going to describe, they can bear to be briefly stated again. There were over 2,000,000 men (for all periods of enlistment, large and small) furnished to the Union army during the war, New York State furnishing nearly 500,000, which was the greatest number of any one State. The losses by disease, wounds, killed in action, accidents, etc. were altogether about 300,000, or approximating to that number. Over 6,000,000 cases were treated in the army hospitals. The number sounds strange, but it is true. More than two-thirds of the deaths were from prostration or disease. To-day there lie buried over 300,000 soldiers in the various national army cemeteries, more than half of them marked "unknown." In full mortuary statistics of the war the greatest deficiency arises from our not having the rolls, even as far as they were kept, of most of the Southern military prisons, a gap which probably both adds to, and helps to conceal, the indescribable horrors of those places. It is, however, certain that over 25,000 Union soldiers died in the hands of the enemy.* And now, leaving all figures and their "sum totals," I feel sure a few genuine memoranda of such things, made at the time and on the spot, defective as they are, but with all the associations of those persons, scenes, and places brought back, will not only go directest to the right spot, but give a clearer and more actual sight of "army hospitals and cases" during that period than anything else. I begin with verbatim extracts from letters home to my mother in Brooklyn, the second year of the war.— W. W.]

Washington, Oct. 13, 1863.— There has been a new lot of wounded and sick arriving for the last three days. The first and second days, long strings of ambulances with the sick. Yesterday the worst, many with bad and bloody wounds, inevitably long neglected. I thought I was cooler and more used to it, but the sight of some cases brought tears into my eyes. I had the luck yesterday, however, to do lots of good. Had provided many nourishing articles for the men for another quarter, but, fortunately, had my stores where I could use them at once for these new-comers, as they arrived, faint, hungry, fagged out from their journey, with soiled clothes, and all bloody. I distributed these articles, gave partly to the nurses I knew, or to those in charge. As many as possible I fed myself.

* The latest official compilation (1885) shows the Union mortality to have been 359,528, of whom 29,498 died in Southern prisons.— EDITOR.

Then I found a lot of oyster soup handy, and bought it all at once.

It is the most pitiful sight, this, when the men are first brought in, from some camp hospital broke up, or a part of the army moving. These who arrived yesterday are cavalrymen. Our troops had fought like devils, but got the worst of it. They were Kilpatrick's cavalry; — were in the rear, part of Meade's retreat, and the reb cavalry, knowing the ground and taking a favorable opportunity, dashed in between, cut them off, and shelled them terribly. But Kilpatrick turned and brought them out, mostly. It was last Sunday.

Oct. 27, 1863.— If any of the soldiers I know (or their parents or folks) should call upon you,— as they are often anxious to have my address in Brooklyn,— you just use them as you know how, and if you happen to have pot-luck, and feel to ask them to take a bite, don't be afraid to do so. I have a friend, Thomas Neat, 2d New York Cavalry, wounded in leg, now home in Jamaica, on furlough; he will probably call. Then possibly a Mr. Haskell, or some of his folks, from western New York: he had a son died here, and I was with the boy a good deal. The old man and his wife have written me and asked me my Brooklyn address; he said he had children in New York, and was occasionally down there. When I come home I will show you some of the letters I get from mothers, sisters, fathers, etc. They will make you cry.

How the time passes away! To think it is over a year since I left home suddenly — and have mostly been down in front since. The year has vanished swiftly, and oh, what scenes I have witnessed during that time! And the war is not settled yet; and one does not see anything certain, or even promising, of a settlement. But I do not lose the solid feeling, in myself, that the Union triumph is assured, whether it be sooner or whether it be later, or whatever roundabout way we may be led there; and I find I don't change that conviction from any reverses we meet, nor delays, nor blunders. One realizes here in Washington the great labors, even negative ones, of Lincoln; — that it is a big thing to have just kept the United States from being thrown down and having its throat cut. I have not wavered or had any doubt of the issue since Gettysburg.

18th September, 1863.— Here, now, is a specimen hospital case: Lorenzo Strong, Co. A, 9th New York Cavalry (his brother, Horace L. Strong, Rochester, N. Y.), shot by a shell last Sunday; right leg amputated on the field. Sent up here Monday night, 14th. Seemed to be doing pretty well till Wednesday noon, 16th, when he took a turn for the worse, and a strangely rapid and fatal termination ensued. Though I had much to do, I staid and saw it all. It was a death-picture characteristic of these soldiers' hospitals: the perfect specimen of physique,— one of the most magnificent I ever saw,— the convulsive spasms, and working of muscles, mouth, and throat. There are two good women nurses, one on each side. The doctor comes in and gives him a little chloroform. One of the nurses constantly fans him, for it is fearfully hot. He asks to be raised up, and they put him in a half-sitting posture. He called for "Mark" repeatedly, half-deliriously, all day. Life ebbs, runs now with the speed of a mill-race; his splendid neck, as it lays all open, works still, slightly; his eyes turn back. A religious person coming in offers a prayer, in subdued tones; around the foot of the bed, and in the space of the aisle, a crowd, including two or three doctors, several students, and many soldiers, has silently gathered. It is very still and warm, as the struggle goes on, and dwindles, a little more, and a little more — and then welcome oblivion, painlessness, death. A pause, the crowd drops away, a white bandage is bound around and under the jaw, the propping pillows are removed, the limpsy head falls down, the arms are softly placed by the side, all composed, all still — and the broad white sheet is thrown over everything.

April 10, 1864.— Unusual agitation all around concentrated here. Exciting times in Congress. The Copperheads are getting furious, and want to recognize the Southern Confederacy. "This is a pretty time to talk of recognizing such ——," said a Pennsylvania officer in hospital to me to-day, "after what has transpired the last three years." After first Fredericksburg I felt discouraged myself, and doubted whether our rulers could carry on the war. But that has passed away. The war *must* be carried on. I would willingly go in the ranks myself if I thought it would profit more than as at present, and I don't know sometimes but I shall, as it is. Then there is certainly a strange, deep, fervid feeling formed or aroused in the land, hard to describe or name; it is not a majority feeling, but it will make itself felt. M., you don't know what a nature a fellow gets, not only after being a soldier a while, but after living in the sights and influences of the camps, the wounded, etc.— a nature he never experienced before. The stars and stripes, the tune of Yankee Doodle, and similar things, produce such an effect on a fellow as never before. I have seen them bring tears on some men's

cheeks, and others turn pale with emotion. I have a little flag (it belonged to one of our cavalry regiments), presented to me by one of the wounded; it was taken by the Secesh in a fight, and rescued by our men in a bloody skirmish following. It cost three men's lives to get back that four-by-three flag—to tear it from the breast of a dead rebel—for *the name* of getting their little "rag" back again. The man that secured it was very badly wounded, and they let him keep it. I was with him a good deal; he wanted to give me some keepsake, he said,—he didn't expect to live,—so he gave me that flag. The best of it all is, dear M., there is n't a regiment, cavalry or infantry, that would n't do the like, on the like occasion.

April 12.—I will finish my letter this morning; it is a beautiful day. I was up in Congress very late last night. The House had a very excited night session about expelling the men that proposed recognizing the Southern Confederacy. You ought to hear (as I do) the soldiers talk; they are excited to madness. We shall probably have hot times here, not in the military fields alone. The body of the army is true and firm as the North Star.

May 6, 1864.—M., the poor soldier with diarrhea is still living, but, oh, what a looking object! Death would be a relief to him—he cannot last many hours. Cunningham, the Ohio soldier, with leg amputated at thigh, has picked up beyond expectation; now looks indeed like getting well. [He died a few weeks afterward.] The hospitals are very full.* I am very well indeed. Hot here today.

May 23, 1864.—Sometimes I think that should it come when it *must*, to fall in battle, one's anguish over a son or brother killed might

* *Hospitals Ensemble. August, September, and October, 1863.*—I am in the habit of going to all, and to Fairfax Seminary, Alexandria, and over Long Bridge to the great Convalescent Camp. The journals publish a regular directory of them—a long list. As a specimen of almost any one of the larger of these hospitals, fancy to yourself a space of three to twenty acres of ground, on which are grouped ten or twelve very large wooden barracks, with, perhaps, a dozen or twenty, and sometimes more than that number, small buildings, capable altogether of accommodating from 500 to 1000 or 1500 persons. Sometimes these wooden barracks, or wards, each of them perhaps from 100 to 150 feet long, are ranged in a straight row, evenly fronting the street; others are planned so as to form an immense V; and others again are ranged around a hollow square. They make altogether a huge cluster, with the additional tents, extra wards for contagious diseases, guard-houses, sutler's stores, chaplain's house; in the middle will probably be an edifice devoted to the offices of the surgeon in charge and the ward surgeons, principal attachés, clerks, etc. The wards are either lettered alphabetically, Ward G, Ward K, or else numerically, 1, 2, 3, etc. Each has its ward surgeon and corps of nurses. Of course, there is, in the aggregate, quite a muster of employees, and over all the surgeon in charge. Here in Washington, when these army hospitals are all filled (as they have been already several times), they contain a population more numerous in itself than the whole of the Washington of ten or fifteen years ago. Within sight of the Capitol, as I write, are some thirty or forty such collections, at times holding from 50,000 to 70,000 men. Looking from any eminence and studying the topography in my rambles, I use them as landmarks. Through the rich August verdure of the trees, see that white group of buildings off yonder in the outskirts; then another cluster half a mile to the left of the first; then another a mile to the right, and another a mile beyond, and still another between us and the first. Indeed, we can hardly look in any direction but these clusters are dotting the landscape and environs. That little town, as you might suppose it, off there on the brow of a hill, is indeed a town, but of wounds, sickness, and death. It is Finley Hospital, north-east of the city, on Kendall Green, as it used to be called. That other is Campbell Hospital. Both are large establishments. I have known these two alone to have from 2000 to 2500 inmates. Then there is Carver Hospital, larger still, a walled and military city regularly laid out, and guarded by squads of sentries. Again, off east, Lincoln Hospital, a still larger one; and, half a mile farther, Emory Hospital. Still sweeping the eye around down the river towards Alexandria, we see, to the right, the locality where the Convalescent Camp stands, with its 5,000, 8,000, or sometimes 10,000 inmates. Even all these are but a portion. The Harewood, Mount Pleasant, Armory Square, Judiciary Hospitals, are some of the rest, and all large collections.

Summer of 1864.—I am back again in Washington, on my regular daily and nightly rounds. Of course there are many specialties. Dotting a ward here and there are always cases of poor fellows, long suffering under obstinate wounds, or weak and disheartened from typhoid fever, or the like; marked cases, needing special and sympathetic nourishment. These I sit down and either talk to or silently cheer them up. They always like it hugely (and so do I). Each case has its peculiarities, and needs some new adaptation. I have learnt to thus conform—learnt a good deal of hospital wisdom. Some of the poor young chaps, away from home for the first time in their lives, hunger and thirst for affection; this is sometimes the only thing that will reach their condition. The men like to have a pencil, and something to write in. I have given them cheap pocket-diaries, and almanacs for 1864, interleaved with blank paper. For reading I generally have some old pictorial magazines or story-papers—they are always acceptable. Also the morning or evening papers of the day. The best books I do not give, but lend to read through the wards, and then take them to others, and so on; they are very punctual about returning the books. In these wards, or on the field, as I thus continue to go round, I have come to adapt myself to each emergency, after its kind or call, however trivial, however solemn, every one justified and made real under its circumstances; not only visits and cheering talk and little gifts, not only washing and dressing wounds (I have some cases where the patient is unwilling any one should do this but me), but passages from the Bible, expounding them, prayer at the bedside, explanations of doctrine, etc. (I think I see my friends smiling at this confession, but I was never more in earnest in my life.) In camp and everywhere, I was in the habit of reading or giving recitations to the men. They were very fond of it, and liked declamatory poetical pieces. We would gather in a large group by ourselves, after supper, and spend the time in such readings, or in talking, and occasionally by an amusing game called the game of twenty questions.

be tempered with much to take the edge off. Lingering and extreme suffering from wounds or sickness seem to me far worse than death in battle. I can honestly say the latter has no terrors for me, as far as I myself am concerned. Then I should say, too, about death in war, that our feelings and imaginations make a thousand times too much of the whole matter. Of the many I have seen die, or known of, the past year, I have not seen or known one who met death with terror. In most cases I should say it was a welcome relief and release.

Yesterday I spent a good part of the afternoon with a young soldier of seventeen, Charles Cutter, of Lawrence, Massachusetts (1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, Battery M); he was brought to one of the hospitals mortally wounded in abdomen. Well, I thought to myself, as I sat looking at him, it ought to be a relief to his folks if they could see how little he really suffered. He lay very placid, in a half lethargy, with his eyes closed. As it was extremely hot, and I sat a good while silently fanning him and wiping the sweat, at length he opened his eyes quite wide and clear and looked inquiringly around. I said, "What is it, my boy? Do you want anything?" He answered quietly, with a good-natured smile, "Oh, nothing; I was only looking around to see who was with me." His mind was somewhat wandering, yet he lay in an evident peacefulness that sanity and health might have envied. I had to leave for other engagements. He died, I heard afterward, without any special agitation, in the course of the night.

Washington, May 26, 1863.—M., I think something of commencing a series of lectures, readings, talks, etc. through the cities of the North, to supply myself with funds for hospital ministrations. I do not like to be so beholden to others; I need a pretty free supply of money, and the work grows upon me and fascinates me. It is the most magnetic as well as terrible sight: the lots of poor wounded and helpless men depending so much, in one ward or another, upon my soothing or talking to them, or rousing them up a little, or perhaps petting or feeding them their dinner or supper (here is a patient, for instance, wounded in both arms), or giving some trifle for a novelty or change — anything, however trivial, to break the monotony of those hospital hours.

It is curious: when I am present at the most appalling scenes, deaths, operations, sickening wounds (perhaps full of maggots), I keep cool and do not give out or budge, although my sympathies are very much excited; but often, hours afterward, perhaps when I am home, or out walking alone, I feel sick, and actually tremble, when I recall the case again before me.

[The following memoranda describe some of the last cases and hospital scenes of the war, from my own observation.]

Two brothers, one South, one North.— May 28–29, 1865.— I staid to-night a long time by the bedside of a new patient, a young Baltimorean, aged about nineteen years, W. S. P. (2d Maryland, Southern), very feeble, right leg amputated, can't sleep; has taken a great deal of morphine, which, as usual, is costing more than it comes to. Evidently very intelligent and well-bred; very affectionate; held on to my hand, and put it by his face, not willing to let me leave. As I was lingering, soothing him in his pain, he says to me suddenly: "I hardly think you know who I am. I don't wish to impose upon you — I am a rebel soldier." I said I did not know that, but it made no difference. Visiting him daily for about two weeks after that, while he lived (death had marked him, and he was quite alone), I loved him much, always kissed him, and he did me. In an adjoining ward I found his brother, an officer of rank, a Union soldier, a brave and religious man (Colonel Clifton K. Prentiss, 6th Maryland infantry, Sixth Corps, wounded in one of the engagements at Petersburg, April 2, lingered, suffered much, died in Brooklyn, August 20, 1865). It was in the same battle both were hit. One was a strong Unionist, the other Secesh; both fought on their respective sides, both badly wounded, and both brought together here after a separation of four years. Each died for his cause.

Sunday Afternoon, July 30.— Passed this afternoon among a collection of unusually bad cases, wounded and sick Secession soldiers, left upon our hands. I spent the previous Sunday afternoon there also. At that time two were dying. Two others have died during the week. Several of them are partly deranged. To-day I went around among them elaborately. Poor boys, they all needed to be cheered up. As I sat down by any particular one, the eyes of all the rest in the neighboring cots would fix upon me, and remain steadily riveted as long as I sat within their sight. Nobody seemed to wish anything special to eat or drink. The main thing asked for was postage stamps, and paper for writing. I distributed all the stamps I had. Tobacco was wanted by some.

One called me over to him and asked me in a low tone what denomination I belonged to. He said he was a Catholic — wished to find some one of the same faith — wanted some

good reading. I gave him something to read, and sat down by him a few minutes. Moved around with a word for each. They were hardly any of them personally attractive cases, and no visitors come here. Of course they were all destitute of money. I gave small sums to two or three, apparently the most needy. The men are from quite all the Southern States, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, etc.

Wrote several letters. One for a young fellow named Thomas J. Byrd, with bad wound and diarrhea. Was from Russell County, Alabama; been out four years. Wrote to his mother; had neither heard from her nor written to her in nine months. Was taken prisoner last Christmas, in Tennessee; sent to Nashville, then to Camp Chase, Ohio, and kept there a long time; all the while not money enough to get paper and postage stamps. Was paroled, but on his way home the wound took gangrene; had diarrhea also; had evidently been very low. Demeanor cool and patient. A dark-skinned, quaint young fellow, with strong southern idiom; no education.

Another letter, for John W. Morgan, aged 18, from Shellot, Brunswick County, North Carolina; been out nine months; gun-shot wound in right leg, above knee; also diarrhea; wound getting along well; quite a gentle, affectionate boy; wished me to put in the letter for his mother to kiss his little brother and sister for him. [I put strong envelopes on these, and two or three other letters, directed them plainly and fully, and dropped them in the Washington post-office the next morning myself.]

The large ward I am in is used for secession soldiers exclusively. One man, about forty years of age, emaciated with diarrhea, I was attracted to, as he lay with his eyes turned up, looking like death. His weakness was so extreme that it took a minute or so, every time, for him to talk with anything like consecutive meaning; yet he was evidently a man of good intelligence and education. As I said anything, he would lie a moment perfectly still, then, with closed eyes, answer in a low, very slow voice, quite correct and sensible, but in a way and tone that wrung my heart. He had a mother, wife, and child living (or probably living) in his home in Mississippi. It was long, long since he had seen them. Had he caused a letter to be sent them since he got here in Washington? No answer. I repeated the question, very slowly and soothingly. He could not tell whether he had or not — things of late seemed to him like a dream. After waiting a moment, I said: "Well, I am going to walk down the ward a moment, and when I come back you can tell me. If you have not written, I will sit down and write." A few minutes after, I returned; he said he remembered now that some one had written for him two or three days before. The presence of this man impressed me profoundly. The flesh was all sunken on face and arms; the eyes low in their sockets and glassy, and with purple rings around them. Two or three great tears silently flowed out from the eyes, and rolled down his temples (he was doubtless unused to be spoken to as I was speaking to him). Sickness, imprisonment, exhaustion, etc. had conquered the body; yet the mind held mastery still, and called even wandering remembrance back.

There are some fifty Southern soldiers here; all sad, sad cases. There is a good deal of scurvy. I distributed some paper, envelopes, and postage stamps, and wrote addresses full and plain on many of the envelopes.

I returned again Tuesday, August 1, and moved around in the same manner a couple of hours.

September 22, 1865.— Afternoon and evening at Douglas Hospital to see a friend belonging to 2d New York Artillery (Hiram W. Frazee, Serg't), down with an obstinate compound fracture of left leg received in one of the last battles near Petersburg. After sitting a while with him, went through several neighboring wards. In one of them found an old acquaintance transferred here lately, a rebel prisoner, in a dying condition. Poor fellow, the look was already on his face. He gazed long at me. I asked him if he knew me. After a moment he uttered something, but inarticulately. I have seen him off and on for the last five months. He has suffered very much; a bad wound in left leg, severely fractured, several operations, cuttings, extractions of bone, splinters, etc. I remember he seemed to me, as I used to talk with him, a fair specimen of the main strata of the Southerners, those without property or education, but still with the stamp which comes from freedom and equality. I liked him; Jonathan Wallace, of Hurd County, Georgia, age 30 (wife, Susan F. Wallace, Houston, Hurd County, Georgia). [If any good soul of that county should see this, I hope he will send her word.] Had a family; had not heard from them since taken prisoner, now six months. I had written for him, and done trifles for him, before he came here. He made no outward show, was mild in his talk and behavior, but I knew he worried much inwardly. But now all would be over very soon. I half sat upon the little stand near the head of the bed. Wallace was somewhat restless. I placed my hand lightly on his forehead and face, just sliding it over the surface. In a moment or so he fell into a calm, regular-breathing lethargy or sleep, and remained so while I sat there. It was dark, and the lights were lit. I hardly

know why (death seemed hovering near), but I staid nearly an hour. A Sister of Charity, dressed in black, with a broad white linen bandage around her head and under her chin, and a black crape over all and flowing down from her head in long wide pieces, came to him, and moved around the bed. She bowed low and solemn to me. For some time she moved around there noiseless as a ghost, doing little things for the dying man.

December, 1865.— The only remaining hospital is now " Harewood," out in the woods, north-west of the city. I have been visiting there regularly every Sunday during these two months.

January 24, 1866.— Went out to Harewood early to-day, and remained all day.

Sunday, February 4, 1866. — Harewood Hospital again. Walked out this afternoon (bright, dry, ground frozen hard) through the woods. Ward 6 is filled with blacks, some with wounds, some ill, two or three with limbs frozen. The boys made quite a picture sitting round the stove. Hardly any can read or write. I write for three or four, direct envelopes, give some tobacco, etc.

Joseph Winder, a likely boy, aged twenty-three, belongs to 10th Colored Infantry (now in Texas); is from Eastville, Virginia. Was a slave; belonged to Lafayette Homeston. The master was quite willing he should leave. Joined the army two years ago; has been in one or two battles. Was sent to hospital with rheumatism. Has since been employed as cook. His parents at Eastville; he gets letters from them, and has letters written to them by a friend. Many black boys left that part of Virginia and joined the army; the 10th, in fact, was made up of Virginia blacks from thereabouts. As soon as discharged is going back to Eastville to his parents and home, and intends to stay there.

Thomas King, formerly 2d District Colored Regiment, discharged soldier, Company E, lay in a dying condition; his disease was consumption. A Catholic priest was administering extreme unction to him. (I have seen this kind of sight several times in the hospitals; it is very impressive.)

Harewood, April 29, 1866. Sunday afternoon.— Poor Joseph Swiers, Company H, 155th Pennsylvania, a mere lad (only eighteen years of age); his folks living in Reedsburgh, Pennsylvania. I have known him now for nearly a year, transferred from hospital to hospital. He was badly wounded in the thigh at Hatcher's Run, February 6, 1865.

James E. Ragan, Atlanta, Georgia; 2d United States Infantry. Union folks. Brother impressed, deserted, died; now no folks, left alone in the world, is in a singularly nervous state; came in hospital with intermittent fever.

Walk slowly around the ward, observing, and to see if I can do anything. Two or three are lying very low with consumption, cannot recover; some with old wounds; one with both feet frozen off, so that on one only the heel remains. The supper is being given out: the liquid called tea, a thick slice of bread, and some stewed apples.

That was about the last I saw of the regular army-hospitals.

Walt Whitman.

RESTLESSNESS.

(Written before visiting Florence.)

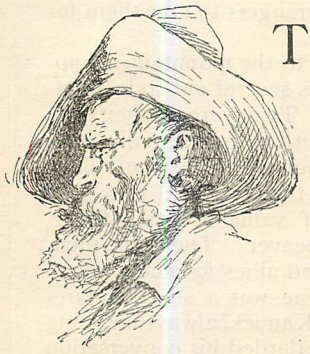
WOULD I had waked this morn where Florence smiles,
Abloom with beauty, a white rose full-blown,
Yet rich in sacred dust, in storied stone
Precious past all the wealth of Indian isles.
From olive-hoary Fiesole to feed
On Brunelleschi's dome my hungry eye,
And see against the lotos-colored sky
Spring the slim belfry graceful as a reed;
To kneel upon the ground where Dante trod;
To breathe the air of immortality
From Angelo and Raphael,—*to be*,
Each sense new-quickened by a demi-god;
To hear the liquid Tuscan speech at whiles
From citizen and peasant; to behold
The heaven of Leonardo washed with gold.—
Would I had waked this morn where Florence smiles!

Emma Lazarus.

FRONTIER TYPES.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.



THE old race of Rocky Mountain hunters and trappers, of reckless, dauntless Indian fighters, is now fast dying out. Yet here and there these restless wanderers of the untrodden wilderness still linger, in wooded fastnesses so inaccessible that the miners have not yet explored them, in mountain valleys so far off that no ranchman has yet driven his herds thither. To this day many of them wear the fringed tunic or hunting-shirt, made of buckskin, or homespun, and belted in at the waist — the most picturesque and distinctively national dress ever worn in America. It was the dress in which Daniel Boone was clad when he first passed through the trackless forests of the Alleghanies and penetrated into the heart of Kentucky, to enjoy such hunting as no man of his race had ever had before; it was the dress worn by grim old Davy Crocket when he fell at the Alamo. The wild soldiery of the backwoods wore it when they marched to victory over Ferguson and Pakenham, at King's Mountain and New Orleans; when they conquered the French towns of the Illinois; and when they won at the cost of Red Eagle's warriors the bloody triumph of the Horseshoe Bend.

These old-time hunters have been the forerunners of the white advance throughout all our Western land. Soon after the beginning of the present century they boldly struck out beyond the Mississippi, steered their way across the flat and endless seas of grass, or pushed up the valleys of the great lonely rivers, crossed the passes that wound among the towering peaks of the Rockies, toiled over the melancholy wastes of sage brush and alkali, and at last, breaking through the gloomy woodland that belts the coast, looked out on the heaving waves of the greatest of all the oceans. They lived for months, often for years, among the Indians, now as friends, now as foes, warring, hunting, and marrying with them; they acted as guides for exploring parties, as scouts for the soldiers who from time to time were sent against the different hostile tribes. At long intervals they came into some frontier settlement or some fur company's fort, posted in the heart of the wilderness, to dispose of their bales of furs, or to replenish their stock of ammunition and purchase a scanty supply of coarse food and clothing.

From that day to this they have not changed their way of life. But there are not many of them left now. The basin of the Upper Missouri was their last stronghold, being the last great hunting-ground of the Indians, with whom the white trappers were always fighting and bickering, but who nevertheless by their presence protected the game that gave the trappers their livelihood. My cattle were among the very first to come into the land, at a time when the buffalo and the beaver still abounded, and then the old hunters were common. Many a time I have hunted with them, spent the night in their smoky cabins, or had them as guests at my ranch. But in a couple of years after the inrush of the cattle-men the last herds of the buffalo were destroyed, and the beaver were trapped out of all the plains' streams. Then the hunters vanished likewise, save that here and there one or two still remain in some nook or out-of-the-way corner. The others wandered off restlessly over the land — some to join their brethren in the Cœur d'Alêne or the northern Rockies, others to the coast ranges or to far-away Alaska. Moreover, their ranks were soon thinned by death, and the places of the dead were no longer taken by new recruits. They led hard lives, and the unending strain of their toilsome and dangerous existence shattered even such iron frames as theirs. They were killed in drunken brawls, or in nameless fights with roving Indians; they died by one of the thousand accidents incident to the business of their lives — by flood or quicksand, by cold or starvation, by the stumble of a horse or a foot-slip on the edge of a cliff; they perished by diseases brought on by terrible privation and aggravated by the savage orgies with which it was varied.

Yet there was not only much that was attractive in their wild, free, reckless lives, but

there was also very much good about the men themselves. They were — and such of them as are left still are — frank, bold, and self-reliant to a degree. They fear neither man, brute, nor element. They are generous and hospitable; they stand loyally by their friends, and pursue their enemies with bitter and vindictive hatred. For the rest, they differ among themselves in their good and bad points even more markedly than do men in civilized life, for out on the border virtue and wickedness alike take on very pronounced colors. A man who in civilization would be merely a backbiter becomes a murderer on the frontier; and, on the other hand, he who in the city would do nothing more than bid you a cheery good-morning shares his last bit of sun-jerked venison with you when both are threatened by starvation in the wilderness. One hunter may be a dark-browed, evil-eyed ruffian, ready to kill cattle or run off horses without hesitation, who if game fails will at once, in Western phrase, "take to the road" — that is, become a highwayman. The next is perhaps a quiet, kindly, simple-hearted man, law-abiding, modestly unconscious of the worth of his own fearless courage and iron endurance, always faithful to his friends, and full of chivalric and tender loyalty to women.

The hunter is the arch-type of freedom. His well-being rests in no man's hands save his own. He chops down and hews out the logs for his hut, or perhaps makes merely a rude dug-out in the side of a hill, with a skin roof, or skin flaps for the door. He buys a little flour and salt, and in times of plenty also sugar and tea; but not much, for it must all be carried hundreds of miles on the backs of his shaggy pack-ponies. In one corner of the hut, a bunk covered with deer-skins forms his bed; a kettle and a frying-pan may be all his cooking-utensils. When he can get no fresh meat he falls back on his stock of jerked venison, dried in long strips over the fire or in the sun.

Most of the trappers are Americans, but there are some Frenchmen and half-breeds among them. Both of the last, if on the plains, occasionally make use of queer wooden carts, very rude in shape, with stout wheels that make a most doleful squeaking. In old times they all had Indian wives; but nowadays those who live among and intermarry with the Indians are looked down upon by the other frontiersmen, who contemptuously term them "squaw-men." All of them depend upon their rifles only for food and for self-defense, and make their living by trapping, peltries being very valuable and yet not bulky. They are good game shots, especially the pure Americans; although, of course, they are very boastful, and generally stretch the truth tremendously in telling about their own marksmanship. Still they often do very remarkable shooting, both for speed and accuracy. One of their feats, that I never could learn to copy, is to make excellent shooting after nightfall. Of course all this applies only to the regular hunters; not to the numerous pretenders who hang around the outskirts of the towns to try to persuade unwary strangers to take them for guides.

On one of my trips to the mountains I happened to come across several old-style hunters at the same time. Two were on their way out of the woods, after having been all winter and spring without seeing a white face. They had been lucky, and their battered pack-saddles carried bales of valuable furs — fisher, sable, otter, mink, beaver. The two men, though fast friends and allies for many years, contrasted oddly. One was a short, square-built, good-humored Kanuck, always laughing and talking, who interlarded his conversation with a singularly original mixture of the most villainous French and English profanity. His partner was an American, gray-eyed, tall and straight as a young pine, with a saturnine, rather haughty face, and proud bearing. He spoke very little, and then in low tones, never using an oath; but he showed now and then a most unexpected sense of dry humor. Both were marvels of bronzed and rugged strength. Neither had the slightest touch of the bully in his nature; they treated others with the respect that they exacted for themselves. They bore an excellent reputation as being not only highly skilled in woodcraft and the use of the rifle, but also men of tried courage and strict integrity, whose word could be always implicitly trusted.

I had with me at the time a hunter who, though their equal as marksman or woodsman, was their exact opposite morally. He was a pleasant companion and useful assistant, being very hard-working, and possessing a temper that never was ruffled by anything. He was also a good-looking fellow, with honest brown eyes; but he no more knew the difference between right and wrong than did Adam before the fall. Had he been at all conscious of his wickedness, or had he possessed the least sense of shame, he would have been unbearable as a companion; but he was so perfectly pleasant and easy, so good-humoredly tolerant of virtue in others, and he so wholly lacked even a glimmering suspicion that murder, theft, and adultery were matters of anything more than individual taste, that I actually grew to be rather fond of him. He never related any of his past deeds of wickedness as matters either for boastfulness or for

A FUGITIVE.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN TRAPPER.

regret; they were simply narrated incidentally in the course of conversation. Thus once, in speaking of the profits of his different enterprises, he casually mentioned making a good deal of money as a Government scout in the South-west by buying cartridges from some negro troops at a cent apiece and selling them to the hostile Apaches for a dollar each. His conduct was not due to sympathy with the Indians, for it appeared that later on he had taken part in massacring some of these same Apaches when they were prisoners. He brushed aside as irrelevant one or two questions which I put to him: matters of sentiment were not to be mixed up with a purely mercantile speculation. Another time we were talking of the curious angles at which bullets sometimes fly off when they ricochet. To illustrate the matter he related an experience which I shall try to give in his own words:

"One time, when I was keeping a saloon down in New Mexico, there was a man owed me a grudge. Well, he took sick of the small-pox, and the doctor told him he'd sure die, and he said if that was so he reckoned he'd kill me first. So he come a-riding in with his gun [in the West a revolver is generally called a gun] and begun shooting; but I hit him first, and away he rode. I started to get on my horse to follow him; but there was a little Irishman there who said he'd never killed a man, and he begged hard for me to give him my gun and let him go after the other man and finish him. So I let him go; and when he caught up, blamed if the little cuss did n't get so nervous that he fired off into the ground, and the darned bullet struck a crowbar, and glanced up, and hit the other man square in the head and killed him! Now, that *was* a funny shot, was n't it?"

The fourth member of our party round the camp-fire that night was a powerfully built trapper, partly French by blood, who wore a gayly colored capote, or blanket-coat, a greasy fur cap, and moccasins. He had grizzled hair, and a certain uneasy, half-furtive look about the eyes. Once or twice he showed a curious reluctance about allowing a man to approach him suddenly from behind. Altogether his actions were so odd that I felt some curiosity to learn his history. It turned out that he had been through a rather uncanny experience the winter before. He and another man had gone into a remote basin, or inclosed valley, in the heart of the mountains, where game was very plentiful; indeed, it was so abundant that they decided to pass the winter there. Accordingly they put up a log-cabin, working hard, and merely killing enough meat for their immediate use. Just as it was finished winter set in with tremendous snow-storms. Going out to hunt, in the first lull, they found, to their consternation, that every head of game had left the valley. Not an animal was to be found therein; they had abandoned it for their winter haunts. The outlook for the two adventurers was appalling. They were afraid of trying to break out through the deep snow-drifts, and starvation stared them in the face if they staid. The man that I met had his dog with him. They put themselves on very short commons, so as to use up their flour as slowly as possible, and hunted unweariedly, but saw nothing. Soon a violent quarrel broke out between them. The other man, a fierce, sullen fellow, insisted that the dog should be killed, but the owner was exceedingly attached to it, and refused. For a couple of weeks they spoke no word to each other, though cooped in the little narrow pen of logs. Then one night the owner of the dog was wakened by the animal crying out; the other man had

tried to kill it with his knife, but failed. The provisions were now almost exhausted, and the two men were glaring at each other with the rage of maddened, ravening hunger. Neither dared to sleep, for fear that the other would kill him. Then the one who owned the dog at last spoke, and proposed that, to give each a chance for his life, they should separate. He would take half of the handful of flour that was left and start off to try to get home; the other should stay where he was; and if he tried to follow the first, he was warned that he would be shot without mercy. A like fate was to be the portion of the wanderer if driven to return to the hut. The arrangement was agreed to and the two men separated, neither daring to turn his back while they were within rifle-shot of each other. For two days the one who went off toiled on with weary weakness through the snow-drifts. Late on the second afternoon, as he looked back from a high ridge, he saw in the far distance a black speck against the snow, coming along on his trail. His companion was dogging his footsteps. Immediately he followed his own trail back a little and lay in ambush. At dusk his companion came stealthily up, rifle in hand, peering cautiously ahead, his drawn face showing the starved, eager ferocity of a wild beast, and the man he was hunting shot him down exactly as if he had been one. Leaving the body where it fell, the wanderer continued his journey, the dog staggering painfully behind him. The next evening he baked his last cake and divided it with the dog. In the morning, with his belt drawn still tighter round his skeleton body, he once more set out, with apparently only a few hours of dull misery between him and death. At noon he crossed the track of a huge timber-wolf; instantly the dog gave tongue, and, rallying its strength, ran along the trail. The man struggled after. At last his strength gave out and he sat down to die; but while sitting still, slowly stiffening with the cold, he heard the dog baying in the woods. Shaking off his mortal numbness, he crawled towards the sound, and found the wolf over the body of a deer that he had just killed, and keeping the dog from it. At the approach of the new assailant the wolf sullenly drew off, and man and dog tore the raw deer-flesh with hideous eagerness. It made them very sick for the next twenty-four hours; but, lying by the carcass for two or three days, they recovered strength. A week afterwards the trapper reached a miner's cabin in safety. There he told his tale, and the unknown man who alone might possibly have contradicted it lay dead in the depths of the wolf-haunted forest.

The cowboys, who have supplanted these old hunters and trappers as the typical men of the plains, themselves lead lives that are almost as full of hardship and adventure. The unbearable cold of winter sometimes makes the small outlying camps fairly uninhabitable if fuel runs short; and if the line-riders are caught in a blizzard while making their way to the home ranch, they are lucky if they get off with nothing worse than frozen feet and faces.

They are, in the main, hard-working, faithful fellows, but of course are frequently obliged to get into scrapes through no fault of their own. Once, while out on a wagon trip, I got caught while camped by a spring on the prairie, through my horses all straying. A few miles off was the camp of two cowboys, who were riding the line for a great Southern cow-outfit. I did not even know their names, but happening to pass by them I told of my loss, and the day after they turned up with the missing horses, which they had been hunting for twenty-four hours. All I could do in return was to give them some reading-matter — something for which the men in these lonely camps are always grateful. Afterwards I spent a day or two with my new friends, and we became quite intimate. They were Texans. Both were quiet, clean-cut, pleasant-spoken young fellows, who did not even swear, except

THE OLD TRAPPER.

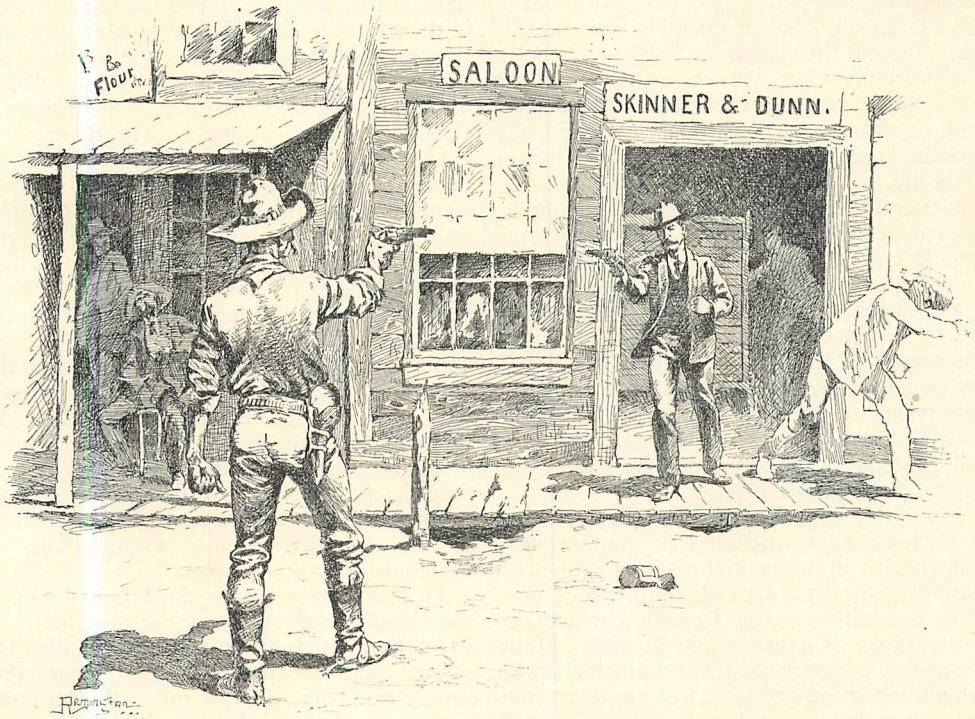
DISSOLUTE COW-PUNCHERS.

under great provocation; — and there can be no greater provocation than is given by a "mean" horse or a refractory steer. Yet, to my surprise, I found that they were, in a certain sense, fugitives from justice. They were complaining of the extreme severity of the winter weather, and mentioned their longing to go back to the South. The reason they could not was that the summer before they had taken part in a small civil war in one of the wilder counties of New Mexico. It had originated in a quarrel between two great ranches over their respective water rights and range rights — a quarrel of a kind rife among pastoral peoples since the days when the herdsmen of Lot and Abraham strove together for the grazing lands round the mouth of the Jordan. There were collisions between bands of armed cowboys, the cattle were harried from the springs, outlying camps were burned down, and the sons of the rival owners fought each other to the death with bowie-knife and revolver when they met at the drinking-booths of the squalid towns. Soon the smoldering jealousy which is ever existent between the Americans and Mexicans of the frontier was aroused, and when the original cause of quarrel was adjusted, a fierce race struggle took its place. It was soon quelled by the arrival of a sheriff's strong posse and the threat of interference by the regular troops, but not until after a couple of affrays, each attended with bloodshed. In one of these the American cowboys of a certain range, after a brisk fight, drove out the Mexican *vaqueros* from among them. In the other, to avenge the murder of one of their number, the cowboys gathered from the country round about and fairly stormed the "Greaser" — that is, Mexican — village where the murder had been committed, killing four of the inhabitants. My two friends had borne a part in this last affair. They were careful to give a rather cloudy account of the details, but I gathered that one of them was "wanted" as a participant, and the other as a witness.

However, they were both good fellows, and probably their conduct was justifiable, at least according to the rather fitful lights of the border. While sitting up late with them, around the sputtering fire, they became quite confidential. At first our conversation touched only the usual monotonous round of subjects worn threadbare in every cow-camp. A bunch of steers had been seen traveling over the scoria buttes to the head of Elk Creek; they were mostly Texan *doughgies*,— a name I have never seen written; it applies to young immigrant cattle,— but there were some of the Hash-Knife four-year-olds among them. A stray horse with a blurred brand on the left hip had just joined the bunch of saddle-ponies. The red F. V. cow, one of whose legs had been badly bitten by a wolf, had got mired down in an alkali spring, and when hauled out had charged upon her rescuer so viciously that he barely escaped. Sawback, the old mule, was getting over the effects of the rattlesnake bite. The river was going down, but the fords were still bad, and the quicksand at the Custer Trail crossing had worked along so that wagons had to be taken over opposite the blasted cottonwood. One of the men had seen a Three-Seven-B rider who had just left the Green River round-up, and who brought news that they had found some cattle on the reservation, and were now holding about twelve hundred head on the big brushy bottom below Rainy Butte. Bronco Jim, our local flash rider, had tried to ride the big bald-faced sorrel belonging to the Oregon horse-outfit, and had been bucked off and his face smashed in. This piece of information of course drew forth much condemnation of the unfortunate Jim's equestrian skill. It was at once agreed that he "was n't the sure-enough bronco-buster he thought himself," and he was compared very unfavorably to various heroes of the quirt and spurs who lived in Texas and Colorado; for the best rider, like the best hunter, is invariably either dead or else a resident of some other district.

These topics having been exhausted, we discussed the rumor that the vigilantes had given notice to quit to two men who had just built a shack at the head of the Little Dry, and whose horses included a suspiciously large number of different brands, most of them blurred. Then our conversation became more personal, and they asked if I would take some letters to post for them. Of course I said yes, and two letters — evidently the product of severe manual labor — were produced. Each was directed to a girl; and my companions, now very friendly, told me that they both had sweethearts, and for the next hour I listened to a full account of their charms and virtues.

But it is not often that plainsmen talk so easily. They are rather reserved, especially



A FIGHT IN THE STREET.

"DANCE HIGHER — DANCE FASTER."

to strangers; and are certain to look with dislike on any man who, when they first meet him, talks a great deal. It is always a good plan, if visiting a strange camp or ranch, to be as silent as possible.

Another time, at a ranch not far from my own, I found among the cowboys gathered for the round-up two Bible-reading Methodists, who fearlessly lived up to their faith but did not obtrude their opinions on any one else, and were first-class workers, so that they had no trouble with the other men. Associated with them were two or three blear-eyed, slit-mouthed ruffians, who were as loose of tongue as of life.

Generally some form of stable government is provided for the counties as soon as their population has become at all fixed, the frontiersmen showing their national aptitude for organization. Then lawlessness is put down pretty effectively. For example, as soon as we organized the government of Medora — an excessively unattractive little hamlet, the county-seat of our huge, scantily settled county — we elected some good officers, built a log jail, prohibited all shooting in the streets, and enforced the prohibition, etc.

Up to that time there had been a good deal of lawlessness of one kind or another, only checked by an occasional piece of individual retribution or by a sporadic outburst of vigilance committee work. In such a society the desperadoes of every grade flourish. Many are merely ordinary rogues and swindlers, who rob and cheat on occasion, but are dangerous only when led by some villain of real intellectual power. The gambler, with hawk eyes and lissom fingers, is scarcely classed as a criminal; indeed, he may be a very public-spirited citizen. But as his trade is so often plied in saloons,— and even if, as sometimes happens, he does not cheat, many of his opponents are certain to attempt to do so,— he is of necessity obliged to be skillful and ready with his weapon, and gambling rows are very common. Cowboys lose much of their money to gamblers; it is with them hard come and light go, for they exchange the wages of six months' grinding toil and lonely peril for three days' whooping carousal, spending their money on poisonous whisky or losing it over greasy cards in the vile dance houses. As already explained, they are in the main good men; and the disturbance that they cause in a town is done from sheer rough light-heartedness. They shoot off boot-heels or tall hats occasionally, or make some obnoxious butt "dance" by shooting round his feet; but they rarely meddle in this way with men who have not themselves played the fool. A fight in the streets is almost always a duel between two men who bear each other malice; it is only in a general mêlée in a saloon that outsiders often get hurt, and then it is their own fault, for they have no business to be there. One evening at Medora a cowboy spurred his horse up the steps of a rickety "hotel" piazza into the bar-room, where he began firing at the clock, the decanters, etc., the bartender meanwhile taking one shot at him, which missed. When he had emptied his revolver he threw down a roll of bank-notes on the counter, to pay for the damage that he had done, and galloped his horse out through the door, disappearing in the darkness with loud yells to a rattling accompaniment of pistol-shots interchanged between himself and some passer-by, who apparently began firing out of pure desire to enter into the spirit of the occasion — for it was the night of the Fourth of July, and all the country round about had come into town for a spree.

All this is mere horse-play; it is the cowboy's method of "painting the town red," as an interlude in his harsh, monotonous life. Of course there are plenty of hard characters among cowboys, but no more than among lumbermen and the like; only the cowboys

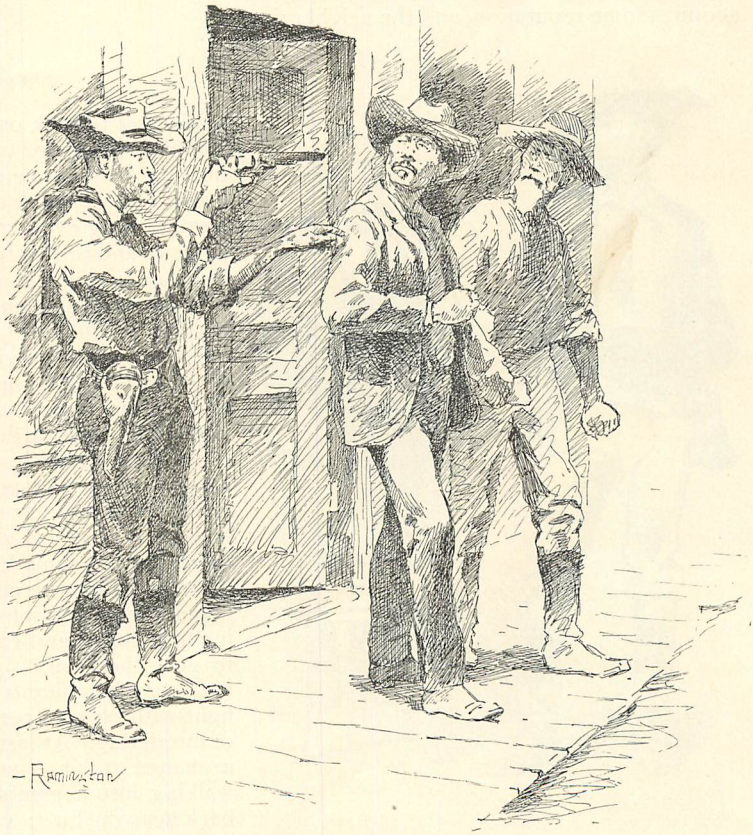
are so ready with their weapons that a bully in one of their camps is apt to be a murderer instead of merely a bruiser. Often, moreover, on a long trail, or in a far-off camp, where the men are for many months alone, feuds spring up that are in the end sure to be slaked in blood. As a rule, however, cowboys who become desperadoes soon perforce drop their original business, and are no longer employed on ranches, unless in counties or territories where there is very little heed paid to the law, and where, in consequence, a cattle-owner needs a certain number of hired bravos. Until within two or three years this was the case in parts of Arizona and New Mexico, where land claims were "jumped" and cattle stolen all the while, one effect being to insure high wages to every individual who combined murderous proclivities with skill in the use of the six-shooter.

Even in much more quiet regions different outfits vary greatly as regards the character of their employees: I know one or two where the men are good ropers and riders, but a gambling, brawling, hard-drinking set, always shooting each other or strangers. Generally, in such a case, the boss is himself as objectionable as his men; he is one of those who have risen by unblushing rascality, and is always sharply watched by his neighbors, because he is sure to try to shift calves on to his own cows, to brand any blurred animal with his own mark, and perhaps to attempt the alteration of perfectly plain brands. The last operation, however, has become very risky since the organization of the cattle country and the appointment of trained brand-readers as inspectors. These inspectors examine the hide of every animal slain, sold, or driven off, and it is wonderful to see how quickly they will detect signs of a brand having been tampered with. Now there is, in consequence, very little of this kind of dishonesty; whereas formerly herds were occasionally stolen almost bodily.

Claim-jumpers are, as a rule, merely blackmailers. Sometimes they will by threats drive an ignorant foreigner from his claim, but never an old frontiersman. They delight to squat down beside ranchmen who are themselves trying to keep land to which they are not entitled, and who therefore know that their only hope is to bribe or to bully the intruder.

Cattle-thieves, for the reason given above, are not common, although there are plenty of vicious, shiftless men who will kill a cow or a steer for the meat in winter, if they get a chance.

Horse-thieves, however, are always numerous and formidable on the frontier; though in our own country they have been summarily thinned out of late years. It is the fashion to laugh at the severity with which horse-stealing is punished on the border, but the reasons are evident. Horses are the most valuable property of the frontiersman, whether cowboy, hunter, or settler, and are often absolutely essential to his well-being, and even to his life. They are always marketable, and are very easily stolen, for they carry themselves off, instead of having to be carried. Horse-stealing is thus a most tempting business, especially

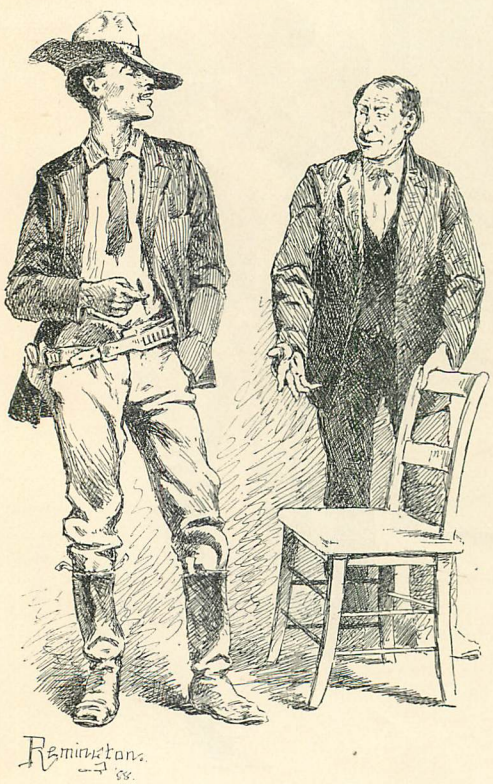


THE MAGIC OF THE "DROP."

to the more reckless ruffians, and it is always followed by armed men; and they can only be kept in check by ruthless severity. Frequently they band together with the road agents (highwaymen) and other desperadoes into secret organizations, which control and terrorize a district until overthrown by force. After the civil war a great many guerrillas, notably from Arkansas and Missouri, went out to the plains, often drifting northward. They took naturally to horse-stealing and kindred pursuits. Since I have been in the northern cattle country I have known of half a dozen former members of Quantrell's gang being hanged or shot.

The professional man-killers, or "bad men," may be horse-thieves or highwaymen, but more often are neither one nor the other. Some of them, like some of the Texan cowboys, become very expert in the use of the revolver, their invariable standby; but in the open a cool man with a rifle is always an overmatch for one of them, unless at very close quarters, on account of the superiority of his weapon. Some of the "bad men" are quiet, good fellows, who have been driven into their career by accident. One of them has perhaps at some time killed a man in self-defense; he acquires some reputation, and the neighboring

FROM LIFE.



WHICH IS THE BAD MAN?

bullies get to look on him as a rival whom it would be an honor to slay; so that from that time on he must be ever on the watch, must learn to draw quick and shoot straight,—the former being even more important than the latter,—and probably has to take life after life in order to save his own.

Some of these men are brave only because of their confidence in their own skill and strength; once convince them that they are overmatched and they turn into abject cowards. Others have nerves of steel and will face any odds, or certain death itself, without flinching a hand-breadth. I was once staying in a town where a desperately plucky fight took place. A noted desperado, an Arkansas man, had become involved in a quarrel with two others of the same kind, both Irishmen and partners. For several days all three lurked about the saloon-infested streets of the roaring little board-and-canvas "city," each trying to get "the drop,"—that is, the first shot,—the other inhabitants looking forward to the fight with pleased curiosity, no one dreaming of interfering. At last one of the partners got a chance at his opponent as the latter was walking into a gambling-hell, and broke his back near the hips; yet the crippled, mortally wounded man twisted around as he fell and

shot his slayer dead. Then, knowing that he had but a few moments to live, and expecting that his other foe would run up on hearing the shooting, he dragged himself by his arms out into the street. Immediately afterwards, as he anticipated, the second partner appeared, and was killed on the spot. The victor did not live twenty minutes. As in most of these encounters, all of the men who were killed deserved their fate. In my own not very extensive experience I can recall but one man killed in these fights whose death was regretted, and he was slain by a European. Generally every one is heartily glad to hear of the death of either of the contestants, and the only regret is that the other survives.

One curious shooting scrape that took place in Medora was worthy of being chronicled by Bret Harte. It occurred in the summer of 1884, I believe, but it may have been the year following. I did not see the actual occurrence, but I saw both men immediately afterwards; and I heard the shooting, which took place in a saloon on the bank, while I was swimming my horse across the river, holding my rifle up so as not to wet it. I will not give their full names, as I am not certain what has become of them; though I was told that one had since been either put in jail or hanged, I forget which. One of them was a saloon-keeper, familiarly called Welshy. The other man, Hay, had been bickering with him for some time. One day Hay, who had been defeated in a wrestling match by one of my own boys, and was out of temper, entered the other's saloon and became very abusive. The quarrel grew more and more violent, and suddenly Welshy whipped out his revolver and blazed away at Hay. The latter staggered slightly, shook himself, stretched out his hand, and *gave back to his would-be slayer the ball*, saying, "Here, man, here 's the bullet." It had glanced along his breast-bone, gone into the body, and come out at the point of the shoulder, when, being spent, it dropped down the sleeve into his hand. Next day the local paper, which rejoiced in the title of "The Bad Lands Cowboy," chronicled the event in the usual vague way as an "unfortunate occurrence" between "two of our most esteemed fellow-citizens." The editor was a good fellow, a college graduate, and a first-class base-ball player, who always stood up stoutly against any corrupt dealing; but, like all other editors in small Western towns, he was intimate with both combatants in almost every fight.

The winter after this occurrence I was away, and on my return began asking my foreman — a particular crony of mine — about the fates of my various friends. Among others I inquired after a traveling preacher who had come to our neighborhood — a good man, but irascible. After a moment's pause a gleam of remembrance came into my informant's eye: "Oh, the parson! Well — he beat a man over the head with an ax, and they put him in jail!" It certainly seemed a rather summary method of repressing a refractory parishioner. Another acquaintance had shared a like doom. "He started to go out of the country, but they ketched him at Bismarck and put him in jail" — apparently on general principles, for I did not hear of his having committed any specific crime. My foreman sometimes developed his own theories of propriety. I remember his objecting strenuously to a proposal to lynch a certain French-Canadian who had lived in his own cabin, back from the river, ever since the whites came into the land, but who was suspected of being a horse-thief. His chief point against the proposal was, not that the man was innocent, but that "it did n't seem anyways right to hang a man who had been so long in the country."

Sometimes we had a comic row. There was one huge man from Missouri called "The Pike," who had been the keeper of a wood-yard for steamboats on the Upper Missouri. Like most of his class, he was a hard case; and, though pleasant enough when sober, always insisted on fighting when drunk. One day, when on a spree, he announced his intention of thrashing the entire population of Medora seriatim, and began to make his promise good with great vigor and praiseworthy impartiality. He was victorious over the first two or three eminent citizens whom he encountered, and then tackled a gentleman known as "Cold Turkey Bill." Under ordinary circumstances Cold Turkey, though an able-bodied man, was no match for The Pike; but the latter was still rather drunk, and moreover was wearied by his previous combats. So Cold Turkey got him down, lay on him, choked him by the throat with one hand, and began pounding his face with a triangular rock held in the other. To the onlookers the fate of the battle seemed decided; but Cold Turkey better appreciated the endurance of his adversary, and it soon appeared that he sympathized with the traditional hunter who, having caught a wildcat, earnestly besought a comrade to help him let it go. While still pounding vigorously he raised an agonized wail: "Help me off, fellows, for the Lord's sake; he 's tiring me out!" There was no resisting so plaintive an appeal, and the bystanders at once abandoned their attitude of neutrality for one of armed intervention.

I have always been treated with the utmost courtesy by all cowboys, whether on the round-up or in camp; and the few real desperadoes

that I have seen were also perfectly polite. Indeed, I never was shot at maliciously but once. This was on an occasion when I had to pass the night in a little frontier hotel where the bar-room occupied the whole lower floor, and was in consequence the place where every one, drunk or sober, had to sit. My assailant was neither a cowboy nor a *bonâ fide* "bad man," but a broad-hatted ruffian of cheap and commonplace type, who had for the moment terrorized the other men in the bar-room, these being mostly sheep-herders and small grangers. The fact that I wore glasses, together with my evident desire to avoid a fight, apparently gave him the impression — a mistaken one — that I would not resent an injury.

The first deadly affray that took place in our town, after the cattle-men came in and regular settlement began, was between a Scotchman and a Minnesota man, the latter being one of the small stockmen. Both had shooting records, and each was a man with a varied past. The Scotchman, a noted bully, was the more daring of the two, but he was much too hot-headed and overbearing to be a match for his gray-eyed, hard-featured foe. After a furious quarrel and threats of violence, the Scotchman mounted his horse, and, rifle in hand, rode to the door of the mud ranch, perched on the brink of the river-bluff, where the American lived, and was instantly shot down by the latter from behind a corner of the building.

Later on I once opened a cowboy ball with the wife of the victor in this contest, the husband himself dancing opposite. It was the lanciers, and he knew all the steps far better than I did. He could have danced a minuet very well with a little practice. The scene reminded one of the ball where Bret Harte's heroine "danced down the middle with the man who shot Sandy Magee."

But though there were plenty of men present each of whom had shot his luckless Sandy Magee, yet there was no Lily of Poverty Flat. There is an old and true border saying that "the frontier is hard on women and cattle." There are some striking exceptions; but, as a rule, the grinding toil and hardship of a life passed in the wilderness, or on its outskirts, drive the beauty and bloom from a woman's face long before her youth has left her. By the time she is a mother she is sinewy and angular, with thin, compressed lips and furrowed, sallow brow. But she has a hundred qualities that atone for the grace she lacks. She is a good mother, and a hard-working housewife, always putting things to rights, washing and cooking for her stalwart spouse and offspring. She is faithful to her husband, and, like the true American that she is, exacts faithfulness in return. Peril cannot daunt her, nor hardship and poverty appall her. Whether on the mountains in a log hut chinked with moss, in a sod or adobe hovel on the desolate prairie, or in a mere temporary camp, where the white-topped wagons have been drawn up in a protection-giving circle near some spring, she is equally at home. Clad in a dingy gown and a hideous sun-bonnet, she goes bravely about her work, resolute, silent, uncomplaining. The children grow up pretty much as fate dictates. Even when very small they seem well able to protect themselves. The wife of one of my teamsters, who lived in a small outlying camp, used to keep the youngest and most troublesome members of her family out of mischief by the simple expedient of picketing them out, each child being tied by the leg, with a long leather string, to a stake driven into the ground, so that it could neither get at another child nor at anything breakable.

The best buckskin maker that I ever met was, if not a typical frontiers-woman, at least a woman who could not have reached her full development save on the border. She made first-class hunting-shirts, leggins, and gantlets. When I knew her she was living alone in her cabin on mid-prairie, having dismissed her husband six months previously in an exceedingly summary manner. She not only possessed redoubtable qualities of head and hand, but also a nice sense of justice, even towards Indians, that is not always found on the frontier. Once, going there for a buckskin shirt, I met at her cabin three Sioux, and from their leader, named One Bull, purchased a tobacco pouch, beautifully worked with porcupine quills. She had given them some dinner, for which they had paid with a deer-hide. Falling into conversation, she mentioned that just before I came up a white man, apparently from Deadwood, had passed by, and had tried to steal the Indians' horses. The latter had been too quick for him, had run him down, and brought him back to the cabin. "I told 'em to go right on and hang him, and *I* would n't never cheep about it," said my informant; "but they let him go, after taking his gun. There ain't no sense in stealing from Indians any more than from white folks, and I 'm not going to have it round my ranch, neither. There! I 'll give 'em back the deer-hide they give me for the dinner and things, anyway." I told her that I sincerely wished we could make her sheriff and Indian agent. She made the Indians — and whites, too, for that matter — behave themselves and walk the straightest kind of line, not tolerating the least symptom of rebellion, but she had a strong natural sense of justice.

The cowboy balls spoken of above are always great events in the small towns where they take place. Being usually given when the round-up passes near, everybody round about comes in for them. They are almost always conducted with great decorum; no unseemly conduct would be tolerated. There is usually some master of the ceremonies, chosen with due regard to brawn as well as brain. He calls off the figures of the square dances so that even the inexperienced may get through them, and incidentally preserves order. Sometimes we are allowed to wear our revolvers, and sometimes not. The nature of the band, of course, depends upon the size of the place. I remember one ball that came near being a failure because our half-breed fiddler "went and got himself shot," as the indignant master of the ceremonies phrased it.

But all these things are merely incidents in the cowboy's life. It is utterly unfair to judge the whole class by what a few individuals do in the course of two or three days spent in town, instead of by the long months of weary, honest toil common to all alike. To appreciate properly his fine, manly qualities, the wild rough-rider of the plains should be seen in his own home. There he passes his days; there he does his life-work; there, when he meets death, he faces it as he has faced many other evils, with quiet, uncomplaining fortitude. Brave, hospitable, hardy, and adventurous, he is the grim pioneer of our race; he prepares the way for the civilization from before whose face he must himself disappear. Hard and dangerous though his existence is, it has yet a wild attraction that strongly draws to it his bold, free spirit. He lives in the lonely lands where mighty rivers twist in long reaches between the barren bluffs; where the prairies stretch out into billowy plains of waving grass, girt only by the blue horizon — plains across whose endless breadth he can steer his course for days and weeks and see neither man to speak to nor hill to break the level; where the glory and the burning splendor of the sunsets kindle the blue vault of heaven and the level brown earth till they merge together in an ocean of flaming fire.

Theodore Roosevelt.

A STRIKE.

"YOU are not going up to the mill this morning, George?" asked Mrs. Duncan, as her husband's light wagon was brought to the door.

"Yes; I shall be back by the time you get home from church."

The young wife looked anxiously at her husband and set down the child who had been romping in her arms.

"Is there anything new?" she said earnestly.

"Yes; the committee are going to wait on me this morning, to investigate the books and see if the company was justified in refusing to raise the finishers' wages."

"And you are going to meet them?"

"Oh, yes. Don't worry; there won't be any trouble. 'Bye, Tippie; 'bye, mamma."

Duncan kissed his wife and child, sprang into the wagon, and, after carefully lighting his pipe, drove down the avenue and out on to the river road, in the direction of the mill.

Mary Duncan's bonny face lacked its wonted smile that morning, and the choir noticed that the hands which struck the organ keys were not quite so steady as usual. The voluntary, which accompanied the collection, was played in a minor key. Mrs. Duncan was undeniably anxious about matters at the mill, and she gave scant heed to the excellent sermon preached by the young divine, still in the first enthusiastic phase of his clerical career.

George Duncan reached the mill before the committee arrived. He unlocked the door of his office and sat down at his desk. He glanced at the clock — ten minutes to spare. He wrote a business letter, straightened a file of bills, and then for lack of a better occupation set to sketching the view of the mill commanded by the window near his desk. The tall chimney, the long rag-room, the new shed, the yard where a few plucky flowers were trying to force their way through the hard, sandy soil, the straggling cypress-trees, were all clearly outlined by a bold, free hand. Just then a figure was seen coming round the corner of the rag-room. Duncan glanced at the man and went on with his work. Two more men appeared on the scene, and a minute later the labor committee entered the office of the superintendent of the mills.

"'Morning, Mr. Duncan," said the foremost

man, an ex-employee of the company who had been discharged for disorderly conduct three months before the opening of our story.

"Good-morning, Hennessey; good-morning, men," said Duncan, nodding pleasantly to the two committee-men, known to him by sight only. One was an apothecary's clerk, the other a railroad employee.

"I understand that you have come to look over my books," said Duncan, coming directly to the point. "Which of you knows something about accounts? It 's hardly in your line, Hennessey, I suppose."

It appeared that Ethan Nichols, the apothecary's clerk, had been empowered by the committee to act in the capacity of examiner, and in five minutes he and the superintendent were deep in the affairs of the company. The examination was a longer matter than the members of the committee had anticipated. For some occult reason Mr. Duncan insisted that Nichols should go over the accounts for the last three years; the committee would have been quite satisfied with examining the books kept during the past twelvemonth. The morning passed very slowly with Hennessey and the railroad man, and to while away the time the two sauntered down to the river bank, and finally into the silent mill, shut down two days before by the order of the labor committee. Hennessey explained the use of the silent machinery to his colleague.

"There 's a power o' money in this here mill; machinery alone must be wuth a good many thous'," said the railroad man meditatively.

"'Deed you are right," answered Hennessey. "Duncan don't spare money on any new-fangled bit of machinery he happens to fancy. Why, he put a patent blower-ventilator in the rag-room last month, that was n't needed, at the cost of ten thousand dollars; and when we ask him to raise some of his men's wages twenty-five cents, he won't hear to it. But I guess he will have to come to our terms, if he wants to see his patent ventilators working again."

The railroad man laughed, and the two colleagues were in high spirits when they returned to the office, where they found George Duncan and Ethan Nichols talking together very seriously.

"Got through yet?" asked Hennessey.

"Yes," said Nichols, shaking his head; "I have got hold of all we want to know." There was a moment's pause.

"Shall I tell these men what you have learned from the company's books, Nichols, or will you?" said Duncan.

"I 'd ruther you spoke to 'em, sir," Nichols answered.

"The fact of the matter is," said Duncan, speaking in the slow, good-natured way which Hennessey knew covered an inflexible will, "that the company having refused to raise the finishers' wages, the men and the girls have all struck work. In doing this they have discharged themselves from our employ, and they have nothing more to do with our concerns now than"— the superintendent paused for an appropriate simile—"than that child out there. Did we choose to make up a new crew at our old wages, it is likely that we could do so. We have never found any difficulty in getting as many hands as we could employ, but for certain reasons we have decided not to reopen the mills on the old basis. If we had intended to continue running on our old terms, I should not have agreed to meet your committee to-day. We have always managed our own concerns ourselves, and purpose to continue doing so, but we are willing that our old hands should understand the state of the case. Mr. Nichols has just learned, what we have been aware of for some time past, that the company has been losing money steadily for three years. Paper brings four cents a pound to-day. It used to bring twenty-five. A dollar is worth now what five dollars was worth then. Have the wages dropped in proportion to the price of paper? You know how that is, Hennessey. When you were discharged three months ago you were drawing the same wages you drew in war times. We have talked over closing the mills a dozen times. The matter came up this winter in the January meeting of the directors. The majority were in favor of shutting down these mills and filling all our contracts at the Framingham works, which have always paid well enough to enable us to carry the losses of this concern. Business prospects being worse instead of better, they thought it best to shut down these works. It seemed to me a pretty rough thing on the men and women to turn them out of work in the middle of the winter, and I said so to the directors, fair and square. They finally agreed to run the mills till midsummer, and then, if the prospects were not brighter, to close up here, unless we could make better terms with the mill crew. You have settled the question for us. Under the direction of the labor committee our men and girls have all struck, or, as I said before, discharged themselves, the committee having agreed to support them and their families until we should be coerced into raising the finishers' wages. I hope the committee will keep their word, for we have decided not to reopen the works, unless we can do so with reduced pay, from the superintendent down to the lumpers."

As Mr. Duncan finished this, for him, re-

markably long speech, he put together his papers, locked his desk, and, reaching for his hat, jingled the keys of the office in his hand. The members of the committee exchanged significant glances.

"It's a lie!" whispered Hennessey, as the superintendent stooped to unchain his setter, fastened to a ring below the desk.

Nichols shook his head gravely, and the railroad man looked from one to the other dubiously. Duncan turned on them sharply, with a distinct change of manner.

"How 's that, Hennessey? Nichols, be good enough to inform these men if what I have said about our affairs agrees with the accounts."

"Yes," responded the apothecary's clerk reluctantly; "it does."

Hennessey muttered something between his teeth, the words "cooked accounts" alone reaching the superintendent's ear. The young man, gravely balancing a heavy whip that had stood in the corner, said coolly:

"That is all I have to say to the labor committee; but if I find any loafers hanging about these works five minutes from now, I shall have something very different to say to them."

Hennessey was already in the yard, and by the time George Duncan had locked the office door the trio had disappeared.

On Monday morning the town of Riverside presented a holiday appearance. The main street was full of working-people in their best attire. Groups of over-dressed girls surrounded the shop windows, eying the finery they could so ill afford to buy. The mill was deserted, but the rival liquor saloons were doing a brisk business. George Duncan was seen driving out of town early in the morning, with his fishing-rod and basket. He was a skillful angler, and devoted these days of enforced idleness to the pursuit of the piscatorial art. Mary Duncan took the opportunity of her husband's absence to begin her house-cleaning. Her own competent servants, for some unexplained reason, were relieved from their usual share in the labor, and two helpers made their appearance at the back door shortly after the master's departure. Each of the helpers was accompanied by a baby, which she carried on the right arm, and a basket, which hung from the left. The baskets were empty when they came, but at nightfall their owners carried them away (before Duncan's return) in an exceedingly replenished condition. Mrs. Duncan minded the two children most of the day, to the jealous rage of Tippie, a born aristocrat, who would have nothing to say to the extraneous babies. Such a scrupulous scrubbing as the little house got that week it probably never had had before, and its master devoutly hoped that it might never again endure. George Duncan, albeit perfectly aware of all that was going on in the seclusion of his home, never in the most distant manner referred to it, although the combined odors of brown soap, camphor, benzine, and ammonia, together with the sprinkling of tacks on the carpetless floor, gave him a realizing sense that the house was being, as he might have expressed it, "turned out of windows."

So matters stood for a week. The mills were silent and deserted; but each day the main street seemed to grow fuller of idle rowdies and over-dressed girls. The superintendent had received, and returned unopened, several communications from the labor committee. The week drew to a close. It came to be known to the town that there had been differences of opinion between the striking mill crew and the members of the labor committee. The matter was laid before the central or state committee of the league, and a new local committee was appointed for Riverside, with the same salary (three dollars per diem) as their predecessors. When this was known, Hennessey's credit at the chief shop and at both the saloons came to as sudden an end as his authority. One of the refractory finishers, the father of eight children, was overheard to remark to a friend that if Hennessey had not been drinking like a fish he might have made a good thing out of the affair.

The thrifty Ethan Nichols, we will say in advance of the fact, soon after bought out the old apothecary in whose employ he had learned all he knew, at terms very advantageous to the purchaser. The business, which had suffered an unaccountable decline in favor of the druggist at the lower corner, revived as suddenly as it had drooped, and the good old man who had built up the connection, beggared by the invisible boycott, now tied up packages and served as clerk in the old shop that he had owned for thirty years. The wife of the railroad employee was resplendent, the following winter, in a sealskin dolman handsomer than Mary Duncan's had been, even when it was new. But we anticipate.

The next Sunday but one found Mr. Duncan a good deal browner and his wife a shade paler than on the morning when we first saw them. Duncan had been fishing almost every day, and had had wonderful luck; his wife had staid at home, and had been unusually busy in cutting out enough little frocks and pinafores to have clothed Tippie for ten years to come. The stitching of these she intrusted to various women of her acquaintance: it was very badly done, as a rule, and in strange contrast to the neat sewing which her own machine usually

turned out. Husband and wife were sitting together in the porch, looking out over the river, while the church-bells rang their sonorous invitation to evening worship. The line of floating yellow sawdust on the river indicated that the tide had turned, and the log-raft was making good progress downstream. Two large vessels anchored near the shore still bore the heavy cargoes which they had brought in four days ago. Orders had been given by the labor committee that they should not be unloaded — their owner was under a boycott. Mary Duncan broke the silence which had fallen between herself and her husband.

"And so you knew about Mrs. Hennessey and Martha Needles all the time?"

"And the horrible garments which I was expected to believe that Tippie was in such need of that you had to put the work out? Of course I did."

"Then why did n't you scold me for aiding and abetting the strikers? Goose!"

"What was the use? If it had n't been one way it would have been another. On the whole, I thought it was better that they should make some return for the bread I was sure you would put into their mouths. Can you keep a secret?"

Mrs. Duncan knit her pretty brows and replied that if he did not know by this time that she could, it was quite useless to inform him on the point.

"Of course you can. But don't tell Myrtle; I 'm not so sure about her."

"If you are not sure about Myrtle you had better not speak so loud," a voice cried from an upper window; and a young girl with eyes like cool agates and a mop of yellow-brown hair appeared for a moment at the opening, and then shut the window down with a bang.

"There, you have hurt her feelings," said Mrs. Duncan. "I don't know why you always suspect women of not being able to hold their tongues."

"Because they can't," George briefly replied. "She will forgive me. We are going to start up the mill to-morrow morning."

"George!"

"Yes. We gave our old men two weeks to come to our terms, and warned them that after that time there would be no vacancies. Yesterday a crew large enough to start the works arrived here from Framingham. They are picked men, all non-unionists, and to-morrow morning the old whistle, which has been silent for the only time since my grandfather first sounded it in 1825, will call the new hands to work. They know their business. They were thrown out of employment by the burning of a mill just below ours at Framingham. Of course nobody knows anything about the firing of the mill, and it has been suggested that a police officer committed arson in order to throw suspicion on the union."

"You don't think *they* are wicked enough to do that?"

"As an association, no; as individuals, yes."

There was a long pause. Mary Duncan slipped her hand into her husband's. "That was why you sent for Myrtle — you thought there might be trouble."

"There always *may* be trouble," said Duncan, "but I do not anticipate any disturbance. I don't believe that one of the men who have struck would raise his hand against my life or property. They are fools, that is all."

"Poor misguided creatures," sighed Mrs. Duncan. "Did you know that Hunton had telegraphed to stop his lumber? He does not mean to open the saw-mills this season."

"Yes; one hundred thousand dollars' worth of logs are lying up-river, and not a stick of them will be sawed before next summer."

"That means two hundred men out of employment, and their women and children in want."

"That means, my dear, that we shall have to support them. There is the strong point of these fellows. They know that in no civilized community (outside of the largest cities) of the United States are people allowed to starve or freeze; so whether they work or not, the capitalists have got to support them, directly or indirectly."

"And you really start the mill to-morrow morning?"

"Yes; but the secret must be kept. I think, with the exception of ourselves and the new crew, that not a soul in town knows it. I shall drive up later to let the water on and get up steam. The first thing that the town will know of it will be when the whistle sounds at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning. You are not to sit up. Mind, I shall be very angry if you do not go to bed at half-past 10. You are losing your color with all these worries of ours."

Twelve o'clock found Mrs. Duncan reading by the sitting-room fire, in direct disobedience of her husband's commands. Myrtle was sleeping peacefully on the sofa, with the good dog Sport lying beside her. By way of choosing something cheerful in the literary line, Mrs. Duncan was reading one of O'Brien's blood-curdling tales. No wonder that when the quiet of the night was broken by a light tap on the window she sprang to her feet and shrank into a remote recess behind the fireplace.

Myrtle slept on peacefully, and Sport waked

enough to give a sleepy growl, relapsing the next moment into a profound repose.

Mrs. Duncan spitefully threw the offending book on the table, murmuring:

"I might have known that horrid story would make me hear and see ghosts."

There came another tap, this time loud enough to wake the sleepers. Myrtle sat up, yawned, shook her loosened hair from her face, and asked sleepily:

"What did you say?"

Mary Duncan from her corner pointed significantly to the window and said, "*Hush, hush!*" twice as loud as the girl had spoken. In a moment Myrtle was wide awake, and Sport sat up on his haunches, wagging his tail expectantly. The knock was repeated impatiently. Myrtle boldly drew back the heavy curtain, and then with a loud scream sprang behind Mary, burying her face in her friend's shoulder.

"What was it?" whispered Mary.

"Such an awful face!" gasped Myrtle. At that moment a slight noise fell on Mary's ear: it was only the creaking of Tippie's crib in the nursery above, but the sound steeled the mother's heart, and, bold as a lioness, she walked to the window and looked squarely into the face pressed close to the pane. Then she laughed a little hysterically, and with a scornful glance at her companion, and with the exclamation, "You silly thing!" quietly proceeded to open the window.

"You gave us such a start, Mrs. Hennessey: my cousin and I are all alone. Is there anything the matter?"

Mrs. Hennessey's brown, wrinkled face, devoid of teeth and ornamented with a huge pair of shaggy gray eyebrows, sufficiently suggested a witch to account for Myrtle's agitation. Her answer was not intelligible to the girl.

"Wait a moment till I open the front door," said Mary, taking the lamp with her, and leaving the room in darkness. She did not return, but showed her visitor into the study.

"Now, tell me what you have come for, quickly," she said, laying her firm hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"Where 's the boss?"

"He is busy and can't possibly see you."

"Aye, but where is he?" persisted the woman. "I tell you I must see him this very night."

"He is not here," admitted the wife reluctantly.

"But where, woman? God 'a' mercy! he has never gone to the mill?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

They looked in each other's terrified faces for a moment; then the elder woman said in a sharp voice:

"Then there 's mischief done, likely. My man went up to the works with something of the like of gunpowder to blow up the big water-wheel, and likely they 'll meet one another."

"My husband went up an hour ago to get up steam and let the water on," whispered Mary.

"Whatever will we do, marm?" wailed the workman's wife.

"What shall we do?" echoed the wife of the superintendent.

"Do?" cried Myrtle, from the doorway, "why, come help me harness Dick, of course."

The tall roan submitted, as only a creature of his intelligence could have done, to the strange disposition of his harness, buckled on by trembling, unaccustomed hands, and quietly suffered the bit which Myrtle bravely inserted between his teeth, her heart beating like a trip-hammer the while. The two women, threatened with a greater danger than the heels of the thoroughbred, did their share of the work as if the beast had been a thing without nerves or power of action.

The night was heavily dark, and outside the small disk of light thrown by the stable lantern they could see nothing. But Dick knew the way and started down the river road at a good pace. The three women, crowded together in the light wagon, gave a simultaneous cry as, at a turn of the road which ran parallel with the railroad track, the night express came tearing towards them. Myrtle felt the horse shiver, and tightened her grip on the reins, calling his name gently.

"If they don't blow the whistle I can manage him," she said between her teeth, taking a turn about her hands with the lines.

"We are just by the crossing, where they always blow it," said Mary calmly. The train was upon them. They saw the engineer raise his hand to the lever of the throttle-valve — a woman's scream pierced the rumble of the train, the man turned and, looking through the engine window, caught a glimpse of a terrified horse and the white face of a woman, and, in direct violation of the rules and regulations pasted up within two feet of his eyes, forebore to pull the whistle. With its dull roar the train sped out of sight. By the time they reached the lower falls Myrtle's aching hands relaxed their grip a little. Dick's run had sobered into a swift trot.

"That 's Hunton's saw-mill," said the workingman's wife, peering into the darkness. "When we pass the next turn we shall see the light in the office window, if they are there."

There was no light in the office, and they would have passed the mill, had not Dick of his own accord turned from the highroad and

stopped before the shed where he was wont to stand.

Lights were seen flitting about the long dark building. In the machinery-room Superintendent Duncan and half a dozen men were making preparations for the morning's work. Duncan had thrown off his coat, and was giving a word here and a hand there to the new men. McGregor, the Scotch foreman, was the only member of the old crew who had stood by the company through the troublous days, passed now, Duncan believed firmly. Outside, the river was frothing over the dam in a last frolic of idleness. Its holiday was at an end, and the rushing, riotous stream must go to work again at the behest of its master, man. It was singing its last merry song of play; for in a few moments the rumble of the machinery would mix itself with the river's chant, and by that sound of bondage all the world would know that it had gone to work again. The superintendent stood ready to turn on the water through the race. He made a fine picture, standing leaning on the small iron rod which swayed with the motion of his hand the whole current of the stream. He was a strong, handsome man, with a broad, tall figure, an honest, serious face with bright blue eyes and a wide, white forehead. In his expression readers of character recognized the rare combination of great sweetness and great strength. His foreman, in referring to what had happened, was saying to one of the new hands in an undertone:

"They tackled the wrong man when they ketched a holt of the boss for a strike."

Duncan's hand was on the crank, and with a light twist he set in motion the machinery that let on the water. There was joy and triumph in his heart when he heard the gasp the water gave as it first rushed into the race. The noise sounded cheerfully through the dim machinery-room, bringing a sense of great satisfaction to the superintendent and the foreman, grown weary of the silent machines.

The rush of the waters fell very differently on the ears of a man working clandestinely among the water-wheels of the great mill. He dropped his tools and stood upright, doubting his own senses. His dark face blanched to a ghastly pallor as, snatching up the lamp the rays of which lighted the low, gloomy chamber under the ground and under the water, he made his way with trembling limbs to the ladder that led up from the damp wheel-pit where he had been working. Quick as he was, the flood was quicker, rushing sullenly to its work with angry gasps and sighs. The heavy stone arches frowned down upon him: they would give him no shelter from his own infernal work. He cursed his Maker in that hour of agony; and while yet the blasphemy was on his lips a sudden tremor shook the mill to its foundations, a deafening crash as of thunder rent the air, the roof above him was lifted from its supports, and he was hurled down into the very pit where he had placed the dynamite bomb, which the first revolution of the great wheel had exploded.

The first rays of the sun showed a desolate scene. The great mill, which the night before had stood solidly above its dam, was now nothing but a shattered ruin, its delicate machinery hopelessly wrecked, a dead loss of thousands of dollars, which made every man in the community the poorer. Men were still busily working at their dreadful task of searching the ruins for the victims of the explosion. George Duncan had been first discovered, miraculously preserved from death, by the women who had come just too late to warn him. He would live, but his strong right arm was gone, and the splendid vitality which had been a power to energize the men and women with whom he was thrown in daily contact would never again stimulate them to better and more intelligent work. His wife and Myrtle were beside him now in the office, which had escaped destruction. Martha Hennessey was working among the men with the strength of despair, searching for the man whose hand had wrought the dire disaster. They found him at last in the wheel-pit, and the rough workman who first saw the ghastly mangled body cried out to those above to "Keep the woman back, for God's sake." But she was beside him as he spoke, and after one look at what had been her husband, she sank to the ground in a deep swoon. The same wagon bore the dead man and his senseless widow to the cottage where a group of frightened children wailed a melancholy greeting to the living and the dead.

Next day the local paper printed the following notice:

> We, the United Brothers of Riverside, desire to express the deep sympathy we feel for the sufferers from the terrible explosion at the Riverside Mill. We cannot find language strong enough to sufficiently condemn the fiendish conduct of the miscreant or miscreants who are responsible for this awful calamity.
>
> For the United Brothers,
> MARTIN KNOWLES, *Secretary.*

A few days after the funeral of Patrick Hennessey, Mrs. Duncan was told that a person desired to speak with her in the drawing-room on a matter of importance. She had not left her husband since the accident; and Myrtle, who had just returned from exercising Dick, was sent down to inquire concerning the stranger's business. The visitor's face was

familiar to her, but she could not remember where she had seen it before.

"Mrs. Duncan cannot leave her husband; is it a matter that I can attend to?" she asked civilly, looking with some curiosity at the stranger. He was a man of striking appearance, with a slight, elastic figure and a well-shaped head, covered with heavy dark curling hair. His features were delicately cut, and his large earnest brown eyes were as frank and clear as a child's. His clothes were common but neat, and he looked as if he deserved to be better dressed.

"I am the secretary of the new committee of the United Brothers," he began, and then suddenly paused. Myrtle's indifferent curiosity had changed to an angry intensity; her pretty mouth had grown hard and stern, three ominous bars marred the whiteness of her forehead, and her hand tightened unconsciously on the riding-whip with which she had been carelessly flicking the dust from her habit. The change was so instantaneous and threatening that the man paused, hesitated, and before he could utter another word, Myrtle interrupted him vehemently.

"Oh, you are one of those men, are you? and may I ask what you mean by showing your face inside of this house? Are you not satisfied? You have almost killed the master, and you have come now to insult the women."

"I beg your pardon, madam; I do not think that you understand me. It is to express the profound sympathy of my colleagues that I have come; to express our hopes that Mr. Duncan is in a fair way to recover."

"In order that you may complete the work your predecessors have begun so well?" laughed the girl bitterly, playing nervously with her riding-whip all the time. The young man, who had been rather pale before, flushed suddenly, the hot color mounting even to his smooth forehead. He looked steadily into Myrtle's flashing eyes, until an answering color crept into her cheeks, and after viciously flicking off the petals of a flower standing near her, she bent her whip between her fingers till it almost broke.

"Well," she said sharply, when the silence had become a little embarrassing, "is there anything else?"

"I will not detain you longer, Miss Gray; perhaps I shall be able to see Mr. Duncan himself, or his wife, in the course of the next few days?" this interrogatively.

"No," said Myrtle decisively. "Mr. and Mrs. Duncan are going to Europe as soon as he is able to bear the journey. This house will be offered for sale, and I suppose you have heard that the company have as good as decided not to rebuild the works."

"Not to rebuild! Are you sure of that?" he asked eagerly.

"Quite sure; are you surprised? Who ever expected they would?"

"I did; I still think they will." Myrtle opened her cool eyes to their fullest extent, and laughed again, scornfully still, but not so cruelly as she had laughed before.

"Why?" she asked, interested in spite of herself.

"Because it is for their interests as well as for ours. This terrible calamity affects us as much as it does them. Are we to be held responsible because a low ruffian betrays our cause and commits a crime for which we are all obliged to suffer?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders with a gesture of indifference; but her face was not indifferent — she was listening. That was enough for the enthusiast.

"Do you not see how greatly both sides have been at fault, and all from a lack of a proper understanding between them? We should have been told three years ago the true condition of the affairs of the mill. It is our right. All we have in the world is embarked in this project; your mill is the capital, but what good is the mill without the men? It was like trying to divorce the Siamese twins of capital and labor: it meant death to both. We should have been told that the company was losing money; we should have devised together how matters could be mended, what concessions could be made, what reduction of wages. Instead of that we have been deceived, and what has the deceit led to? Famine, misery, and death."

"It would not have been possible to publish the condition of the affairs of the mill; it would have led to bankruptcy."

"Not if you had trusted us, not if you had made us the partners of your profits, not if you had treated us like men and women who have a right to an interest in the fruits of their labor, instead of like senseless machines whose work, whether good or ill, was to be paid for like so much coal or paper stock."

"But it is just that: your labor is the fuel, the power, like steam or water."

"No, for steam and water are only tools; but no man has the right to degrade another man to the level of a machine. See the results of this course. Our men were allowed to believe that these mills were making a great profit in which they had no share; they asked for what they supposed to be their rights, and learned for the first time the true facts of the case. They should have known them long ago."

He was speaking earnestly, with the ease and grace and security of youth and hope.

His enthusiasm was not without its effect upon the tall girl, whose lips had lost their scornful curl, and who now listened with a certain incredulous tolerance.

"In a word, you believe in coöperation," she said, speaking less satirically than she had done heretofore.

"Yes; it is the answer to the riddle of our nineteenth century Sphinx."

Myrtle stared a moment in silence at her visitor. His good use of English had already surprised her, but this allusion to the guardian of the Egyptian desert was all that was needed to arouse her suspicions of this handsome youth with the firm white hands, who claimed to be a working-man and looked like a gentleman. At this moment there was a stir in the room above, and a message came from upstairs; Duncan wished to know the name and business of the visitor.

"Please say," said the young man, looking earnestly at Myrtle, "that I am the man who was to have been Mr. Duncan's assistant, and that I am very anxious to speak to the superintendent, if he is able to see me."

Myrtle repeated the message to the servant and walked to the window, out of which she stood looking towards the river, with its yellow line of floating sawdust.

"Your father is still president of the company, and owns the controlling stock, I believe, Miss Gray?" said the young man.

"Yes."

"And you yourself have some interest in the concern?" She nodded an assent.

"Look across the river, see those tidy little houses with their pretty gardens; those belong to the mill property. You know every man, woman, and child who lives there. The town has grown up round the mill. Take the mill away and what will happen? Ten years from now you will see those neat little gardens waste places, those houses desolate ruins, and all because you Grays and Duncans are so proud. I was born in one of those houses; I went to school in that school-house your father built for us; I have been to church all my life in the chapel old Mr. Duncan endowed; all the books I ever read till I left home I got out of the library those two men gave to the town, to their operatives. I have been away now four years, getting my education—George Duncan gave me that. I was to be his assistant; I came home the very day after the accident—"

He paused. Myrtle turned from the window, her frank face wearing for the first time during the interview its usual sweet expression: she was interested in what he was saying; she was waiting for him to go on.

"Shall I tell you what I would do if I were in your father's place, Miss Gray? I would rebuild the works at the smallest possible cost. I would agree with my hands to pay them whatever wages I could afford. At the end of a year I would divide the earnings after this fashion: the principal, or capital with which the mill was built, has a right to earn its five per cent.—that belongs to the owners; then I should put aside a certain sum for expenses of repairing and improving the machinery and so forth, after all costs had been paid, and as a reserve fund for bad years. After that I would take the surplus profits and divide them into halves; one for the men who furnish the capital, one for the men who give the labor."

The girl smiled, but it was a kind, womanly smile, with nothing of the bitter lurking behind the sweet.

"Perhaps if you live a thousand years you will be able to put your scheme into practice—when the millennium comes," she said.

"I believe that I shall live to see it, and die at three score and ten."

Myrtle laughed outright.

At that moment the servant returned, bringing word that the young man was to come up to Mr. Duncan's room. He turned to follow the woman, but paused for a moment at the door, saying, in a low, hurried voice:

"You are a stockholder; your father is the president of the mills. I am sure that you have a great deal of influence with him. Will you not use that influence to help our cause?"

"But I cannot. I do not think you are right; your plans are those of a visionary—"

"Would it be right to ruin the town which you have built up, because a snake has crept into the village and stung you?"

"I am not sure."

"Yes, you are. Do you not want to see the children you have known all their lives grow up in the place where they belong; do you not want to see Riverside, the spot where you were born, a prosperous, growing town, instead of a deserted village?" He had come quite close to her as he spoke. There was a pause before Myrtle answered slowly:

"Yes."

"Then help me to rebuild the works."

His audacity had something sublime about it. He believed in his principles, in himself, so thoroughly; he was withal so handsome in his enthusiasm, standing before her with his head thrown back, his eyes shining, his face eager and flushed with the force which beat in his veins and which he felt sure must conquer the obstacles that stood between him and his ideal, that it was not perhaps surprising, all things considered, that Myrtle's cool agate eyes took fire from his flashing ones, and that she said impulsively:

"I will try."

When the young man entered the sick-room, with the triumph of that first victory speaking in his light, quick tread, in his glowing, self-reliant face, he stopped short at the threshold. There lay his benefactor, his friend, crippled for life, pale as the linen of his bed, and beside him stood Mary Duncan, whose chestnut hair in the agony of those long hours of suspense had lost its brightness forever, and was now thickly powdered with gray. Duncan smiled and held out his left hand, saying feebly but cheerfully:

"Welcome home, my boy."

The visitor took the hand, pressed it a moment between both his own, and then walked quickly to the window, turning his back upon a scene which had well-nigh unmanned him.

"You see before you, my friend, one of the results of the theories your letters have been so full of. They usually do the thing more neatly in Russia, I believe. This was a bungling job after all; the only thing they have killed is the goose that lays the golden eggs."

"Don't say that, Mr. Duncan. You don't mean it, sir; I know you don't, even in this dreadful time. I am proud to remember that you used to say that I should grow to be your right-hand man, and I had come to offer myself to you in any capacity — let me change that pillow for you."

As he spoke he lifted the wounded man's head to an easier attitude.

"Yes; you shall stay and help nurse me. The women are quite worn out with watching; and when I am a little better I will listen to your theories, and you shall help me with my plans."

"Your plans?"

"Yes, of course. My wife thinks she is going to carry me off to Europe and make an invalid of me for the rest of my days; Mr. Gray thinks he is going to sell the mill property at auction; but they can't hold a meeting until I am well enough to be present, and from the first I have been determined to rebuild the works."

"Then the goose is n't killed after all?"

"No, only hobbled!"

"You must not talk any more, George," cautioned Mary Duncan from the doorway; and in five minutes the patient was asleep, and quiet reigned in the sick-room.

Maud Howe.

THE NEW POLITICAL GENERATION.

THE close of the first century of the Republic finds a new political generation assuming control of its destinies. The average lifetime of a generation of human beings has long been held to be about thirty-three years, and the theory will be found also to hold good of public men as a class. Exceptions of course occur, when unusual longevity prolongs the career of one man far beyond that of his early associates; but such exceptions only prove the rule that, as a whole, the governing body changes three times in a hundred years.

The first generation under the Federal system held the stage during the period from 1789 to 1825, and may be called the constructive generation. The Revolution had been carried through by young men. Jefferson was but thirty-three years old when he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and the patriot army numbered many an officer like Monroe and Hamilton who joined it at eighteen or nineteen. The constitutional convention of 1787 contained a number of the men who had become prominent either in the field or in the council chamber during the war, and who yet were comparatively youthful. It thus came about that the men who organized the new government in 1789, although a large proportion of them had already been prominent in affairs for a good while, were still for the most part in the prime of life. Washington, then fifty-seven, was the senior member of his administration; Jefferson, the first Secretary of State, forty-six; Knox, Secretary of War, thirty-nine; Randolph, attorney-general, thirty-six; and Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, only thirty-two. John Jay, first Chief-Justice, was not yet forty-four. Madison took his seat in the first House of Representatives at thirty-eight, and Monroe appeared the next year in the Senate before he was thirty-three.

It was in every way most fortunate for the young nation that its first rulers were young men, who were yet old enough to have shared in the long struggle which was necessary for its establishment. The Federal Government was an experiment; the Constitution was a novelty; the proposed division of powers between different departments of a central government, and between the central government and its constituent States, was without precedent. Questions immediately arose as to the interpretation of the fundamental law, which

must be decisively settled. Happily the very men who had helped either to frame the Constitution or to secure its adoption by the States were in Congress, on the bench, members of the cabinet, in the presidency; and so it long continued. Monroe entered the army only a year after the battle of Lexington; it was fifty years after the battle of Lexington when he retired from the presidency, and up to that day every incumbent of the highest office had been, like him, honorably associated with the Revolutionary era. Indeed, Monroe was not the last representative of that era. Marshall, the great Chief-Justice of our history, though nearly three years Monroe's senior, expounded the Constitution with unsurpassed ability for more than a third of a century, until his death in 1835, when nearing eighty.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the beneficent effect upon our development of the fact that this constructive generation represented in itself, and so perpetuated, the patriotic impulses of the Revolution. The Constitution had been grudgingly accepted by several of the States; the centrifugal forces which had manifested themselves during the period of the Confederation were still active. The Federal Government was distrusted by a large proportion of the population; sectional jealousies were rampant. A strong cohesive influence was needed to weld together the discordant elements, and it was furnished by the generation of public men who had endured so much in order to found a nation that they were bound to save it from early wreck.

As death thinned the ranks of the Revolutionary statesmen, there came to the front our second political generation,— the compromise generation,— which ruled the nation from about 1820 until the election of Lincoln. This was the age of Clay and Webster; of Jackson and Calhoun; of Benton and Taney; of the Missouri compromise and its repeal; of the fugitive-slave law and the Dred Scott decision. It was a generation which for the most part was born during the Revolution, and contained some men whose boyish memories covered incidents of that struggle, like Jackson's capture by a band of English troops in North Carolina when he was thirteen years old, in 1780, and the raid of English cavalry past Henry Clay's home in Virginia the next year, when he was four. Webster and Calhoun were born within two months of each other early in 1782, and appeared in Congress within two years of each other during the period which covered the second war with England, the South Carolinian in 1811 and the New Hampshire man (as Webster then was) in 1813. Clay had preceded them, having entered the Senate late in 1806, more than three months before he had reached the constitutional age of thirty. Benton, who had been born four days before Calhoun, began his thirty years of continuous service in the Senate in 1821. The period which made four such men for a long while associates in the United States Senate must always remain a memorable one in our annals.

The Revolutionary generation lived to see the new government in good running order, and the wisdom of their constructive work vindicated. The delicate machinery had apparently been well adjusted, and men who had disagreed so radically on some points as John Adams and Thomas Jefferson came in their last years to be satisfied with the settlement which had been reached and hopeful as to the future. Yet there were already visible in their day signs of the impending trouble over the slavery question which confronted their successors. The difficulties of conducting a government in a nation half of which was slave and half free became constantly more obvious, but they were not yet admitted to be insuperable. It was still thought by most people that some arrangement might be made which would be satisfactory to both sections, and the constant effort was to discover a *modus vivendi*. One scheme and then another was tried, each in turn held by its authors to be the final settlement which was to end the trouble. Looking back now, it is easy to see how hopeless were all these attempts; but it is also easy to see how fortunate it was that the generation of compromisers held sway so long. They averted the inevitable struggle at a time when its issue would have been doubtful, and postponed the inevitable war until the disparity of the contestants should insure the triumph of nationality and freedom. "Let us make our generation," said Webster in his famous 7th of March speech, "one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come." The wish was granted, for without that development of love for the Union which Webster sedulously cultivated, while Clay, "the great pacificator," preserved the peace, the two sections must have fallen apart.

Clay and Webster, the great compromisers, died within four months of each other in 1852. Feeble efforts in the same line with theirs were continued for a few years longer by surviving associates like Bell, Crittenden, and Everett. But even before the disappearance of Clay and Webster there had begun to rise the third generation of our national history — the generation which was to prove the recon-

structive one. It was composed of men born during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century, and it made its appearance in Washington when John P. Hale, the first senator elected as an anti-slavery man, took his seat in 1847, followed by Seward and Chase in 1849 and by Sumner in 1851. They met there men like Davis and Toombs, who represented ideas diametrically opposed to their own and who were determined that those ideas should prevail — peaceably, inside the Union, if possible; by secession and force, if necessary. The new men from the North saw that the old rôle of Webster could no longer be played. Webster had perceived that there was a conflict, but hoped that it might be repressed; Seward comprehended and proclaimed that it was "irrepressible." A year before his death Webster had said, "If a house be divided against itself, it will fall and crush everybody in it"; but he argued in the same speech that there was no real division and consequently need be no fall, even though slavery were to be permanent in half of the national domain. Six years after Webster's death, Lincoln, in opening his famous canvass of 1858 against Douglas, also quoted the saying, "A house divided against itself cannot stand," but he gave it a very different application. "I do not expect the Union to be dissolved — I do not expect the house to fall," said Lincoln; "but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other."

The election of 1860 and the outbreak of the civil war pushed aside the survivors of the last century, and put the control of affairs, both North and South, with only an occasional exception, in the hands of men born since 1800. Lincoln, born in 1809, was at the head of the Federal Government; Davis, born in 1808, the chief of the Confederacy. The command of the Union army, which was held at the outbreak of hostilities by Scott, who had been born in 1786, fell to Grant, born in 1822, who was supported by Sherman, born in 1820; while his great opponent was Lee, born in 1807, whose lieutenant, Joseph E. Johnston, was born in the same year. Seward was born in 1801, Chase in 1808, Sumner in 1811, and Stanton in 1814.

It was men of the same age who held sway in Congress during the period after the war in which "the States lately in rebellion" were restored to their relations with the Union. Benjamin F. Wade, the leader of the majority in the Senate during the Johnson administration, was born in 1800; Thaddeus Stevens, his counterpart in the House of Representatives, dated back to 1792. The Supreme Court, as Lincoln found it, had a Chief-Justice born in 1777 and four of the five associate justices had been born between the latter year and 1794. Lincoln's Chief-Justice was born in 1808 and Grant's in 1816, while the associate justices appointed by these presidents were men born between 1804 and 1816.

Thirty-seven years have passed since Sumner, the most conspicuous senatorial representative of the reconstructive generation, appeared in Washington, and not one man whom he then found in office now remains in public life. Only a few names, like those of Jefferson Davis and Hannibal Hamlin, have escaped the mortuary star. His great associates in the Senate chamber before the war, Seward and Chase, died within the eighteen months before his own death in 1874. Stevens had preceded him by six years; Wade was already in retirement. Of all the men who were in Congress at the time of Lincoln's election, John Sherman, then a representative and now a senator, and L. Q. C. Lamar, then a representative and now a justice of the Supreme Court, are the only ones who are to-day conspicuous. Three of Lincoln's five appointees to the Supreme Court are dead; the other two are seventy-two years old, and may retire on a pension at their pleasure. Two of Grant's four appointees to the same bench are dead; a third retired on a pension eight years ago, and the fourth has been eligible to a pension for five years. Allen G. Thurman, who was elected congressman nearly forty-five years ago, seems a relic of a by-gone age.

As the third generation of our public men dwindles in size, the fourth comes in steadily swelling numbers to fill the vacant places. It is a generation which has grown up since the period when secession and state sovereignty were burning issues — which in large part is too young to have had any record on the slavery question. There are many men in Congress who were too young to vote in the election of 1860; some who had not then reached their teens. The State of West Virginia has two senators and four representatives, and the oldest of the six was born as recently as 1843. Four of them served in one or other army during the war, but this incident in their lives hardly dissociates them from the two who did not, one of the latter being but eight years old when Sumter was fired upon. Younger still is a Minnesota representative, who was not born until 1854, and whose case, by the way, well illustrates the cosmopolitan character of our population, as he is a native of Sweden and did not reach Minnesota until 1868. Another illustration of the same feature is the case of the New Jersey congressman who was born in Ireland in 1853, and a third the Wisconsin member who was born in Prussia in 1845 and did not come to this country

until 1866. An Indiana member has but recently completed his thirty-first year.

Nor do such facts as these fully show the extent to which the new generation has supplanted the one which brought on secession and carried through the war. The Constitution does not permit a man to become a senator until he has attained the age of thirty, or a representative until he has completed his twenty-fifth year. It seldom happens that a man becomes a senator until he is considerably past thirty, or a representative until he is much beyond twenty-five. But the ten years from twenty-one on are years which mark the age of a much larger proportion of voters than anybody who has not investigated the matter would suspect. A table of the ages of native white males, as returned in the last national census, shows that out of a total in the whole country of 8,270,518 who had reached the voting age, no less than 1,546,703, or nearly one-fifth of the whole number, were 21, 22, 23, and 24 years old. Add those who were between the ages of 24 and 30, and the aggregate is 3,019,663, or much more than one-third of all. Another census would show different totals, but the proportions would be the same. This means that nearly one-fifth of the voters are too young to be eligible to the House of Representatives, while much more than one-third are not old enough to be chosen to the Senate. Nearly all of this latter class, it must be remembered, are men who have been born since the outbreak of the war, for the baby born the day Sumter was attacked is now a man in his twenty-eighth year. Indeed, there are far more than a million of men entitled to vote for President this year who were not born until after Lee's surrender. On the other hand, those who were old enough to vote in 1860 are at least 49 years of age this autumn, and less than a quarter of all male adults (1,958,776 out of 8,270,518 in 1880) are men who have passed 48.

It is thus clear that the new generation is already here. The men who heard the Dred Scott decision, who went to the polls for Lincoln or Douglas, constitute but a small minority of the electorate to-day. They still linger in the halls of Congress, but they find the seats fast filling with those whom they have always considered mere boys, until it is suddenly revealed to them that they are no longer the real rulers of the republic. The old issues disappear with the old men, and

New things succeed as former things grow old.

The death of Chief-Justice Waite served to show how completely the reconstructive generation to which he belonged has done its work. The Supreme Court is the final arbiter in our system of government, and its decisions must be awaited before the nation knows what even an addition to the Constitution itself really signifies. The changes which the war had brought about were embodied in the new amendments to the Constitution, but there was much dispute as to how far-reaching those changes would prove to be. It was held by many, and Congress passed laws based upon the theory, that these amendments had greatly minimized the powers of the States and correspondingly enlarged those of the Federal Government. The Supreme Court alone could decide. Fortunately it was still composed entirely of judges who had been appointed by presidents belonging to the party which had carried through the amendments and which had based upon them the assumption of greater authority for the General Government. A long series of decisions, of which the last and, in some respects, the most important (in the Virginia debt cases) was rendered only a few weeks before Justice Waite's death, settled these disputed questions and established the rights of the States under the amended Constitution upon a basis entirely satisfactory to the party whose President was to name his successor. It was frankly confessed by candid Democratic journals that, so far as a correct interpretation of the Constitution was concerned, it was to them a matter of no consequence whether Justice Waite's chair were filled by a Republican of his type or by a Democrat. One needs only to recall the bitterness with which the decisions of the Supreme Court were received by the opposition party during the compromise generation to appreciate how wonderful is the change, and how complete the work of settlement after the terrible storm of civil war.

A crowd of issues press for the attention of the new generation, but one overshadows all the rest. The Union has been reconstructed upon an enduring basis; now the Government itself is to be reconstructed. The slavery of human bondage has been abolished; the servitude of the spoils system is now to be done away with. This is the work of the new political generation, and there is happily abundant evidence that it will prove equal to the task.

Edward P. Clark.

CHRISTIANITY THE CONSERVATOR OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

CIVILIZATION has from the earliest times developed a centripetal force that has tended to the aggregation of the mass of the population in cities. That force did its work in ancient times in Egypt, in Greece, and in Rome. It is doing its work now in modern Europe and in this country.

At the end of the war of the Revolution the population of the United States numbered nearly four millions. There were then but 6 cities, and in those 6 cities there dwelt 130,000 people; so that of the total population of the country at that time 3⅓ per cent. was to be found in the cities. In the century that has passed since then the national development has been so directed that there are now 286 cities, and of the total population in the United States, which now amounts to more than 50,000,000, 11⅓ millions are dwellers in cities; that is to say, 22½ per cent., or more than one-fifth of the entire population of the United States to-day, is to be found in the cities. Of that urban population very nearly one-half is in ten cities, and nearly one-third is in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, including as a part of New York its tributary cities of Brooklyn and Jersey City.

American citizenship has its duties as well as its rights, its responsibilities as well as its privileges. The proper exercise of the right of suffrage requires in him who exercises it a high degree of intelligence; yet, of the more than two million voters in our cities, a majority are not sufficiently educated to exercise intelligently the right of suffrage, and a formidable minority are ignorant and vicious. As Lord Sherbrooke said in England with reference to the new voters upon whom the Reform Act of 1867 conferred the suffrage, "We must educate our *masters*," so we can well say with reference to the masses in our large cities, "We must educate *our* masters."

Education is in this connection a word of large import. It means something more than the perfunctory acquisition of facts, and something more than the development of the mind as an intellectual machine. It means the bringing to bear upon every individual in the mass every influence that can tend to make him better as a man and better as a citizen.

The common-school system will not do the work of the education that we need, for that system, even if it were practically efficient, deals only with children, and it fails in that the tendency of its method of instruction is to direct the pupils, not to trades, not to mechanical work of any description, but exclusively to clerical labor; and the consequence is that the supply of that kind of labor is so greatly in excess of the demand for it that but a small proportion of the applicants can possibly obtain employment, and the unemployed applicants drift into vice and crime, not from any predisposition thereto, but because their compulsory idleness exposes them to temptation. We therefore cannot rely for the education of the masses upon the public-school system.*

Nor can we rely upon any system of merely philosophical training. That experiment has been tried again and again in the world's history. The philosophic systems of Greece and Rome culminated in the barbarism of the Middle Ages. The abstract philosophy of reason in France was crowned by the Reign of Terror.

If history has proved to demonstration any one fact it has proved this, that without Christianity there is now no possibility of an enduring civilization. If this be true of countries whose forms of government are monarchical or aristocratic, much more is it true here, where every citizen is entitled to an equal voice in the selection of the makers and administrators of the laws. Therefore we must find the solution of our problem in bringing the principles of Christianity to bear upon the population of our cities, for just so far as those principles leaven the mass will the individuals become better citizens, and will politics be purified.

There are certain inevitable results which follow upon the crowding of masses of people in cities. These are, first, an excess of demand over supply in the necessaries of life,

* Of 2127 convicts who have been received in the Pennsylvania Eastern State Penitentiary from 1875 to 1884, inclusive, 1547 had been pupils of the common schools; 65 had been pupils of private schools; 452 had never attended school; 1939 had never been apprenticed to any trade; 75 had been apprenticed, but had left their trade before serving out their time; and 113 had been apprenticed and served out their time. These figures do not mean that the 1547 pupils of the public schools had received in those schools any instruction which in any way tended to incite them to crime, but they fortify the conclusion stated in the text.

and a consequently increased cost of living; secondly, an excess of supply over demand in all departments of labor, professional, clerical, and mechanical, and for the many a constantly increasing difficulty in obtaining the means of living; thirdly, for the few, wealth and luxury, and for the many, poverty and suffering; and, fourthly, a development of crime, intemperance, and other vices.

There is, therefore, poverty to be relieved, suffering to be alleviated, and sorrow to be comforted. Means of prevention must also be used. The sale of intoxicating liquors must be restrained. The reformatory agencies that clothe and educate the homeless youth and those other reformatory agencies that work upon the vicious and criminal classes must be fostered, stimulated, and strengthened.

Of course, much of this charitable work of all sorts is done and will continue to be done by the voluntary and unsectarian action of individuals and organizations; but all such work, by whomsoever done, is really animated, whether ostensibly or not, by that truly charitable spirit which is inspired by Christianity, and it is the office of every church to encourage that work, and to furnish volunteers for its performance.

It is another result of the growth of cities that in periods of business depression there are gathered together large bodies of unemployed and possibly starving men and women, who, under the pressure of their unfortunate circumstances, fall an easy prey to demagogues, and may be incited to acts of violence. Under any system of government this result of the centralization of population has been and always will be of grave importance.

Now, too, modern civilization is threatened from within by a foe who preaches the false gospel of a Godless humanity based upon the logic of dynamite and assassination, and that false gospel finds ready acceptance when it is preached to men who are both ignorant and starving.

We have heretofore flattered ourselves, with somewhat of national complacency, and in the exercise of a very practical materialism, that, whatever might befall the governments of Europe, here at least our free institutions and our boundless expanse of territory would protect us from the dangers which threaten European society; but we are beginning to realize that like causes will always produce like results, and that the congregation of the masses in cities, the aggrandizement of the few, and the depression of the many have combined to develop antagonistic forces the possible collision of which is full of danger.

Pagan Rome dealt with the difficulty in a spirit of conciliation that was epigrammatically expressed in the phrase *Panem et circenses;* that is to say, the government freely distributed food to the masses and provided for their entertainment the shows of the arena. Continental Europe deals with the difficulty in a spirit of stern repression, and endeavors by standing armies and police to hold the masses in subjection. Yet both systems failed. The armed mob accomplished in Rome the work which communism and nihilism are doing in Europe in our day.

We cannot have a standing army of adequate size, and if we undertake to maintain large bodies of men in idleness and to amuse them at the public expense we shall invite the very danger against which we would guard.

Christianity must be used as our conservative force, for it deals with man as an individual in his personal responsibility to his God, and it deals with him also as a citizen in his relation to organized society. It preaches, by example rather than by precept, the power of Christian charity, which is limited only by human need for human help. It teaches the rich that wealth is a trust, not a gift. It neutralizes class antagonisms by bringing home to men the great doctrine of the brotherhood of man.

The Christianity that is to do this great work must be a living Christianity; it must be aggressive; it must be liberal; it must be united; it must not confine itself to a merely defensive warfare. It must hold the outworks of civilization, not only by keeping watch and ward, but also by leading sorties against the besieging forces of unreason.

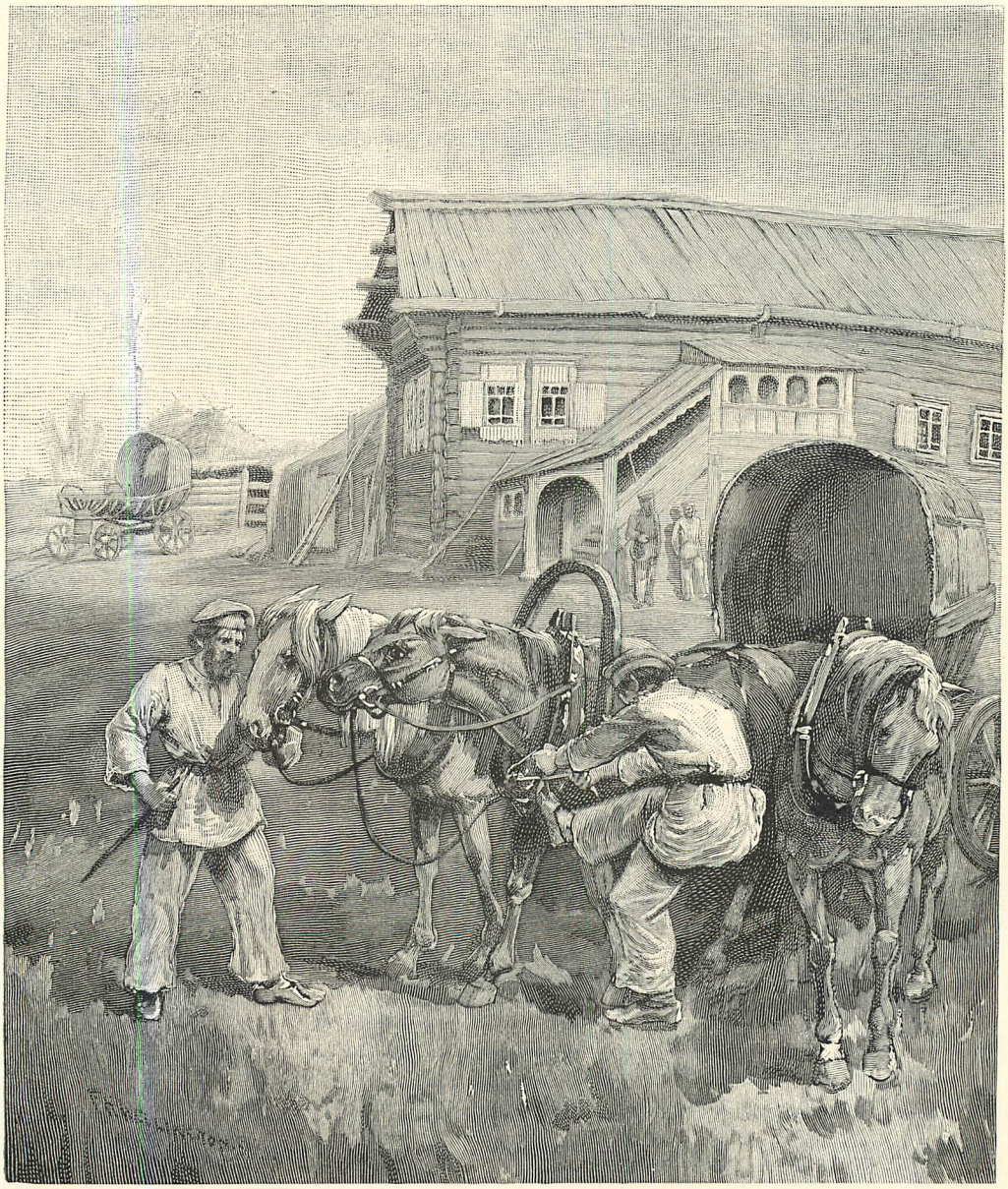
This work cannot be done only by throwing wide the doors of churches, holding service, and preaching sermons. It must also be done in the highways and the byways, among the rich and the poor, the virtuous and the vicious, the innocent and the guilty. It must be done by the laity as well as by the clergy; and its most persuasive sermons will find their expression not in words but in deeds, and not in exposition or argument or entreaty, but in the silent yet eloquent lessons of lives of self-sacrifice.

With the necessity for this great work staring us in the face, let us, agreeing about the essentials of the Christian faith, agree to disagree as to minor matters; and recognizing our points of agreement, and dwelling upon them to the exclusion of our points of disagreement, let us, as soldiers in one army and under one banner, move forward shoulder to shoulder.

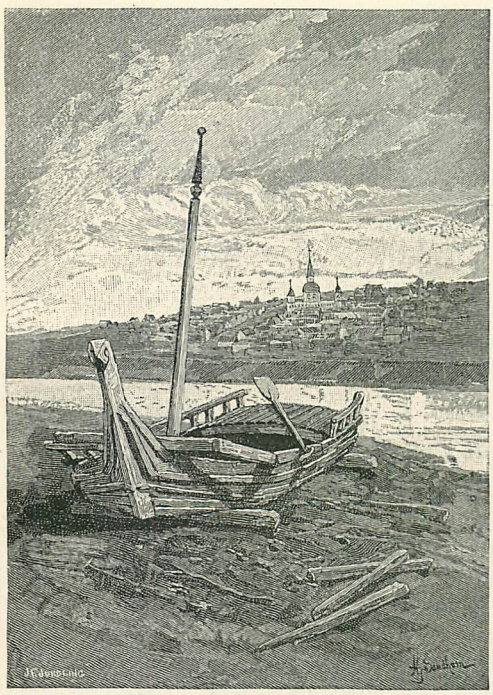
Christopher Stuart Patterson.

THE TOMSK FORWARDING PRISON.

THE rapidity with which the season of good weather and good roads was passing, and the length and arduous nature of the journey that still lay before us, compelled us to make our stay in the city of Ust Kamenogorsk very brief. The work that we accomplished there, however, had an important bearing upon the prosecution of our researches in the field of political exile, and rendered our success in that field almost certain. I had always anticipated great difficulty in ascertaining where political exiles were to be found, and how they could be approached without the asking of too many dangerous questions. We could not expect in



A POST STATION ON THE BARNAUL ROAD.

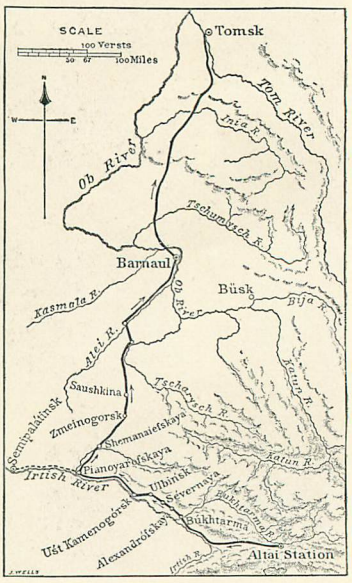


AN OLD SIBERIAN FERRY-BOAT.

every town to stumble, by good luck, upon a liberal and sympathetic official who would aid us in our search, and yet experience had shown us the absolute necessity of knowing definitely in advance where to go and whom to approach. We had already passed through half a dozen towns or villages where there were colonies of interesting political exiles, and where, if we had been aware of the presence of these, we should have stopped; but we had no clues whatever to them, and I feared that if, in searching for clues, we made a practice of asking questions at random, we should soon attract the attention of the police and be called upon to explain what business we had with political exiles, and why we were everywhere looking them up. At Ust Kamenogorsk this source of embarrassment was finally removed. We not only obtained there a mass of useful information and a great number of valuable hints and suggestions, but we carried away with us notes of recommendation to people who could aid us, letters of introduction to liberal officials in the towns through which we were yet to pass, and a manuscript list, or directory, in which were set forth the names, ages, professions, and places of banishment of nearly seven hundred political exiles in all parts of Siberia. After we had obtained these letters of introduction and this "underground" directory, the Government could have prevented us from investigating the exile system only by removing us forcibly from the country. We no longer had to grope our way by asking hazardous questions at random. We could take every step with a certainty of not making a mistake, and could go, in every village, directly to the persons whom we wished to see.

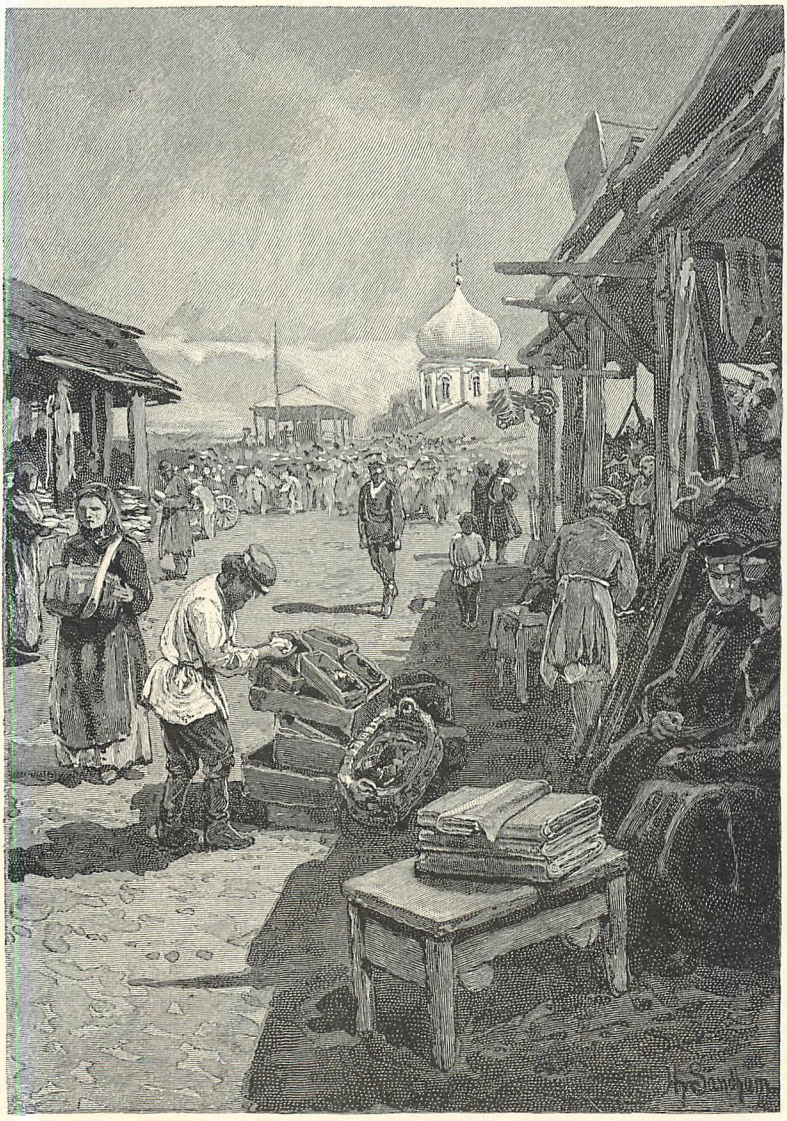
On Monday, August 10, we dined for the last time with the politicals in Ust Kamenogorsk, sang to them once more, by special request, "John Brown's Body" and "The Star-spangled Banner," and at 6 o'clock in the evening set out by post for Barnaul and Tomsk. The road, as far as the post station of Pianoyarofskaya, was the same that we had followed in going from Semipalatinsk to the Altai Station. The country that it intersected seemed to us more parched and barren than ever, but here and there, in the moister places, we passed large flocks of fat-tailed sheep, guarded and watched by Kirghis horsemen, whose hooded heads and black faces, with the immense goggles of horse-hair netting that they wore to protect their eyes from the glare of the sun, gave them an almost demoniacal appearance. Occasionally, in the outskirts of the villages, we saw fields of cultivated sunflowers, or of half-ripe watermelons and cantaloupes; but as a rule the steppe was uncultivated and could not be cultivated without artificial irrigation. The weather was still very warm, and in almost every village we noticed naked children playing in the streets.

At Pianoyarofskaya we left the Semipalatinsk road and the valley of the Irtish, and turning to the northward crossed the low divide which separates the water-shed of the Irtish from that of the Ob, and entered the province of Tomsk. A large quantity of rain had fallen, followed by a comfortable temperature; but the muddy roads hindered us, and the post stations, where we got very little to eat, were filthy



MAP OF THE TRIP.

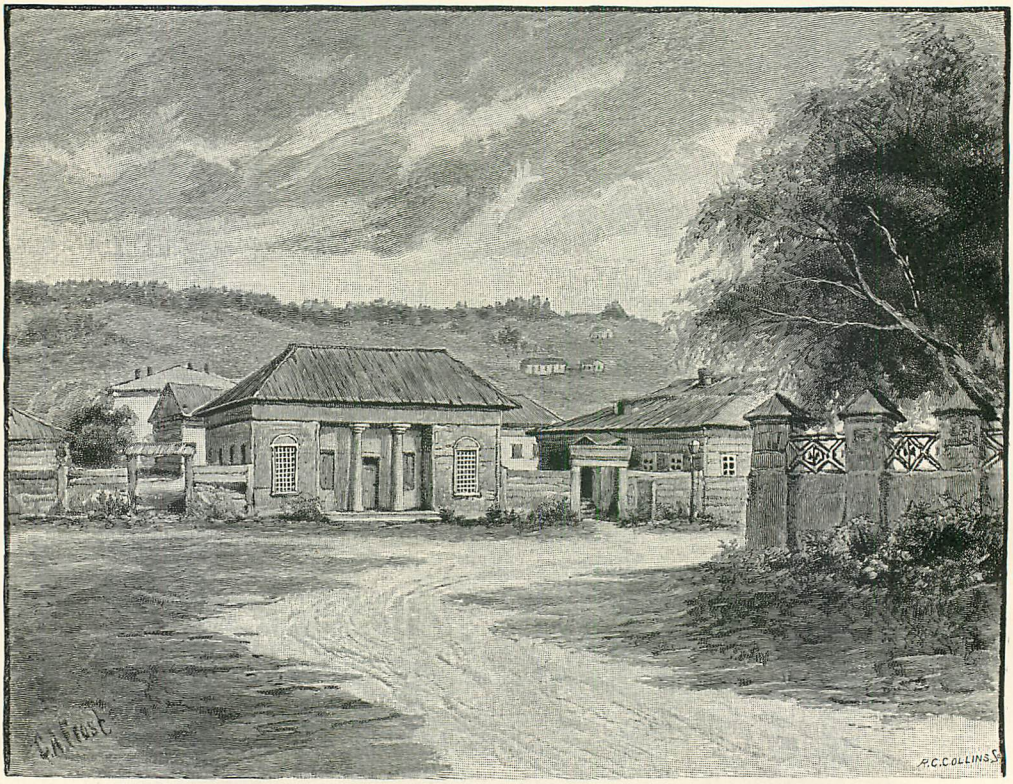
and swarming with bed-bugs. In the stations of Shemanaiefskaya and Saushkina, after vainly attempting to sleep, I sat up and wrote throughout the whole of two nights, killing fifteen or twenty bed-bugs each night on my writing-table. The lack of proper food, the constant jolting, and the impossibility of getting any sleep, soon reduced us to an extremely jaded and exhausted condition, and when we reached the town of Barnaul, Friday afternoon, August 14, after an almost sleepless journey of ninety-six hours, I was hardly able to sit up.



MARKET-PLACE IN BARNAUL.

Barnaul is a large town of 17,000 inhabitants, and is the center of the rich and important mining district of the Altai. It contains an unusual number of pretentious dwelling-houses and residences with columns and imposing façades, but most of them have fallen into decay. They were erected many years ago, at a time when a mining officer of the Crown in Barnaul received 2000 or 3000 rubles a year as salary and stole 100,000 rubles a year by means of "cooked" accounts, and when, according to tradition, he paid twice the amount of his own salary to a French governess for his children, and as much more to a French culinary chef, and sent his soiled linen to Paris by mail to be washed and starched.

The mines of the Altai are, for the most

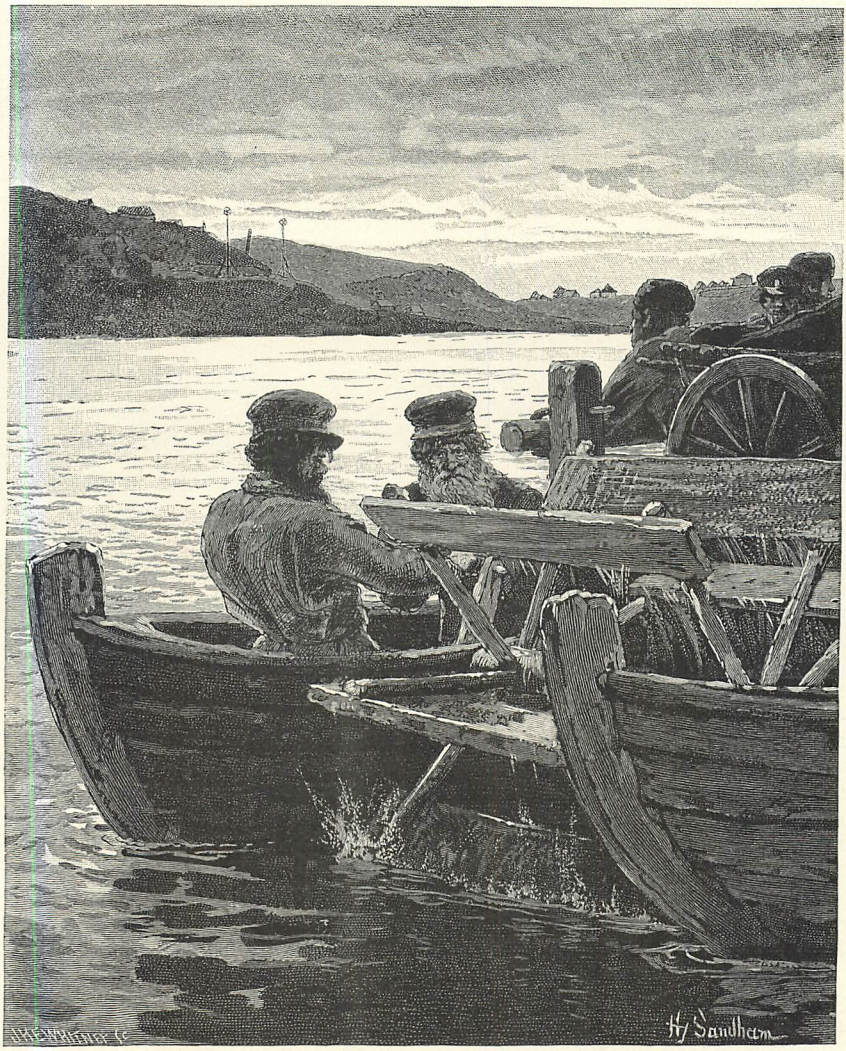


OLD PRISON OR GUARD-HOUSE IN BARNAUL.

part, the private property of the Tsar. In the nine years from 1870 to 1879 they produced 6984 pounds of gold, 206,964 pounds of silver, 9,639,620 pounds of copper, and 13,221,396 pounds of lead. A large part of the gold and silver ore is smelted in Barnaul.

Mr. Frost, with an amount of enterprise which was in the highest degree creditable to him, explored the city with sketch-book and camera, and took photographs of the bazar, of peasant women carrying stones on hand-barrows near the mining "works," and of a curious building, not far from our hotel, which seemed to have been intended for a Russo-Ionic temple but which afterward had apparently been transformed into a jail, in order to bring it more nearly into harmony with the needs of the place. I should have accompanied him upon some of these excursions, but I was nearly sick from sleeplessness. The dirty hotel in Barnaul was alive with bed-bugs, and I was compelled to sleep every night on a table, or rather stand, about four feet long by three wide, set out in the middle of the room. Owing to the fact that I generally rolled off or capsized the table as soon as I lost consciousness, my sleep was neither prolonged nor refreshing, and before we left Barnaul I was reduced to a state bordering on frenzy. Almost the only pleasant recollection that I have of the city is the memory of receiving there eighteen letters from home — the first I had had since our departure from Tiumen.

Tuesday afternoon, August 18, we left Barnaul for Tomsk. The part of Western Siberia that lies between these two cities is a fertile rolling country, diversified by birch groves and wide stretches of cultivated land, and suggestive a little of the southern part of New England. Mr. Frost, whose home is in Massachusetts, said he could easily imagine that he was "up Berkshire way." The scenery, although never wild, is everywhere pleasing and picturesque; the meadows, even in August, are carpeted with flowers; and the greenness and freshness of the vegetation, to a traveler who comes from the desert-like steppes of the upper Irtish, are a source of surprise and gratification. Near the first station we passed the small lake of Kolivan, which is celebrated in all that part of Siberia for the picturesque beauty of its scenery, and Mr. Frost made a sketch of some fantastic rocks by the roadside. It is a favorite place of resort in summer for the wealthy citizens of Barnaul and Tomsk. It had been our intention to spend a day or two in exploring this picturesque sheet of water, but we

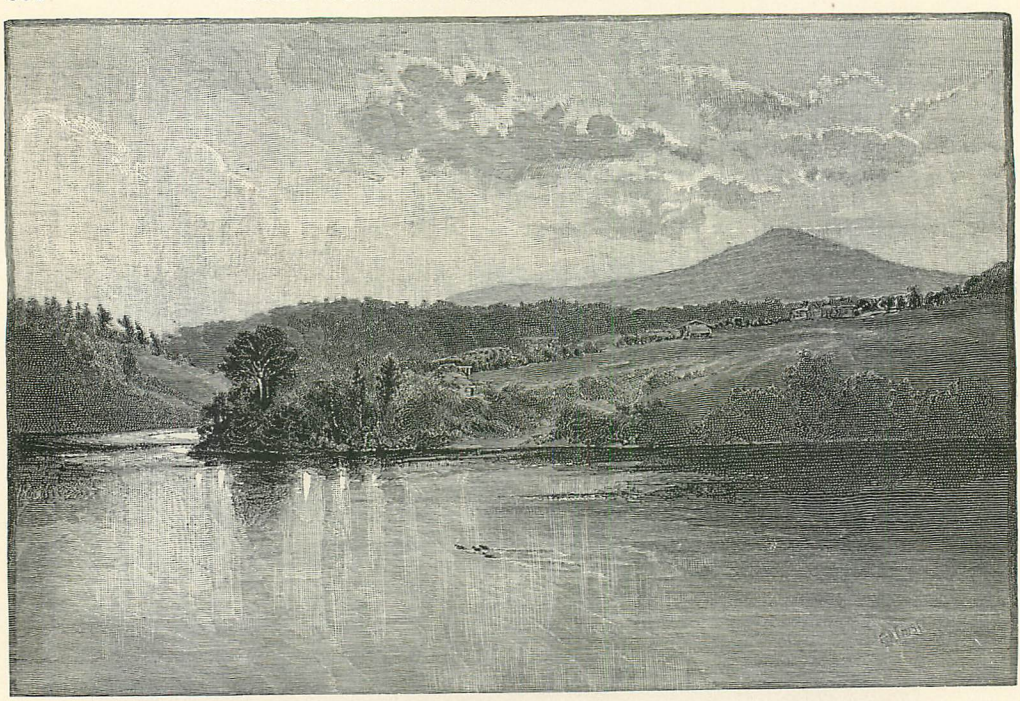


FERRY ON THE RIVER OB NEAR BARNAUL.

finally decided that we could not spare the time. We crossed the river Ob on a curious "parom," or ferry-boat, consisting of a large platform supported upon two open hulks and propelled by a paddle-wheel at one end, the crank of which was turned by two ragged-bearded old muzhiks. Most of the Siberian rivers are crossed by means of what are known as "pendulum ferries," in which the boat is anchored by a long cable made fast in the middle of the stream, and is swung from shore to shore pendulum-wise by the force of the current. The Ob ferry-boat, of which Mr. Frost made a sketch, was the first one we had seen propelled by a paddle-wheel.

So far as I can remember, there was little on the route between Barnaul and Tomsk to attract a traveler's attention. I was terribly jaded and exhausted from lack of sleep, and spent a large part of the time in a state which was little more than one of semi-consciousness.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, August 20, we rode at last into the city of Tomsk. We had made, with horses, in the 51 days which had elapsed since our departure from Tiumen, a journey of more than 1500 miles, in the course of which we had inspected two large prisons, made the acquaintance of three colonies of political exiles, and visited the wildest part of the Russian Altai. We drove at once to the European Hotel, which is the building shown at the extreme right of the illustration on page 865, secured a fairly comfortable room, and as soon as possible after dinner removed our clothing and stretched our weary bodies out in civilized beds for the first time in nearly two months.



KOLIVAN LAKE.

Tomsk, which is the capital of the province of the same name, is a city of 31,000 inhabitants, and is situated partly on a bluff, and partly on low land adjoining the river Tom, a short distance above its junction with the Ob. In point of size and importance it is the second city in Siberia, and in enterprise, intelligence, and prosperity it seemed to me to be the first. It contains about 8000 dwelling-houses and other buildings, 250 of which are brick; 33 churches, including a Roman Catholic church, a Mohammedan mosque, and 3 Jewish synagogues; 26 schools, attended by about 2500 scholars; a very good public library; 2 tri-weekly newspapers, which, however, the Minister of the Interior keeps closed a large part of the time on account of their "pernicious tendency"; and a splendid new university building, which has been completed three years, but which the Government will not allow to be opened for fear that it too will have a "pernicious tendency" and become a center of liberal thought. The streets of the city are not paved and are very imperfectly lighted, but at the time of our visit they seemed to be reasonably clean and well cared for, and the town, as a whole, impressed me much more favorably than many towns of its class in European Russia.

The province of which Tomsk is the capital has an area of 330,000 square miles, and is therefore about seven times as large as the State of Pennsylvania. It contains 8 towns, each of which has on an average 14,000 inhabitants, and 2719 villages, each of which has on an average 366 inhabitants, so that its total population is about 1,100,000. Of this number 90,000 are aborigines, and 30,000 communal exiles, or common criminals banished from European Russia. The southern part of the province is very fertile, is well timbered and watered, and has a fairly good climate. The 3,600,000 acres of land which it has under cultivation yield annually about 30,000,000 bushels of grain and 4,500,000 bushels of potatoes, with smaller quantities of hemp, flax, and tobacco, while the pastures around the villages support about 2,500,000 head of live stock.

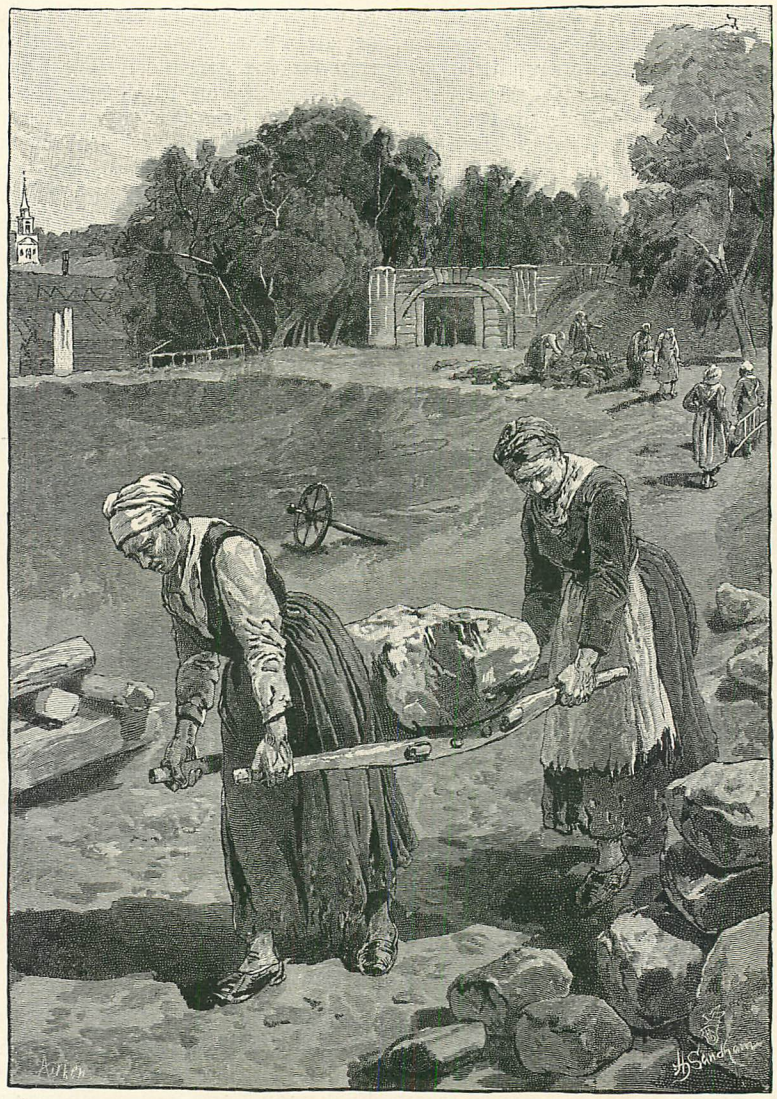
From these statistics it will be seen that in spite of bad government, restricted immigration, and the demoralizing influence of criminal exile, the province of Tomsk is not wholly barren or uncivilized. If it were in the hands of Americans, and if free immigration from European Russia to it were allowed, it might soon become as densely populated and as prosperous as any of our North-western states. Its resources are almost illimitable, and all that it needs is good government and freedom for the play of private enterprise. As long, however, as a despotic administration at St. Petersburg can gag its newspapers for months at a time, keep its university closed, choose the teachers and prescribe the courses of study for its schools, prohibit the reading of the

best books in its libraries, bind its population hand and foot by a rigid passport system, govern it through corrupt and wretchedly paid chinovniks, and pour into it every year a flood of common criminals from European Russia, just so long it will remain what it now is — a naturally enterprising and promising colony strangled by oppressive and unnecessary guardianship. The Government, just at the present time, proposes to develop the resources of the province by building through it a railroad. It might much better loosen the grasp in which it holds the people by the throat, permit them to exercise some judgment with regard to the management of their own affairs, allow them freely to discuss their needs and plans in their own newspapers, abolish restrictions upon personal liberty of movement, stop the sending there of criminal exiles, and then let the province develop itself. It does not need "development" half as much as it needs to be let alone.*

GROTESQUE ROCKS NEAR KOLIVAN LAKE.

Our first step in Tomsk was to call upon the political exiles and upon several army officers to whom we had letters of introduction, and ascertain from them the facts that were necessary for our guidance. We found that the governor of the province, Mr. Krassofski, was absent from the city, and that his place was being temporarily filled by State Councilor Nathaniel Petukhof, the presiding officer of the provincial administration, who was represented to us as a man of intelligence, education, and some liberality. As soon as I conveniently could, I called upon Mr. Petukhof, and was received by him with great cordiality. He had read, as I soon learned, my book upon North-eastern Siberia; and since it had made a favorable impression upon him, he was predisposed to treat me with consideration and with more than ordinary courtesy. I, in turn, had heard favorable reports with regard to his character; and under such circumstances, we naturally drifted into a frank and pleasant talk about Siberia and Siberian affairs. At the end of half an hour's conversation he asked me if there was any way in which he could be of assistance to me. I replied that I should like very much to have

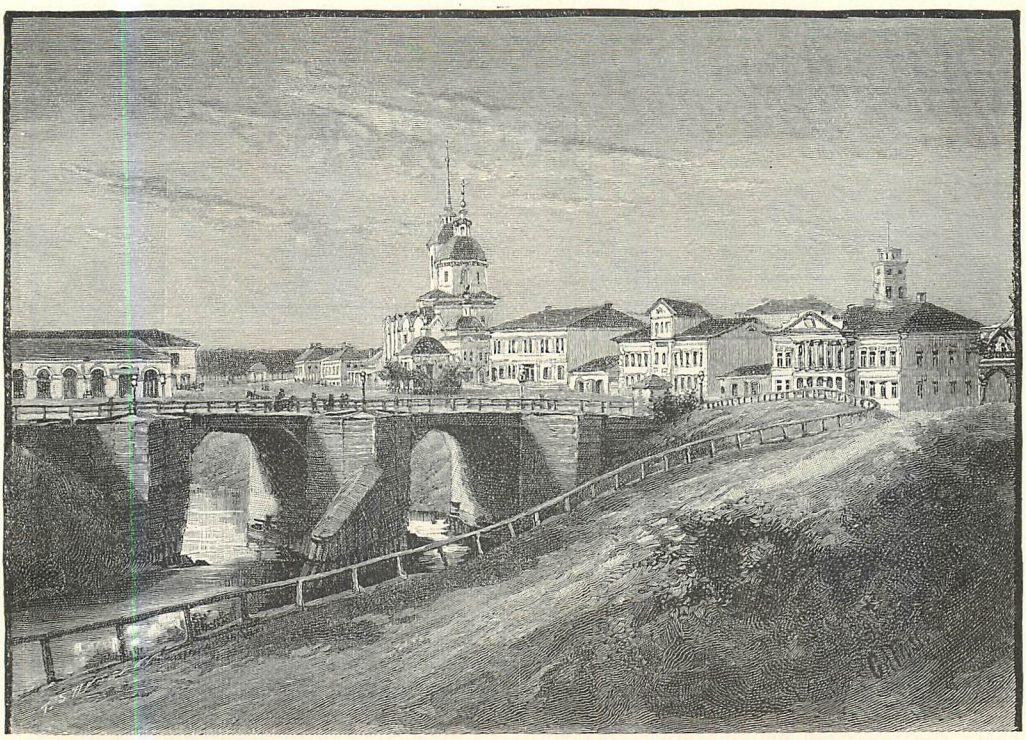
* The reader will understand, I trust, that considerations of space compel me to omit for the present the mass of facts upon which these conclusions rest. The particular object of our journey to Siberia was the investigation of the exile system; and in order to have space for the adequate treatment of that subject, I am forced to neglect, for a time, the government of Siberia and the economic condition of the Siberian provinces. That I have not exaggerated the evils which arise in Siberia from the corrupt and incapable control of a despotic bureaucracy, I shall hereafter show by quotations from the official reports of Siberian governors and governors-general and by the statements of hundreds of peasants, merchants, miners, army officers, newspaper men, and chinovniks in all parts of the country.



PEASANT WOMEN AT WORK.

permission to visit the exile forwarding prison. I fancied that his face showed, for an instant, a trace of embarrassment; but as I proceeded to describe my visits to prisons in two other provinces, he seemed to come to a decision, and, without asking me any questions as to my motives, said, "Yes, I will give you permission; and, if you like, I will go with you." Then, after a moment's hesitation, he determined, apparently, to be frank with me, and added gravely, "I think you will find it the worst prison in Siberia." I expressed a hope that such would not be the case, and said that it could hardly be worse than the forwarding prison in Tiumen. He shrugged his shoulders slightly, as if to say, "You don't know yet what a Siberian prison may be," and asked me what could be expected when buildings were crowded with more than twice the number of persons for which they were intended. "The Tomsk forwarding prison," he continued, "was designed to hold 1400 prisoners.* It now contains more than 3000, and the convict barges, as they arrive from Tiumen, increase the number by from 500 to 800 every week, while we are able to forward eastward only 400 a week. The situation is, therefore, becoming worse and worse as the summer advances. The

* According to the report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1885, this prison would accommodate 1900 prisoners, with an allowance of eight-tenths of a cubic fathom of air space per capita. Page 27 of the manuscript report. Mr. Petukhof, in his estimate, did not perhaps allow for such close packing as this.



A PART OF THE MARKET SQUARE AT TOMSK.

prison kameras are terribly overcrowded: it is impossible to keep them clean; the vitiation of the air in them causes a great amount of disease, and the prison hospital is already full to overflowing with the dangerously sick."

"But," I said, "why do you not forward exiles eastward more rapidly and thus relieve the congestion in this prison? Why can you not increase the size of your marching parties, or send forward two parties a week instead of one?"

"It is impracticable," replied the acting governor. "The Exile Administration of Eastern Siberia says that it cannot receive and distribute prisoners faster than it does now. Its étapes are too small to accommodate larger parties, and the convoying force of soldiers is not adequate to take care of two parties a week. We tried one year the plan that you suggest, but it did not work well."

"Does the Government at St. Petersburg know," I inquired, "of this state of affairs?"

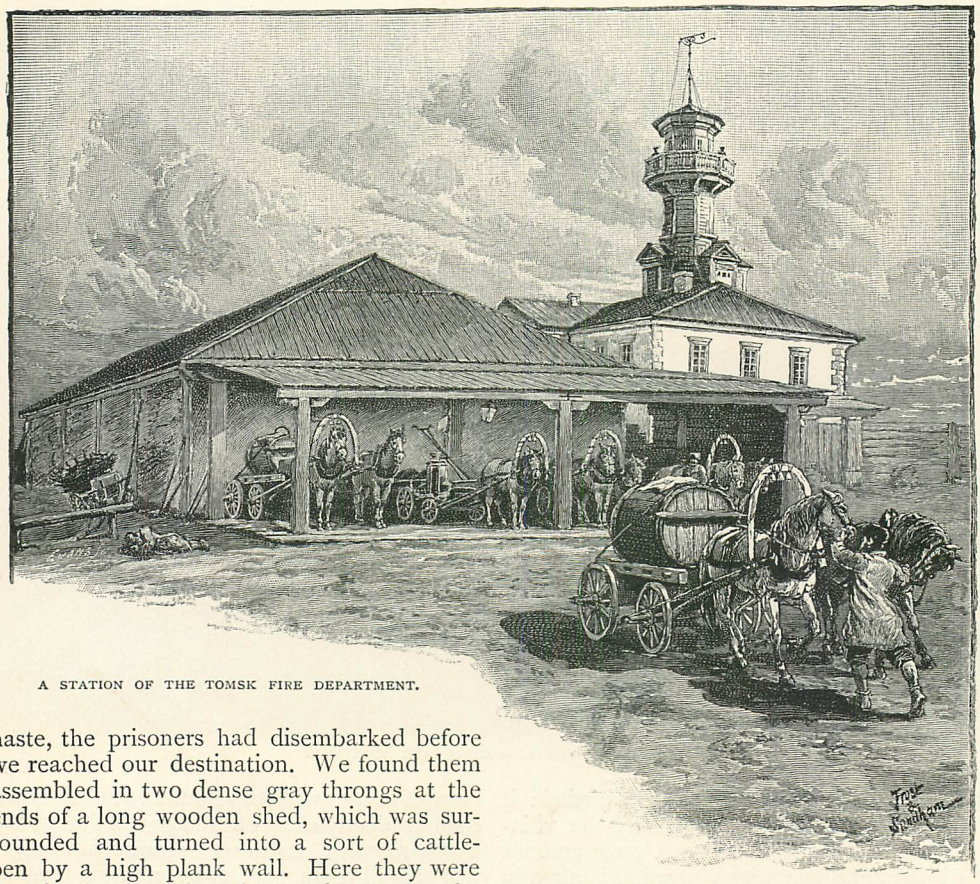
"Certainly," he replied. "It has been reported upon every year, and, besides writing, I have sent four urgent telegrams this summer asking if something cannot be done to relieve this prison."

"And has nothing been done?"

"Nothing whatever. The number of prisoners here will continue to increase steadily up to the close of river navigation, when the convict barges will stop running, and then we shall gradually clear out the prison during the winter months. In the mean time typhus fever will prevail there constantly, and great numbers of sick will lie uncared for in their cells because there is no room for them in the hospitals. If you visit the prison, my advice to you is to breakfast heartily before starting, and to keep out of the hospital wards."

I thanked him for his caution, said that I was not afraid of contagion, and asked when it would be convenient for him to go with me to the prison. A day was agreed upon, and I took my leave.

On my way home I accidentally met Colonel Yagodkin, the chief military officer of the district, who had welcomed us to Tomsk with great kindness and hospitality, and had taken a friendly interest in our researches. He said he had just called at our hotel to inform us that a convict barge from Tiumen had arrived that morning at the steamer-landing two or three miles from the city, and to say that if we would like to see the reception of a convict party, he would go to the landing with us and introduce us to the chief officer of the local exile bureau. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, and in ten minutes Mr. Frost, Colonel Yagodkin, and I were driving furiously over a muddy road towards the pristan, or landing-place. Although we made all possible



A STATION OF THE TOMSK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

haste, the prisoners had disembarked before we reached our destination. We found them assembled in two dense gray throngs at the ends of a long wooden shed, which was surrounded and turned into a sort of cattle-pen by a high plank wall. Here they were identified, counted, and turned over by the convoy officer to the warden of the Tomsk forwarding prison. The shed was divided transversely through the middle by a low wooden barricade, at one end of which was a fenced inclosure, about ten feet square, for the accommodation of the officers who had to take part in the reception of the party. About half the exiles had been formally "received" and were standing at the eastern end of the shed, while the other half were grouped in a dense throng at the western end, waiting for their names to be called. The women, who stood huddled together in a group by themselves, were mostly in peasant costumes, with bright-colored kerchiefs over their heads, and their faces, I thought, showed great anxiety and apprehension. The men all wore long gray overcoats over coarse linen shirts and trousers; most of them were in chains, and the bare heads of the convicts and the penal colonists had been half shaved longitudinally in such a way that one side of the scalp was smooth and blue, while the other side was hidden by long, neglected hair. Soldiers stood here and there around the shed, leaning upon their bayoneted rifles, and inside the little inclosure were the convoy officer of the party, the warden and the surgeon of the Tomsk forwarding prison, the chief of the local bureau of exile administration, and two or three other officers, all in full uniform. Colonel Yagodkin introduced us as American travelers who desired to see the reception of an exile party, and we were invited to stand inside the inclosure.

The officer who was conducting the examination of the convicts drew a folded paper from a large bundle in his hand, opened and glanced at it, and then shouted, "Nikolai Koltsof!" A thin, pale man, with heavy, wearied eyes and a hopeless expression of face, who was standing in the front rank of the exile party, picked up the gray linen bag that lay beside him on the floor, and with a slow clink, clink, clink of chains walked to the inclosure. The examining officer compared his face carefully with a photograph attached to the "stateini speesok," or "identification paper," in order to make sure that the pale man had not "exchanged names" with some other exile, while a Cossack orderly examined him from head to foot and rummaged through his bag to see that he had

neither lost nor surreptitiously sold the articles of clothing that he had received in Moscow or Tiumen, and that his "stateini speesok" called for.

"Is everything there?" inquired the officer.

"Everything," replied the Cossack.

"Stoopai!" ["Pass on!"] said the lieutenant; and the pale-faced man shouldered his bag and joined the ranks of the "received" at the eastern end of the shed.

"The photographs are a new thing," whispered Colonel Yagodkin to me; "and only a part of the exiles have them. They are intended to break up the practice of exchanging names and identities."

"But why should they wish to exchange names?" I inquired.

"If a man is sentenced to hard labor at the mines," he replied, "and has a little money, he always tries to buy secretly the name and identity of some poor devil of a colonist who longs desperately for a drink of vodka, or who wants money with which to gamble. Of course the convoy officer has no means of preventing this sort of transaction, because he cannot possibly remember the names and faces of the four or five hundred men in his party. If the convict succeeds in finding a colonist who is willing to sell his name, he takes the colonist's place and is assigned a residence in some village, while the colonist takes the convict's place and goes to the mines. Hundreds of hard-labor convicts escape in this way."*

"Hassan Abdallimof!" called the examining officer. No one moved.

"Hassan Abdallimof!" shouted the Cossack orderly, more loudly.

"Go on, Stumpy; that's you!" said half a dozen exiles in an undertone as they pushed out of the throng a short, thickly set, bow-legged Tartar, upon whose flat, swarthy face there was an expression of uncertainty and bewilderment.

"He doesn't know Russian, your High Nobility," said one of the exiles respectfully, "and he is gloopovati" [dull-witted].

"Bring him here," said the officer to the Cossack orderly.

When Hassan had been examined, he did not shoulder his bag and go to his place as he should have done, but began to bow and gesticulate, and to make supplications in the Tartar language, becoming more and more excited as he talked.

"What does he say?" inquired the officer. "Find some soldier who knows Tartar." An interpreter was soon found and Hassan repeated his story.

"He says, your High Nobility," translated the interpreter, "that when he was arrested they took eight rubles from him and told him the money would be given back to him in Siberia. He wants to know if he cannot have some of it now to buy tea."

"Nyettoo chai!" ["No tea!"] said the Tartar mournfully, with a gesture of utter desolation.

"To the devil with him!" cried the officer furiously. "What does the blank blank mean by delaying the reception of the party with such a trifle? This is no place to talk about tea! He'll receive his money when he gets to his destination. Away with him!" And the poor Tartar was hustled into the eastern end of the shed.

"Ivan Dontremember — the red-headed," shouted the examining officer.

"That's a brodyag" (a vagrant or tramp), whispered Colonel Yagodkin to me as a sunburned, red-headed muzhik in chains and leg-fetters, and with a tea-kettle hanging from his belt, approached the inclosure. "He has been arrested while wandering around in Western Siberia, and as there is something in his past history that he does n't want brought to light, he refuses to disclose his identity, and answers all questions with 'I don't remember.' The tramps all call themselves 'Ivan Dontremember,' and they're generally a bad lot. The penalty for belonging to the 'Dontremember' family is five years at the mines." The examining officer had no photograph of "Ivan Dontremember, the red-headed," and the latter's identity was established by ascertaining the number of teeth that he had lost, and by examining a scar over his right ear.

One by one the exiles passed in this way before the examining officer until all had been identified, counted, and turned over, and then the warden of the Tomsk forwarding prison gave a receipt to the convoy officer of the barge for 551 prisoners, including 71 children under 15 years of age, who were accompanying their fathers or mothers into exile.

At the end of the verification and reception some of the officers returned to the city; but Colonel Yagodkin, Mr. Frost, and I remained to see the surgical examination of the sick and disabled, and to inspect the convict barge. Doctor Orzheshko, the surgeon of the Tomsk prison, then took the place that had been occupied by the examining officer, laid a stethoscope and two or three other instruments upon a small table beside him, and began a rapid examination of a long line of incapacitated men, some of whom were really sick and some of whom were merely shamming. The object of the examination was to ascertain how many of the prisoners were unable to walk, in order

* I shall explain this practice of exchanging names more fully in a later article.

A FAMILY "KAMERA" IN THE TOMSK FORWARDING PRISON.

that the requisite number of telegas might be provided for their transportation to the city. The first man who presented himself was thin, pale, and haggard, and in reply to a question from the surgeon said, with a sepulchral cough, that his breast hurt him and that he could not breathe easily. Dr. Orzheshko felt his pulse, put a stethoscope to his lungs, listened for a moment to the respiratory murmur, and then said briefly, "Pass on; you can walk." The next man had a badly swollen ankle, upon which his leg-fetter pressed heavily, evidently causing him great pain. He looked imploringly at the doctor while the latter examined the swollen limb, as if he would beseech him to have mercy; but he said not a word, and when his case was approved and a wagon was ordered for him, he crossed himself devoutly three times, and his lips moved noiselessly, as if he were saying softly under his breath, "I thank thee, O God!"

There were forty or fifty men in the line of prisoners awaiting examination, and the surgeon disposed of them at the rate of about one a minute. Some had fever, some were suffering from rheumatism; some were manifestly in an advanced stage of prison consumption, and all seemed to me sick, wretched, or weak enough to deserve wagons; but the experienced senses of the surgeon quickly detected the malingerers and the men who were only slightly indisposed, and quietly bade them "Pass on!" At the end of the examination Dr. Orzheshko reported to the prison warden that there were twenty-five persons in the party who were not able to walk to the city, and who, therefore, would have to be carried. The necessary wagons were ordered, the sick and the women with infants were placed in them, and at the order "Stroisa!" ["Form ranks!"] the convicts, with a confused clinking of chains, took positions outside the shed in a somewhat ragged column; the soldiers, with shouldered rifles, went to their stations in front, beside and behind the party; and Mr. Papelaief, the chief of the local exile bureau, stepping upon a chair, cried, "Noo rebatta" ["Well, boys"], "have you anything to say or any complaints to make?"

"No; nothing, your Nobility," replied seventy-five or a hundred voices.

"Well, then, S'Bogem" ["Go with God"].

The soldiers threw open the wooden gate of the yard or pen; the under officer shouted "Ready — March!" and with a renewed jingling of multitudinous chains, the gray column moved slowly out into the muddy road.

As soon as an opportunity presented itself, Colonel Yagodkin introduced us to Mr. Papelaief, the chief officer of the local exile bureau, who supervised the reception and the forwarding of exile parties, the equipment of the convicts with clothing, and the examination and verification of their papers. Mr. Papelaief, a rather tall, thin man, with a hard, cold face, greeted us politely, but did not seem pleased to see us there, and was not disposed to permit an inspection of the convict barge.

"What do they want to go on board the barge for?" he inquired rather curtly of Colonel Yagodkin. "There is nothing to see there, and besides it is inconvenient; the women are now cleaning it."

Colonel Yagodkin, however, knew that I was particularly anxious to see in what condition the floating prison was when the convicts left it, and, a few moments later, he introduced us to the convoy officer, and again suggested a visit to the barge. This time he was successful. The convoy officer evidently did not see any reason why Colonel Yagodkin should not go on board the barge with his friends if he wished to do so, and he at once cheerfully offered to accompany us. The barge was, apparently, the same one that I had inspected in Tiumen two months before. Then it was scrupulously clean, and the air in its cabins was fresh and pure; but now it suggested a recently vacated wild-beast cage in a menagerie. It was no more dirty, perhaps, than might have been expected; but its atmosphere was heavy with a strong animal odor; its floors were covered with dried mud, into which had been trodden refuse scraps of food; its nares, or sleeping-benches, were black and greasy, and strewn with bits of dirty paper; and in the gray light of a cloudy day its dark kameras, with their small grated port-holes, muddy floors, and polluted ammoniacal atmosphere, chilled and depressed me with suggestions of human misery.

The Rev. Henry Lansdell, in a recently published magazine article,* says, "I have seen some strong statements, alleging the extreme unhealthiness of these barges, . . . and I do not suppose that they are as healthy as a first-class sanatorium."

If Mr. Lansdell made a careful examination of a convict barge immediately after the departure from it of a convict party, the idea of a "sanatorium" certainly could not have been suggested to him by anything that he saw, touched, or smelled. It suggested to me nothing so much as a recently vacated den in a zoölogical garden. It was, as I have said, no more dirty and foul than might have been expected after ten days of such tenancy; but it could have been connected in one's mind

* "Russian Convicts in the Salt Mines of Iletsk"; Harper's Magazine, May, 1888, pp. 894–910.

with a "sanatorium" only by a violent wrench of the imagination. As a proof, however, that a convict barge in point of healthfulness does not fall far short of "a first-class sanatorium," Mr. Lansdell quotes a statement made to him by "an officer who had charge of the prisoners between Tiumen and Tomsk," to the effect that "during the season of 1882, 8 barges carried 6000 prisoners a voyage of nearly 2000 miles, and yet only two [and one of them a child] died on the passage, while only 20 were delivered invalided at Tomsk."

Inasmuch as I once took the same view of the exile system that Mr. Lansdell now takes, and have been forced to confess myself in error, it may be proper for me to say, without reflecting in any way upon Mr. Lansdell's conscientiousness and sincerity, that the statement which he quotes has not the slightest foundation in fact, and was probably made to him by the convoy officer with a deliberate intention to deceive. According to the official report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1882,—the year to which Mr. Lansdell's information relates,—the number of prisoners carried on convict barges was not 6000, but 10,245. Of this number 279 were taken sick on the barges, 22 died, and 80 were left dangerously sick at river ports, or were delivered in that condition at Tomsk.* These, it must be remembered, were the cases of sickness and the deaths that occurred in a voyage which averages only ten days in duration. If, in a population of 10,245 souls, 279 persons were taken sick and 22 died every 10 days, we should have an annual sick rate of nearly 99 per cent., and an annual death rate of nearly 8 per cent. It would not, I think, be a very popular "sanatorium" in which 99 per cent. of all the persons who entered it comparatively well became seriously sick in the course of the year, and eight per cent. of the whole number died. But sickness on the convict barges has been far more prevalent than this—and within recent years. In 1879, 724 prisoners were taken sick beween Tiumen and Tomsk and 51 died; and in 1871, 1140 were taken sick out of a whole number of 9416 carried, and 111 died. Such a rate of mortality as that shown by the death of 111 persons out of 9416 in 10 days would entirely depopulate in a single year, not only "a first-class sanatorium," but a village of 4000 inhabitants.

In a foot-note below will be found a tabulated statement of the cases of sickness and death which occurred on the convict barges between Tiumen and Tomsk in the fifteen years beginning with 1870 and ending with 1884. I copied the figures myself from the manuscripts of the official reports, and so far as transcription is concerned, I will guarantee their accuracy.†

It will be seen that during this period there has been, on the whole, a steady improvement in the hygienic condition of the barges, and a corresponding decrease in the sick and death rates. The mortality now is chiefly among children, who, of course, are less able than adults to endure the hardships, privations, and exposures of barge life. I am glad to be able to say that, in my judgment, the Inspector of Exile Transportation and the local Siberian authorities are now doing all that it lies in their power to do for the comfort and health of exiles on the voyage between Tiumen and Tomsk. The barges are thoroughly cleaned and fumigated after every trip, and the prisoners are as well fed and cared for as they can be with the limited sum of money that the Government appropriates for the purpose. The

* Annual Report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation for Western Siberia, p. 12 of the manuscript.

† SICKNESS AND MORTALITY ON CONVICT BARGES BETWEEN TIUMEN AND TOMSK—TEN DAYS.

YEAR.	NUMBER CARRIED.		TAKEN SICK.			DIED.			DELIVERED SICK.			
	Adults.	*Children.*	*Adults.*	*No information.*	*Children.*	*Adults.*	*No information.*	*Children.*	*Adults.*	*No information.*	*Children.*	
1870	7444	1492	2598	...	121	25	85	258	1011	...	299	
1871	8202	1214	3452	1149	1016	286	111	...	872	301	...	
1872	7246	1098	7066	486	133	569	30	...	...	70	...	
1873	7923	1090		673	151		23	...	...	190	...	
1874	8668	1269		574	154		21	...	...	196	...	
1875	7771	1301		579	...		16	...	...	115	...	
1876	8878	1455	492	...	121	2	...	19	119	...	24	
1877	9065	1499	300	...	133	2	...	35	143	...	44	
1878	8749	1688	193	...	151	2	...	27	216	...	38	
1879	8977	1342	570	...	154	4	...	47	182	...	39	
1880	8844	1425	391	...	138	2	...	23	85	...	21	
1881	9011	1452	197	...	22	4	...	23	71	...	23	
1882	8832	1413	202	...	77	4	...	18	62	...	18	
1883	9506	1543	150	...	107	4	...	38	66	...	37	
1884	9004	1688	103	...	113	1	...	28	67	...	55	
Grand Totals..	127520	20969										
	148489											2182

It must be borne in mind that these figures show only a small part of the sickness and mortality in convict parties from points of departure to points of destination. Before reaching Tiumen the convicts travel by barge from Nizhni Novgorod to Perm, a distance of nearly 1000 miles, and after leaving Tomsk many of them walk nearly 2000 miles into Eastern Siberia. In a subsequent paper I shall give statistics of sickness and mortality for the whole journey from Moscow to Irkutsk.

suffering and disease which still exist are attributable mainly to overcrowding, and overcrowding the Siberian officials cannot prevent. Ten or twelve thousand exiles are turned over to them every summer, and they must send them eastward as best they can while the season of navigation lasts. They have only three barges, and eighteen round trips are all that can be made during the time that the river remains open. They are therefore compelled to send from 600 to 800 exiles in a single barge at every trip.

The day set for our visit to the Tomsk forwarding prison was Wednesday, August 26. The acting-governor, Mr. Petukhof, sent word to me at the last moment that he would be unable to accompany us; but an inspecting party was made up of Colonel Yagodkin, Mr. Papelaief (the chief of the local exile bureau), the convoy officer of the barge, Mr. Frost, and myself. It was one of the cold, gray, gloomy days that often come to Western Siberia in the late summer, when the sky is a canopy of motionless leaden clouds, and the wind blows sharply down across the tundras from the Arctic Ocean. The air was raw, with a suggestion of dampness, and an overcoat was not uncomfortable as we rode out to the eastern end of the city.

The first glimpse that we caught of the Tomsk forwarding prison showed us that it differed widely in type from all the Siberian prisons that we had previously seen. Instead of the huge white, three-story, stuccoed building with narrow arched windows and red tin roof that we had expected to find, we saw before us something that looked like the permanent fortified camp of a regiment of soldiers, or like a small prairie village on the frontier, surrounded by a high stockade of sharpened logs to protect it from hostile Indians. With the exception of the zigzag-barred sentry boxes at the corners, and the soldiers who with shouldered rifles paced slowly back and forth along its sides, there was hardly a suggestion of a prison about it. It was simply a stockaded inclosure about three acres in extent, situated on an open prairie beyond the city limits, with a pyramidal church tower and the board roofs of 15 or 20 log buildings showing above the serrated edge of the palisade. If we had had any doubts, however, with regard to the nature of the place, the familiar jingling of chains, which came to our ears as we stopped in front of the wooden gate, would have set such doubts at rest.

In response to a summons sent by Mr. Papelaief through the officer of the day, the warden of the prison, a short, stout, chubby-faced young officer, named Ivanenko, soon made his appearance, and we were admitted to the prison yard. Within the spacious inclosure stood twelve or fifteen one-story log buildings, grouped without much apparent regularity about a square log church. At the doors of most of these buildings stood armed sentries, and in the unpaved streets or open spaces between them were walking or sitting on the bare ground hundreds of convicts and penal colonists who, in chains and leg-fetters, were taking their daily outing. The log buildings with their grated windows, the high stockade which surrounded them, the armed sentries here and there, and the throngs of convicts who in long, gray, semi-military overcoats roamed aimlessly about the yard would doubtless have reminded many a Union soldier of the famous prison pen at Andersonville. The prison buildings proper were long, one-story, barrack-like houses of squared logs, with board roofs, heavily grated windows, and massive wooden doors secured by iron padlocks. Each separate building constituted a "kazarm," or prison ward, and each ward was divided into two large kameras, or cells, by a short hall running transversely through the middle. There were eight of these kazarms, or log prisons, and each of them was designed to accommodate 190 men, with an allowance of eight-tenths of a cubic fathom of air space per capita.* They were all substantially alike, and seemed to me to be about 75 feet long by 40 feet wide, with a height of 12 feet between floors and ceilings. The first kamera that we examined was perhaps 40 feet square, and contained about 150 prisoners. It was fairly well lighted, but its atmosphere was polluted to the last degree by over-respiration, and its temperature, raised by the natural heat of the prisoners' bodies, was fifteen or twenty degrees above that of the air outside. Two double rows of sleeping-benches ran across the kamera, but there evidently was not room enough on them for half the inmates of the cell, and the remainder were forced to sleep under them, or on the floor in the gangways between them, without pillows, blankets, or bed clothing of any kind. The floor had been washed in anticipation of our visit, but the warden said that in rainy weather it was always covered with mud and filth brought in from the yard by the feet of the prisoners, and that in

* The report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1884 says that the Tomsk prison contains ten of these kazarms. The warden told me that there were only eight. Accounts also differ as to the normal capacity of the prison. Acting-Governor Petukhof said that it was originally intended to hold 1400 prisoners, while the Inspector of Exile Transportation reported in 1884 that its normal capacity was 1900. It contained, at the time of our visit, about 3500.

this mud and filth scores of men had to lie down at night to sleep. Many of the convicts, thinking that we were officers or inspectors from St. Petersburg, violated the first rule of prison discipline, despite the presence of the warden, by complaining to us of the heat, foulness, and oppressiveness of the prison air, and the terrible overcrowding, which made it difficult to move about the kamera in the daytime, and almost impossible to get any rest at night. I pitied the poor wretches, but could only tell them that we were not officials, and had no power to do anything for them.

For nearly an hour we went from kazarm to kazarm and from cell to cell, finding everywhere the same overcrowding, the same inconceivably foul air, the same sickening odors, and the same throngs of gray-coated convicts. At last Mr. Papelaief, who seemed disposed to hurry us through the prison, said that there was nothing more to see except the kitchen and the hospital, and that he presumed we would not care to inspect the hospital wards, inasmuch as they contained seventy or eighty patients sick with malignant typhus fever. The young convoy officer of the barge, who seconded all of Colonel Yagodkin's efforts to make us thoroughly acquainted with the prison, asked the warden if he was not going to show us the "family kameras" and the "bologans."

"Certainly," said the warden; "I will show them anything that they wish to see."

I had not before heard of the "bologans," and Mr. Papelaief, who had to some extent taken upon himself the guidance of the party, seemed as anxious to prevent us from seeing them as he had been to prevent us from seeing the convict barge.

The "bologans" we found to be long, low sheds, hastily built of rough pine boards, and inclosed with sides of thin, white cotton-sheeting. They were three in number, and were occupied exclusively by family parties, women, and children. The first one to which we came was surrounded by a foul ditch half full of filth, into which water or urine was dripping here and there from the floor under the cotton-sheeting wall. The bologan had no windows, and all the light that it received came through the thin cloth which formed the sides.

A scene of more pitiable human misery than that which was presented to us as we entered the low, wretched shed, can hardly be imagined. It was literally packed with hundreds of weary-eyed men, haggard women, and wailing children, sitting or lying in all conceivable attitudes upon two long lines of rough plank sleeping-benches, which ran through it from end to end, leaving gangways about four feet in width in the middle and at the sides. I could see the sky through cracks in the roof; the floor of unmatched boards had given way here and there, and the inmates had used the holes as places into which to throw refuse and pour slops and excrement; the air was insufferably fetid on account of the presence of a great number of infants and the impossibility of giving them proper physical care; wet underclothing, which had been washed in camp-kettles, was hanging from all the cross-beams; the gangways were obstructed by piles of gray bags, bundles, bedding, and domestic utensils; and in this chaos of disorder and misery hundreds of human beings, packed together so closely that they could not move without touching one another, were trying to exist, and to perform the necessary duties of every-day life. It was enough to make one sick at heart to see, subjected to such treatment and undergoing such suffering, hundreds of women and children who had committed no crime, but had merely shown their love and devotion by going into Siberian exile with the husbands, the fathers, or the brothers who were dear to them.

As we walked through the narrow gangways from one end of the shed to the other, we were besieged by unhappy men and women who desired to make complaints or petitions.

"Your High Nobility," said a heavy-eyed, anxious-looking man to the warden, "it is impossible to sleep here nights on account of the cold, the crowding, and the crying of babies. Can't something be done?"

"No, brother," replied the warden kindly; "I can't do anything. You will go on the road pretty soon, and then it will be easier."

"Dai Bogh!" ["God grant it!"] said the heavy-eyed man as he turned with a mournful look to his wife and a little girl who sat near him on the sleeping-bench.

"Batiushka! My little father! My benefactor!" cried a pale-faced woman with an infant at her naked breast. "Won't you, for God's sake, let me sleep in the bath-house with my baby? It 's so cold here nights; I can't keep him warm."

"No, matushka" ["my little mother"], said the warden; "I can't let you sleep in the bath-house. It is better for you here."

Several other women made in succession the same request, and were refused in the same way; and I finally asked the warden, who seemed to be a kind-hearted and sympathetic man, why he could not let a dozen or two of these unfortunate women, who had young babies, go to the bath-house to sleep. "It is cold here now," I said, "and it must be much worse at night. These thin walls of cotton-sheeting don't keep out at all the raw night air."

"It is impossible," replied the warden. "The atmosphere of the bath-house is too hot, close, and damp. I tried letting some of the nursing women sleep there, but one or two of their babies died every night, and I had to stop it."

I appreciated the hopelessness of the situation, and had nothing more to say. As we emerged from the bologan, we came upon Mr. Papelaief engaged in earnest conversation with one of the exiles, a good-looking, blonde-bearded man about thirty-five years of age, upon whose face there was an expression of agitation and excitement, mingled with a sort of defiant despair.

"I have had only one shirt in months," the exile said in a trembling voice, "and it is dirty, ragged, and full of vermin."

"Well!" said Mr. Papelaief with contemptuous indifference, "you 'll get another when you go on the road."

"But when will I go on the road?" replied the exile with increasing excitement. "It may be three months hence."

"Very likely," said Mr. Papelaief coldly, but with rising temper as he saw us listening to the colloquy.

"Then do you expect a man to wear one shirt until it drops off from him?" inquired the exile with desperate indignation.

"Silence!" roared Mr. Papelaief, losing all control of himself. "How dare you talk to me in that way! I 'll take the skin off from you! You 'll get another shirt when you go on the road, and not before. Away!"

The exile's face flushed, and the lump in his throat rose and fell as he struggled to choke down his emotion. At last he succeeded, and, turning away silently, entered the bologan.

"How long will the women and children have to stay in these sheds?" I asked the warden.

"Until the 2d of October," he replied.

"And where will you put them then?"

He shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing.*

From the bologans we went to a "family kamera" in one of the log kazarms. Here there was the same scene of disorder and wretchedness that we had witnessed in the bologans, with the exception that the walls were of logs, and the air, although foul, was warm. Men, women, and children were sitting on the nares, lying under them, standing in throngs in the gangways, and occupying in one way or another every available square foot of space in the kamera. I had seen enough of this sort of misery, and asked the warden to take us to the hospital, a two-story log building situated near the church. We were met at the door by Dr. Orzheshko, the prison surgeon, who was a large, heavily built man, with a strong, good face, and who was by birth a Pole.

The hospital did not differ materially from that in the prison at Tiumen, except that it occupied a building by itself, and seemed to be in better order. It was intended originally to hold 50 beds; but on account of the overcrowding of the prison it had been found necessary to increase the number of beds to 150, and still nearly 50 sick patients were unprovided for and had to lie on benches or on the floor. The number of sick in the hospital at the time of our visit was 193, including 71 cases of typhus fever. The wards, although unduly crowded, were clean and neat, the bed clothing was plentiful and fresh, and the atmosphere did not seem to me so terribly heavy and polluted as that of the hospital in Tiumen. The blackboards at the heads of the narrow cots showed that the prevalent diseases among the prisoners were typhus fever, scurvy, dysentery, rheumatism, anæmia, and bronchitis. Many of the nurses, I noticed, were women from 25 to 35 years of age, who had strong, intelligent faces, belonged apparently to one of the upper classes, and were probably medical students.

Early in the afternoon, after having made as careful an examination of the whole prison as circumstances would permit, we thanked the warden, Mr. Ivanenko, for his courteous attention, and for his evident disposition to deal with us frankly and honestly, and drove back to our hotel. It was long that night before I could get to sleep, and when I finally succeeded, it was only to dream of crowded bologans, of dead babies in bath-houses, and of the ghastly faces that I had seen in the hospital of the Tomsk forwarding prison.

Inasmuch as we did not see this prison at its worst, and inasmuch as I wish to give the reader a vivid realization, if possible, of the awful amount of human agony that the exile system causes, it seems to me absolutely necessary to say something, in closing, with regard to the condition of the Tomsk forwarding prison two months after we made to it the visit that I have tried to describe.

On my return to Tomsk from Eastern

* I learned upon my return trip that late in October 200 women and children were transferred to an empty house hired for the purpose in the city of Tomsk, and that 1000 or 1500 other exiles were taken from the forwarding prison to the city prison and to the prison of the convict companies [arrestantski roti]. These measures were rendered imperative by the alarming prevalence of disease — particularly typhus fever — in the forwarding prison as a result of the terrible overcrowding.

Siberia, in February, I had a long interview with Dr. Orzheshko, the prison surgeon. He described to me the condition of the prison, as it gradually became more and more crowded in the late fall after our departure, and said to me: "You can hardly imagine the state of affairs that existed here in November. We had 2400 cases of sickness in the course of the year, and 450 patients in the hospital at one time, with beds for only 150. Three hundred men and women dangerously sick lay on the floor in rows, most of them without pillows or bed clothing; and in order to find even floor space for them we had to put them so close together that I could not walk between them, and a patient could not cough or vomit without coughing or vomiting into his own face or into the face of the man lying beside him. The atmosphere in the wards became so terribly polluted that I fainted repeatedly upon coming into the hospital in the morning, and my assistants had to revive me by dashing water into my face. In order to change and purify the air we were forced to keep the windows open; and, as winter had set in, this so chilled the rooms that we could not maintain, on the floor where the sick lay, a temperature higher than 5 or 6 degrees Réaumur above the freezing point. More than 25 per cent. of the whole prison population were constantly sick, and more than 10 per cent. of the sick died." *

"How long," I inquired, "has this awful state of things existed?"

"I have been here fifteen years," replied Dr. Orzheshko, "and it has been so, more or less, ever since I came." †

"And is the Government at St. Petersburg aware of it?"

"It has been reported upon every year. I have recommended that the hospital of the Tomsk forwarding prison be burned to the ground. It is so saturated with contagious disease that it is unfit for use. We have been called upon by the prison department to forward plans for a new hospital, and we have forwarded them. They have been returned for modification, and we have modified them; but nothing has been done."

It is unnecessary to comment upon this frank statement of the Tomsk surgeon. Civilization and humanity can safely rest upon it, without argument, their case against the Tomsk forwarding prison.

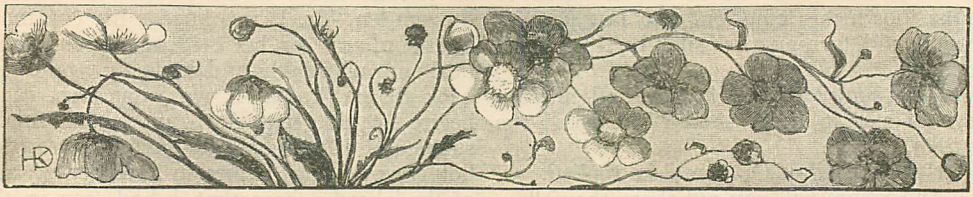
* The report of the Inspector of Exile Transportation shows how rapidly the sick rate increased with the progressive overcrowding. The figures are as follows:

1885. *Month.*	*Average daily number of sick.*	*Per cent. of whole prison population.*
June	108	5.8
July	170	6.9
August	189	7.1
September	242	9.6
October	356	15.4
November	406	25.2

The sick rate increased steadily throughout the winter until March, when it reached high-water mark—40.7 per cent., or nearly one-half the whole prison population. [Report of Inspector of Exile Transportation for 1885, p. 30 of the manuscript.]

† For example, according to the report of the medical department of the Ministry of the Interior for 1882, 1268 prisoners were treated that year in the Tomsk forwarding prison for typhus fever, and 1311 for diphtheria, measles, and small-pox.

George Kennan.



APART.

OUT on a leafless prairie, where
No song of bird makes glad the air,
No hue of flower brings to her eyes
Outward glimpse of Paradise,—
A thousand miles and a half away,—
My lady is in love to-day.

And all her heart is singing, singing,
And every new south wind is winging
Tidings glad from her true lover,
And kisses bridge the distance over —
Lips to lips and heart to heart,
A thousand miles and a half apart.

Orelia Key Bell.

EMMA LAZARUS.

BORN JULY 22, 1849; DIED NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

NE hesitates to lift the veil and throw the light upon a life so hidden and a personality so withdrawn as that of Emma Lazarus; but while her memory is fresh, and the echo of her songs still lingers in these pages, we feel it a duty to call up her presence once more and to note the traits that made it remarkable and worthy to shine out clearly before the world. Of dramatic episode or climax in her life there is none; outwardly all was placid and serene, like an untroubled stream whose depths alone hold the strong, quick tide. The story of her life is the story of a mind, of a spirit ever seeking, ever striving, and pressing onward and upward to new truth and light. Her works are the mirror of this progress. In reviewing them the first point that strikes us is the precocity, or rather the spontaneity, of her poetic gift. She was a born singer; poetry was her natural language, and to write was less effort than to speak, for she was a shy, sensitive child, with strange reserves and reticences, not easily putting herself *en rapport* with those around her. Books were her world from her earliest years; in them she literally lost and found herself. She was eleven years old when the War of Secession broke out, which inspired her first lyric outbursts. Her poems and translations written between the ages of fourteen and seventeen were collected, and constituted her first published volume. Crude and immature as these productions naturally were, and utterly condemned by the writer's later judgment, they are, nevertheless, highly interesting and characteristic, giving, as they do, the key-note of much that afterwards unfolded itself in her life. One cannot fail to be rather painfully impressed by the profound melancholy pervading the book. The opening poem is "In Memoriam" — on the death of a school friend and companion; and the two following poems also have death for theme. "On a Lock of my Mother's Hair" gives us reflections on growing old. These are the four poems written at the age of fourteen. There is not a wholly glad and joyous strain in the volume, and we might smile at the recurrence of broken vows, broken hearts, and broken lives in the experience of this maiden just entered upon her teens, were it not that the innocent child herself is in such deadly earnest. The two long narrative poems, "Bertha" and "Elfrida," are also tragic in the extreme. Both are dashed off apparently at white heat — "Elfrida," over 1500 lines of blank verse, in two weeks; "Bertha," in three and a half. We have said that Emma Lazarus was a born singer, but she did not sing, like a bird, for joy of being alive; and of being young, alas! there is no hint in these youthful effusions, except inasmuch as this unrelieved gloom, this ignorance of "values," so to speak, is a sign of youth, common especially among gifted persons of acute and premature sensibilities, whose imagination, not yet focused by reality, overreaches the mark. With Emma Lazarus, however, this somber streak has a deeper root; something of birth and temperament is in it — the stamp and heritage of a race born to suffer. But dominant and fundamental though it was, Hebraism was only latent thus far. It was classic and romantic art that first attracted and inspired her. She pictures Aphrodite the beautiful, arising from the waves, and the beautiful Apollo and his loves — Daphne, pursued by the god, changing into the laurel, and the enamored Clytie into the faithful sunflower. Beauty, for its own sake, supreme and unconditioned, charmed her primarily and to the end. Her restless spirit found repose in the pagan idea — the absolute unity and identity of man with nature, as symbolized in the Greek myths, where every natural force becomes a person, and where in turn persons pass with equal readiness and freedom back into nature again.

In this connection a name would suggest itself even if it did not appear — Heine the Greek, Heine the Jew, Heine the Romanticist, as Emma Lazarus herself has styled him; and already in this early volume of hers we have trace of the kinship and affinity that afterwards so plainly declared itself. Foremost among the translations are a number of his songs, rendered with a finesse and a literalness that are rarely combined. Four years later, at the age of twenty-one, she published her second volume, "Admetus and Other Poems," which at once took rank as literature both in America and England, and challenged comparison with the work of established writers. Of classic themes we have "Admetus" and "Orpheus," and of romantic, the legend of Tannhäuser and of the saintly Lohengrin. All are treated with an artistic finish that shows perfect mastery of her craft, without

detracting from the freshness and flow of her inspiration. While sounding no absolutely new note in the world, she yet makes us aware of a talent of unusual distinction, and a highly endowed nature — a sort of tact of sentiment and expression, an instinct of the true and beautiful, and that quick intuition which is like second-sight in its sensitiveness to apprehend and respond to external stimulus. But it is not the purely imaginative poems in this volume that most deeply interest us. We come upon experience of life in these pages; not in the ordinary sense, however, of outward activity and movement, but in the hidden undercurrent of being. "The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts, but in the silent thoughts by the way-side as we walk." This is the motto, drawn from Emerson, which she chooses for her poem of "Epochs," which marks a pivotal moment in her life. Difficult to analyze, difficult above all to convey, if we would not encroach upon the domain of private and personal experience, is the drift of this poem, or rather cycle of poems, that ring throughout with a deeper accent, and a more direct appeal, than has yet made itself felt. It is the drama of the human soul — "the mystic winged and flickering butterfly," "flitting between earth and sky, in its passage from birth to death."

A golden morning of June! "Sweet empty sky without a stain." Sunlight and mist and "ripple of rain-fed rills." "A murmur and a singing manifold."

> What simple things be these the soul to raise
> To bounding joy, and make young pulses beat
> With nameless pleasure, finding life so sweet.

Such is youth, a June day, fair and fresh and tender with dreams and longing and vague desire. The morn lingers and passes, but the noon has not reached its height before the clouds begin to rise, the sunshine dies, the air grows thick and heavy, the lightnings flash, the thunder breaks among the hills, rolls and gathers and grows, until

> Behold, yon bolt struck home,
> And over ruined fields the storm hath come

Now we have the phases of the soul — the shock and surprise of grief in the face of the world made desolate. Loneliness and despair for a space, and then, like stars in the night, the new births of the spirit, the wonderful outcoming from sorrow: the mild light of patience at first; hope and faith kindled afresh in the very jaws of evil; the new meaning and worth of life beyond sorrow, beyond joy; and finally duty, the holiest word of all, that leads at last to victory and peace. The poem rounds and completes itself with the close of "the long rich day," and the release of

> The mystic winged and flickering butterfly,
> A human soul, that drifts at liberty
> Ah! who can tell to what strange paradise,
> To what undreamed-of fields and lofty skies!

We have dwelt at some length upon this poem, which seems to us in a certain sense subjective and biographical; but upon closer analysis there is still another conclusion to arrive at. In "Epochs" we have, doubtless, the impress of a calamity brought very near to the writer and profoundly working upon her sensibilities; not, however, by direct, but by reflex, action, as it were, and through sympathetic emotion — the emotion of the deeply stirred spectator, of the artist, the poet, who lives in the lives of others and makes their joys and their lives his own.

Before dismissing this volume we may point out another clue as to the shaping of mind and character. The poem of "Admetus" is dedicated "to my friend Ralph Waldo Emerson." Emma Lazarus was between seventeen and eighteen years of age when the writings of Emerson fell into her hands, and it would be difficult to overestimate the impression produced upon her. As she afterwards wrote: "To how many thousand youthful hearts has not his word been the beacon — nay, more, the guiding star — that led them safely through periods of mental storm and struggle!" Of no one is this more true than of herself. Left, to a certain extent, without compass or guide, without any positive or effective religious training, this was the first great moral revelation of her life. We can easily realize the chaos and ferment of an over-stimulated brain, steeped in romantic literature and given over to the wayward leadings of the imagination. Who can tell what is true, what is false, in a world where fantasy is as real as fact? Emerson's word fell like truth itself, "a shaft of light shot from the zenith," a golden rule of thought and action. His books were bread and wine to her, and she absorbed them into her very being. She felt herself invincibly drawn to the master, "that fount of wisdom and goodness," and it was her great privilege during these years to be brought into personal relations with him. From the first he showed her a marked interest and sympathy which became for her one of the most valued possessions of her life. He criticised her work with the fine appreciation and discrimination that made him quick to discern the quality of her talent as well as of her personality, and he was no doubt attracted by her almost transparent sincerity and singleness of soul, as well as by the simplicity and modesty that would have

been unusual even in a person not gifted. He constituted himself, in a way, her literary mentor, advised her as to the books she should read and the attitude of mind she should cultivate. For some years he corresponded with her very faithfully; his letters are full of noble and characteristic utterances, and give evidence of a warm regard that in itself was a stimulus and a high incentive. But encouragement even from so illustrious a source failed to elate the young poetess, or even to give her a due sense of the importance and value of her work or the dignity of her vocation. We have already alluded to her modesty, but there was something more than modesty in her unwillingness to assert herself or claim any prerogative — something even morbid and exaggerated which we know not how to express, whether as oversensitiveness or indifference. Once finished, the heat and glow of composition spent, her writings apparently ceased to interest her. She often resented any allusion to them on the part of intimate friends, and the public verdict as to their excellence could not reassure or satisfy her. The explanation is not far, perhaps, to seek. Was it not the "Das ewig Weibliche" that allows no prestige but its own? Emma Lazarus was a true woman, too distinctly feminine to wish to be exceptional or to stand alone and apart, even by virtue of superiority.

A word now as to her life and surroundings. She was one of a family of seven, and her parents were both living. Her winters were passed in New York and her summers by the sea. In both places her life was essentially quiet and retired. The success of her book had been mainly in the world of letters. In no wise tricked out to catch the public eye, her writings had not yet made her a conspicuous figure, but were destined slowly to take their proper place and give her the rank that she afterwards held.

For some years now almost everything that she wrote was published in "Lippincott's Magazine," then edited by John Foster Kirk, and we shall still find in her poems the method and movement of her life. Nature is still the fount and mirror, reflecting, and again reflected, in the soul. We have picture after picture almost to satiety, until we grow conscious of a lack of substance and body and of vital play to the thought, as though the brain were spending itself in dreamings and reverie, the heart feeding upon itself, and the life choked by its own fullness without due outlet. Happily, however, the heavy cloud of sadness has lifted, and we feel the subsidence of waves after a storm. She sings "Matins":

> Does not the morn break thus,
> Swift, bright, victorious,
> With new skies cleared for us
> Over the soul storm-tost?
> Her night was long and deep,
> Strange visions vexed her sleep,
> Strange sorrows bade her weep,
> Her faith in dawn was lost.
>
> No halt, no rest for her,
> The immortal wanderer
> From sphere to higher sphere
> Toward the pure source of day.
> The new light shames her fears,
> Her faithlessness and tears,
> As the new sun appears
> To light her god-like way.

Nature is the perpetual resource and consolation. "'T is good to be alive!" she says, and why? Simply,

> To see the light
> That plays upon the grass, to feel (and sigh
> With perfect pleasure) the mild breezes stir
> Among the garden roses, red and white,
> With whiffs of fragrancy.

She gives us the breath of the pines and of the cool, salt seas, "illimitably sparkling." Her ears drink the ripple of the tide, and she stops

> To gaze as one who is not satisfied
> With gazing at the large, bright, breathing sea.

"Phantasies" (after Robert Schumann) is the most complete and perfect poem of this period. Like "Epochs," it is a cycle of poems, and the verse has caught the very trick of music — alluring, baffling, and evasive. This time we have the landscape of the night, the glamour of moon and stars — pictures half real and half unreal, mystic imaginings, fancies, dreams, and the enchantment of "faërie," and throughout the unanswered cry, the eternal "Wherefore" of destiny. Dawn ends the song with a fine clear note, the return of day, night's misty phantoms rolled away, and the world, itself again green, sparkling and breathing freshness.

In 1874 she published "Alide," a romance in prose drawn from Goethe's autobiography. It may be of interest to quote the letter she received from Turgeneff on this occasion:

> Although, generally speaking, I do not think it advisable to take celebrated men, especially poets and artists, as a subject for a novel, still I am truly glad to say that I have read your book with the liveliest interest. It is very sincere and very poetical at the same time; the life and spirit of Germany have no secrets for you, and your characters are drawn with a pencil as delicate as it is strong. I feel very proud of the approbation you give to my works and of the influence you kindly attribute to them on your own talent; an author who writes as you do is not a pupil in art any more; he is not far from being himself a master.

Charming and graceful words, of which the young writer was justly proud.

About this time occurred the death of her mother, the first break in the home and family

circle. In August of 1876 she made a visit to Concord at the Emersons', memorable enough for her to keep a journal and note down every incident and detail. Very touching to read now, in its almost childlike simplicity, is this record of "persons that pass and shadows that remain." Mr. Emerson himself meets her at the station and drives with her in his little one-horse wagon to his home, the gray square house with dark green blinds, set amidst noble trees. A glimpse of the family —"the stately, white-haired Mrs. Emerson and the beautiful, faithful Ellen, whose figure seems always to stand by the side of her august father." Then the picture of Concord itself, lovely and smiling, with its quiet meadows, quiet slopes, and quietest of rivers. She meets the little set of Concord people: Mr. Alcott, for whom she does not share Mr. Emerson's enthusiasm, and William Ellery Channing, whose figure stands out like a gnarled and twisted scrub-oak — a pathetic, impossible creature, whose cranks and oddities were submitted to on account of an innate nobility of character. "Generally crabbed and reticent with strangers, he took a liking to me," says Emma Lazarus. "The bond of our sympathy was my admiration for Thoreau, whose memory he actually worships, having been his constant companion in his best days and his daily attendant in the last years of illness and heroic suffering. I do not know whether I was most touched by the thought of the unique, lofty character that had inspired this depth and fervor of friendship, or by the pathetic constancy and pure affection of the poor, desolate old man before me, who tried to conceal his tenderness and sense of irremediable loss by a show of gruffness and philosophy. He never speaks of Thoreau's death," she says, "but always 'Thoreau's loss,' or 'when I lost Mr. Thoreau,' or 'when Mr. Thoreau went away from Concord'; nor would he confess that he missed him, for there was not a day, an hour, a moment when he did not feel that his friend was still with him and had never left him. And yet a day or two after," she goes on to say, "when I sat with him in the sunlit wood, looking at the gorgeous blue and silver summer sky, he turned to me and said: 'Just half of the world died for me when I lost Mr. Thoreau. None of it looks the same as when I looked at it with him.' . . . . He took me through the woods and pointed out to me every spot visited and described by his friend. Where the hut stood is a little pile of stones and a sign, 'Site of Thoreau's Hut,' and a few steps beyond is the pond with thickly wooded shores — everything exquisitely peaceful and beautiful in the afternoon light, and not a sound to be heard except the crickets or the 'z-ing' of the locusts which Thoreau has described. Farther on he pointed out to me in the distant landscape a low roof, the only one visible, which was the roof of Thoreau's birthplace. He had been over there many times, he said, since he lost Mr. Thoreau, but had never gone in — he was afraid it might look lonely! But he had often sat on a rock in front of the house and looked at it." On parting from his young friend, Mr. Channing gave her a package which proved to be a copy of his own book on Thoreau and the pocket compass which Thoreau carried to the Maine woods and on all his excursions. Before leaving the Emersons she received the proof-sheets of her drama of "The Spagnoletto," which was being printed for private circulation. She showed them to Mr. Emerson, who had expressed a wish to see them, and after reading them he gave them back to her with the comment that they were "good." She playfully asked him if he would not give her a bigger word to take home to the family. He laughed, and said he did not know of any; but he went on to tell her that he had taken it up not expecting to read it through, and had not been able to put it down. Every word and line told of richness in the poetry, he said, and as far as he could judge, the play had great dramatic opportunities. Early in the autumn "The Spagnoletto" appeared — a tragedy in five acts, the scene laid in Italy, 1655.

Without a doubt, every one in these days will take up with misgiving and, like Mr. Emerson, "not expecting to read it through," a five-act tragedy of the seventeenth century, so far removed apparently from the age and present actualities — so opposed to the "Modernité," which has come to be the last word of art. Moreover, great names at once appear; great shades arise to rebuke the presumptuous newcomer in this highest realm of expression. "The Spagnoletto" has grave defects that would probably preclude its ever being represented on the stage. The dénouement especially is unfortunate and sins against our moral and æsthetic instinct. The wretched, tiger-like father stabs himself in the presence of his crushed and erring daughter, so that she may forever be haunted by the horror and the retribution of his death. We are left suspended, as it were, over an abyss, our moral judgment thwarted, our humanity outraged. But "The Spagnoletto" is nevertheless a remarkable production, and pitched in another key from anything the writer has yet given us. Heretofore we have only had quiet, reflective, passive emotion: now we have a storm and sweep of passion for which we were quite unprepared. Ribera's character is charged like a thunder-cloud with dramatic elements.

Maria Rosa is the child of her father, fired at a flash, "deaf, dumb, and blind," at the touch of passion.

> Does love steal gently o'er our soul?

she asks;

> What if he come,
> A cloud, a fire, a whirlwind?

and then the cry:

> O my God!
> This awful joy in mine own heart is love.

Again:

> While you are here the one thing real to me
> In all the universe is love.

Exquisitely tender and refined are the love scenes — at the ball and in the garden — between the dashing prince-lover in search of his pleasure and the devoted girl with her heart in her eyes, on her lips, in her hand. Behind them, always like a tragic fate, the somber figure of the Spagnoletto, and over all, the glow and color and soul of Italy.

In 1881 appeared the translation of Heine's poems and ballads, which was generally accepted as the best version of that untranslatable poet. Very curious is the link between that bitter, mocking, cynic spirit and the refined, gentle spirit of Emma Lazarus. Charmed by the magic of his verse, the iridescent play of his fancy, and the sudden cry of the heart piercing through it all, she is as yet unaware or only vaguely conscious of the real bond between them — the sympathy in the blood, the deep, tragic, Judaic passion of eighteen hundred years that was smoldering in her own heart, soon to break out and change the whole current of her thought and feeling.

Already, in 1879, the storm was gathering. In a distant province of Russia at first, then on the banks of the Volga, and finally in Moscow itself, the old cry was raised, the hideous medieval charge revived, and the standard of persecution unfurled against the Jews. Province after province took it up. In Bulgaria, Servia, and, above all, Roumania, where, we were told, the sword of the Czar had been drawn to protect the oppressed, Christian atrocities took the place of Moslem atrocities, and history turned a page backward into the dark annals of violence and crime. And not alone in despotic Russia, but in Germany, the seat of modern philosophic thought and culture, the rage of Anti-Semitism broke out and spread with fatal ease and potency. In Berlin itself tumults and riots were threatened. We in America could scarcely comprehend the situation or credit the reports, and for a while we shut our eyes and ears to the facts; but we were soon rudely awakened from our insensibility, and forced to face the truth. It was in England that the voice was first raised in behalf of justice and humanity. In January, 1881, there appeared in the London "Times" a series of articles, carefully compiled on the testimony of eye-witnesses, and confirmed by official documents, records, etc., giving an account of events that had been taking place in southern and western Russia during a period of nine months, between April and December of 1880. We do not need to recall the sickening details. The headings will suffice: outrage, murder, arson, and pillage, and the result — 100,000 Jewish families made homeless and destitute, and nearly $100,000,000 worth of property destroyed. Nor need we recall the generous outburst of sympathy and indignation from America. "It is not that it is the oppression of Jews by Russia," said Mr. Evarts in the meeting at Chickering Hall Wednesday evening, February 4; "it is that it is the oppression of men and women by men and women, and we are men and women." So spoke civilized Christendom, and for Judaism — who can describe that thrill of brotherhood, quickened anew, the immortal pledge of the race, made one again through sorrow? For Emma Lazarus it was a trumpet call that awoke slumbering and unguessed echoes. All this time she had been seeking heroic ideals in alien stock, soulless, and far removed; in pagan mythology and mystic, medieval Christianity, ignoring her very birthright — the majestic vista of the past, down which, "high above flood and fire," had been conveyed the precious scroll of the Moral Law. Hitherto Judaism had been a dead letter to her. Of Portuguese descent, her family had always been members of the oldest and most orthodox congregation of New York, where strict adherence to custom and ceremonial was the watchword of faith; but it was only during her childhood and earliest years that she attended the synagogue and conformed to the prescribed rites and usages which she had now long since abandoned as obsolete and having no bearing on modern life. Nor had she any great enthusiasm for her own people. As late as April, 1882, she published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE an article written probably some months before, entitled, "Was the Earl of Beaconsfield a Representative Jew?" in which she is disposed to accept as the type of the modern Jew the brilliant, successful, but not over-scrupulous *chevalier d'industrie*. In view of subsequent, or rather contemporaneous, events, the closing paragraph of the article in question is worthy of being cited:

> Thus far their religion [the Jewish], whose mere preservation under such adverse conditions seems little short of a miracle, has been deprived of the natural

means of development and progress, and has remained a stationary force. The next hundred years will, in our opinion, be the test of their vitality as a people; the phase of toleration upon which they are only now entering will prove whether or not they are capable of growth.

By a curious, almost fateful juxtaposition, in the same number of the magazine appeared Madame Ragozin's defense of Russian barbarity, and in the following (May) number Emma Lazarus's impassioned appeal and reply, "Russian Christianity *versus* Modern Judaism." From this time dated the crusade that she undertook in behalf of her race, and the consequent expansion of all her faculties, the growth of spiritual power which always ensues when a great cause is espoused and a strong conviction enters the soul. Her verse rang out as it had never rung before — a clarion note, calling a people to heroic action and unity; to the consciousness and fulfillment of a grand destiny. When has Judaism been so stirred as by "The Crowing of the Red Cock" and

THE BANNER OF THE JEW.

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His five-fold lion-lineage;
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpeh's mountain-ridge they saw
Jerusalem's empty streets; her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law
With idol and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
A blast to ope the graves; down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following, see
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh, for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance — but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh, deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses' law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the *Banner of the Jew!*

A rag, a mock at first — ere long,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

The dead forms burst their bonds and lived again. She sings "Rosh Hashanah" (the Jewish New Year) and "Hanuckah" (the Feast of Lights):

Kindle the taper like the steadfast star
Ablaze on Evening's forehead o'er the earth,
And add each night a luster till afar
An eight-fold splendor shine above thy hearth.
Clash, Israel, the cymbals, touch the lyre,
Blow the brass trumpet and the harsh-tongued horn;
Chant psalms of victory till the heart take fire,
The Maccabean spirit leap new-born.

And "The New Ezekiel":

What, can these dead bones live, whose sap is dried
By twenty scorching centuries of wrong?
Is this the House of Israel whose pride
Is as a tale that 's told, an ancient song?
Are these ignoble relics all that live
Of psalmist, priest, and prophet? Can the breath
Of very heaven bid these bones revive,
Open the graves, and clothe the ribs of death?
Yea, Prophesy, the Lord hath said again:
Say to the wind, Come forth and breathe afresh,
Even that they may live, upon these slain,
And bone to bone shall leap, and flesh to flesh.
The spirit is not dead, proclaim the word.
Where lay dead bones a host of armed men stand!
I ope your graves, my people, saith the Lord,
And I shall place you living in your land.

Her whole being renewed and refreshed itself at its very source. She threw herself into the study of her race, its language, literature, and history.

Breaking the outward crust, she pierced to the heart of the faith and "the miracle" of its survival. What was it other than the ever-present, ever-vivifying spirit itself, which cannot die — the religious and ethical zeal which fires the whole history of the people and of which she herself felt the living glow within her own soul? She had come upon the secret and the genius of Judaism — that absolute interpenetration and transfusion of spirit with body and substance which, taken literally, often reduces itself to a question of food and drink, a dietary regulation, and again, in proper splendor, incarnates itself and shines out before humanity in the prophets, teachers, and saviors of mankind.

Those were busy, fruitful years for Emma Lazarus, who worked, not with the pen alone, but in the field of practical and beneficent activity. For there was an immense task to accomplish. The tide of immigration had set in, and ship after ship came laden with hunted human beings flying from their fellow-men, while all the time, like a tocsin, rang the terrible story of cruelty and persecution — horrors that the pen refuses to dwell upon. By hundreds and thousands they flocked upon our shores — helpless, innocent victims of injustice and oppression, panic-stricken in the midst of strange and utterly new surroundings.

Emma Lazarus came into personal contact with these people, and visited them in their

refuge on Ward's Island. While under the influence of all the emotions aroused by this great crisis in the history of her race she wrote the "Dance to Death," a drama of persecution of the twelfth century, founded upon authentic records — unquestionably her finest work in grasp and scope and, above all, in moral elevation and purport. The scene is laid in Nordhausen, a free city of Thuringia, where the Jews, living, as they deemed, in absolute security and peace, were caught up in the wave of persecution that swept over Europe at that time. Accused of poisoning the wells and causing the pestilence, or black death, as it was called, they were condemned to be burned.

We do not here intend to enter upon a critical or literary analysis of the play, or to point out dramatic merits or defects, but we should like to make its readers feel with us the holy ardor and impulse of the writer and the spiritual import of the work. The action is without surprise, the doom fixed from the first; but so glowing is the canvas with local and historic color, so vital and intense the movement, so resistless the "internal evidence," if we may call it thus, penetrating its very substance and form, that we are swept along as by a wave of human sympathy and grief. In contrast with "The Spagnoletto," how large is the theme and how all-embracing the catastrophe. In place of the personal we have the drama of the universal. Love is only a flash now — a dream caught sight of and at once renounced at a higher claim.

Have you no smile to welcome love with, Liebhaid?
Why should you tremble?
Prince, I am afraid!
Afraid of my own heart, my unfathomed joy,
A blasphemy against my father's grief,
My people's agony!

What good shall come, forswearing kith and God,
To follow the allurements of the heart?

asks the distracted maiden, torn between her love for her princely wooer and her devotion to the people among whom her lot has been cast.

O God!
How shall I pray for strength to love him less
Than mine own soul!
No more of that,
I am all Israel's now. Till this cloud pass,
I have no thought, no passion, no desire,
Save for my people.

Individuals perish, but great ideas survive — fortitude and courage, and that exalted loyalty and devotion to principle which alone are worth living and dying for.

The Jews pass by in procession — men, women, and children — on their way to the flames, to the sound of music, and in festal array, carrying the gold and silver vessels, the roll of the law, the perpetual lamp and the seven-branched silver candle-stick of the synagogue. The crowd hoot and jeer at them.

The misers! they will take their gems and gold
Down to the grave!
Let us rejoice

sing the Jewish youths in chorus; and the maidens:

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Zion!
Within thy portals, O Jerusalem!

The flames rise and dart among them; their garments wave, their jewels flash, as they dance and sing in the crimson blaze. The music ceases, a sound of crashing boards is heard and a great cry — "Hallelujah!" What a glory and consecration of martyrdom! Where shall we find a more triumphant vindication and supreme victory of spirit over matter?

I see, I see,
How Israel's ever-crescent glory makes
These flames that would eclipse it dark as blots
Of candlelight against the blazing sun.
We die a thousand deaths — drown, bleed, and burn.
Our ashes are dispersed unto the winds.
Yet the wild winds cherish the sacred seed,
The waters guard it in their crystal heart,
The fire refuseth to consume.
. . . . . .
Even as we die in honor, from our death
Shall bloom a myriad heroic lives,
Brave through our bright example, virtuous
Lest our great memory fall in disrepute.

The "Dance to Death" was published along with other poems and translations from the Hebrew poets of medieval Spain, in a small volume entitled "Songs of a Semite." The tragedy was dedicated, "In profound veneration and respect to the memory of George Eliot, the illustrious writer who did most among the artists of our day towards elevating and ennobling the spirit of Jewish nationality."

For this was the idea that had caught the imagination of Emma Lazarus — a restored and independent nationality and repatriation in Palestine. In her article in THE CENTURY of February, 1883, on the "Jewish Problem," she says:

I am fully persuaded that all suggested solutions other than this are but temporary palliatives. . . . The idea formulated by George Eliot has already sunk into the minds of many Jewish enthusiasts, and it germinates with miraculous rapidity. "The idea that I am possessed with," says Deronda, "is that of restoring a political existence to my people; making them a nation again, giving them a national center, such as the English have, though they, too, are scattered over the face of the globe. That is a task which presents itself to me as a duty. . . . I am resolved to devote my life to it. *At the least, I may awaken a movement in other minds such as has been awakened in my own.*" Could the noble prophetess who wrote the above words have lived but

till to-day to see the ever-increasing necessity of adopting her inspired counsel, . . . she would have been herself astonished at the flame enkindled by her seed of fire, and the practical shape which the movement projected by her in poetic vision is beginning to assume.

In November of 1882 appeared her first "Epistle to the Hebrews"— one of a series of articles written for "The American Hebrew," published weekly through several months. Addressing herself now to a Jewish audience, she sets forth without reserve her views and hopes for Judaism, now passionately urging its claims and its high ideals, and again dispassionately holding up the mirror for the shortcomings and peculiarities of her race. She says:

Every student of the Hebrew language is aware that we have in the conjugation of our verbs a mode known as the *intensive voice*, which, by means of an almost imperceptible modification of vowel-points, intensifies the meaning of the primitive root. A similar significance seems to attach to the Jews themselves in connection with the people among whom they dwell. They are the *intensive form* of any nationality whose language and customs they adopt. . . . Influenced by the same causes, they represent the same results; but the deeper lights and shadows of their Oriental temperament throw their failings, as well as their virtues, into more prominent relief.

In drawing the epistles to a close, February 24, 1883, she thus summarizes the special objects she has had in view:

My chief aim has been to contribute my mite towards arousing that spirit of Jewish enthusiasm which might manifest itself: *First*, in a return to the varied pursuits and broad system of physical and intellectual education adopted by our ancestors; *Second*, in a more fraternal and practical movement towards alleviating the sufferings of oppressed Jews in countries less favored than our own; *Third*, in a closer and wider study of Hebrew literature and history; and finally, in a truer recognition of the large principles of religion, liberty, and law upon which Judaism is founded, and which should draw into harmonious unity Jews of every shade of opinion.

Her interest in Jewish affairs was at its height when she planned a visit abroad, which had been a long-cherished dream, and May 15, 1883, she sailed for England, accompanied by a younger sister. We have difficulty in recognizing the tragic priestess we have been portraying in the enthusiastic child of travel who seems new-born into a new world. From the very outset she is in a maze of wonder and delight. At sea she writes:

Our last day on board ship was a vision of beauty from morning till night — the sea like a mirror and the sky dazzling with light. In the afternoon we passed a ship in full sail, near enough to exchange salutes and cheers. After tossing about for six days without seeing a human being, except those on our vessel, even this was a sensation. Then an hour or two before sunset came the great sensation of — land! At first, nothing but a shadow on the far horizon, like the ghost of a ship; two or three widely scattered rocks which were the promontories of Ireland — and sooner than we expected we were steaming along low-lying purple hills.

The journey to Chester gives her "the first glimpse of mellow England" — a surprise which is yet no surprise, so well known and familiar does it appear. Then Chester, with its quaint, picturesque streets, "like the scene of a Walter Scott novel, the cathedral planted in greenness, and the clear, gray river where a boatful of scarlet dragoons goes gliding by." Everything is a picture for her special benefit. She "drinks in, at every sense, the sights, sounds, and smells, and the unimaginable beauty of it all." Then the bewilderment of London, and a whirl of people, sights, and impressions. She was received with great distinction by the Jews, and many of the leading men among them warmly advocated her views. But it was not alone from her own people that she met with exceptional consideration. She had the privilege of seeing many of the most eminent personages of the day, all of whom honored her with special and personal regard. There was, no doubt, something that strongly attracted and attached people to her at this time — the force of her intellect at once made itself felt, while at the same time the unaltered simplicity and modesty of her character, and her readiness and freshness of enthusiasm, kept her still almost like a child.

She makes a flying visit to Paris, where she happens to be on the 14th of July — the anniversary of the storming of the Bastile, and of the beginning of the Republic; she drives out to Versailles, "that gorgeous shell of royalty, where the crowd who celebrate the birth of the Republic wander freely through the halls and avenues, and into the most sacred rooms of the king. . . . There are ruins on every side in Paris," she says, "ruins of the Commune, or the Siege, or the Revolution; it is terrible — it seems as if the city were seared with fire and blood."

Such was Paris to her then, and she hastens back to her beloved London, starting from there on the tour through England that has been mapped out for her. "A Day in Surrey with William Morris," published in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, describes her visit to Merton Abbey, the old Norman monastery, converted into a model factory by the poet-humanitarian, who himself received her as his guest, conducted her all over the picturesque building and garden, and explained to her his views of art and his aims for the people.

She drives through Kent, "where the fields, valleys, and slopes are garlanded with hops and ablaze with scarlet poppies." Then Canterbury, Windsor, and Oxford, Stratford, Warwick, the valley of the Wye, Wells, Exeter, and

Salisbury — cathedral after cathedral. Back to London and then north through York, Durham, and Edinburgh, and on the 15th of September she sails for home. We have merely named the names, for it is impossible to convey an idea of the delight and importance of this trip, "a crescendo of enjoyment," as she herself calls it. Long after, in strange, dark hours of suffering, these pictures of travel arose before her, vivid and tragic even in their hold and spell upon her.

The winter of 1883–84 was not especially productive. She wrote a few reminiscences of her journey and occasional poems on Jewish themes, which appeared in the "American Hebrew"; but for the most part she gave herself up to quiet retrospect and enjoyment with her friends of the life she had had a glimpse of, and the experience she had stored — a restful, happy period. In August of the same year she was stricken with a severe and dangerous malady, from which she slowly recovered, only to go through a terrible ordeal and affliction. Her father's health, which had long been failing, now broke down completely, and the whole winter was one long strain of acute anxiety, which culminated in his death, in March, 1885. The blow was a crushing one for Emma. Truly, the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken. Life lost its meaning and its charm. Her father's sympathy and pride in her work had been her chief incentive and ambition, and had spurred her on when her own confidence and spirit failed. Never afterwards did she find complete and spontaneous expression. She decided to go abroad again as the best means of regaining composure and strength, and sailed once more in May for England, where she was welcomed now by the friends she had made, almost as to another home. She spent the summer very quietly at Richmond, an ideally beautiful spot in Yorkshire, where she soon felt the beneficial influence of her peaceful surroundings. "The very air seems to rest one here," she writes; and inspired by the romantic loveliness of the place, she even composed the first few chapters of a novel, begun with a good deal of dash and vigor, but soon abandoned, for she was still struggling with depression and gloom.

"I have neither ability, energy, nor purpose," she writes. "It is impossible to do anything, so I am forced to set it aside for the present; whether to take it up again or not in the future remains to be seen."

In the autumn she goes on the Continent, visiting the Hague, which "completely fascinates" her, and where she feels "stronger and more cheerful" than she has "for many a day." Then Paris, which this time amazes her "with its splendor and magnificence. All the ghosts of the Revolution are somehow laid," she writes, and she spends six weeks here enjoying to the full the gorgeous autumn weather, the sights, the picture galleries, the bookshops, the whole brilliant panorama of the life; and early in December she starts for Italy.

And now once more we come upon that keen zest of enjoyment, that pure desire and delight of the eyes, which are the prerogative of the poet — and Emma Lazarus was a poet. The beauty of the world! What a rapture and intoxication it is, and how it bursts upon her in the very land of beauty, "where Dante and where Petrarch trod." A magic glow colors it all; no mere blues and greens any more, but a splendor of purple and scarlet and emerald; "each tower, castle, and village shining like a jewel; the olive, the fig, and at your feet the roses, growing in mid-December." A day in Pisa seems like a week, so crowded is it with sensations and unforgettable pictures. Then a month in Florence, which is still more entrancing with its inexhaustible treasures of beauty and art, and finally Rome, the climax of it all,

> wiping out all other places and impressions, and opening a whole new world of sensations. I am wild with the excitement of this tremendous place. I have been here a week and have seen the Vatican and the Capitoline Museums, and the Sistine Chapel, and St. Peter's, besides the ruins on the streets and on the hills, and the graves of Shelley and Keats.
>
> It is all heart-breaking. I don't only mean those beautiful graves overgrown with acanthus and violets, but the mutilated arches and columns and dumb appealing fragments looming up in the glowing sunshine under the Roman blue sky.

True to her old attractions, it is pagan Rome that appeals to her most strongly,

> and the far-away past, that seems so sad and strange and near. I am even out of humor with pictures; a bit of broken stone or a fragment of a bas-relief, or a Corinthian column standing out against this lapis-lazuli sky, or a tremendous arch, are the only things I can look at for the moment — except the Sistine Chapel, which is as gigantic as the rest, and forces itself upon you with equal might.

Already, in February, spring is in the air; "the almond trees are in bloom, violets cover the grass, and oh! the divine, the celestial, the unheard-of beauty of it all!" It is almost a pang to her, "with its strange mixture of longing and regret and delight," and in the midst of it she says, "I have to exert all my strength not to lose myself in morbidness and depression."

Early in March she leaves Rome, consoled with the thought of returning the following winter. In June she was in England again, and spent the summer at Malvern. Disease was no doubt already beginning to prey upon her, for she was oppressed at times by a languor

and heaviness amounting almost to lethargy. When she returned to London, however, in September, she felt quite well again, and started for another tour in Holland, which she enjoyed as much as before. She then settled in Paris to await the time when she could leave for Italy. But she was attacked at once with grave and alarming symptoms, that betokened a fatal end to her malady. Entirely ignorant, however, of the danger that threatened her, she kept up courage and hope, made daily plans for the journey, and looked forward to setting out at any moment. But the weeks passed and the months also; slowly and gradually the hope faded. The journey to Italy must be given up; she was not in condition to be brought home, and she reluctantly resigned herself to remain where she was and "convalesce," as she confidently believed, in the spring. Once again came the analogy, which she herself pointed out now, to Heine on his mattress-grave in Paris. She too, the last time she went out, dragged herself to the Louvre, to the feet of the Venus, "the goddess without arms, who could not help." Only her indomitable will and intense desire to live seemed to keep her alive. She sunk to a very low ebb, but, as she herself expressed it, she "seemed to have always one little window looking out into life," and in the spring she rallied sufficiently to take a few drives and to sit on the balcony of her apartment. She came back to life with a feverish sort of thirst and avidity. "No such cure for pessimism," she says, "as a severe illness; the simplest pleasures are enough — to breathe the air and see the sun."

Many plans were made for leaving Paris, but it was finally decided to risk the ocean voyage and bring her home, and accordingly she sailed July 23d, arriving in New York on the last day of that month.

She did not rally after this; and now began her long agony, full of every kind of suffering, mental and physical. Only her intellect seemed kindled anew, and none but those who saw her during the last supreme ordeal can realize that wonderful flash and fire of the spirit before its extinction. Never did she appear so brilliant. Wasted to a shadow, and between acute attacks of pain, she talked about art, poetry, the scenes of travel, of which her brain was so full, and the phases of her own condition, with an eloquence for which even those who knew her best were quite unprepared. Every faculty seemed sharpened and every sense quickened as the "strong deliveress" approached, and the ardent soul was released from the frame that could no longer contain it.

We cannot restrain a feeling of suddenness and incompleteness and a natural pang of wonder and regret for a life so richly and so vitally endowed thus cut off in its prime. But for us it is not fitting to question or repine, but rather to rejoice in the rare possession that we hold. What is any life, even the most rounded and complete, but a fragment and a hint? What Emma Lazarus might have accomplished, had she been spared, it is idle and even ungrateful to speculate. What she did accomplish has real and peculiar significance. It is the privilege of a favored few that every fact and circumstance of their individuality shall add luster and value to what they achieve. To be born a Jewess was a distinction for Emma Lazarus, and she in turn conferred distinction upon her race. To be born a woman also lends a grace and a subtle magnetism to her influence. Nowhere is there contradiction or incongruity. Her works bear the imprint of her character, and her character of her works. The same directness and honesty, the same limpid purity of tone, and the same atmosphere of things refined and beautiful. The vulgar, the false, and the ignoble — she scarcely comprehended them, while on every side she was open and ready to take in and respond to whatever can adorn and enrich life. Literature was no mere "profession" for her, which shut out other possibilities; it was only a free, wide horizon and background for culture. She was passionately devoted to music, which inspired some of her best poems; and during the last years of her life, in hours of intense physical suffering, she found relief and consolation in listening to the strains of Bach and Beethoven. When she went abroad painting was revealed to her, and she threw herself with the same ardor and enthusiasm into the study of the great masters; her last work (left unfinished) was a critical analysis of the genius and personality of Rembrandt.

And now, at the end we ask, Has the grave really closed over all these gifts? Has that eager, passionate striving ceased, that hunger and thirst which we call life, and "is the rest, silence?"

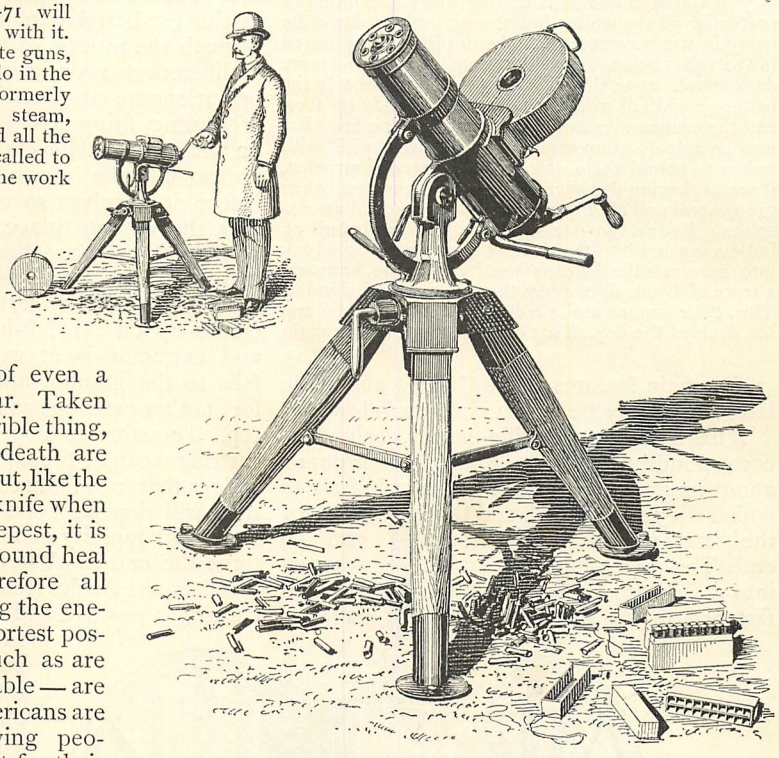
Who knows? But would we break, if we could, that repose, that silence and mystery and peace everlasting?

AMERICAN MACHINE CANNON AND DYNAMITE GUNS.

NOT long since, in New York, a distinguished general of the Union armies, now on the retired list, gave utterance to remarks the substance of which was as follows:

The next war will be marked by terrific and fearful slaughter. So murderous have warlike weapons become, and so fertile has the inventive power of man grown in producing means of killing his fellows, that the Rebellion and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71 will seem mild in comparison with it. Machine cannon, dynamite guns, and magazine rifles now do in the space of a minute what formerly required hours; while steam, electricity, chemistry, and all the agents which man has called to his aid will be utilized in the work of destruction.

It is indeed so; and yet in the extreme mortality of modern war will be found the only hope that man can have of even a partial cessation of war. Taken at its best, war is a terrible thing, and bloodshed and death are necessary attributes; but, like the cut of the surgeon's knife when at its sharpest and deepest, it is bound to make the wound heal the quickest. Therefore all means which will bring the enemy to terms in the shortest possible time — except such as are absolutely objectionable — are justified in war. Americans are dubbed a peace-loving people, and are laughed at for their small army and navy and antiquated armament. How passing strange, then, that not only the first, but the most perfect, of modern weapons are their creation! The Gatling gun, the Gardner, the Lowell, the Hotchkiss, the dynamite guns, and the best of magazine rifles are their inventions. History furnishes many proofs that it is to the improvements of arms that nations have owed their success in war; and in these utilitarian days that nation which first puts into intelligent practice on the battle-field the proper use of machine guns must inevitably come off the victor. Some of us remember the halo of mystery that attached to the mitrailleuse, at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, and the tales told of this wonderful machine; we can also remember the cruel disappointment that its supporters were subjected to when it was put to the crucial test of service. It consisted of thirty-seven rifle-barrels arranged in a cylinder; the barrels being open at the breech, the cartridges were placed in a disk, which was then clamped against the barrels, and all the cartridges were exploded simultaneously. The cartridges were paper-cased, a vital imperfection in machine guns. Owing to the number of barrels, the gun and carriage were heavy and cumbersome, so as to absorb the recoil of so great a discharge. Moreover, the rate of fire was not rapid, as much time was necessarily taken up in loading.



GATLING POLICE GUN.

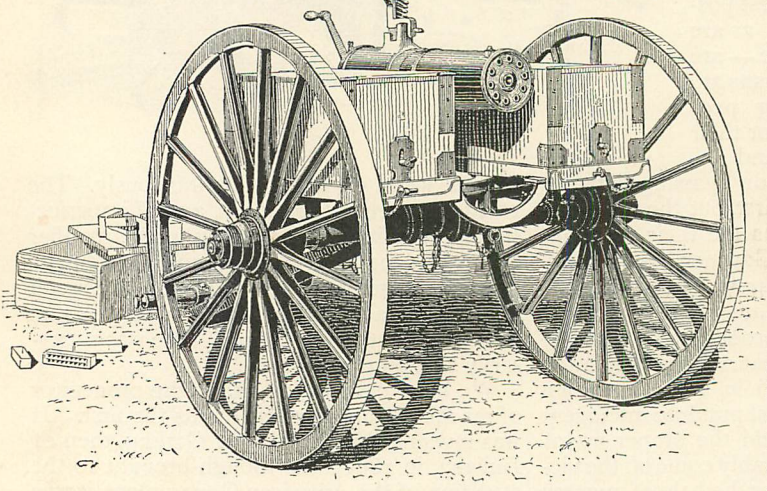
We have called the Gatling the progenitor of machine guns, because it was the first. It was invented by Dr. Robert Gatling, then of Indiana, in 1861; but though brought to the attention of the American Government, it was

not given a trial till some years after the war of the Rebellion, when, in an improved condition, it was finally adopted. Since then all the governments of the world have used more or less of them. Its first actual service of importance was in the war of 1870–71 between Germany and France. To be sure, it was not till nearly the close of the war, and when the failure of the mitrailleuse was acknowledged, that it was used. If it had been used in the beginning, the result might have been different. The following, taken from the war correspondence of the "London Journal" at the time, shows its effects:

> Up to this time we had not seen any Prussians beyond a few skirmishers in the plain, though our battery of Gatlings had kept blazing away at nothing in particular all the while; but now an opportunity of its being in use occurred. A column of troops appeared in the valley below us, coming from the right — a mere dark streak upon the white snow; but no one in the battery could tell whether they were friends or foes, and the commander hesitated about opening fire. But now an aide-de-camp came dashing down the hill with orders to pound them at once — a French journalist, it seems, having discovered them to be enemies, when the general and all his staff were as puzzled as ourselves. Rr-rr-a go our Gatlings, the deadly hail of bullets crushes into the thick of them, and slowly back into the woods the dark mass retires, leaving, however, a trace of black dots upon the white snow behind it. This, their famous and 4 o'clock effort and its failure, has decided the day. That one discharge was enough.

The main features of the Gatling gun in the latest form may be summed up as follows:

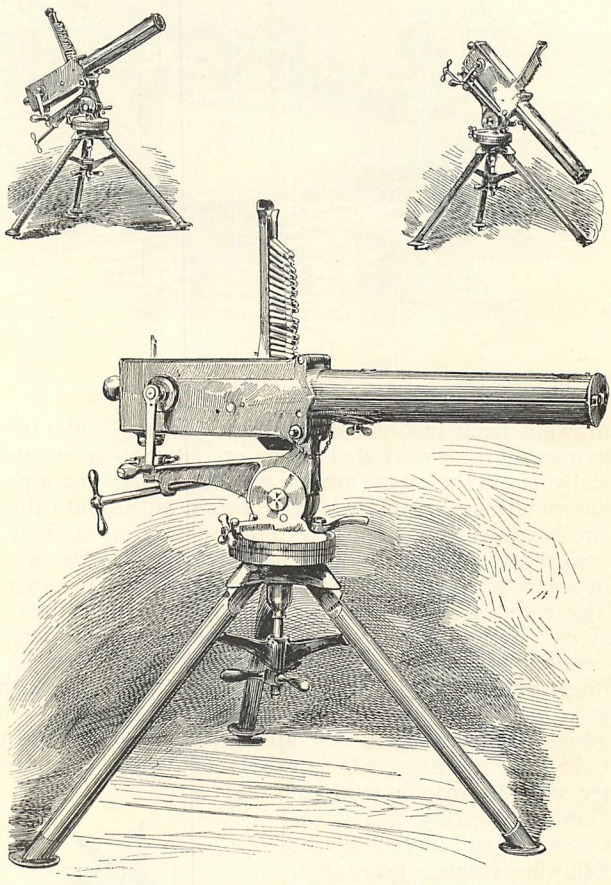
It has from six to ten rifle-barrels, each with a corresponding lock. These barrels are grouped about and revolve around a central shaft to which they are parallel, and the bore of the barrels extends through from end to end. The breech-ends are firmly screwed into a disk or rear barrel-plate, which is fastened to the shaft, and the muzzles pass through another disk. The shaft projects beyond the muzzles and extends backward for some distance behind the breeches. The barrels and locks are revolved together around the shaft by turning a crank on the side of the casing surrounding the breech. Besides this motion, the locks have a forward and backward motion of their own, the first of which places the cartridges in the barrels and closes the breech at the time of each discharge, while the latter one extracts the empty cartridge-cases after firing. It is only when the handle or crank is worked forward, which turns the barrels from left to right, that the gun is loaded and fired. On the top of the gun is a hopper, which receives the cartridges from a feed-case; and when the gun is in action there are, in the ten-barrel gun, five cartridges going through the process of loading and five more in different stages of extraction. These several operations are continuous, and the operations of loading, firing, and extracting are carried on uniformly. The cartridge falls from the hopper into the breech-block at the top, and before it revolves so as to be underneath it is shoved into place, the hammer drawn back, and, as it reaches the lowest point of revolution, the breech is closed, the hammer released, and the cartridge fired. As it comes up on the left-hand side, the ejector and extractor is at work, the empty shell falls to the ground, and the barrel is ready for another cartridge as it reaches its place on top. Therefore in one entire revolution ten cartridges can be fired, and the number of cartridges that can be fired in a given space of time will depend upon the strength, endurance, and rapidity of action of the man who turns the crank. A new feed called, from its inventor, the Accles feed, makes the supply of cartridges positive and certain in action, and with it, it is claimed the gun can be fired at the rate of 1200 shots per minute, and at all degrees of elevation and depression. Of course it will be understood that this rate cannot be kept up long, since the heat evolved by the discharge of 1200 cartridges is so enormous that the gun cannot stand it; the barrels heat, and the parts of the breech mechanism become jammed and clogged. Still, this gun has passed through the severest tests known on the experimental ground,



LATEST MODEL OF GATLING FIELD GUN.

has been fired at angles of elevation from 0 to 89 degrees, has been turned upside down and fired continuously in that position, showing that its feed was positive. The drum contains 102 cartridges, and the gun has a number of times emptied the drum in 2½ seconds, and eight drums in 41.4 seconds. At one trial 63,600 cartridges were fired without stopping to wipe out or clean the barrels, and the working of the gun proved satisfactory. The gun is made in different sizes, from .42 caliber up to 1 inch. This latter size makes it practically equal to a field-piece, and indeed its range, upwards of 3000 yards, is nearly as great. The gun has a lateral motion from side to side, so that as the crank is turned it sweeps, with its fire, a wide zone. The illustrations show the different styles of gun for different purposes. The practical value of an invention is determined by the results attained in actual service, and under this test the Gatling has shown even greater superiority than on the experimental ground. During the Russo-Turkish war, the war of Chili and Peru, England's fights with Zulus, with Ashantees, in Egypt, wherever the Gatling was used, it did its work well, and rained upon the foe a hail of bullets so deadly that he was absolutely paralyzed. In the Zulu war it is stated that in one place, within a radius of 500 yards, 473 dead Zulus lay in groups of from 14 to 30, mowed down by the fire of one Gatling. The annals of war do not present any greater slaughter than that. It is claimed that the Gatling can fire for short spaces of time more shots than any other machine gun, and at greater degrees of elevation and depression. When mounted on a tripod it can traverse an entire circle, thereby covering any point desired. In naval service the smaller calibers can be mounted on tops, and thus cover the decks of an enemy's vessel, while the larger sizes are especially valuable against torpedo boats. In common with other machine guns, it requires but few men and horses to manipulate it or to transport it. For the clearing of mobs in streets, for the protection of buildings containing treasure, for use in revolts in penitentiaries, it is a terrible weapon of defense and destruction. Its adaptations for the purposes of flank defense; protecting roads, defiles, and bridges; covering crossings of streams; increasing infantry fire at critical moments; repulsing cavalry; covering the retreat of a column; and its intensity and continuity of fire—all render it of surpassing importance.

Another machine gun, now world-famous, and of a different type from the Gatling, though the invention of an American, is the Gardner gun. If the Gatling can fire a greater number of shots per minute and at greater ranges than any other gun, on the other hand it is claimed for the Gardner that for simplicity, durability, lightness, ease of operation, and accuracy it has no equal. It is made in all calibers from .45 inch up to 1 inch. It consists of two simple breech-loading rifle-barrels placed parallel to each other 1.4 inches apart, both inclosed in a case. These two barrels are loaded and fired and relieved of shells by a mechanism at the breech which is operated, as in the Gatling, by a hand-crank. One man inserts the heads of the cartridges projecting from a feed-case into the feed-guide; another man turns the crank by which the gun is fired, and as the cartridges disappear down the feed-guide their places are supplied from another case. The operations of inserting the cartridge,



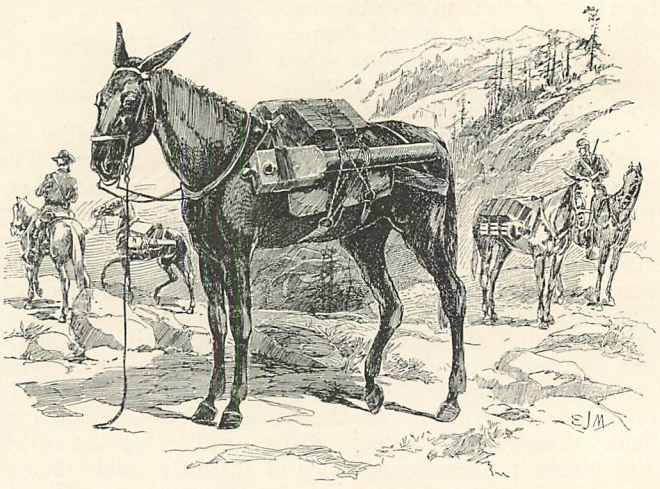
TWO-BARRELED GARDNER GUN ON TRIPOD.

GARDNER GUN IN THE BOW OF A LAUNCH.

drawing back the hammer, releasing it, and extracting the empty shell all go on automatically within the casing around the breech, and alternately on each barrel. The weight of the two-barreled gun is about 110 pounds. It is easily carried on the backs of pack-animals, or in small boats, as shown in the illustrations. The rate of fire of this gun is barely 500 shots a minute, but this rate can be kept up continuously, and 10,000 rounds have been fired without intermission or mishap. The gun has been fired successfully and practically adopted in Italy, Denmark, Mexico, the United States, and England. In the war of the latter with Burmah a four-gun Gardner battery did great service, as will be seen by the following extracts taken from the report of Captain Lloyd, R. A., commanding a battery of four Gardner guns in that campaign:

. . . Having thus satisfied ourselves that we had a good weapon in our hands, we set to work to equip a battery of four guns. . . . The favorite tactics of the dakoits is to lay in ambush in dense jungle, where they are at home and comparatively safe; they then fire a volley into our unsuspecting troops and depart. When the dakoits oppose our advance by clinging to the jungle in front, their position, never extensive, would be quickly searched out by our machine guns. Again, their value would be appreciated in storming stockades, some of which are bullet-proof, and some are not. In the latter case the guns, having a range of two thousand yards, would keep up a stream of bullets out of the enemy's reach. . . . In like manner they would be utilized in the attack on dakoit villages. . . . Moreover, the power of these guns for counter-attack as well as for passive defense cannot fail to be recognized.

The aim of Mr. Gardner, the inventor, was not to make a powerful gun, but rather to establish a minimum of weight and space, and within that limit to achieve the greatest possible rapidity of fire. As compared with the Gatling, the Gardner has not so rapid a rate of fire; but the breeches being incased in water-jackets, the firing at its maximum rate can be kept up longer. The gun is easier of transport, and moreover is, after some firing, much steadier and more accurate. The feed-case of the Gatling having a powerful spring to press the cartridges into the hopper, and this spring being operated by the turning of the crank, it follows that much more strength is required of the man who turns the crank in the Gatling than in the Gardner. A very interesting bit of history to Americans is the present given by General Grant to the Viceroy of China and the Mikado of Japan. Desiring to give these dignitaries a present which would show to some extent his appreciation of the courtesies extended to him when in China and Japan,



GARDNER GUN IN TRANSPORT.

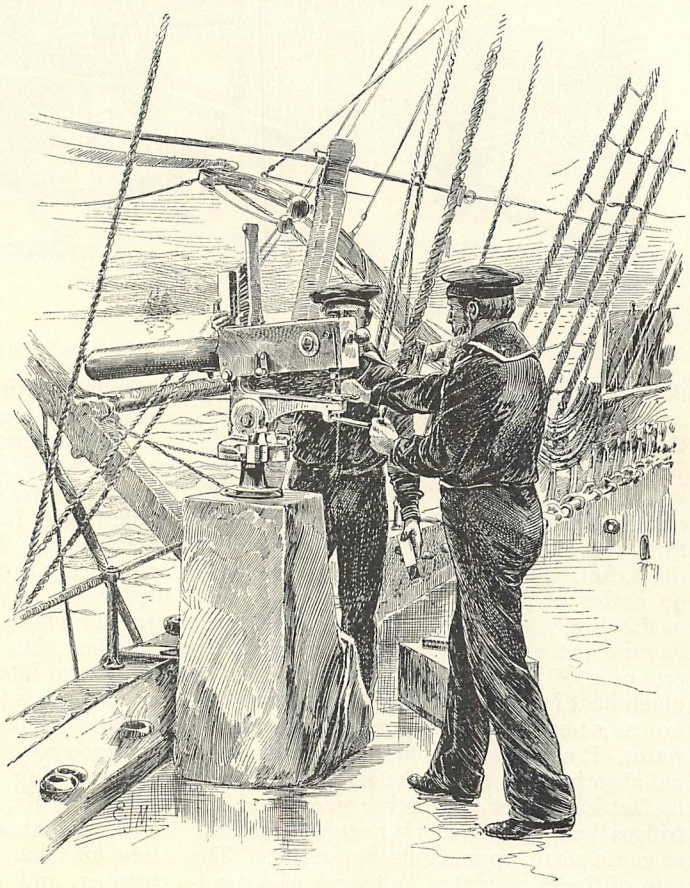
he ordered two Gardner guns of special design to be made. On the breech of the barrel-chamber of one of the guns is the engraved inscription:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY
VICEROY LI HUNG CHANG,
FROM
U. S. GRANT.

The other gun is similarly inscribed to the Mikado of Japan. While the regular models were followed, yet special attention was given to nicety of finish of every part. The carriages and mounts of the guns are made entirely of bronze and steel. The wheels are finished in wood, the felloes of oak, and the spokes of hickory. The limber-chests, each with a capacity of 7200 rounds, are of oak and highly polished. It is understood that these guns occupy positions of honor and ornament in the palaces of their respective owners.

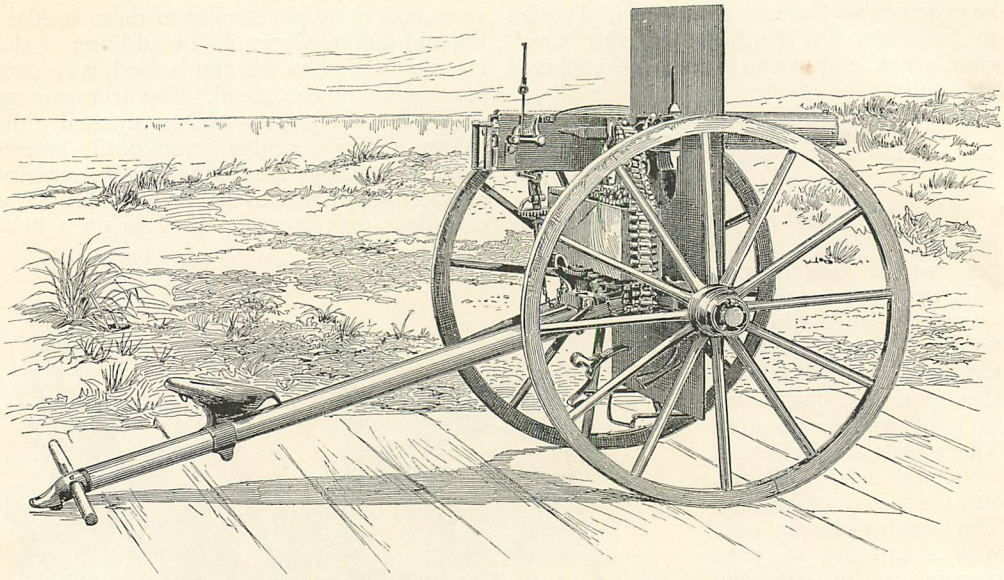
But great as is our admiration for the Gardner and Gatling guns, it must give way before the astonishment and wonder excited by another American invention but very recently perfected. It is the Maxim automatic machine gun, invented in 1883, but only within a year past brought to a state of wonderful and ingenious perfection. It is with a feeling almost akin to shame that we state that this gun is made in England, although the inventor is American. It is, as its name indicates, an automatic machine gun, and only requires the pressure of the finger on the trigger to explode the first cartridge, and the gun, then left alone, will load and fire itself as long as cartridges are fed to it. The gun proper consists of an ordinary gun-barrel, two-thirds of which are surrounded by a casing of metal in which water is automatically injected by each discharge of the barrel. By means of this casing, or water-jacket, it is impossible to overheat the gun by firing.

The remaining third is surrounded by a steel case of rectangular shape, inside of which is the mechanism for operating the gun. This mechanism consists of a main-spring, tumbler, sears, and firing-pin, similar to those used in the old-fashioned pistol. In addition is the lever, which, when the gun is fired, is thrown into action by the recoil. The arrangement is at once set in motion—the empty shell withdrawn, a new cartridge inserted, the breech closed, a cartridge fired, and a certain quantity of water admitted into the water-jacket. The cartridges are placed in pockets on a belt.



GARDNER GUN ON DECK.

Each belt contains 333 of these pockets, and two or more belts may be joined together. The end of the belt is introduced in the breech-casing, and the finger pressed on the trigger to fire the first cartridge, after which the gun may be left alone, and the automatic action, set in motion by the recoil, fires the rest. As the recoil is but three-quarters of an inch, some idea may be had of the wonderful ingenuity of the gun by considering that it will fire the 666 cartridges of the double belt in a little over a minute, or at the rate of ten a second; in other words, it requires but one-tenth of a second to load the gun, fire a cartridge, throw out the empty shell, and put in a full one. Again, the recoil of the gun



MAXIM FIELD GUN WITH BULLET-PROOF SHIELD.

does another work. Over the casing is a small tank of water, and at each discharge of the gun a small quantity of cool water is injected from the cistern into the water-jacket, and after the heat of the gun has risen sufficiently, the water escapes in the form of steam from two little apertures at the front end of the jacket. The cartridge contains from 70 to 90 grains of powder, and the heat evolved in the discharge of one cartridge is sufficient to raise the temperature of the water at the rate of 1½° Fahrenheit per pound. And as much heat is required to melt four pounds of iron as is necessary to evaporate five pounds of water. It can be seen from this what an effectual absorbent of heat is the water-jacket, and in fact it requires the discharge of 1000 cartridges before the water is heated sufficiently to cause steam to make its appearance. The rate of fire is regulated by means of a quadrant graduated from 200 up to 700, so that by putting the hand on this the gun not only can swing from side to side, and thus traverse with its fire a wide arc, but also can throw out such fire as is wished. The field-piece is 3 feet high, 4 feet 9 inches long from muzzle to rear of breech, and weighs but 50 pounds, and its carriage about 100 pounds. The maximum rate of firing is about 600 shots per minute, but it has fired continuously 5000 shots, and so accurately that it is said its inventor, by putting his hand on the traversing lever, has written his name on a target board 400 yards from the muzzle, *in the dark*. Comparing this gun with other machine guns, its advantages become at once apparent. Indeed, it can hardly be compared with other guns, since the field it opens is entirely new, and of broader range than others. In machine guns the causes that render guns unserviceable are as follows: First, cartridges may and often do hang fire, due to age, or perhaps to dampness in the atmosphere at the time of firing, or to deterioration due to climate, etc. It follows, therefore, that the crank being turned by a skillful man very fast, the breech is unlocked, and the cartridge partly or wholly withdrawn while in the act of exploding, thus driving the forward end of the empty case into the chamber, and rendering the gun useless for the time being. Secondly, it has been found impossible to fire many more than 1000 rounds in rapid succession, because of the heating of barrels and expansion of parts. Thirdly, when the cartridges are fed by *gravity* they are dependent on their own weight alone for falling into the proper position in the chamber, and therefore a skillful man may work the crank so rapidly that it becomes impossible for the cartridge to attain its proper position when fed by gravity alone, and it is crushed in the act of falling. If the cartridges are not fed by gravity but by positive feed, such as a special spring, the spring also has to be worked by the man at the crank, requiring an outlay of strength that soon renders him useless, and which jars the gun and injures its accuracy. Fourthly, the machine guns are all dependent upon a single spring extractor for throwing out the empty cartridge-case, and in rapid firing the chamber becomes clogged, the case adheres so strongly to the walls that the extractor is unable to work, and sometimes breaks.

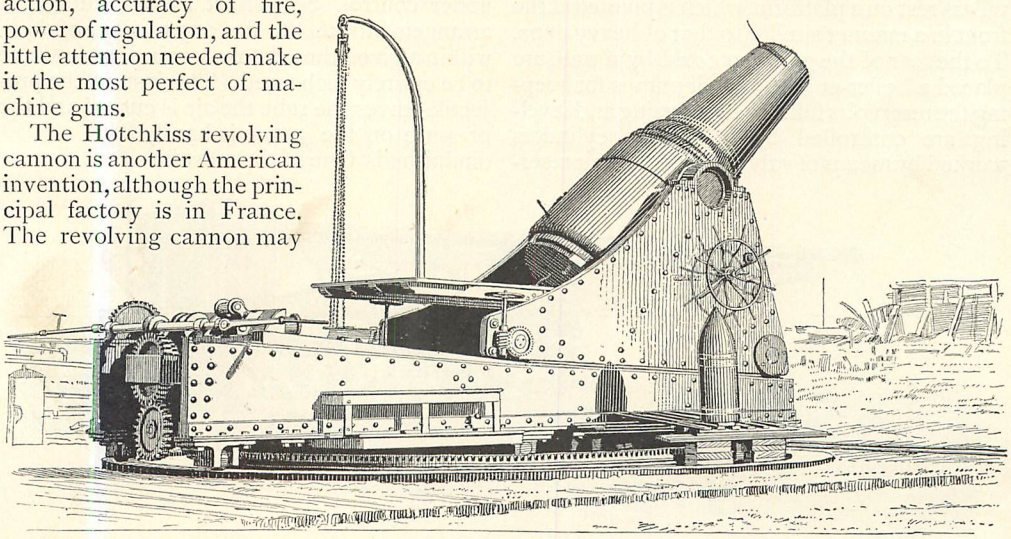
As compared with the foregoing faults of

other guns, the Maxim stands as follows: First, since there is but one barrel, but *one cartridge* can enter at a time; and if it is bad or unserviceable it will not explode, and the gun, without recoil, stops at once, and the cartridge must be ejected before a fresh one can be inserted. The cartridge is in no danger of being prematurely exploded by hot parts, since overheating *is rendered impossible* by the water-jacket, and therefore the fire can be practically continuous. Again, the cartridges being *drawn in one by one*, automatically, the objections open to the positive and gravity feeds are obviated, and the empty shell is thrown out, since a grooved slide, moving in a transverse direction, seizes it by the head and moves it bodily. The cartridge shell cannot fasten to the walls of the chamber, because this grooved slide is an independent piece. There is also another advantage that the Maxim possesses over other machine guns. It can readily be seen that any gun having two or more barrels, in order to shoot accurately, must have both barrels absolutely parallel to the vertical plane passing through the line of sight, and when there are more than two barrels they must also be parallel to each other. An error of the smallest fraction of an inch, in the direction of the line of fire, will, at a distance of one hundred yards, amount to several feet. If a gun has errors of this sort, then is there accounted for one of the principal causes of inaccuracy of fire; and rough usage, heating, etc. only render this trouble greater. But no such mechanical difficulty exists with the Maxim, since there is but one barrel. It is simple in its mechanism, is easily taken apart, oiled and cleaned, and put together again; while its automatic action, accuracy of fire, power of regulation, and the little attention needed make it the most perfect of machine guns.

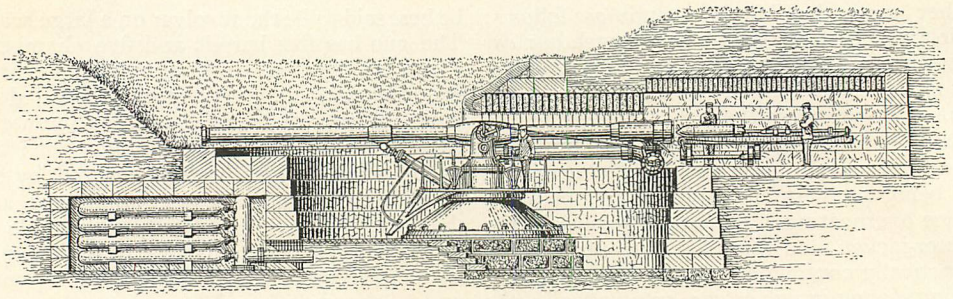
The Hotchkiss revolving cannon is another American invention, although the principal factory is in France. The revolving cannon may be best said to be the revolver on a large scale. The gun has five barrels and five chambers, which, as they are slowly revolved, are fired in succession, and can be quickly reloaded by hand. A rate of twenty shots per minute is easily obtainable with the 6-pounder gun; but as these are cannon, the heat evolved by expenditure of so much powder is immense, and therefore makes it practically impossible to fire but a few shots at this rapid rate. The gun is made so as to throw shells from 1 pound up to 32 pounds in weight.

Although a great deal has been said about the failure of Americans to turn out heavy guns equal to those of same caliber made abroad, yet the 8-inch rifles in the navy, and the new 12-inch rifled mortar or howitzer made by the United States Army Ordnance Department, certainly are the superiors of guns of their caliber the world over. This latter gun, of which we present a picture, has a caliber of 12 inches, is rifled, and fires a 630-pound shell with 35 pounds of powder. It has been fired at angles of from 30° to 75° elevation, and at 60° gave a range of 5½ miles. Moreover, this range is accurate; that is, if a space the size of a vessel of war be marked off, five out of every seven shots would fall either on the decks or near enough seriously to injure her at this range.

Lastly, we turn to the torpedo weapon that has excited so much wonder and interest not only at home but abroad. We mean the dynamite gun. As is well known, many attempts in years past have been made to throw shells charged with dynamite from guns fired with gunpowder; but, due to the terrific shock of discharge, the shells generally burst in the guns, and were more dangerous to those firing than to those fired at. Mr. Mefford of Ohio, in



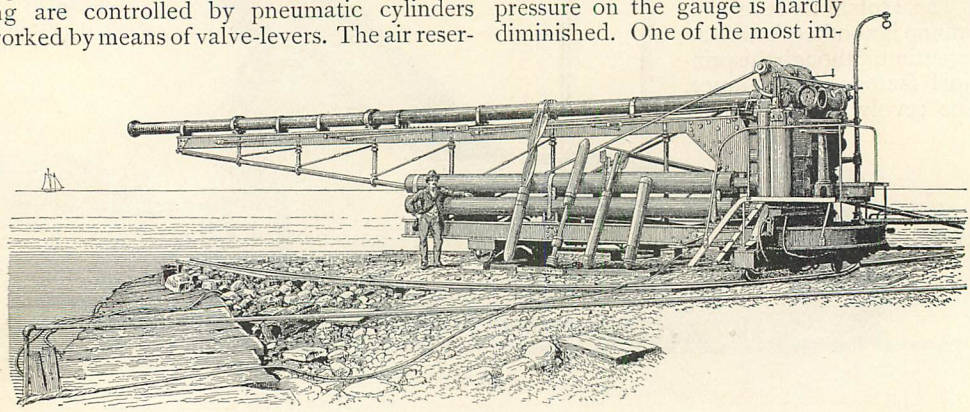
UNITED STATES 12-INCH RIFLED BREECH-LOADING MORTAR, OR HOWITZER.



PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE SEA-COAST GUN.

1883, devised his first pneumatic gun, in which he used compressed air as the propelling power. The use of compressed air is of great advantage, the pressure being low, and diminishing so slowly as to be, for practical purposes, constant; and by automatic arrangements it can be cut off as the projectile leaves the bore, so that there is no waste. Again, the pressure is kept entirely under control by means of valves, and a constant muzzle velocity is obtained. Also, instead of heating the gun, the use of compressed air actually cools it. The gun first made was 2 inches in diameter; this was followed by one 4 inches in diameter, and then by the one represented in the illustration — 8 inches in diameter. The experiments have been conducted under the supervision of Captain C. L. Zalinski, 5th United States Artillery, and they attained a degree of perfection that astonished the world. The gun may be briefly described as follows: The barrel consists of four lengths of wrought-iron tubing ⅝ of an inch thick and lined with ⅛-inch seamless brass tubing. This barrel is supported on an iron truss, which in turn rests on a carriage which is supported by two hollow cast-iron pillars. The pillars rest on a platform, which is pivoted at the front in a manner similar to that of heavy guns. To the rear of the gun, protected by a wall, are placed a boiler-engine and air pumps for keeping the reservoirs full. The traversing and leveling are controlled by pneumatic cylinders worked by means of valve-levers. The air reservoir consists of eight wrought-iron tubes 12½ inches diameter, and with a total capacity of 137 cubic feet. They are arranged in two tiers on each side of the platform. On the gun are two sights resting in *V's* on the left trunnion, and on the same side is the firing-lever, so that the same person can aim and fire the gun. A pressure-gauge, showing the air pressure at any time, is also in such a position that the person firing can see it, and thus, by changing the air pressure, can correct any shot desired. The projectile has a brass body 3 feet 4 inches long, and a conical point of wrought iron 12 inches long, and a tail made of pine wood. This is inserted in the breech, which is opened and closed by a flat disk opening inwards, and sealed by a felt wad.

The gun, on account of the uniformity of pressure of air on the projectile, can be fired with great accuracy up to two thousand yards, and, as has been demonstrated time and time again, with perfect safety. The shells are charged with from fifty to sixty pounds of gelatine or gelatinous dynamite, and in experiments made September 20, 1887, proved that within given ranges the shell was perfectly under control. So perfect are the automatic arrangements, that to fire any number of shots within a given time the reservoir does not have to be entirely recharged. The instant the projectile leaves the tube the air is cut off, and the pressure on the gauge is hardly diminished. One of the most im-

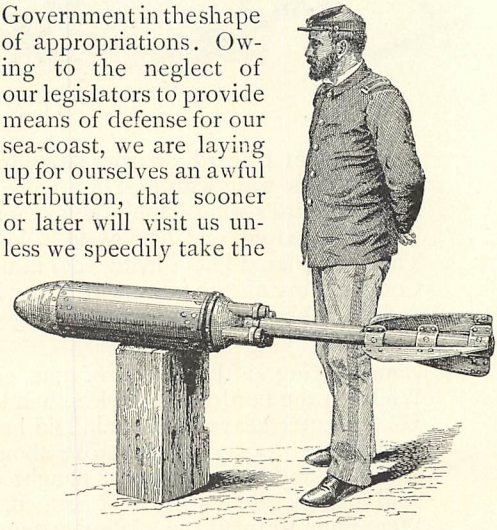


8-INCH DYNAMITE GUN.

portant features of the shell is the electric fuse — the invention of Captain Zalinski. In each shell there are two batteries — one a wet one, kept charged, and the other a dry one, which is put in action by moisture. These two are on one circuit, arranged in series, part of which is composed of fine platinum wire surrounded by gunpowder, and the end of which is in a capsule, while the other end is surrounded by fulminate of mercury, which, when detonated, explodes a small tube of dynamite, and this then explodes the main charge. The wet battery explodes the shell on impact either direct or oblique. The dry battery is arranged so that the circuit is closed by being moistened, as on striking the water, which rushes through holes in the head of the projectile, which are covered with thin metal flaps.

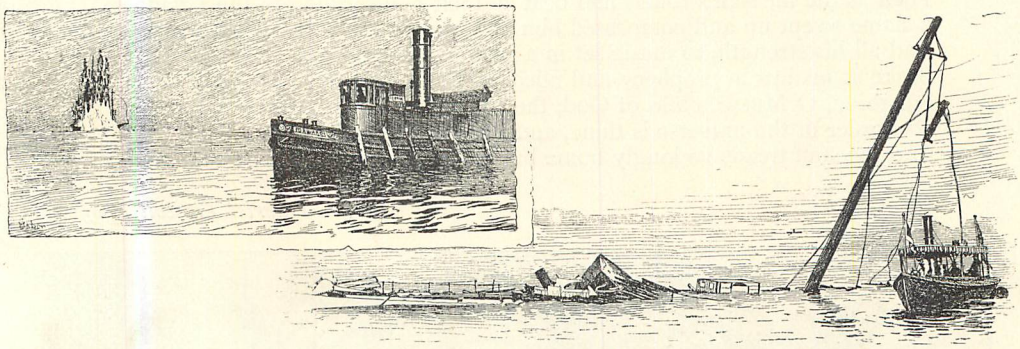
So perfect are the arrangements of this fuse that the shell can be exploded by the slightest contact with water, or at any depth. The gun as designated is a torpedo gun. It has not, and probably never can have, the range that powder guns have — certainly not without destroying its qualities as to accuracy; but as a torpedo, it is superior to all others. It has greater speed, costs less, is far more accurate and sure, and has a field of action above as well as below water. Arrangements are made now to mount three guns of 15-inch caliber on a special gun-boat just constructed for this purpose, and it is safe to say that this vessel is in itself capable of entering any channel and harbor in the world and clearing it of torpedoes. A few of the huge charges of dynamite detonated on the bottom would explode every torpedo, either singly or in groups, placed there, and charged with high explosives.

So terrific is the force of detonation that a charge of 200 pounds of dynamite dropped on the deck of a vessel, or exploded in the air above it, would probably kill or render *hors de combat* every human being in that vessel, by concussion and shock alone. Of all American inventions, the dynamite gun is the only one that has had the practical encouragement of the United States Government in the shape of appropriations. Owing to the neglect of our legislators to provide means of defense for our sea-coast, we are laying up for ourselves an awful retribution, that sooner or later will visit us unless we speedily take the means to correct the evil; and through our national egotism and belief in our military genius we are losing track of the very means that help the inventive powers of our countrymen to devise wondrous weapons of offense and defense. "In peace prepare for war" should be hung up in great black letters on the walls of the council chambers of our national legislators, to warn them that the same fate has overtaken every nation that has neglected its opportunities, and that the people will not hold them guiltless when the invitations and premiums to attack us we are offering to other nations shall finally be accepted.



8-INCH SHELL.

William R. Hamilton.



WRECK OF THE UNITED STATES COAST SURVEY SCHOONER "SILLIMAN" BY A 55-POUND SHELL FROM THE PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE GUN, SEPTEMBER 20, 1887.

O MUSIC.

LAST night I heard a harper strike his strings all suddenly and sweetly,
And one sang with him in a voice blown like a flute upon the dark,
And as a bird's wings climb the air, forever palpitating fleetly,
The song soared, and I followed it, lost where the panting echoes hark.
The song soared like a living soul in naked beauty white and stark,
Commanding all the powers of tune with solemn spells of subtle might,
A flute, a bird, a living soul, the song swept by me in the night!

Commanding all the powers of tune, commanding all the powers of being,
While on the borderland of sleep half lapped in dreams my senses stirred,
Heaven after heaven the strain laid bare, sweet secret after secret freeing,
And all the deeps of music broke about my spirit as I heard.
And past and present were as naught within that trance of rapture blurred,
And heights where white light seethed, and depths night-blue and full of singing stars,
Were mine to tread the while that tune beat out the passion of its bars!

Then I remembered me of Saul, the young man mighty and victorious,
While towering dark and beautiful anointed on the roadside king,
And over him a fuller chrism streamed sempiternally and glorious,
The dew of dawn, the flush of day, that morning of an ancient spring.
And faring silent on his way, he lifted not his voice to sing,
He saw no glow upon the hills, upon the sky he saw no bloom,
Earth was the same old earth to him wrapped in the mantle of his gloom.

But when he met along the hill a company of prophets hasting,
Striking psaltery, harp, and tabret, and the pipe's breath blowing clear,
When singing all at once they came, in wild accord their music wasting,
The mountain answering tune for tune with mystic voices hovering near,
With sweet rude clamor storming heaven, with faces rapt in holy fear,
Singing of smoke of sacrifice from altars on the hills and scars,
Singing of power that bends the blue, that holds the leashes of the stars —

Then as the measures round him beat and left him thrilling to their gladness,
A flame swept up and compassed him and burned the withes that bound his might,
And all his strength, to music set in a swift and sacred madness,
Broke at his lips in prophecy and filled his darkened soul with light.
For thine, O Music! child of God, the wings that lift to awful height;
The order of the universe is thine, and thine the flight of stars,
And the soul treads its kingly home but to the passion of thy bars!

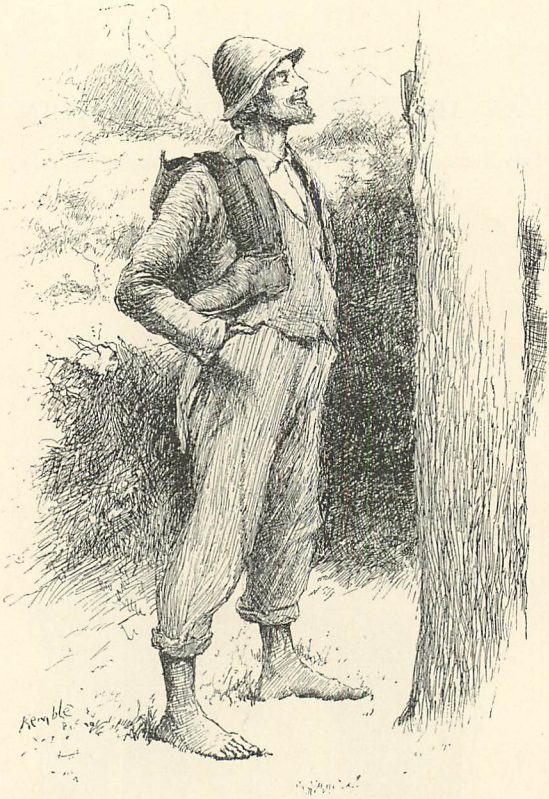
Harriet Prescott Spofford.

AN IDYL OF "SINKIN' MOUNT'IN."

By the author of "Two Runaways," "Sister Todhunter's Heart," "De Valley an' de Shadder," etc.

"ZEKE! OH-H-H-H, ZEKE!"

EZEKIEL OBADIAH SYKES leaned over the tumble-down split-picket fence that had once kept the pigs and chickens from his mother's humble flower-garden, and gazed fixedly at the mountain before him. His was not a striking figure, being lank and somewhat round-shouldered. It was not even picturesque. A pair of worn jean trousers covered his lower limbs, and were held in place by knit "galluses," which crossed the back of his cotton shirt exactly in the middle and disappeared over his shoulders in well-defined grooves. A stained and battered wool hat hung like a bell over his head, which rested by his chin upon a red, rough hand. The face was half covered by a reddish brown beard, the first of his budding manhood. The sun had just sunk beyond the mountain, and the great shadow that crept across the single field of starving corn and the tobacco patch deepened into twilight, and still the young man rested on the picket-fence. Occasionally he would eject into the half-defined road, which came around one side of the mountain and disappeared around the other, a stream of tobacco-juice, and pensively watch it as it lined the gravel and vanished into the soil with something like a human gasp. Once he lifted a



"ZEKE, LESS SEE HOW YER LOOK."

bare foot, and with a prolonged effort scratched with its horny toes the calf of the supporting leg. But by no motion did he dissipate the air of listlessness and despondency that hung about him.

Fortune had not smiled upon the Sykes family for many moons. There were no pigs to disturb the flower-garden overrun with prince's-feathers, bachelor's-buttons, four-o'clocks, old-maids, and sunflowers, and the dismounted gate leaned restfully against the post on which it had once hung. Somehow everything in the neighborhood of the Sykes cottage seemed inclined to lean towards something else. The cow was long gone, and the tiny little boarded shed, which straddled the sparkling spring-branch near at hand and served once as a dairy, was lurching towards the hillside. Near the staggering fence was a bench that had settled back against it, thrusting its legs well to the front, and there once nestled a score of bee-hives; but none remained, and only the great yellow and maroon butterflies that floated down the valley, and the bumblebees, reveled in the honey-flowers. Perhaps the influence of these facts weighed upon the young man's mind and cast a shadow darker than the mountain's. Certainly, as he leaned silently over the picket, he was in harmony with the surroundings.

A girl came out into the twilight of the little porch, where vines were clambering pell-mell up a rough trellis of peeled rods, and carefully poured water from a gourd into a dozen tiny pots along the edge. The pots consisted of gourds and of tin cans that had been brought home by Ezekiel from the refuse of the great hotels at The Falls, ten miles or more away. But they answered her purposes well, only they presented a somewhat incongruous appearance; for on several from which bloomed lovely geraniums — cuttings secured by Ezekiel from character-studying ladies at the same hotels — flamed great red tomatoes, and where little sprigs of coleus beamed in the shadow shone also phenomenal asparagus and the violent-hued lobster. The dress of the girl was a well-worn but neat-checked homespun, and at the throat was a bit of faded ribbon.

"D'rindy, yuh seen Ezekiel?" An elderly woman in homespun, of the same design as the girl's, stood in the doorway that led from the kitchen upon the porch, holding a coffee-pot in hand.

"No, ma'am. Zeke! Oh-h-h-h, Zeke!" The girl lifted her head and sung out the name until the mountain and the valley gave it back again and again.

"What yuh warnt, D'rindy?" The voice came from so close at hand in the gathering shadows as to startle her.

"Well, I d'clar' ter goodness' sakes, Ezekiel, what yuh doin' out thar?"

"Nuth'n." The reply was low and careless.

"Come in an' git yuh vittuls."

"Don't warnt nuth'n', Ma. Yuh-all eat."

The woman looked out at the lone figure for a moment, then went in; and presently the girl thoughtfully followed. At the table, upon which was a pone of corn-bread, a pot of weak coffee, and a handless pitcher of molasses, the elder said:

"I 'm 'feered Ezekiel ar' ailin'. Las' night he would n' tech vittuls, an' hit ain't no better ter-night."

"Suthin' 's pesterin' 'im," Dorinda said simply; "er-pesterin' es mine." An old man sat next to her and shook his head.

"All liers, all liers!" he muttered. He was evidently very deaf, and there was not a hair on his head, which was sunken between his shoulders. "Thar warn't nair' still!" The women paid no attention to his mutterings, and presently, finishing his sop, he wiped his fingers upon his hips and shuffled into the corner of the fireplace, where he mumbled to himself awhile and then fell asleep.

"Yes, suthin' 's pesterin' 'im," said the old woman after a pause. "Ezekiel ain't like esse'f." The girl rested her elbows on the table and watched her companion absently. Presently she said abruptly:

"Aun' Betsey, yuh reck'n Zeke hain't still er-frettin' 'bout Sal Boler gittin' j'ined ter 'er feller?"

"Maybe so; but I reck'n hard times got more ter do 'ith it. Ezekiel don't see no chance ahead now." She sighed, but added, as if to counteract its effect, "Not that I 'm distrustin'. Th' Lord 'll pervide: he allus pervides fur them as leans on 'im." Dorinda looked wistfully up into the face of her aging companion and was silent. Presently she rose and washed the few dishes, placing them upon their shelf. A few deft touches restored the room to its usual scrupulously neat condition. Returning the coffee-pot to the hearth again and the remaining bread to the spider for "Zeke," as she had always called him, in defiance of his mother's example, she went quietly to her little shed-room at the end of the porch and sat down to think. She was Dorinda Maddox, not Sykes, the daughter of a poor woman down the valley who died in the arms of Mrs. Sykes, five years before, leaving nothing she might call her own but this one lonely child. Her father and her brother had been killed in a fight with revenue officers, and the hairless driveling old man within the kitchen had suffered two years of imprisonment; for the blood shed had not all been on one side. She had come into this household to share its increasing burdens and diminishing income, but not to eat the bread of idleness. Never had mother a tenderer daughter; never an orphan a better mother. Zeke had been her one playmate and protector, and the little room, built when she grew older, was the result of his rough carpentry.

"I wunner ef he es er-frettin' 'bout Sal Boler gittin' j'ined?" she asked herself. The romance was familiar to her in all its parts from the day when Ezekiel was smitten until faithless Sal wedded a stranger from beyond the mountain, and he sunk back into despair and silence. She stood up before a little fragment of glass and looked at herself. It was a tiny room indeed, but marvelous in its appointments. The bare boards were frescoed with autumn leaves, their tints making a glory in the half-lit place. Clusters of chestnut-burrs garnished with them hung around, and here and there, in scraped cow-horns thrust into crevices, were tucked great bunches of ferns and scarlet berries and goldenrod. A half-dozen cheap prints cut from periodicals picked up at The Falls filled the waste places, and festoons of bead-corn linked them together. But just above her glass was a cheap photograph of Zeke, taken years before in the mountains by a straggling photographer whom he had guided, representing him, as he had seen the romantic tourists, posing in the shadow of a rock, his hat in one hand, and the other, for want of a coat, thrust into his half-open shirt-front — a barefooted mountain boy whose honest eyes looked straight into hers. This had been, from the day Ezekiel brought it home, the treasure of her girlhood. The frame about it was like none other in the world. It was of mica, made of sheets larger than any man's hand, and upon their surface with a needle she had traced ferns, butterflies, flowers, and leaves, rubbing soot into the lines to make the figures stand forth. This was her gem; and once a traveling artist who gazed upon it said that it was wonderfully true to nature, and offered to buy it. He might as well have bartered for her eyes. The little room held only her couch, a rude chest, a splint rocker, and a stool,—all Zeke's work,—a brown stone bowl, and a great jug-shaped gourd which served her for a pitcher.

As the girl stood in brown reverie before the fragment of glass she heard a horse approaching at a fox-trot, and presently a voice exclaim:

"Well, Ezekyel, how ez time er-sarvin' you an' yourn?" She recognized the drawl of an old "hard-shell" preacher who at long inter-

vals came to hold forth in the neighborhood. Then Ezekiel's voice:

"Po'ly, Parson. 'Light?"

"No; I 'm goin' ter lie at Sis' Toomer's ter-night. Will see yuh out ter Zebberlon come er-Sunday. Th' road hain't ther bes' an' hit 's er-gittin' dark — whoa! Oh, Ezekyel," — she heard the horse, which had started, checked again,— "seen Sal Boler 'cross the line las' month. Th' critter she war er-j'ined ter es dead." The girl in her little room clasped her hands and sunk back on the couch. She could but hear what followed.

"Yuh don't say!"

"Be'n dead fo' months come er-Friday. She ain't furgot you, Ezekyel." Here the speaker chuckled. "She do say that ef her life was ter come roun' ter be lived ergin, she 'd be Mistis Ezekyel Sykes down in Raccoon Holler."

"Did Sal say hit fur er fac', Parson?" His voice was low.

"She said hit fur er fac'; an' Sal hain't er-need'n' no man ter git vittuls fur *her*. The Lord he has blessed her more 'n many er prayin' ooman an' the mother er chillum, er rer, blessed be his holy name, er rer! An' I say hit er-wonderin', not er-findin' fault. Yes, Sal 's got lan' an' stock; no eend er stock."

The girl heard his horse's footfalls echo out in the distance. She waited long. Then Ezekiel entered the kitchen, and she followed quietly and placed his bread upon the table. He passed into the only remaining room without noticing her.

"Ma," she heard him say quietly, as was his way, "git me up 'bout light. I 'm goin' ter th' yan side er th' mount'in ter-morrer, an' maybe I won't git back afo' Sunday."

Dorinda turned and went out as silently as she came. In her room she threw herself face down upon the log-cabin quilt of her couch and sobbed herself asleep.

II.

When Ezekiel Sykes arose next morning responsive to his mother's call, daylight was glimmering faintly on the mountain. He took from its pegs his red jean suit, the same that Sal Boler had so often seen him in, now a little the worse for wear, donned it, putting on his one other cotton shirt. Then he slicked his hair with marrow-fat from a horn, and throwing his boots, well greased, across his shoulder, rolled up his trousers. Prepared for his journey, he proceeded to the kitchen and possessed himself of a cup of cold coffee and the bread put aside for him. As he was passing out his mother came to the door.

"Fur ther Lor' sakes, Ezekiel, whar be yuh goin' ter, boy?"

"Ter the yan side o' th' mount'in, Ma," he said quietly. Then he called to her from the outside: "I reck'n yer hain't ter see me afo' Sunday."

"Well, that beats my times," she said, gazing blankly at the open door. Presently she began to dress. "Sunday-meetin' clothes on, an' hit er Chuesday! Hit 's onpossible thet Ezekiel is settin' up ter er gal over thar —" She paused with her dress half over her head. "No, hit 's onpossible; one er Ezekiel's queer notions. The boy never war jes like yuther boys. Ter think," she said, laughing softly, "ter think of folks callin' *him* 'Doctor' — 'Doctor Zeke'! But hit 's er fac' thet he do fech sum folks 'round estonishin'ly, an' thet 's erbout all any yuther doctor c'n say."

When Ezekiel Sykes took the road at early dawn he went northward; and as he strode along he whistled softly. A great change had come over him. He carried himself erect, as in olden times, and smiled responsive to his thoughts. If Dorinda could have seen him then she would have said, "Hit 's Zeke come ter his own se'f ergin." The perfidy of Sal Boler had been a crushing blow a year before; he had suffered, and his pride had been altogether annihilated. From a self-laudatory young man he had sunk into a morose and thoughtfully distrustful one. If he had had the power of expression he might have become a cynic in words, as he was in fact. He had borne up pretty well under the waning fortunes of the Sykes family and the disasters which befell them all through the father; but Sal's conduct finished him at one fell blow.

"'Ef her life war ter come roun' ter be lived ergin, she 'd be Mistis Ezekyel Sykes down een Raccoon Holler,'" he said aloud; and then he laughed. It had been many a day since he had laughed like that, and he realized the change. "Zeke, less see how yer look," he added jubilantly. He took a small bit of glass from his coat pocket, thrust it behind the scale of a pine-tree's bark, and solemnly surveyed his countenance.

"Hit 's Zeke," he admitted, winking and twisting his head. "Zeke, Ezekiel Obadiah Sykes — Dr. Zeke. An' I reck'n she done a long sight worser 'n looks when she j'ined unto that Calliny feller, ef she did n't in lan' an' stock." He took off his hat and bowed to Ezekiel in the glass, and smiled at Ezekiel in the glass, and rolled his tongue at Ezekiel in the glass. "Ezekiel," said he finally, "ding yuh ole skin, ef I wuz ter meet yer on ther road I 'd say, 'Ther goes er feller fit ter run er gal crazy.' I would, fer er fac'. Yer ar' er bad un." He winked with both eyes violently. "No eend to lan' an' stock!"

With a loud guffaw he returned the reflector to his pocket, and whistling and singing by turns resumed his journey. The change that had come over him was marvelous.

Ezekiel had covered about fifteen miles and was upon a better road when overtaken by a spanking team driven by a good-natured, easy-going young man, who hailed him pleasantly.

"Ride, stranger?"

"In course," said Zeke; "an' glad ter get hit. How fur yer travelin'?"

"Up about Red Creek."

"Well, now, thet's what I calls luck," said Zeke, as he settled down on the proffered seat. "So 'm I."

The young man smiled at the speaker's general appearance and manner. His own shoes were on and blacked, and there was a well-bred business look about him that Ezekiel noticed.

"Be yuh er-stayin' thar?"

"Yes," said the stranger, looking at him keenly but slyly. "Where do you hail from?"

"Raccoon Holler."

"Farming?"

"Some, an' er-docterin' some."

"So! You are a doctor, then. Allopathic or homeopathic?"

Ezekiel reflected. "Mostly yarbs," he said.

His companion smiled again. "I see; one of nature's doctors. Best sort, after all."

Under this flattering admission Ezekiel expanded at once.

"Think so?"

"I do, indeed."

Ezekiel stretched out his hand. "Glad to know yuh. What mout be your name?"

"Tom Summers."

"Dr. Ezekiel Obadiah Sykes," he said gravely.

"Glad to know you, Doc. It is lonesome up here; glad to have your company."

"'T is kinder lonesome," admitted Ezekiel. Then, after a pause: "But, stranger, you kinder fetched me erwhile back when yuh war er-talkin' 'bout natur' an' er-docterin' 'cordin' ter natur'."

"Indeed!"

"Thet 's my way. I hain't be'n ter school, an' what I got war picked up hyah 'n' thar f'om one 'n' ernuther. Folks got ter callin' me 'Dr. Zeke,' an' so hit goes; an' Dr. Zeke hit ar' till now; an' some er um 'u'd tell yuh thet Dr. Zeke knowed er thing er two maybe ef yer asked um."

"I have no doubt of it."

"Hit war the funniest thing th' way hit come erbout — my er-gittin' ter be er natur's docter. I war er-workin' 'roun' on the mount'in er-huntin' fur arrer-root, 'n' I hearn a voice, as plain as I ar' hyarin' them horses' foots, er-sayin': 'Dr. Zeke, give natur' what natur' calls fur,' and I went right ter stud'in', day in an' day out, what hit meant. But one day Mistis Toomer, 'roun' th' mount'in, she come ter me an' says, says she, 'Dr. Zeke, the baby ar' mortul' sick an' ar' continnerwally er-cryin' fur raw 'taters an' fried greens.'"

"And you gave them to her?"

"Quicker ner lightnin' hit come ter me what war meant 'bout natur' callin', an' I says, says I: 'Mahaly Toomer, ef the baby ar' mortul' sick an' ar' er-continnerwally cryin' fur raw 'taters an' fried greens, give her raw 'taters an' fried greens'; an' with thet I warks off an' leaves 'er stan'in' in th' road like one seized uv er sperrit. Mahaly told our folks nex' day thet she laid out thet Dr. Zeke hed done gone plum crazy, but bimeby, er-knowin' my ways, she up an' give the chile hits 'taters an' fried greens."

"Death was instantaneous, I suppose?"

"Death! Why, ther chile ar' ter-day ther out-str'ppinest boy in Rabun County."

The stranger laughed.

"Well, that was wonderful indeed. But Doctor, seriously, what would you do if nature should call for something out of season?"

Dr. Zeke pursed up his lips, and, looking out across the mountains, scratched his chin.

"Natur'," he said presently, "hain't goin' ter call fur thet which natur' hain't got — thet is, ginerally. But hit do sometime so happen thet way."

"Then comes practice by substitute." The stranger passed the reins while he went down into a leather case for cigars.

"No," said the doctor; "hit won't work thet er way. Now thar war Sis' Debory Jinkins, which word come es how she war seized with er longin' fur watermillion, when watermillions war long gone; an' I, knowin' thet gourds war somewhat arter th' make er th' watermillion, — sorter half kin on one side, anyhow, — had um fetch er green gourd, an' we put hit down Sis' Debory's throat, her ma er-holdin' her, fur she did kick pow'ful, bein' natur'ly of a contrerry natur' an' havin' no longin' fur thet eend of the watermillion family. We put it down her throat — "

"I suppose it satisfied her longing for watermelon."

"Yes, hit satisfied her longin' fur most ev'ythin' fur erwhile; leastways, she never said nuthin' more erbout watermillions; but Sis' Debory come nigh unter death with colic afo' mornin', an' sence thet time I hain't hed faith in substytoots. Ef natur' calls fur what natur' hain't got, I argy thet hit ain't Dr. Zeke thet 's ter blame; an' I ginerally waits ontel natur' calls fur suthin' ter hand."

Something like five miles had been covered during the exposition of the Sykes theory

of medical practice, when Ezekiel suddenly changed the subject.

"Stranger, yuh ever hyar er th' Widder Martin — Sallie Boler thet war, up een Red Crick settlement?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed. Nice woman she is, too." The stranger spoke without hesitation. Ezekiel was silent for a full minute; then, unable to contain the secret any longer, he continued:

"Well, hit 's 'bleeged ter come out. I 'm er-courtin' th' same."

"Indeed! Bully boy, and good luck to you! Is she pretty well fixed?"

"Fixed?"

"Got any land — money?"

"Er whole county, an' no eend er stock."

"Go in, old fellow, and win!" said his companion impressively. "And you are really courting her?"

"Thet 's what er said. Ever meet her, stranger?"

"Oh, yes. The widow and I are good friends."

"Yuh don't say!"

"We are, indeed."

"Then, stranger, yuh stop erlong 'ith us ternight. She 'll be pow'ful glad ter see 'er ole friend, an' anybody thet Ezekiel Sykes brings 'll be welcome ter the bes'."

For a full hour and a half Ezekiel held forth upon the subject that was consuming him, but when at length they reached a little branch he called "Whoa!" and the willing horses came to a halt.

"Stranger," said he, "will you hole up er minute tell I spruce er bit?"

"Why, certainly."

Ezekiel alighted from the buggy, and, washing his feet in the stream, wiped them upon the grass and drew on his boots. After this he stuck the little glass in a tree again, put on his coat, and producing a faded red cravat proceeded to tie it about his neck. Then he combed his well-oiled locks with his fingers.

"Thet 'll do fur th' widder," he said as he climbed back into the buggy.

The two journeyed along pleasantly until the summit of the ridge was reached and the opposite valley lay spread before them. Here the stranger, after a few minutes' reflection, said, his eyes twinkling:

"Dr. Sykes, perhaps I ought to have mentioned it before, but the fact is I married Widow Martin myself two weeks ago."

Ezekiel looked at him blankly for a full minute, then reached out and caught the lines, and with a slow steady pull brought the horses to a standstill. The stranger's face was as calm and impassive as a June sky.

"Yuh don' say!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper.

"Fact. But don't turn back on that account. Any friend of mine will be welcome to Sal. Besides, she wants to see you, for I have heard her say so."

Ezekiel still surveyed him piteously. Then he slowly reached down and drew off first one and then the other boot. His cravat was returned to his pocket. Springing to the ground, he caught the line nearest him.

"Stranger," he said, "Widder Martin's new husbun 's er-goin' ter get whupped! Oh, yuh need n' laugh!"

"Sykes," said his late companion, wiping the tears from his eyes and still shaking, "let go that line."

"I 'm th' bes' man in Rabun County," said Ezekiel, dancing in the road. "Come down, come down!"

"You 're the biggest fool!"

Ezekiel was fairly boiling with rage.

"Light, light!" he yelled. Then as the stranger made no motion to comply, Ezekiel began to kick the nearest horse in the stomach with all his might, and that animal responded by rearing and plunging violently. The stranger "lit." Unfortunately for Ezekiel, he was caught in the act of pulling off his coat. He was a doomed man from the outset. For about three minutes there was an animated spectacle in the road, and then Ezekiel fled from the spot, as was perfectly proper, since he could have accomplished nothing desirable by remaining, and the stranger was at white heat. Kicking the horse had upset his temper completely.

"Confound the fellow!" he said; "I 've a great mind to carry off his boots and coat."

But he did not, and nature's physician regained them when the coasts were cleared, and, bleeding and dazed, took the back track. At the little branch he stuck his glass in the tree again and began an examination of himself. One eye was nearly closed, his lip was cut, and his nose was swollen. Minor injuries helped to make him the unhappiest of mortals. Long time he studied himself in silence. Presently he said, a great tear oozing from the blackened eye:

"Ef 'e had n' er-got een thet ar fust subbinder unner thet ear, afo' I got out'n th' coat, Widder Martin's new husbun 'u'd er-be'n in er worser fix 'n thet." He checked the tears and examined himself critically. Finally he said more calmly: "Hit war done complete an' no mistake."

As he slowly and painfully resumed his journey homeward he added: "'Ef her life war ter come round ter be lived ergin, she 'd be Mistis Ezekyel Sykes down een Raccoon Holler,' she would!" He shook his head pitifully: "O Sal, Sal; my heart ar' plum broke!"

III.

"LAH sakes, Ezekiel, what ails yuh, boy?" Again the shadow of the great mountain was deepening over the little cottage, when, foot-sore, bruised, weary, and disconsolate, Ezekiel Sykes dragged himself in through the open gate and dropped his boots upon the floor of the porch, his coat beside them. His mother's salutation roused him, and he raised a quizzical face to hers — a face which surely only a mother could have recognized. A faint smile flittered among the few clearings upon it — a dim ghost of his old smile.

"Be'n ter th' yan side of the mount'in, Ma!" He sank upon the top step and rested his chin upon his hand. "An' I hain't er-torkin' much erbout hit ter-night."

The woman checked her second exclamation. She was used to the young man's moods; and, besides, the results of the fist and skull fights were perfectly familiar to her in that rough country of green whisky and exciting elections. But for Ezekiel to come home in these piping days of peace bearing evidences of having figured on the losing side of a scrimmage was altogether novel.

"Ezekiel," she said, "tell yuh ma how hit come erbout?" Ezekiel ejected a stream of tobacco-juice from between his swollen lips, and wiped them gently with the back of his hand.

"Hit all come uv one sub-binder unner thet ar ear; hit war lammed when I war er-pullin' out er my coat an' my arm hit war stickin' ter the sleeve. Ef th' mount'in hitse'f hed er-fell thar, hit 'u'd er-be'n erbout ther size er thet ar lick. But, Ma, cook suthin' quick. Hit 's be'n nigh onter two mortul days sence I eat. I did n't want nobody er-laughin' at Ezekiel Sykes, an' so I come honggry all ther way back."

"Why, sakes erlive, ther boy mus' be er-perishin'. Set right thar, Ezekiel, an' don't yuh move er peg tell I git er pone er bread an' er pot er coffee."

The good woman bustled off and disappeared. While this brief scene was enacting, Dorinda stood within the shadows of her little room, her fingers clasped and eyes set eagerly upon the pair. Her mother's form had but disappeared in the kitchen when she glided out and sank upon her knees at the young man's side, her hand upon his shoulder.

"O Zeke, Zeke!" she whispered, "lemme do suthin' fur yuh! Are yuh hurted bad, Zeke?"

He gazed at her with his one open eye a full minute before replying. The look was so comical, so utterly foreign to him, so pathetic withal, that she finally threw her head back and laughed until the valley seemed to swarm with silvery echoes. Ezekiel blinked wisely at her.

"D'rindy," he said, "yuh better laugh fur two; I ain' ekil ter any ter-night."

And so she did. Her emotion, which was deeper than the occasion, ran off in laughter that approached the hysterical.

"O Zeke!" she gasped, "s'posen thet ar pictur' man hed er-took yer ter-day!" Zeke's queer smile came out again, gamboled pitifully in the small clearings of his countenance, and went back with a suddenness that was grotesque. The girl was still holding her sides, but presently she wiped her eyes with her apron.

"O Zeke," she said, "I 'm so sorry! What kin I do fur yuh?"

"Natur' is er-callin' fur suthin' ter go innards," he declared oracularly, "sech es Ma gits up; an' I reck'n as how natur' ought ter be callin' fur suthin' ter go outside. Git some water, D'rindy. Ef hit had n' er be'n fur thet ar leadin' sub-binder —" But the girl had glided into her room and caught up her crock. She sped out to the little rivulet, sparkling icy cold from the spring. Presently she came back with it full and placed it on the step.

"Now, Zeke," she said, "yuh jes set down thar on th' nex' step an' lay yuh head in my lap — so! Now keep still." Her plump little hand cupped water against the swollen places of his head, and as she bathed them thus the young man, soothed and quieted, ever and anon gazed up into her violet eyes and flushed face.

"I declar' ter goodness, D'rindy," he said, seeking for some way to express his gratitude, "yuh han' 's es sof' es er moss-patch, an' yuh es putty es th' sunset on th' mount'in."

"Shet yer jaw, Zeke; yer pokin' fun at me! An' yuh eyes can' see ter-night, nuther."

Still her heart beat fast and strong. It was the first compliment a man had ever paid to her looks. She might live out her lonely life unblessed here in the valley, and the horizon of her daily existence be the long blue peaks and her simple household duties; but the memory of the words that she had heard would dwell with her always. Her soul could thrive upon a crust that other women would spurn.

Silence fell upon them, the gliding water lapping the bruised face and lullabying the perturbed spirit, the soft hand of the girl weaving a spell for the wounded warrior. Long time they sat thus, and ever and anon his single eye sought the face above it. Something of wonder was stirring within him. Hers was a beautiful face; he had never known it before. He had seen it a thousand times; how was it that the fact had escaped

him? "She ar' putty as ther sunset on ther mount'in," he assented dreamily, indorsing his own compliment; "an' er dern sight puttier." The remaining orb blinked at her dreamily and closed beside its mate.

"What yuh sayin', Zeke?"

"I war er-sayin' er dern sight puttier; thet 's what I war er-sayin'," he answered faintly.

"Who?" she asked softly. Then presently she added, "Sal Boler?" One of Ezekiel's eyes opened wide; the other struggled in vain beneath its thick blue curtain.

"Who said Sal Boler?"

She turned her face away and fixed her gaze upon the distant peaks. Her reply was just audible and full of pathos:

"Yuh went thar, Zeke. I did n' mean ter hyah hit, but th' parson talked so loud. War she trooly a widder, Zeke, an'— an'— did she trooly wanter come back an' be — Mistis Ezekiel Sykes down een Raccoon Holler?"

It was out at last; and the sentence seemed to end almost in a moan. One tear fell down from above him, but it splashed only the little hand that soothed his wounds.

"D'rindy," he answered, after a long silence, "I had er mine ter keep my jaws shet, but hit ain't no use now. An' I don't care noway. D'rindy, Sal Boler hes done j'ined ter er city feller, an' hit war him what shet thet ar eye! Hit makes yuh jump, an' hit made me jump too, at fust. D'rindy, ef any man hed er-said ter me yestiddy mornin' when I went outer thet gate, 'Ezekiel Sykes, Sal Boler is j'ined ter er city feller, an' th' city feller is goin' ter lick yuh afo' night,' I 'd er-said he war er dinged fool ef no worser, an' ter es face. But them ar is ther two things hes come erbout. An' I mus' say, thet while I don' think no better er Sal Boler, but on the contrarywise do set her down fur er huzzy, hit mus' be 'lowed thet thar es suthin' more in city fellers 'n I most ginerally have let on; only hit ain't er fair fight ter open up 'ith sub-binders on the ear when er man is hung een his coat-sleeve."

"An' did yuh see 'er, Zeke?"

"No. I seed whar she war said ter be erlivin', an' then me an' the city feller thet had gimme a lift got ter jawin', an' hit come out thet Sal Boler was done j'ined unter him two weeks or more. One word started ernuther," he added, "an' ernuther started ther subbinder."

Ezekiel was expanding under the humane treatment, and could afford even to indulge in pleasantry.

Mrs. Sykes dissipated the charm that had been woven about them by appearing suddenly with a great quantity, though limited variety, of the physic that "natur'" had called for in behalf of Ezekiel, and to which the patient took kindly, not to say greedily. Dorinda watched him eat with a vague unrest in her heart. There is nothing at any time attractive to a woman in the sight of a hungry man at his meals. But when Ezekiel went in to lie down upon his mother's bed, as he used to when a boy when tired or troubled,— and was he not still her boy? — the deserted girl stood up gazing on the mountains veiled in their violet mists into which the blue sky of the ending day was melting, their depths shot with roseate rays. The scene was miniatured in her shadowy eyes, where a softer light was beaming.

"He 's come back free, an' he said my han' war soft es er patch er moss, an' I war es putty es the sunset on th' mount'ins: he said hit!" Her eyelids drooped over their orbs, and her chin sunk upon her breast. Then, starting as from a dream, she followed into the house.

THAT night, when Dorinda lay dreaming in the little shed-room so full of her own life, there came down the valley a deep, booming, roaring volume of sound, and the house trembled responsive to its vibrations. Nearer it approached, and her room was filled with the fierce light of an electric flash which seemed to explode there. Blinded, stunned, terrified, she groped towards the door and lifted the latch. She was almost thrown down by the storm that burst in upon her. The air seemed full of timber, stones, and flying drift, and the thunder was as the thunder of the waters that come down at Tallulah when the river is full. Her voice when she called was beaten back as feather in her throat. The timbers of the little room seemed about to fly apart. Gasping with fear, unable to close the door against the mighty blast, she gave herself up for lost. With her limbs benumbed, she tottered and fell. There, as she lay awaiting death, a man came and in the screaming fury of the storm lifted her in his arms. There was a moment in which the deluge splashed her face and the next instant she was drawn into the warm kitchen. She saw by the tremulous light of the mysterious flame the half-blackened face of Ezekiel bent above her, and faintly as one calling afar off heard his mother's voice:

> "He holds th' thunder een es han'
> An' rides upon th' storm,"

just as the parson used to line it out at Zebulon. Then came darkness.

When Dorinda gained consciousness her adopted mother was bathing her face; they were alone, Ezekiel having withdrawn at her command. The storm was now at its height, and the room was full of the sudden and fear-

ful blazes. Dorinda struggled to her feet again. Her lips moved rapidly, but all sound was lost in the din of the battle waged about them. Suddenly she broke from the elder woman's clasp and rushed to the porch. For an instant her mother thought that, crazed with fear, she had thrown herself into the storm, but in the next back came the girl through the furious elements, drenched, and with her hair blown wildly over her half-nude shoulders. The lightning trembled over and seemed to lick her form from head to foot, and by the sheen of its liquid, wavy flame she saw that the girl's hand clinched the little photograph of Ezekiel, torn from its frame of mica, while her face in its beautiful triumph seemed almost glorified. The secret was written there.

"D'rindy, D'rindy, child!" she cried. "Why hain't yuh tole me afo'?"

The words, screamed as they were in the night from the heart of the woman, did not reach the girl, who covered up the little picture in her chilled bosom, and crouched shivering by the smoldering fire. Her companion gazed upon her piteously, then kneeled beside her, and, pointing upward, moved her lips. Dorinda understood, and followed her example. Still raged the storm; such an one had never before burst upon Raccoon Hollow. Suddenly there was a noise as though the mountain itself had been riven asunder, and the house shook until the crockery danced upon the shelves. Then all grew still. Rising to her feet, the elder woman drew the shivering girl to the bed where the old man, deaf to the storm and oblivious of life, slept the sleep of second childhood, wrapped a blanket about her and thrust her under cover.

"Ma," she moaned, and the word sounded as it did when on that sad day years ago the kind-hearted woman received her as a charge — "Ma, kiss me onct, please"; just the appeal made to the dead that lay unresponsive to its frightened offspring. It was the first time that she had used it since. With tears streaming from her eyes, the woman bent and kissed her thrice, and her lips when she rose were wet with the tears of the girl.

"An' him er-lovin' nobody but ole Tom Boler's gal," she said. "Hit 's more 'n I kin make out."

IV.

In the morning, when Ezekiel looked forth from the doorway, an appalling spectacle met his gaze. The mountain had actually split asunder, and one half had sunk far down below the other. So sharply was the line drawn that a great pine, yielding one half its trunk to the departed, upreared the other with the firmer rock, its white riven heart blazing the hillside like a monument. Pale with astonishment, Ezekiel gazed long upon the scene, but there was something yet more appalling reserved for him — not a stalk of corn was left in the valley. His mother came to him and was silent too in awe at the desolation apparent and the change in the familiar old mountain. "All gone, Ma, all gone!" he groaned. The lips of the pale woman trembled. She was wont to say that her faith was like the mountain, but was not the mountain split at last? Her hand rested upon him as it had, oh so many, many times when trouble oppressed them.

"Th' Lord 'll pervide, Ezekiel. He kep' us in the night, an' he kin keep us in th' day."

"I be'n hyarin' that, Ma, all these years, an' now look! Poorer 'n' poorer year een an' year out. Es fur me, I war whupped when Pa got inter troubl' 'ith the law an' we had ter sell all ter pay out. Th' Lord maybe did pervide, but hit 's be'n mighty hard livin' sence."

"Hush, Ezekiel!" the woman whispered. "Hit 's blaspheemy! Leave hit erlone; th' righteous 'll never beg bread; leave hit erlone. Th' han' thet kin split mount'ins kin pervide fur hits own."

The light had come back to the weary face, and it was almost beautiful in its new faith as she turned humbly and went about her household duties. But Dorinda, watching her, thought that her step was feebler than she had ever seen it.

"Aun' Betsey," she said, putting her arm upon her shoulder, "don't yuh give up."

"Give up? No, deary; I ain't er-givin' up. But ef ther Lord hed er-tuck us las' night, I would n' er-lifted er finger ter hender him. Hit warn't his will, D'rindy, an' I 'm willin' ter wait."

It was a gloomy day for Raccoon Hollow. Ezekiel, under the lingering pains of his old misfortune and the new, wandered about disconsolate, and when morning dawned again the last of the Sykes' meal went into pones of bread.

The mystery of the mountain spread far and near. The day upon which the fortunes of the Sykes family seemed at their lowest ebb was signalized by the arrival of an excursion party from The Falls. Ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen on horseback and in vehicles rode over to see the wonder, bringing a well-ordered lunch. They chattered over the catastrophe, climbed the mountain, and presently the ladies rendezvoused at the little house. Here the lunch was spread, and Dorinda brought water from the spring and rendered many little kindly services. After lunch the party swarmed unceremoniously over the premises, including Dorinda's little room, which delighted them as

much, probably, as the mountain interested. Especial attention was devoted by the ladies to the delicate traceries upon the mica frame, to which Ezekiel's photograph had been carefully restored. A handsome, grave young gentleman was asked to examine it. He did so, and turning to Dorinda, whose cheeks flushed, perhaps by the praise already bestowed, asked:

"Where did that mica come from?"

"Well, now, is n't that just like Captain Moore!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "We were not talking about the mica, sir, but the tracings."

He smiled. "The tracings have great merit," he said; "but there is more money in mica that will split into such large clear sheets than in all the art that can be put upon it. You say that you found it near here?" This to Dorinda.

"Yes, sir."

"And will you go with me to see it in the morning, if I return?"

"Yes, sir, ef yuh wants me, an' th' mountain hain't sunk 'ith hit." The party began to prepare for departure. Presently there was a brief consultation among the gentlemen; then as some were galloping away one of them approached Mrs. Sykes and poured a handful of small silver into her hand. "For your kind attentions," he said. Before she comprehended he mounted and galloped away, leaving her speechless with surprise and emotion. Ezekiel came out of the wood where he had concealed his disfigurement all day, and there on the porch he and Dorinda found her sitting. Tears were running down her cheeks, and she made no effort to restrain them. She held out the hand blessed with so much silver.

"Ezekiel," she said, and then her eyes lifted upward and finished the sentence. He comprehended.

"Yes, Ma," he said gently, "yuh ar' right an' I ar' wrong, es ar' most commonly true." But the girl put her arms around her and kissed the wrinkled cheeks in silence.

Early the next day sensitive Ezekiel took to shelter again, for Captain Moore kept his promise. Ezekiel was hidden on the mountain, from which he beheld the gentleman and Dorinda pick their way across the rift to the far side. It was a difficult journey, and though the girl was as agile as a deer, Ezekiel noticed with a queer pain at his heart that the stranger insisted upon extending his hand to her every time occasion offered, and that it was always accepted.

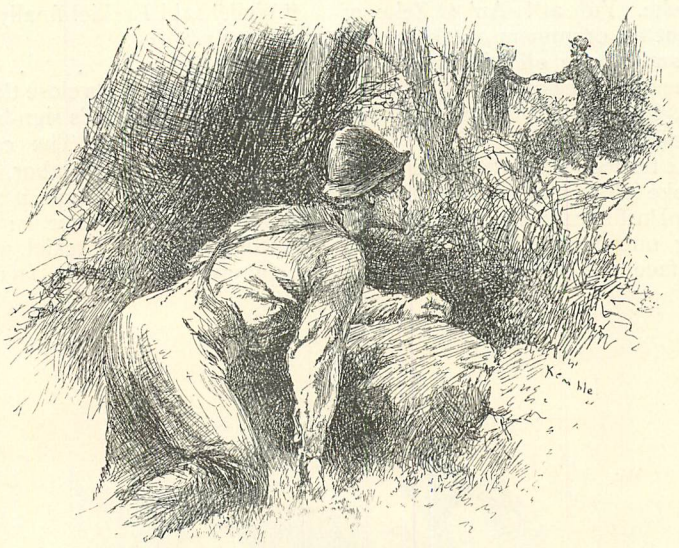
"Dad blast th' feller!" he said: "he 'd better git her ter help him, stidder him er-helpin' her."

The girl was in a particularly merry mood. Did she suspect that the single eye of the disfigured doctor was upon her? She was a woman, and the curious can argue the conclusion. Her laughter rang out across the rift, and he found himself angry and uncomfortable generally. Heigh-ho, Ezekiel Sykes! You cannot understand nature after all, can you? See that leap she just made, her hair flying and poke-bonnet waving. How beautifully done! The gentleman does not follow — ah, but he does, and she beams upon his success. Look out above your bowlder, Ezekiel, with your one capable eye, and mutter "Dad blast him!" as much as you please; they are not concerned about you.

The mica was found more than ever uncovered by the slide; a wonderful seam it was, hemmed in by quartz. The gentleman said little, but was evidently deeply interested. Finally he ascertained, by casual questions, that the ownership was vested in Mrs. Sykes. But the next day he came again, and again the girl accompanied him. He was trying to follow the vein. And the history of one day was as the history of its predecessor, even down to Ezekiel.

But at last, standing over the mica, the captain and the girl held a long and earnest conversation. Ezekiel saw her give him her hand impulsively, and they came back, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling. The truth, as it appeared to Ezekiel, was unmistakable, and he was full of rage when he saw the stranger depart and Dorinda wave her bonnet in response to a wave of his hat. But alas for Ezekiel; there was no time for questions. A second large party had come up from The Falls and swarmed over the place, and back into the friendly shadows of the mountain the young man carried his poulticed ear and picturesque scars. When this party left, the hand of the trustful and hospitable old lady was again blessed with coin.

So ran the summer away; but ere it had ended, the little home, or "Aunt Betsey's," as it had come to be known, became a regular rendezvous for visitors, who got there midday meals, bought strings of bead-corn, posies of gay flowers, and queer bits of quartz and mica with delicate traceries upon them. The cow and chickens had come back; the pigs, too, returned; yes, and the bee-hives. And everything about the yard straightened up, as with new life, from their leaning attitudes. From the rafters of the kitchen were hung yarns and provisions and shoes for the long winter, and scores of other articles for home use; and on the shelves were bolts of cloth, canned goods, and all the necessaries of life. Dorinda's gown was as nice as anybody's. The smile of God seemed to rest upon Raccoon Hollow and the riven mountain.



LOOK OUT ABOVE YOUR BOWLDER, EZEKIEL.

V.

How was it with Ezekiel? The clouds still hung low. The intuition of the young woman had placed her in possession of his secret before he knew that he had one, and with the perversity of her sex she turned the tables upon him. Her smiles were distributed among the tourists, and she learned to give keen answers to their good-humored banterings. Often he had tried to tell her of his misery, but with the training she had been receiving from the beaux and coquettes, he was no match for her. One day she went to him with a great secret.

"O Zeke!" she said, "I ar' er-goin' ter tell yuh suthin'. Th' parson war erlong ter-day, an' tickled nigh unter death. He do say hit 's all er joke erbout Sal Boler's gittin' j'ined to thet ar city feller, which war er drummer an' er-foolin' yuh. Th' parson say es how hit 's all over Calliny, an' folks es er-torkin' erbout 'Zeke Sykes's los' widder.'" She held her sides, and followed up the information with a most provoking spasm of mirth. Ezekiel gasped for breath. His voice was hoarse when he spoke at last.

"Th' parson tole yuh?"

"On course. He come straight from Sal's, an' she tole 'im 'ith her own mouth. Now yuh kin go back, an' Sal kin 'be Mistis Ezekiel Sykes down een Raccoon Holler.'" There was just the faintest tremor in her voice, but Ezekiel was beyond the comprehension of fine shadings then. She had expected an outburst; there was none. The young man walked off, and the signs were unmistakable; he was crushed.

"Zeke, are yuh hurted bad sure 'nough?" she called after him repentantly. He made no reply. When he came back later she was sitting on the steps.

"Ma," he said, "I 'm er-goin' ter Th' Falls, an' maybe I won't come back 'n er week; an' maybe hit 'll be two er 'em. They do say es how thar ar' more chance fur mount'in men in Alabam', an' I 'm er-gittin' sorter worrit down here. I 'll tork ter yuh when I 'm done torkin' ter them thet knows. Thar be some erbout Th' Falls now thet knows." He kissed her cheek, an odd caress for Ezekiel, and affected not to see her anxious look.

"Good-bye, D'rindy," he said, as he passed her on the steps. "New frien's is better 'n ole frien's." A great lump rose in the girl's throat; she could not speak. He passed through the gateway and took the road that led to The Falls, walking listlessly. She watched him for a moment, then rose and darted after him, her light step giving out scarcely a sound. If he heard, he made no sign. Presently she laid a hand upon his shoulder, and then he turned and looked down into the violet eyes, while a trembling seized him.

"Zeke," she said, a little smile quivering upon her lips, "when yuh git ter Alabam' won't yuh write er letter?"

"One writes ter yuh now, an' one es er-nough." He blurted the words out and drew from under her touch.

"O Zeke!" She looked at him with such reproach that he was half ashamed. Then she laughed, pointing her finger at him. "Zeke, I do berlieve yuh er-slippin' off ter court Sal Boler ergin." She bent almost double with the idea.

"No, I be n't," he said hoarsely.

"Yuh ar', Zeke. Yuh ar'! An' O Zeke, ef yuh be, look out fur drummers on th' road!"

He turned and strode off without a word more. She leaned her back against a tree weak with laughing, her feet thrust out in front. Presently she called him.

"Zeke!" He turned and glared back at her in silence. "Zeke Sykes," she continued, "yuh ar' er bigger fool 'n I seen this year, an' thar ar' be'n some big ones 'round hyar, th' Lord knows." Her face was flushed and she held out her arms. "Zeke, take me erlong ter Alabam', won't yuh?" He came back doubting, but the arms were not lowered, and into them he walked, speechless with the change from despair to happiness. He held her a long time.

"D'rindy," he said, "an' yuh love me arter all?"

"Yes, an' afo' all—f'om th' fus time when yuh used ter tote me on yuh back over ther rocks. O Zeke! I hain't never loved nobody else in th' whole worl' but yuh." Tears crept from under the half-closed eyelids, and then there was silence as he pressed her close to him.

"Well," said Ezekiel finally, "I war er fool mos' trooly."

. . . . . .

Two more incidents close the idyl of "Sinkin' Mount'in," as Zeke's sign-board at the fork of the roads has it. The captain's letters, spelled out with much labor, gave assurance of a sale of the mica deposit at a good price. This is one. The other is: In the closing hours of the season, Ezekiel, wandering about the hotels, met face to face the drummer who had made him a jest throughout one corner of Carolina. He spoke not a word, but kept his eye on the practical joker until he had drawn his own arms entirely free of that fatal coat and dropped it to the earth. Then he slapped his thigh.

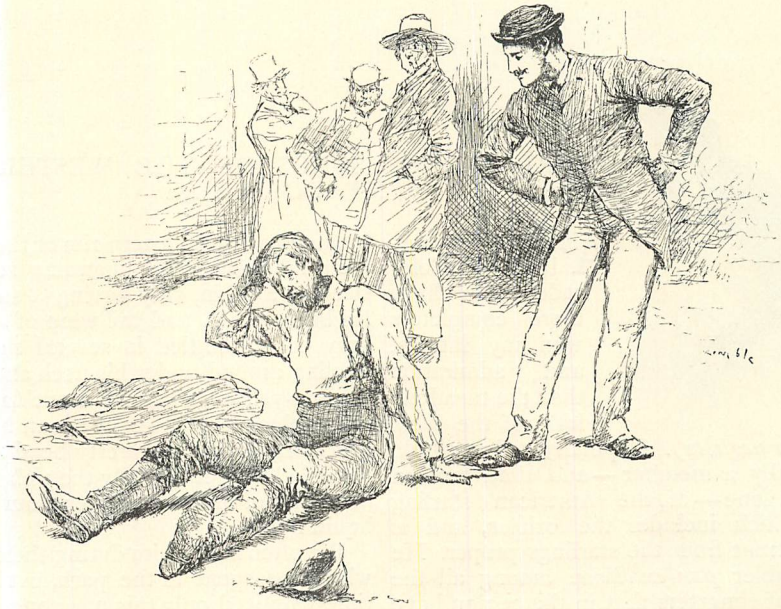
"ZEKE, TAKE ME ERLONG TER ALABAM', WON'T YUH?"

"Stranger," he said, "yuh be lookin' on Ezekiel Obadiah Sykes."

A smile came to the other's face.

"Ah!" said he. "'Natur's doctor.'"

"Th' same. Stranger, Sal Boler's husbun thet wa'n't ar' goin' ter git whupped een er-bout two minnuts." He launched forth with a mighty sub-binder, and—well, truth is truth—the next instant was knocked off his



"STUNNED, DIZZY, AND ASTOUNDED."

feet flat on his back. Rising to a sitting position, stunned, dizzy, and astounded, he gazed a moment up into the smiling face of the scientific boxer above him.

"Ezekiel," he said to himself softly, "Ezekiel Sykes, yuh be er dinged fool mos' trooly." Slowly picking up his coat, he turned his back on the assembling crowd and took the road for Raccoon Hollow. As he approached the house after his long journey the humor of the situation overcame him, and he chuckled quietly to himself.

"Th' feller be full er sub-binders es er hog be full er fleas," he said; and then as Sinking Mountain rose before him he added, cocking one eye and coming to a standstill: "Hit ain't onpossible thet hit war th' same chap busted thet ar mount'in!"

H. S. Edwards.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

O THOU who bearest on thy thoughtful face
The wearied calm that follows after grief,
See how the autumn guides each loosened leaf
To sure repose in its own sheltered place.
Ah, not forever whirl they in the race
Of wild forlornness round the gathered sheaf,
Or hurrying onward in a rapture brief,
Spin o'er the moorlands into trackless space!
Some hollow captures each; some sheltering wall
Arrests the wanderer on its aimless way;
The autumn's pensive beauty needs them all,
And winter finds them warm, though sere and gray.
They nurse young blossoms for the spring's sweet call,
And shield new leaflets for the burst of May.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

BIRD MUSIC: SONGS OF THE WESTERN MEADOW-LARK.

AMONG the song-birds of Colorado none have more completely won my interest and admiration than the meadow-lark of the West *(Sturnella neglecta)*. Popularly called a lark, he is really a member — and that, too, an important one — of the American starling family, which includes the orioles, and is quite different from the starlings proper. He is the warbler *par excellence* among all the varieties of songsters that in this region have come under my notice, and I doubt if the "lark of the poets" *(Alauda arvensis)* is more than a rival of this wondrous singer of the plains. The soaring lark may have greater lung power, but hardly can his tones be more clear and liquid, or his repertory of songs contain a more varied selection. He is certainly inferior in personal beauty, and he sings as he flies, while the meadow-lark of the West makes any convenient post, rock, or tuft of grass or weeds his stage, and there sings to you by the hour.

I first saw and heard him in Estes Park, a mile and a half above tide-water, at the foot of Long's Peak. Our camping-party had gone up from the hot, dusty plains through the picturesque cañon of the St. Vrain, and late in the afternoon we had our first view of this beautiful mountain valley, which is justly celebrated as the finest among the smaller parks of Colorado.

At break of day I sallied out to search with hook and line some of the cool retreats of the trout which I had seen near by on the previous evening.

Suddenly, as I was wending my way down the brook, up from the dewy grass with a whir of swift wings rose the meadow-lark of the West, and, perching near by upon the green branch of a stunted pine, greeted me with this original and melodious "Good-morning":

Nor was he content with a single greeting; a dozen at least he gave me in the same vein.

The sun, just then appearing above the mountains at the eastern rim of the park, gave me a full view of the charming songster. In size like a robin, only having a stouter body, his back, wings, and tail were of a brownish-gray color, mottled in several shades, while circling around under his neck and across his sulphur-yellow breast lay a necklace of feathers as black as jet. As he began his songs, he gracefully turned his pretty head towards the sky, disclosing more fully the rich adornments of neck and breast, and then poured forth his liquid notes.

We often heard him during the two months which we spent in the park, but in all that time I noticed only this one song. It is more than probable that, not looking for any variety in his melodies, I heard others without ascribing them to him as their source; for during the spring and summer months the bird abounds in the high valleys of the range in this latitude, making its appearance there, however, somewhat later in the season than when it appears upon the plains below. Yet there is good reason to believe that the meadow-lark attains its highest perfection in song, and in some minute features which distinguish this variety of the species, only on the great central plains, where the atmosphere is notably free from moisture, and the natural verdure is scant and short-lived. It is possible, also, that the very dryness of the air on this high plateau may exert a decided influence upon the quality of his tones, rendering them, though loud, mellow and enchanting.

However slight the technical points in which this songster may differ from the Eastern meadow-lark, the difference in song is certainly very marked, as noted by all observers since Audubon. While there is much greater variety, there is also a quality *(timbre)* in his tones which would make them seem almost out of place in an Eastern grove or meadow. They are also loud enough to be heard a long distance, even in the face of the stiff breezes which blow here during much of the time that the birds make their sojourn with us. The sweet and mellow character of flute tones, or those of the smaller kinds of wooden organ-pipes, would perhaps give a musical ear some idea of the quality of our singer's notes; but besides this they are possessed of a wild, indescribable quality

that is in strict keeping with the nature of his haunts — mountain valleys which are rude and retired, and the treeless, half-dreary, semi-barbaric plains of the West. He is heard most frequently in the twilight, whether of morning or evening; but during pairing time his song may be heard the whole day long.

It is said by good authorities that the bird is half domestic in its habits, preferring the neighborhood of places where man has settled, and where the culture of the soil affords better sustenance. Present facts go far to support this view, for they are certainly to be found in great numbers throughout this whole region, where systems of irrigation have changed the barren plains into rich farms and gardens. But I have seen and heard them far away from the haunts of men, and we know that, before the advent of settlers, these birds frequented this whole region in as great numbers as at the present time.

As soon as the rigor of winter had given place to the warmer days of spring, the meadow-larks appeared upon the plains about my present home. At first few in numbers, no sooner had the plains donned their summer robes, and the flowers become lavishly abundant, than they appeared on every hand, and their songs were ever filling the air with melody. I have thus had ample opportunity for cultivating the acquaintance of the meadow-lark and observing his pleasant ways. I have already spoken of the variety of his songs, but not until last spring did I discover this novel feature, which few birds possess in so remarkable a degree. Having hitherto supposed that he had but the one song above given, I noticed with surprise that among perhaps six or seven birds there were several distinct melodies. Sitting upon the ridge-pole of the barn, one little fellow would every few seconds carol forth this melody:

while from the swaying top of a tuft of Mexican poppy some rival singer would make melodious answer in this pleasant strain:

I first noticed this variety in the songs of different individuals among the meadow-larks on an evening in May, when one of them came and took possession of the top of a fence-post near where I was sitting. As I was waiting in expectation of hearing the melody already familiar, he startled me with a strain so plaintive and so in keeping with the time and scene, that I at first doubted his being my friend of the early morning in Estes Park. A careful look, however, showed me that it was none other than my meadow-lark of the West, changed only in his song.

My curiosity was at once aroused, and it occurred to me to preserve the songs which I might hear in future, together with the two already known to me, and before many minutes I had put upon paper a faithful copy of both the old and the new melody — faithful, at least, in so far as mere notes can represent tones of such purity and delightful quality. This was the "Vesper Hymn" which greeted my ear that quiet evening in May:

and it was a score of times repeated so clearly and well defined that by no possibility could I be deceived in a single note.

Lately, upon calling the attention of a friend to this song in the minor mode, she indulged in the pardonable fancy that the bird caught the inspiration of the hour, and, filled with sorrow by the fading away of the dying day, poured forth his lament in that mournful strain; but as I have often heard the same song, and others in minor keys, in the brightening morning and at midday, I fear that the meadow-lark does not indulge in sentiment, at least to any such extent as that of choosing his songs in obedience to any influence which the time and scene may exert upon him.

While surprised and delighted to find among my feathered friends the variety of songs above mentioned, I was by no means prepared for a still more interesting feature which soon came to my knowledge. One evening I was, as usual, being treated to a garden concert, where singer was answering singer, and each was apparently striving to outdo the others in the beauty of his melody. Here and there on every side I could see the long bills and slender heads quickly lifted skyward, and hear the many songs which immediately followed. I was listening with special attention to the nearest songster, who had alighted upon the fence not far away, and from heaving breast and swelling throat was pouring forth this song, which was at that time quite new to me:

I had just succeeded in imprinting the melody upon my memory, when another and also unfamiliar air attracted my notice. I supposed that some rival singer had stepped to the front, and looked up to inspect him; but only the one bird was sitting there. Half surmising that I was on the brink of a new discovery, I gave him my whole attention, and quietly followed him as he changed his perch, taking good care

not to disturb or frighten him. I was soon well rewarded in finding that the two songs had for their author and singer one and the same bird, and that occasionally he abruptly changed from the melody last given to this next one, which I was some time in catching, with certainty of having the correct pitch and intervals. Even the most distinct and well-defined warblings of birds are not so readily learned as melodies that are rendered on the piano or organ, instruments with which the writer has been somewhat familiar. Here is the second, and peculiarly quaint one, of the two melodies:

I was decidedly pleased to find this new trait in my favorite, and I afterward had the opportunity of repeatedly noticing it. I think, however, that only rarely does the meadow-lark change from one melody to another in close succession, but that, when perched for a warble, he generally sings one song, repeating it perhaps twenty or thirty times, at intervals of from ten to thirty seconds. When he changes his perch he usually takes up the same strain again; but occasionally he chooses a different melody after his short flight from one tuft of grass or weeds to another. On but few occasions have I heard a direct variation from the song which he sings when first alighting; but I have noticed this often enough to become certain that it does sometimes occur.

I have also observed that two birds, though singing the same melody, apparently in response the one to the other, sang it in different keys; and I have known a bird to choose another key in his reproduction of the same song.

Many of the songs of the meadow-lark end abruptly, as though the singer had been frightened and thereby interrupted. This feature, however, gives them a quaintness which lends a charm. This is one of the songs of such a nature:

The opportunity has been often afforded me of hearing this bird singing when I was not more than four or five feet distant. A shed of rough boards not far from the house affords a favorite perch for my pleasant little friends, and just below them, hidden from sight, I have many a time listened to their songs. In this way I have been enabled to detect some features which are not apparent at a distance. Instead of being more harsh, as are many bird notes when heard so near the singer, the quality of the tones of the meadow-lark is deepened and enriched to a remarkable degree. In examining the throat of this songster one must be almost at a loss to associate tones of such strength and roundness with an organ so small and apparently fragile. As some kinds of delicate perfumes have the power of transporting one in imagination to climes where luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers abound in endless profusion, so do these tones, when heard very near at hand, suggest undiscovered beauties of sound to which no name can be given, and of which no language can convey an idea.

I found also that many of the songs end in a kind of musical gurgle, which is entirely inaudible at a distance and resembles nothing else that I have ever heard. The following melody had this gurgle appended to it, but I cannot represent it in notes:

Here it may be said that the songs given in this article by no means exhaust the repertory of the Western meadow-lark. Some I have had no opportunity of learning, and others are so interwoven with sliding notes and rapid warbles that I have as yet found it impossible to represent them accurately in musical characters, while the far greater number doubtless I have never heard.

Besides his song tones and melodies the bird has a cry of alarm and warning which has little of the pleasing character of his other notes. It consists of a sharp, loud chirp, very rapidly repeated, and there is no fear of misinterpreting its meaning. The passage given at the end of the article very well represents this cry in notes, but I know of no instrument which can reproduce it faithfully. In walking over the short buffalo-grass of the plains, and among the cactus beds which infest this whole region wherever irrigation has not destroyed them, one is suddenly startled by this musical rattle, and turning the eye in the direction of the sound, the meadow-lark will be seen skimming along in a straight line, a few feet from the ground, until he has reached a safe distance. If no attempt is made to approach him, the listener will probably be treated to a song. It may be one of the two following, which seem to be favorites with some of the singers:

The bird nests upon the ground, choosing a protected spot: it may be a bunch of weeds, or, if upon the open plains, it often selects a clump of sage-brush or a bed of cactus. If the former is chosen, a convenient opening is made

well within the clump, and there the nest is built. If the cactus bed is preferred, the meadow-lark hollows out a little place in the ground, lines it with soft and curly buffalo-grass, and then builds over it a little canopy, pulling down the longer blades which grow even among the thick-set lobes of prickly-pear upon the uplands, and weaving them together until a small, conical covering is made, having in one side of it a round opening to serve for a door. The location of the nest is such as to afford protection from the tramping hoofs of cattle-herds that feed upon the plains, and which carefully avoid treading upon the long, sharp spines of the cactus. There the bird rears one, and sometimes two, broods of young, which are ready for self-sustenance and flight in July.

In August, when the mating season is ended, the songs of the meadow-lark of the West are heard more rarely, and then only in the early morning. In October the bird leaves this latitude, to pass the winter months in the warmer climes of New Mexico.

Charles N. Allen.

A RAINBOW STUDY.

BEHOLD the rainbow like a brilliant scroll
Of colors sevenfold,
From heaven's high dome unrolled!
Lift up thine eyes, lift up the adoring soul,
And read God's writing ere it passes by.
Fleet clouds of amethyst
Swim in a golden mist,
Hidden in dripping branches are the birds,
But for a moment gloriously gleams,
Through flying raindrops, bursting beams,
The legend of the sky—
Seven colors and seven words!

The dim, cold violet
Upon the outer margin set
Is sign of the veiled mystery of *pain;*
First bitter knowledge when young life is sweet,
And sun-bright hills seem near to eager feet.
And as the heavy purple overflows
The paler color, so the wayside grows
To midnight gloom when *sorrow* stoops to smite
And rend the heart's delight.
A path of thorns, but oh! no other way
Leads to the rosy fields of upper day.

But see! how soft and fair
The tender flower-like blue
Shines tremulously through
The broad, dark purple border of despair.
Rejoice! for out of anguish blossoms *hope!*
Again the brilliant, vivid green
Against the line of blue is seen,
Earth's color painted on the skies.
So, bringing strength to cope
With woes that in perpetual tide arise,
Life-giving *faith* descends,
And though beneath the storm the pilgrim bends,
His brow is bathed in dawn of paradise.

Oh, read in haste! the rain-cloud far has blown,
Brighter and broader are the sun-waves grown,
And the delirious birds
Their wild, wet wings in burning beams have dipped.
Interpret from the shining manuscript
The seven illumined words.

Warm, amber yellow in rich waves
The edge of emerald verdure laves,
Symbol of *joy* — when faith grows deep
And full and strong; when even death's sleep
Has lost its gloom, and eyes that weep
See starry splendors through the tears.
The blazing orange hue
Is *triumph's* own imperial sign,
The victory pure and true
Which falls on sunset years,
When slow unfold the gates divine—
When all the storms are spent, and lonely ways
Grow beautiful in warm, benignant praise.

Now in a radiant flush of crimson fire
The rainbow is caught up to heaven!
Behold the dearest symbol of the seven.
When at the long day's close,
Through pain and sorrow dire,
The loyal soul has won its true repose,
When hope and trust have blossomed into joy,
And victory comes at last without alloy,
Then in celestial *love*
Enfolded, borne as in a flame above,
Serene in homeward flight,
The spirit soars and vanishes in light.

The green sod sparkles with the fleeting shower,
Fresh odors pant from every breathing flower,
The sky effulgent glows!
What though the purple violet
Upon the grassy mound is wet
With dew of fond regret;
The rainbow reached from earth to heaven,
And the last color of the seven
Was love's transcendent rose.

Frances L. Mace.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

PLANS OF CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

BOUT the 1st of December, 1861, Mr. Lincoln, who saw more clearly than McClellan, then General-in-Chief, the urgent necessity for some movement of the army, suggested to him a plan of campaign which, afterward much debated and discussed and finally rejected, is now seen to have been eminently wise and sagacious. He made a brief autograph memorandum of his plan, which he handed to McClellan, who kept it for ten days and returned it to Mr. Lincoln, with a hurried memorandum in pencil, showing that it made little impression on his mind. The memorandum and answer are so illustrative of the two men that we give them here in full, copied from the original manuscript:

If it were determined to make a forward movement of the Army of the Potomac, without waiting further increase of numbers, or better drill and discipline, how long would it require to actually get in motion? [Answer, in pencil: If bridge-trains ready by December 15th — probably 25th.]

After leaving all that would be necessary, how many troops could join the movement from south-west of the river? [In pencil, 71,000.]

How many from north-east of it? [In pencil, 33,000.]

Suppose then that of those south-west of the river [in pencil, 50,000] move forward and menace the enemy at Centreville? The remainder of the movable force on that side move rapidly to the crossing of the Occoquan by the road from Alexandria towards Richmond; there to be joined by the whole movable force from north-east of the river, having landed from the Potomac just below the mouth of the Occoquan, move by land up the south side of that stream, to the crossing-point named; then the whole move together, by the road thence to Brentville, and beyond, to the railroad just south of its crossing of Broad Run, a strong detachment of cavalry having gone rapidly ahead to destroy the railroad bridges south and north of the point.

If the crossing of the Occoquan by those from above be resisted, those landing from the Potomac below to take the resisting force of the enemy in rear; or, if the landing from the Potomac be resisted, those crossing the Occoquan from above to take that resisting force in rear. Both points will probably not be successfully resisted at the same time. The force in front of Centreville, if pressed too hardly, should fight back slowly into the intrenchments behind them. Armed vessels and transports should remain at the Potomac landing to cover a possible retreat.†

General McClellan returned the memorandum with this reply:

I inclose the paper you left with me, filled as you requested. In arriving at the numbers given, I have left the minimum number in garrison and observation.

Information received recently leads me to believe that the enemy could meet us in front with equal forces nearly, and I have now my mind actively turned towards another plan of campaign that I do not think at all anticipated by the enemy, nor by many of our own people.‡

The general's information was, as usual, erroneous. Johnston reports his "effective total" at this time as about 47,000 men — less than one-third what McClellan imagined it. Lincoln, however, did not insist upon knowing what the general's "other plan" was; nor did he press further upon his attention the suggestion that had been so scantily considered and so curtly dismissed. But as the weeks went by in inaction, his thoughts naturally dwelt upon the opportunities afforded by an attack on the enemy's right, and the project took more and more definite shape in his mind.

Congress convened on the 2d of December, and one of its earliest subjects of discussion was the battle of Ball's Bluff. Roscoe Conkling in the House of Representatives, and Zachariah Chandler in the Senate, brought forward resolutions for the appointment of committees to investigate and determine the responsibility for that disaster; but on motion of Grimes the Senate chose to order a permanent joint committee of three senators and four representatives to inquire into the conduct of the war. This action was unanimously agreed to by the House, and the committee was appointed, consisting of senators Wade, Chandler, and Johnson, and of representatives Gooch, Covode, Julian, and Odell. This committee, known as the Committee on the Conduct of the War, was for four years one of the most important agencies in the country. It assumed, and was sustained by Congress in assuming, a great range of prerogative. It became a stern and zealous censor of both the army and the government; it called soldiers and

† Lincoln to McClellan, autograph MS.

‡ McClellan to Lincoln, Dec. 10, 1861. Autograph MS.

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statesmen before it and questioned them like refractory school-boys. It claimed to speak for the loyal people of the United States, and this claim generally met with the sympathy and support of a majority of the people's representatives in Congress assembled. It was often hasty and unjust in its judgment, but always earnest, patriotic, and honest; it was assailed with furious denunciation and defended with headlong and indiscriminating eulogy; and on the whole it must be said to have merited more praise than blame.

Even before this committee was appointed, as we have seen, senators Chandler and Wade, representing the more ardent and eager spirits in Congress, had repeatedly pressed upon the Government the necessity of employing the Army of the Potomac in active operations; and now that they felt themselves formally intrusted with a mandate from the people to that effect, were still more urgent and persistent. General McClellan and his immediate following treated the committee with something like contempt. But the President, with his larger comprehension of popular forces, knew that he must take into account an agency of such importance; and though he steadily defended General McClellan, and his deliberateness of preparation, before the committee, he constantly assured him in private that not a moment ought to be lost in getting himself in readiness for a forward movement. A free people, accustomed to considering public affairs as their own, can stand reverses and disappointments; they are capable of making great exertions and great sacrifices: the one thing that they cannot endure is inaction on the part of their rulers; the one thing that they insist upon is to see some result of their exertions and sacrifices. December was the fifth month that General McClellan had been in command of the greatest army ever brought together on this continent. It was impossible to convince the country that a longer period of preparation was necessary before this army could be led against one inferior in numbers, and not superior in discipline or equipment. As a matter of fact, the country did not believe the rebel army to be equal to the army of the Union in any of these particulars. It did not share the strange delusion of General McClellan and his staff in regard to the numbers of his adversary, and the common sense of the people was nearer right in its judgment than the computations of the general and his inefficient secret service. McClellan reported to the Secretary of War that Johnston's army, at the end of October, numbered 150,000, and that he would therefore require, to make an advance movement with the Army of the Potomac, a force of 240,000. Johnston's report of that date shows an effective total of 41,000 men! It was useless to try to convince General McClellan of the impossibility of such a concentration of troops in front of him; he simply added together the aggregates furnished by the guesses of his spies and implicitly believed the monstrous sum. It is worthy of notice that the Confederate general rarely fell into the corresponding error. At the time that McClellan was quadrupling, in his imagination, the rebel force, Johnston was estimating the army under McClellan at exactly its real strength.

Aware that his army was less than one-third as strong as the Union forces, Johnston contented himself with neutralizing the army at Washington, passing the time in drilling and disciplining his troops, which, according to his own account, were seriously in need of it. He could not account for the inactivity of the Union army. Military operations, he says, were practicable until the end of December; but he was never molested.

> Our military exercises had never been interrupted. No demonstrations were made by the troops of that army, except the occasional driving in of a Confederate cavalry picket by a large mixed force. The Federal cavalry rarely ventured beyond the protection of infantry, and the ground between the two armies had been less free to it than to that of the Confederate army.

There was at no time any serious thought of attacking the Union forces in front of Washington. In the latter part of September, General Johnston had thought it possible for the Richmond government to give him such additional troops as to enable him to take the offensive, and Jefferson Davis had come to headquarters at Fairfax Court House to confer with the principals on that subject. At this conference, held on the 1st of October, it was taken for granted that no attack could be made, with any chances of success, upon the Union army in its position before Washington; but it was thought that, if enough force could be concentrated for the purpose, the Potomac might be crossed at the nearer ford, Maryland brought into rebellion, and a battle delivered in rear of Washington, where McClellan would fight at a disadvantage. Mr. Davis asked the three generals present, Johnston, Beauregard, and G. W. Smith, beginning with the last, how many troops would be required for such a movement. Smith answered "fifty thousand"; Johnston and Beauregard both said "sixty thousand"; and all agreed that they would require a large increase of ammunition and means of transportation. Mr. Davis said it was impossible to reënforce them to that extent, and the plan was dropped. It is hard to believe that during this same month of October, General McClellan, in a careful letter to

the War Department, with an army, according to his own account, of "147,695 present for duty," should have bewailed his numerical inferiority to the enemy, and begged that all other departments should be stripped of their troops and stores to enable him to make a forward movement, which he professed himself anxious to make "not later than the 25th of November," if the Government would give him men enough to meet the enemy on equal terms. This singular infatuation, difficult to understand in a man of high intelligence and physically brave, as McClellan undoubtedly was, must not be lost sight of. It furnishes the sole explanation of many things otherwise inexplicable. He rarely estimated the force immediately opposed to him at less than double its actual strength, and in his correspondence with the Government he persistently minimized his own force. This rule he applied only to the enemy in his immediate vicinity. He had no sympathy with commanders at a distance who asked for reënforcements. When Rosecrans succeeded him in western Virginia, and wanted additional troops, General McClellan was shocked at the unreasonable request. When William Tecumseh Sherman telegraphed that 75,000 men were needed to defend the Ohio line, and to make a forward movement into Kentucky, he handed the dispatch to Mr. Lincoln, who was sitting in his headquarters at the moment, with the remark, "The man is crazy." Every man sent to any other department he regarded as a sort of robbery of the Army of the Potomac.

All his demands were complied with to the full extent of the power of the Government. Not only in a material, but in a moral sense as well, the President gave him everything that he could. In addition to that mighty army, he gave him his fullest confidence and support. All through the autumn he stood by him, urging him in private to lose no time, but defending him in public against the popular impatience; and when winter came on, and the voice of Congress, nearly unanimous in demanding active operations, added its authoritative tones to the clamor of the country, the President endangered his own popularity by insisting that the general should be allowed to take his own time for an advance. In the latter part of December, McClellan, as already stated, fell seriously ill, and the enforced paralysis of the army that resulted from this illness and lasted several weeks added a keener edge to the public anxiety. The President painfully appreciated how much of justice there was in the general criticism, which he was doing all that he could to allay. He gave himself, night and day, to the study of the military situation. He read a large number of strategical works. He pored over the reports from the various departments and districts of the field of war. He held long conferences with eminent generals and admirals, and astonished them by the extent of his special knowledge and the keen intelligence of his questions. He at last convinced himself that there was no necessity for any further delay; that the army of the Potomac was as nearly ready as it ever would be to take the field against the enemy; and, feeling that he could not wait any longer, on the 10th of January, after calling at General McClellan's house and learning that the general was unable to see him, he sent for Generals McDowell and Franklin, wishing to take counsel with them in regard to the possibility of beginning active operations with the army before Washington. General McDowell has preserved an accurate report of this conference. The President said that he was in great distress; to use his own expression:

> If something were not soon done, the bottom would be out of the whole affair; and if General McClellan did not want to use the army he would like to borrow it, provided he could see how it might be made to do something.

In answer to a direct question, put by the President to General McDowell, that accomplished soldier gave a frank and straightforward expression of his conviction that by an energetic movement upon both flanks of the enemy — a movement rendered entirely practicable by the superior numbers of the Union army — he could be forced from his works and compelled to accept battle on terms favorable to us. General Franklin rather favored an attack upon Richmond, by way of York River. A question arising as to the possibility of obtaining the necessary transportation, the President directed both generals to return the next evening, and in the mean time to inform themselves thoroughly as to the matter in question. They spent the following day in this duty and went the next evening to the Executive Mansion with what information they had been able to procure, and submitted a paper in which they both agreed that, in view of the time and means required to take the army to a distant base, operations could now best be undertaken from the present base substantially as proposed by McDowell. The Secretaries of State and of the Treasury, who were present, coincided in this view, and the Postmaster-General, Mr. Blair, alone opposed it. They separated to meet the next day at 3 o'clock. General Meigs, having been called into conference, concurred in the opinion that a movement from the present base was preferable; but no definite resolution was taken, as General McClellan was reported as fully

recovered from his illness, and another meeting was arranged for Monday, the 13th, at the White House, where the three members of the Cabinet already mentioned, with McDowell, Franklin, Meigs, and General McClellan himself, were present. At the request of the President, McDowell made a statement of what he and Franklin had done under Mr. Lincoln's orders, and gave his reasons for advising a movement to the front. He spoke with great courtesy and deference towards his superior officer, and made an apology for the position in which he stood. McClellan was not inclined to relieve the situation of any awkwardness there might be in it. He merely said, "coldly, if not curtly," to McDowell, "You are entitled to have any opinion you please," and made no further remark or comment. The President spoke somewhat at length on the matter, and General McClellan said very briefly "that the case was so clear a blind man could see it" and went off instinctively upon the inadequacy of his forces. The Secretary of the Treasury, whose sympathies were with that section of his party which had already lost all confidence in General McClellan, asked him point blank what he intended to do with the army, and when he intended doing it. A long silence ensued. Even if the question had been a proper one, it is doubtful whether General McClellan would have answered it; as it was, it must have required some self-control for him to have contented himself with merely evading it. He said that Buell in Kentucky must move first; and then refused to answer the question unless ordered to do so. The President asked him if he counted upon any particular time, not asking what the time was — but had he in his own mind any particular time fixed when a movement could be begun? This question was evidently put as affording a means of closing a conference which was becoming disagreeable if not dangerous. McClellan promptly answered in the affirmative, and the President rejoined, "Then I will adjourn this meeting."

It is a remarkable fact that although the plan recommended by these generals was exactly the plan suggested six weeks before by the President to McClellan, neither of them made the slightest reference to that incident. That Mr. Lincoln did not refer to a matter so close to his heart is a striking instance of his reticence and his magnanimity; that General McClellan never mentioned it would seem to show that he thought so little of the matter as to have forgotten it. He seemed also to have thought little of this conference; he makes no reference to it in his report. He says, referring to this period:

> About the middle of January, upon recovering from a severe illness, I found that excessive anxiety for an immediate movement of the Army of the Potomac had taken possession of the minds of the Administration.

The last words of the phrase refer not only to the President, but to Mr. Stanton, the new Secretary of War, who began as soon as he took charge of his department to ply the commander of the army with continual incitements to activity. All suggestions of this sort, whether coming from the Government, Congress, or the press, General McClellan received with surprise and displeasure, and the resentment and vexation of his immediate friends and associates found vent in expressions of contempt for unmilitary critics, which, being reported, only increased the evil that provoked them. He at last laid before the President his plan for attacking Richmond by the lower Chesapeake, which the President disapproved, having previously convinced himself of the superior merit of the plan for a direct movement agreed upon by Generals McDowell, Franklin, and Meigs, who were ignorant of the fact that it was his. Further delay ensued, the President not being willing to accept a plan condemned by his own judgment and by the best professional opinions that he could obtain, and General McClellan being equally reluctant to adopt a plan that was not his own. The President at last, at the end of his patience, convinced that nothing would be done unless he intervened by a positive command, issued on the 27th of January his "General War Order, No. 1." He wrote it without consultation with any one, and read it to the Cabinet, not for their sanction, but for their information. The order directed

> that the 22d day of February, 1862, be the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States against the insurgent forces; that especially the army at and about Fortress Monroe, the Army of the Potomac, the Army of western Virginia, the army near Munfordville, Kentucky, the army and flotilla at Cairo, and a naval force in the Gulf of Mexico, be ready to move on that day; that all other forces, both land and naval, with their respective commanders, obey existing orders for the time, and be ready to obey additional orders when duly given; that the heads of departments, and especially the Secretaries of War and of the Navy, with all their subordinates, and the General-in-Chief, with all other commanders and subordinates of land and naval forces, will severally be held to their strict and full responsibilities for prompt execution of this order.

Four days later, as a necessary result of this general summons to action, a special instruction, called "President's Special War Order, No. 1," was issued to General McClellan, commanding

> that all the disposable force of the Army of the Potomac, after providing safely for the defense of Washington, be formed into an expedition for the im-

mediate object of seizing and occupying a point upon the railroad south-westward of what is known as Manassas Junction, all details to be in the discretion of the General-in-Chief, and the expedition to move before or on the 22d day of February next.

This is the President's suggestion of December 1, put at last in the form of a command.

It would not have been characteristic of General McClellan to accept such an order as final, nor of Mr. Lincoln to refuse to listen to his objections and to a full statement of his own views. The President even went so far as to give him, in the following note, dated February 3, a schedule of points on which he might base his objections and develop his views.

MY DEAR SIR: You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac — yours to be done by the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock, to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on the York River; mine to move directly to a point on the railroads south-west of Manassas.

If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions, I shall gladly yield my plan to yours:

First. Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?

Second. Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?

Third. Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?

Fourth. In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's communications, while mine would?

Fifth. In case of disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?

Yours truly,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This elicited from General McClellan a long letter, dated the same day, in which he dwelt with great emphasis on all the possible objections that could lie against a direct movement from Washington, and insisted with equal energy upon the advantages of a campaign by the lower Chesapeake. He rejects without argument the suggestion of an attack on both flanks of the enemy, on the ground of insufficient force, a ground that we have seen to be visionary. He says that an attack on the left flank of the enemy is impracticable on account of the length of the line, and confines his statement to a detail of the dangers and difficulties of an attack on the Confederate right by the line of the Occoquan. He insists that he will be met at every point by a determined resistance. To use his own words, he

brings out, in bold relief, the great advantage possessed by the enemy in the strong central position he occupies, with roads diverging in every direction, and a strong line of defense enabling him to remain on the defensive, with a small force on one flank, while he concentrates everything on the other for a decisive action.

Even if he succeeded in such a movement, he thought little of its results; they would be merely "the possession of the field of battle, the evacuation of the line of the upper Potomac by the enemy, and the moral effect of the victory."

They would not end the war, the result he seemed to propose to himself in the one decisive battle he expected to fight somewhere. Turning to his own plan, he hopes by moving from his new base on the lower Chesapeake to accomplish this enormous and final success — to force the enemy either "to beat us in a position selected by ourselves, disperse, or pass beneath the Caudine forks." The point which he thought promised the most brilliant results was Urbana, on the lower Rappahannock; "but one march from West Point,— on the York River, at the junction of the Pamunkey and the Mattapony,— the key of that region, and thence but two marches to Richmond." He enjoys the prospect of brilliant and rapid movements by which the rebel armies shall be cut off in detail, Richmond taken, and the rebellion brought to a close. He says finally:

My judgment as a general is clearly in favor of this project. . . . So much am I in favor of the southern line of operations, that I would prefer the move from Fortress Monroe as a base — as a certain though less brilliant movement than that from Urbana, to an attack upon Manassas.

Most of the assumptions upon which this letter was based have since proved erroneous. The enormous force which McClellan ascribed to Johnston existed only in his imagination and in the wild stories of his spies. His force was about three times that of Johnston, and was therefore not insufficient for an attack upon one flank of the enemy while the other was held in check. It is now clearly known that the determined resistance that he counted upon, if he should attack by the line of the Occoquan, would not have been made. General Johnston says that about the middle of February he was sent for in great haste to Richmond, and on arriving there was told by Jefferson Davis that the Government thought of withdrawing the army to "a less exposed position." Johnston replied that the withdrawal of the army from Centreville would be necessary before McClellan's invasion,— which was to be looked for as soon as the roads were practicable,— but thought that it might be postponed for the present. He left Richmond, however, with the understanding on his part that the army was to fall back as soon as practicable, and the moment he returned to his camp he began his preparations to retire at once from a position which both he and the Richmond government considered absolutely untenable. On the 22d of February he says: "Orders were given to the chiefs of the quartermaster's and subsistence departments to remove the military property in the

depots at Manassas Junction and its dependencies to Gordonsville as quickly as possible." The railroads were urged to work to their utmost capacity. The line of the Occoquan, against which McClellan was arguing so strenuously to the President, was substantially the route by which Johnston expected him, believing, like the thorough soldier that he was, that it would be taken, because "invasion by that route would be the most difficult to meet"; and knowing that he could not cope with the Federal army north of the Rappahannock, he was ready to retire behind that stream at the first news of McClellan's advance. Everything now indicates that if McClellan had chosen to obey the President's order and to move upon the enemy in his front in the latter part of February* or the first days of March, one of the cheapest victories ever gained by a fortunate general awaited him. He would have struck an enemy greatly inferior in strength, equipment, and discipline, in the midst of a difficult retreat already begun, encumbered by a vast accumulation of provisions and stores,† which would have become the prize of the victor. He would not have won the battle that was to end the war. That sole battle was a dream of youth and ambition; the war was not of a size to be finished by one fight. But he would have gained, at slight cost, what would have been in reality a substantial success, and would have appeared, in its effect upon public opinion and the morale of the army, an achievement of great importance. The enemy, instead of quietly retiring at his own time, would have seemed to be driven beyond the Rapidan. The clearing the Potomac of hostile camps and batteries above and below Washington, and the capture of millions of pounds of stores, would have afforded a relief to the anxious public mind that the National cause sorely needed at that time, and which General McClellan needed most of all.‡

These facts, that are now so clear to every one, were not so evident then; and although the President and the leading men in the Government and in Congress were strongly of the opinion that the plan favored by Mr. Lincoln and approved by McDowell, Meigs, and Franklin was the right one, it was a question of the utmost gravity whether he should force the General-in-Chief to adopt it against his obstinate protest. It would be too much to ask that any government should assume such a responsibility and risk. On the other hand, the removal of the general from the command of the Army of the Potomac would have been a measure not less serious. There was no successor ready at all his equal in accomplishments, in executive efficiency, or in popularity among the soldiers. Besides this, and in spite of his exasperating slowness, the President still entertained for him a strong feeling of personal regard. He therefore, after much deliberation and deep distress of mind, yielded his convictions, gave up his plan and adopted that of General McClellan for a movement by the lower Chesapeake. He never took a resolution which cost him more in his own feelings, and in the estimation of his supporters in Congress and in the country at large. He made no explanation of the reasons that induced this resolution; he thought it better to suffer any misrepresentation rather than to communicate his own grave misgivings to the country. The Committee on the Conduct of the War, who were profoundly grieved and displeased by this decision, made only this grim reference to it:

> Your committee have no evidence, either oral or documentary, of the discussions that ensued, or of the arguments that were submitted to the consideration of the President, that led him to relinquish his own line of operations and consent to the one proposed by General McClellan, except the result of a council of war, held in February, 1862.

This council, which, the committee say, was the first ever called by McClellan, and then only at the direction of the President, was composed of twelve general officers — McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman, Barnard, Keyes, Fitz-John Porter, Franklin, W. F. Smith, McCall, Blenker, Andrew Porter, and Naglee

* The following extract shows that General McClellan himself had some vague thought of moving at that time: "February came and on the 13th General McClellan said to me, 'In ten days I shall be in Richmond.' A little surprised at the near approach of a consummation so devoutly to be wished, I asked, 'What is your plan, General?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I mean to cross the river, attack and carry their batteries, and push on after the enemy.' 'Have you any gun-boats to aid in the attack on the batteries?' 'No, they are not needed; all I want is transportation and canal-boats, of which I have plenty that will answer.' I did not think it worth while to reply; but made a note of the date and waited. The ten days passed away; no movement, and no preparation for a movement, had been made." [From a memorandum written by Hon. S. P. Chase. Schucker's "Life of S. P. Chase," p. 446.]

† The subsistence department had collected at Manassas Junction more than three million pounds of provisions. They had also two million pounds of meat at Thoroughfare Gap, besides large herds of cattle and hogs. This accumulation was against the wish and to the great embarrassment of General Johnston. ["Johnston's Narrative," pp. 98 and 99.]

‡ Mr. William Swinton, who habitually takes sides with McClellan against the President where it is possible, says on this point: "Had Johnston stood, a battle with good prospect of success might have been delivered. But had he, as there was great likelihood he would do, and as it is now certain he would have done, fallen back from Manassas to the line of the Rapidan, his compulsory retirement would have been esteemed a positive victory to the Union arms." [Swinton, "Army of the Potomac," p. 73.]

(from Hooker's division). The first four voted against the Urbana plan; Keyes only favored it on condition that the Potomac batteries should first be reduced. The rest voted for it without conditions. This was the council afterward referred to by Stanton when he said, "We saw ten generals afraid to fight."*

This plan of campaign having been definitely adopted, Mr. Lincoln urged it forward as eagerly as if it had been his own. John Tucker, one of the Assistant Secretaries of War, was charged by the President and Mr. Stanton with the entire task of transporting the Army of the Potomac to its new base, and the utmost diligence was enjoined upon him. Quartermasters Ingalls and Hodges were assigned to assist him. We shall see that he performed the prodigious task intrusted to him in a manner not excelled by any similar feat in the annals of the world.

But in the mean while there were two things that the President was anxious to have done, and General McClellan undertook them with apparent good-will. One was to reopen the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the other to clear out the rebel batteries that still obstructed the navigation of the Potomac. For the first, extensive preparations were made: a large body of troops was collected at Harper's Ferry; canal-boats were brought there in sufficient quantity to make a permanent bridge. General McClellan went to the place and, finding everything satisfactory for the operation, telegraphed for a large additional force of cavalry, artillery, and a division of infantry to rendezvous at once at Harper's Ferry, to cross as soon as the bridge was completed, which would be only the work of a day, and then to push on to Winchester and Strasburg. It was only on the morning of the next day, when the attempt was made to pass the canal-boats through the lift-lock, that it was discovered they were some six inches too wide to go through. The general thus discovered that his permanent bridge, so long planned, and from which so much had been expected, was impossible.† He countermanded his order for the troops; contented himself with a reconnaissance to Charleston and Martinsburg; and returned to Washington, as he says, "well satisfied with what had been accomplished." He was much surprised at finding that his satisfaction was not shared by the President. Mr. Lincoln's slow anger was thoroughly roused at this ridiculous outcome of an important enterprise, and he received the general on his return in a manner that somewhat disturbed his complacency.

McClellan went on in his leisurely way, preparing for a movement upon the batteries near the Occoquan, undisturbed by the increasing signs of electric perturbation at the Executive Mansion and the Capitol, which answered but faintly to the growing excitement in the North. The accumulating hostility and distrust of General McClellan,—totally unjust as it affected his loyalty and honor and his ardent desire to serve his country in the way that he thought best,—though almost entirely unknown to him, was poured upon the President, the Government, and the leading members of Congress in letters, and conversations, and newspaper leaders. Mr. Lincoln felt the injustice of much of this criticism, but he also felt powerless to meet it, unless some measures were adopted to force the general into an activity which was as necessary to his own reputation as to the national cause. The 22d of February came and passed, and the President's order to move on that day was not obeyed. McClellan's inertia prevailed over the President's anxious eagerness. On the 8th of March, Mr. Lincoln issued two more important General Orders. The first directed General McClellan to divide the Army of the Potomac into four army corps, to be commanded respectively by Generals Irvin McDowell, E. V. Sumner, S. P. Heintzelman, and E. D. Keyes; the forces to be left in front of Washington were to be placed in command of General Wadsworth. The Fifth Corps was to be formed, to be commanded by General N. P. Banks. For months this measure had been pressed upon General McClellan by the Government. An army of 150,000 men, it was admitted, could not be adequately commanded by the machinery of divisions and brigades alone. But though McClellan accepted this view in principle, he could not be brought to put it into practice. He said that he would prefer to command the army personally on its first campaign, and then select the corps commanders for their behavior in the field. The Government thought better to make the organization at once, giving the command of corps to the ranking division commanders. The fact that of the four generals chosen three had been in favor of an immediate movement against the enemy in front of Washington will of course be considered as possessing a certain significance. It is usually regarded as a grievance by the partisans of General McClellan.

The other order is of such importance that we give it entire:

PRESIDENT'S GENERAL WAR ORDER, No. 3.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 8, 1862.

Ordered, That no change of the base of operations of the Army of the Potomac shall be made without

* J. H., Diary.

† Chase in his Diary said the expedition died of lockjaw.

leaving in and about Washington such a force as, in the opinion of the General-in-Chief and the commanders of army corps, shall leave said city entirely secure.

That no more than two army corps (about fifty thousand troops) of said Army of the Potomac shall be moved en route for a new base of operations until the navigation of the Potomac from Washington to the Chesapeake Bay shall be freed from enemy's batteries and other obstructions, or until the President shall hereafter give express permission. That any movement as aforesaid, en route for a new base of operations, which may be ordered by the General-in-Chief, and which may be intended to move upon the Chesapeake Bay, shall begin to move upon the bay as early as the 18th of March instant, and the General-in-Chief shall be responsible that it moves as early as that day.

Ordered, That the Army and Navy coöperate in an immediate effort to capture the enemy's batteries upon the Potomac between Washington and Chesapeake Bay.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

L. THOMAS, *Adjutant-General.*

This order has always been subject to the severest criticism from General McClellan's partisans; but if we admit that it was proper for the President to issue any order at all, there can be no valid objection made to the substance of this one. It was indispensable that Washington should be left secure; it would have been madness to allow General McClellan to take *all* the troops to the Peninsula, leaving the Potomac obstructed by the enemy's batteries, so near the capital; and the fixing of a date beyond which the beginning of the movement should not be postponed had been shown to be necessary by the exasperating experience of the past eight months. The criticism so often made, that a general who required to have such orders as these given him should have been dismissed the service, is the most difficult of all to meet. Nobody felt so deeply as Mr. Lincoln the terrible embarrassment of having a general in command of that magnificent army who was absolutely without initiative, who answered every suggestion of advance with demands for reënforcements, who met entreaties and reproaches with unending arguments to show the superiority of the enemy and the insufficiency of his own resources, and who yet possessed in an eminent degree the enthusiastic devotion of his friends and the general confidence of the rank and file. There was so much of executive efficiency and ability about him that the President kept on, hoping to the last that if he could once "get him started" he would then handle the army well and do great things with it.

MANASSAS EVACUATED.

SUNDAY, the 9th of March, was a day of swiftly succeeding emotions at the Executive Mansion. The news of the havoc wrought by the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads the day before arrived in the morning, and was received with profound chagrin by the calmest spirits and with something like consternation by the more excitable. But in the afternoon astonishing tidings came to reverse the morning's depression. The first was of the timely arrival of the *Monitor*, followed shortly, on the completion of the telegraph to Fort Monroe, by the news of her battle and victory. The exultation of the Government over this providential success was changed to amazement by the receipt of intelligence that the rebel batteries on the Potomac were already abandoned, and the tale of surprises was completed by the news which came in the evening that the Confederate army had abandoned their works at Manassas, retreating southward. General McClellan was with the President and the Secretary of War when this message arrived, and he received it, as might have been expected, with incredulity, which at last gave way to stupefaction. He started at once across the river, ostensibly to verify the intelligence, and in his bewilderment and confusion issued an order that night for an immediate advance of the army upon Centreville and Manassas. In the elaborate report by which he strove, a year after the fact, to shift from himself to others the responsibility of all his errors, occurs this remarkable sentence:

> The retirement of the enemy towards Richmond had been expected as the natural consequence of the movement to the Peninsula, but their adoption of this course immediately on ascertaining that such a movement was intended, while it relieved me from the results of the undue anxiety of my superiors and attested the character of the design, was unfortunate in that the then almost impassable roads between our positions and theirs deprived us of the opportunity for inflicting damage usually afforded by the withdrawal of a large army in the face of a powerful adversary.

This was the theory immediately adopted by himself, propagated among his staff, communicated to the Prince de Joinville, who published it in France on his return there, and to the Comte de Paris, who after twenty years incorporated it in his history — that the enemy, having heard of his scheme for going to the Peninsula, through the indiscretion of the Government, had suddenly taken flight from Manassas. General McClellan asserts this in his report a dozen times; he reiterates it as if he felt that his reputation depended upon it. If it is not true, then in the long contest with the President in regard to a direct attack from Washington the President was right and McClellan was wrong.

The straightforward narrative of General Johnston, and the official orders and correspondence of the Confederate officers, show

that there is not the slightest foundation for this theory of General McClellan's. They show, on the contrary, that the rebel government, nearly a month before this, had concluded that Johnston's position was untenable; that Johnston had shared in the belief, and had begun his preparations to retire on the 22d of February; that instead of "ascertaining McClellan's intention to move to the lower Chesapeake," he had been of the opinion that McClellan would advance upon the line designated by Mr. Lincoln, because it was the best line for attack and the most difficult for the rebels to defend; that he knew McClellan's enormous superiority in numbers and did not purpose to risk everything in resisting him there; that on the 5th of March, having received information of unusual activity in our army in the direction of Dumfries, he gave his final orders, and on the 7th began to move. He proceeded with the greatest deliberation, writing to one of his generals on the 15th, "McClellan seems not to value time especially." His subordinates were equally convinced that the Confederate right was the object of the Union advance; Holmes wrote in that sense to Lee on the 14th of March. Lee, who was then directing military operations in Richmond, answered him on the 16th, concurring in this view, recognizing the "advantages" of such a plan, and saying, "That he will advance upon our line as soon as he can, I have no doubt." Until the 18th of March Johnston did not suspect that McClellan was not advancing to strike his right flank; he then fell back behind the Rapidan, to guard against other contingencies. Even while our vast army was passing down the Potomac he could not make out where it was going. So late as the early days of April, Jefferson Davis was in doubt as to McClellan's destination, and Johnston only heard of the advance upon Yorktown about the 5th of that month.

By the very test, therefore, to which General McClellan appeals in the paragraph quoted above, his conduct during the autumn and winter stands finally condemned. By their contemporaneous letters and orders, by their military movements in an important crisis, by their well-considered historical narratives, the Confederate government and generals have established these facts beyond all possibility of future refutation: that the plan for a direct attack suggested by Lincoln, and contemptuously rejected by McClellan, was a sound and practicable one; it was the plan they expected and dreaded to see adopted, because it was the one easiest to accomplish and hardest to resist. When they fancied that they saw the Army of the Potomac preparing to move, it was this plan alone of which they thought; and they immediately gave up their position, which McClellan thought impregnable, as they had been for weeks preparing to do at the first intimation of a forward movement. The long delay of five months, during three of which the roads were in unusually fine condition,* during all of which the Union forces were as three to one of the enemy, remains absolutely without excuse. It can only be explained by that strange idiosyncrasy of General McClellan which led him always to double or treble the number of an enemy and the obstacles in his immediate vicinity.

It is little blame to Confederate generals that they could not divine what General McClellan was doing with the grand army of the Union during the week that followed the evacuation of Manassas. No soldier could have been expected to guess the meaning of that mysterious promenade of a vast army to Centreville and Manassas, and back to Alexandria. In spite of the "impassable roads," they made the journey with ease and celerity. The question why the whole army was taken has never been satisfactorily answered. General McClellan started away in too much confusion of mind to know precisely what he intended; his explanation afterward was that he wanted the troops to have a little experience of marching and to "get rid of their *impedimenta*." He claims in his report to have found on this excursion a full justification of his extravagant estimate of the enemy's force, and speaks with indignation of the calumnious stories of "quaker guns" which were rife in the press at the time. Every one now knows how fatally false the estimate was; and as to the "quaker guns," this is what General Johnston says about them:

> As we had not artillery enough for their works and for the army fighting elsewhere at the same time, rough wooden imitations of guns were made, and kept near the embrasures, in readiness for exhibition in them. To conceal the absence of carriages, the embrasures were covered with sheds made of bushes. These were the quaker guns afterwards noticed in Northern papers.

Without further discussing where the fault

* Pollard's History, Vol. I., p. 184, says: "A long, lingering Indian summer, with roads more hard and skies more beautiful than Virginia had seen for many a year, invited the enemy to advance." "Johnston's Narrative" says that the roads were practicable until the last of December.

From the admirable monograph of Major-General A. S. Webb, Chief-of-Staff of the Army of the Potomac, entitled "The Peninsula," we quote a sentence on this subject: "During all the time Johnston's army lay at Centreville insolently menacing Washington . . . it never presented an effective strength of over 50,000 men. With more than twice that number, McClellan remained inactive for many precious weeks, under the delusion that he was confronted by a force nearly equal his own."

lay, the fact is beyond dispute that when the evacuation of Manassas was known throughout the country, the military reputation of General McClellan received serious damage. No explanation made at the time, and, we may add, none made since then, could account satisfactorily for such a mistake as to the condition of the enemy, such utter ignorance as to his movements. The first result of it was the removal of General McClellan from the command of the armies of the United States. This resolution was taken by the President himself, on the 11th of March. On that day he prepared the order known as "President's War Order, No. 3," and in the evening called together Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton, and read it to them. It was in these words:

PRESIDENT'S WAR ORDER, No. 3.
EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 11, 1862.

Major-General McClellan having personally taken the field at the head of the Army of the Potomac, until otherwise ordered he is relieved from the command of the other military departments, he retaining command of the Department of the Potomac.

Ordered further, That the departments now under the respective commands of Generals Halleck and Hunter, together with so much of that under General Buell as lies west of a north and south line indefinitely drawn through Knoxville, Tenn., be consolidated and designated the Department of the Mississippi, and that, until otherwise ordered, Major-General Halleck have command of said department.

Ordered also, That the country west of the Department of the Potomac and east of the Department of the Mississippi be a military department, to be called the Mountain Department, and that the same be commanded by Major-General Frémont. That all the commanders of departments, after the receipt of this order by them respectively, report severally and directly to the Secretary of War, and that prompt, full, and frequent reports will be expected of all and each of them.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

All the members of the Cabinet present heartily approved the order. The President gave his reason for issuing it while General McClellan was absent from Washington — a reason indeed apparent in the opening words, which were intended to take from the act any appearance of disfavor. The general's intimate biographers have agreed that it was because the President was afraid to do it while the general was in Washington! The manner of the order, which was meant as a kindness, was taken as a grievance. Mr. Seward advised that the order be issued in the name of the Secretary of War, but this proposition met with a decided protest from Mr. Stanton. He said there was some friction already between himself and the general's friends, and he feared that the act, if signed by him, would be attributed to personal feeling. The President decided to take the responsibility.* In a manly and courteous letter the next day, McClellan accepted the disposition thus made of him.

On the 13th of March, at Fairfax Court House, General McClellan called together the four corps commanders who were with him and submitted to them for discussion the President's order of the 8th. The results of the council cannot be more briefly stated than in the following memorandum, drawn up by the generals who took part in it:

A council of the generals commanding army corps at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were of the opinion:

I. That the enemy having retreated from Manassas to Gordonsville, behind the Rappahannock and Rapidan, it is the opinion of the generals commanding army corps that the operations to be carried on will be best undertaken from Old Point Comfort, between the York and James rivers, provided —

First. That the enemy's vessel *Merrimac* can be neutralized;

Second. That the means of transportation, sufficient for an immediate transfer of the force to its new base, can be ready at Washington and Alexandria to move down the Potomac; and

Third. That a naval auxiliary force can be had to silence, or aid in silencing, the enemy's batteries on the York River.

Fourth. That the force to be left to cover Washington shall be such as to give an entire feeling of security for its safety from menace. (Unanimous.)

II. If the foregoing cannot be, the army should then be moved against the enemy behind the Rappahannock at the earliest possible moment, and the means for reconstructing bridges, repairing railroads, and stocking them with materials sufficient for supplying the army should at once be collected for both the Orange and Alexandria and Aquia and Richmond railroads. (Unanimous.)

N. B.— That with the forts on the right bank of the Potomac fully garrisoned, and those on the left bank occupied, a covering force in front of the Virginia line of 25,000 men would suffice. (Keyes, Heintzelman, and McDowell.) A total of 40,000 men for the defense of the city would suffice. (Sumner.)

These conclusions of the council were conveyed to Washington, and the President on the same day sent back to General McClellan his approval, and his peremptory orders for the instant execution of the plan proposed, in these words, signed by the Secretary of War:

The President, having considered the plan of operations agreed upon by yourself and the commanders of army corps, makes no objection to the same, but gives the following directions as to its execution: First, leave such force at Manassas Junction as shall make it entirely certain that the enemy shall not repossess himself of that position and line of communication. Second, leave Washington entirely secure. Third, move the remainder of the force down the Potomac, choosing a new base at Fortress Monroe, or anywhere between here and there, or, at all events, move such remainder of the army at once in pursuit of the enemy by some route.

No commander could ask an order more unrestricted, more unhampered, than this. Choose your own route, your own course, only go; seek the enemy and fight him.

Under the orders of Mr. John Tucker, of

* J. H., Diary.

the War Department, a fleet of transports had been preparing since the 27th of February. It is one of the many grievances mentioned by General McClellan in his report, that this work was taken entirely out of his hands and committed to those of Mr. Tucker; he thus estops himself from claiming any credit for one of the most brilliant feats of logistics ever recorded. On the 27th of February, Mr. Tucker received his orders; on the 17th of March, the troops began their embarkation; on the 5th of April, Mr. Tucker made his final report, announcing that he had transported to Fort Monroe, from Washington, Perryville, and Alexandria, "121,500 men, 14,592 animals, 1150 wagons, 44 batteries, 74 ambulances, besides pontoon bridges, telegraph materials, and the enormous quantity of equipage, etc., required for an army of such magnitude. The only loss," he adds, "of which I have heard is eight mules and nine barges, which latter went ashore in a gale within a few miles of Fort Monroe, the cargoes being saved." He is certainly justified in closing his story with these words: "I respectfully but confidently submit that, for economy and celerity of movement, this expedition is without a parallel on record." *

The first corps to embark was Heintzelman's; he took with him from General McClellan the most stringent orders to do nothing more than to select camping-grounds, send out reconnaissances, engage guides and spies, "but to make no important move in advance." The other forces embarked in turn, McDowell's corps being left to the last; and before it was ready to sail, General McClellan himself started on the 1st of April, with the headquarters on the steamer *Commodore*, leaving behind him a state of things that made it necessary to delay the departure of McDowell's troops still further.

In all the orders of the President it had been clearly stated that, as an absolute condition precedent to the army being taken away to a new base, enough troops should be left at Washington to make that city absolutely safe, not only from capture, but from serious menace. The partisans of General McClellan then, and ever since then, have contended that, as Washington could not be seriously attacked without exposing Richmond to capture, undue importance was attached to it in these orders. It would be a waste of words to argue with people who place the political and strategic value of these two cities on a level. The capture of Richmond, without the previous virtual destruction of the rebel armies, would have been, it is true, an important achievement, but the seizure of Washington by the rebels would have been a fatal blow to the Union cause. General McClellan was in the habit of saying that if the rebel army should take Washington while he was at Richmond they could never get back; but it might be said that the general who would permit Washington to be taken could not be relied on to prevent the enemy from doing what they liked afterward. Mr. Lincoln was unquestionably right in insisting that Washington must not only be rendered safe from capture, but must also be without the possibility of serious danger. This view was adopted by the council of corps commanders, who met on the 13th of March at Fairfax Court House. They agreed unanimously upon this principle, and then, so as to leave no doubt as to details, three of the four gave the opinion that after the forts on the Virginia side were fully garrisoned, and those on the Maryland side occupied, a covering force of 25,000 men would be required.

The morning after General McClellan had sailed for Fort Monroe, the Secretary of War was astonished to hear from General Wadsworth, the military Governor of the District of Washington, that he had left him present for duty only 19,000 men, and that from that force he had orders to detach four good regiments to join General McClellan on the Peninsula, and four more to relieve Sumner at Manassas and Warrenton. He further reported that his command was entirely "inadequate to the important duty to which it was assigned." As General Wadsworth was a man of the highest intelligence, courage, and calm judgment, the President was greatly concerned by this emphatic statement. Orders were at once given to General E. A. Hitchcock, an accomplished veteran officer on duty at the War Department, and to Adjutant-General Thomas, to investigate the statement made by General Wadsworth. They reported the same night that it would require 30,000 men to man and occupy the forts, which, with the covering force of 25,000, would make 55,000 necessary for the proper defense of the city, according to the judgment of the council of corps commanders. They confirmed the report of Wadsworth that his efficient force consisted of 19,000, from which General McClellan had ordered eight regiments away. They therefore concluded "that the requirement of the President that the city should be left entirely secure had not been fully complied with." In accordance with this report the President directed that General McDowell's corps should

* The means by which this work was done were as follows:

113 steamers at an average price per day	$215.10
188 schooners at an average price per day	24.45
88 barges at an average price per day	14.27

not be sent to the Peninsula until further orders.*

YORKTOWN.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN arrived at Fort Monroe on the morning of the 2d of April. According to his own report he had ready the next day to move 58,000 men and 100 guns, besides the division artillery. They were of the flower of the volunteer army, and included also Sykes's brigade of regulars, Hunt's artillery reserve, and several regiments of cavalry. These were all on the spot, prepared to march, and an almost equal number were on their way to join him. He seemed at first to appreciate the necessity for prompt and decisive action, and with only one day's delay issued his orders for the march up the Peninsula between the York and James rivers. The first obstacle that he expected to meet was the force of General J. B. Magruder at Yorktown, which McClellan estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000. Magruder says his force consisted of 11,000, of which 6000 were required for the fortifications of Yorktown and only 5000 were left to hold the line across the Peninsula, 13 miles in length. His only object was to delay as long as possible the advance of the National troops upon Richmond, and his dispositions were made to that end. If he had had troops enough, he says that he would have made his line of defense between Ship Point, on the York, and the mouth of the Warwick, on the James. But his force being insufficient for that purpose, he took up as a second line the Warwick River, which heads only a mile or so from Yorktown and empties into the James some thirteen miles to the south. Yorktown and its redoubts, united by long curtains and flanked by rifle-pits, formed the left of his line, which was continued by the Warwick River, a sluggish and boggy stream running through a dense wood fringed with swamps. The stream was dammed in two places, at Wynn's Mill and at Lee's Mill; and Magruder constructed three more dams to back up the river and make the fords impassable. Each of these dams was protected by artillery and earthworks.

General McClellan was absolutely ignorant not only of these preparations made to receive him, but also of the course of the river and the nature of the ground through which it ran. He knew something of the disposition of Magruder's outposts on his first line, and rightly conjectured that they would retire as he advanced. His orders for the 4th of April were therefore punctually carried out, and he seemed to have expected no greater difficulty in his plan for the next day.† He divided his force into two columns — Heintzelman to take the right and march directly to Yorktown; and Keyes, taking the road to the left, to push on to the Half-way House in the rear of Yorktown, on the Williamsburg road. He expected Keyes to be there the same day, to occupy the narrow ridge in that neighborhood, "to prevent the escape of the garrison at Yorktown by land, and to prevent reënforcements from being thrown in." Heintzelman went forward to the place assigned him in front of Yorktown, meeting with little opposition. Keyes marched by the road assigned him until he came to the enemy's fortified position at Lee's Mill, which, to use General McClellan's words, "he found altogether stronger than was expected, unapproachable by reason of the Warwick River, and incapable of being carried by assault." The discovery of this "unexpected" obstacle exercised a paralyzing influence upon the General-in-Chief. The energetic and active campaign that day begun was at once given up. Two days of reconnaissances convinced him that he could not break through the line which Magruder's little army of 11,000 men had stretched across the Peninsula, and he resolved upon a regular siege of the place. He began at the same time that campaign of complaint and recrimination against the Government which he kept up as long as he remained in the service.

He always ascribed the failure of his campaign at this point to two causes; first, to the want of assistance by the navy in reducing Yorktown, and second, to the retention of McDowell's corps in front of Washington. If the navy had silenced the batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester, he contended, he could have gone up the Peninsula unchecked. This is unquestionably true; it would be equally true to say in general terms that if somebody else would do our work we would have no work to do. He brings no proof to show that he had any right to expect that the navy would do this for him. It is true that he asked before he left Washington that the navy might cooperate with him in this plan, and received in reply the assurance that the navy would render him all the assistance in its power. The sworn testimony of Mr. Fox, the Assistant-

* General McClellan made in his report an elaborate effort to explain away these facts. He claims to have left a force of 73,000 for the defense of Washington, including in the number all the troops under Dix in Maryland, under Banks in the Shenandoah, all those at Warrenton, at Manassas, and on the lower Potomac. But he does not deny the facts stated by Wadsworth and confirmed by Hitchcock and Thomas.

† In a letter on the 3d he wrote: "I hope to get possession of Yorktown day after to-morrow." ["McClellan's Own Story," p. 307.]

Secretary of the Navy, and of Admiral Goldsborough, shows that nothing was promised that was not performed, and that the navy stood ready to give, and did give, all the assistance to the army which was possible. Mr. Fox said:

> Wooden vessels could not have attacked the batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester with any degree of success. The forts at Yorktown were situated too high, were beyond the reach of naval guns; and I understood that General McClellan never expected any attack to be made upon them by the navy.

Admiral Goldsborough's evidence is to the same effect: he promised that the *Merrimac* should never go up the York River, and she did not; he never heard that he was expected to coöperate with the army in attacking Yorktown; he did everything that General McClellan requested of him. His orders from the department were clear and urgent, though general; he was "to extend to the army, at all times, any and all aid that he could render"; and he never refused to honor any draft that was made upon him. General McClellan pursued in this matter his invariable system. He asked for impossibilities, and when they were not accomplished for him he cherished it ever after as a precious grievance—like a certain species of lawyer, who in a case that he expects to lose always takes care to provide himself with a long bill of exceptions on which to base his appeal.

The greatest of his grievances was the retention of McDowell's corps, and his clamor in regard to this was so loud and long as to blind many careless readers and writers to the facts in the case. We have stated them already, but they may be briefly recapitulated here. A council of war of General McClellan's corps commanders, called by himself, had decided that Washington could not be safely left without a covering force of 55,000, including the garrisons of the forts. When he had gone, General Wadsworth reported that he had left only 19,000, and had ordered away nearly half of these. Two eminent generals in the War Department investigated this statement and found it true, whereupon the President ordered that McDowell's corps should for the present remain within reach of Washington. McClellan took with him to the Peninsula an aggregate force of over 100,000 men, afterwards largely increased. His own morning report of the 13th of April, signed by himself and his adjutant-general, shows that he had with him actually present for duty 100,970. With this overwhelming superiority of numbers he could have detached 30,000 men at any moment to do the work that he had intended McDowell to do. But all the energy he might have employed in this work he diverted in attacking the Administration at Washington, which was doing all that it could do to support and provide for his army.

The attitude of the President towards him at this time may be seen from the following letter of the 9th of April, in which Mr. Lincoln answers his complaints with as much consideration and kindness as a father would use towards a querulous and petulant child:

> Your dispatches complaining that you are not properly sustained, while they do not offend me, do pain me very much.
>
> Blenker's division was withdrawn from you before you left here, and you know the pressure under which I did it, and, as I thought, acquiesced in it—certainly not without reluctance. After you left, I ascertained that less than 20,000 unorganized men, without a single field battery, were all you designed to be left for the defense of Washington and Manassas Junction, and part of this even was to go to General Hooker's old position. General Banks's corps, once designed for Manassas Junction, was diverted and tied up on the line of Winchester and Strasburg, and could not leave it without again exposing the upper Potomac and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This presented, or would present when McDowell and Sumner should be gone, a great temptation to the enemy to turn back from the Rappahannock and sack Washington. My official order that Washington should, by the judgment of all the commanders of army corps, be left entirely secure, had been neglected. It was precisely this that drove me to detain McDowell.
>
> I do not forget that I was satisfied with your arrangement to leave Banks at Manassas Junction; but when that arrangement was broken up, and nothing was substituted for it, of course I was constrained to substitute something for it myself. And now allow me to ask, do you really think I should permit the line from Richmond via Manassas Junction to this city to be entirely open, except what resistance could be presented by less than 20,000 unorganized troops? This is a question which the country will not allow me to evade.
>
> There is a curious mystery about the number of troops now with you. When I telegraphed you on the 6th saying you had over 100,000 with you, I had just obtained from the Secretary of War a statement taken, as he said, from your own returns, making 108,000 then with you and en route to you. You now say you will have but 85,000 when all en route to you shall have reached you. How can the discrepancy of 23,000 be accounted for? *
>
> As to General Wool's command, I understand it is doing for you precisely what a like number of your

* The discrepancy cannot be accounted for. General McClellan's official morning report of the 13th of April, four days after the date of the President's letter, gives the following: "Number of troops composing the Army of the Potomac after its disembarkation on the Peninsula: Aggregate present for duty, 100,970; on special duty, sick, and in arrest, 4265; aggregate absent, 12,486, — total aggregate, 117,721." Yet with statements like these on file in the War Department, over his own signature, he did not hesitate to inform the President that his force amounted to only 85,000; and even this sum dwindled so considerably, as years rolled by, that in his article in THE CENTURY, in May, 1885, on the Peninsula Campaign, he gives his available fighting force as "67,000 or 68,000."

own would have to do if that command was away. I suppose the whole force which has gone forward for you is with you by this time, and if so, I think it is the precise time for you to strike a blow. By delay the enemy will relatively gain upon you — that is, he will gain faster by fortifications and reënforcements than you can by reënforcements alone. And once more let me tell you it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this. You will do me the justice to remember I always insisted that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we would find the same enemy and the same or equal intrenchments at either place. The country will not fail to note, is now noting, that the present hesitation to move upon an intrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated.

I beg to assure you that I have never written you or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you, so far as, in my most anxious judgment, I consistently can. But you must act.

These considerations produced no impression upon General McClellan. From the beginning to the end of the siege of Yorktown, his dispatches were one incessant cry for men and guns. These the Government furnished to the utmost extent possible, but nothing contented him. His hallucination of overwhelming forces opposed to him began again, as violent as it was during the winter. On the 8th of April he wrote to Admiral Goldsborough, "I am probably weaker than they are, or soon will be." His distress is sometimes comic in its expression. He writes on the 7th of April, "The Warwick River grows worse the more you look at it." While demanding McDowell's corps *en bloc* he asked on the 5th for Franklin's division, and on the 10th repeated this request, saying that although he wanted more, he would be responsible for the results if Franklin's division were sent him. The Government, overborne by his importunity, gave orders the same day that Franklin's division should go to him, and the arrangements for transporting them were made with the greatest diligence. He was delighted with this news; and although the weather was good and the roads improving, he did nothing but throw up earth-works until they came. They arrived on the 20th, and no use whatever was made of them! He kept them in the transports in which they had come down the bay more than two weeks — in fact, until the day before the siege ended. It is hard to speak with proper moderation of so ridiculous a disposition of this most valuable force, so clamorously demanded by General McClellan, and so generously sent him by the President. General Webb, the intimate friend and staff-officer of McClellan, thus speaks of it:

Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander of the Corps of Engineers was instructed to devise the proper arrangements and superintend the landing of the troops; but, extraordinary as it may seem, more than two weeks were consumed in the preliminaries, and when everything was *nearly* ready for the disembarkation the enemy had vanished from the scene. . . . How long it would have taken the whole of McDowell's corps to disembark at this rate . . . the reader may judge; and yet for days it had been McClellan's pet project, in connection with his plan of campaign, to utilize McDowell in just this manner as a flanking column.

The simple truth is, there was never an hour during General McClellan's command of the army that he had not more troops than he knew what to do with; yet he was always instinctively calling for more. Mr. Stanton one day said of him, with natural hyperbole:

If he had a million men, he would swear the enemy had two millions, and then he would sit down in the mud and yell for three.

As usual with him, he entirely mistook the position, the strength, and the intentions of the enemy. He repeatedly telegraphed to Washington that he expected to fight an equal or greater force — in fact, "all the available force of the rebels" in the neighborhood of Yorktown. We have the concurrent testimony of all the Confederate authorities that no such plan was ever thought of. Magruder's intentions, as well as his orders from Richmond, were merely to delay McClellan's advance as long as practicable. His success in this purpose surpassed his most sanguine expectations. In the early days of April he was hourly expecting an attack at some point on his thinly defended line of 13 miles, guarded, as he says, by only 5000 men, exclusive of the 6000 who garrisoned Yorktown. "But to my utter surprise," he continues, "he permitted day after day to elapse without an assault." At last, no less to his astonishment than to his delight, Magruder discovered that McClellan was beginning a regular siege, which meant a gain of several weeks for the rebel defense of Richmond, and absolute safety for the concentration of rebel troops in the mean time.

It is now perfectly clear to all military critics not blinded by partisanship or personal partiality that McClellan could have carried the line of Magruder by assault at any time during the early days of April. From the mass of testimony to this effect before us we will take only two or three expressions, of the highest authority. General A. S. Webb says:

That the Warwick line could have been readily broken within a week after the army's arrival before it, we now know.

General Heintzelman says, in his evidence before the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

I think if I had been permitted, when I first landed on the Peninsula, to advance, I could have isolated the

troops in Yorktown, and the place would have fallen in a few days; but my orders were very stringent not to make any demonstration.

General Barnard, McClellan's Chief of Engineers, says in his final report of the campaign that the lines of Yorktown should have been assaulted:

There is reason to believe that they were not held by strong force when our army appeared before them, and we know that they were far from complete. . . . Our troops toiled a month in the trenches, or lay in the swamps of the Warwick. We lost few men by the siege, but disease took a fearful hold of the army, and toil and hardship, unrelieved by the excitement of combat, impaired the morale. We did not carry with us from Yorktown so good an army as we took there.

The testimony of the enemy is the same. Johnston, so soon as he came to examine it, regarded the position of Magruder as clearly untenable: saw that McClellan could not be defeated there; that the line was too long to be successfully defended; that the back-water was as much a protection to one side as the other; that there was a considerable unfortified space between Yorktown and the head of the stream, open to attack; and that the position could at any time be turned by way of York River. Every one seemed to see it except General McClellan. He went on sending dispatches every day to Washington for heavier guns and more men, digging a colossal system of earth-works for gradual approach upon one side of an intrenched camp of no strategic value whatever, the rear of which was entirely open; preparing with infinite labor and loss the capture of a place without a prisoner, the effect of which at the best would be merely to push an army back upon its reserves.

Even so late as the 16th of April, an opportunity to break Magruder's line was clearly presented to McClellan and rejected. He had ordered General W. F. Smith to reconnoiter a position known as Dam No. 1, between Lee's and Wynn's Mills, where there was a crossing covered by a one-gun battery of the enemy. For this purpose Smith pushed Brooks's Vermont brigade with Mott's battery somewhat close to the dam, carrying on a sharp fire. From this point he examined at his leisure, and in fact controlled, the position opposite, finding it feebly defended. A young officer of Brooks's staff, Lieutenant Noyes, crossed the river below the dam, where the water was only waist deep, and approached within fifty yards of the enemy's works. Returning after this daring feat, he repeated his observations to General Smith and to General McClellan, who had arrived on the ground and had ordered Smith to bring up his entire division to hold the advanced position occupied by Brooks's brigade. Smith, who perceived the importance of Noyes's intelligence, obtained permission to send a party across the stream to see if the enemy's works had been sufficiently denuded to enable a column to effect a lodgment. Four companies of the 3d Vermont, numbering 200 men, under Captain Harrington, were ordered to cross the river, to ascertain "the true state of affairs." They dashed through the stream, and in a few moments gained the enemy's rifle-pits, where they maintained themselves with the utmost gallantry for half an hour. The enemy was thrown into great confusion by this bold and utterly unexpected movement. There were still several hours of daylight left, and another attempt was made to cross at the same point with a force no larger than Harrington's, assisted by a diversion of an equal force at the dam above. But the enemy being now thoroughly aroused and concentrated, the crossing was not made. It appears from General Smith's report that "no attempt to mass the troops of the division for an assault was made"; the only intention seemed to be "to secure the enemy's works if we found them abandoned!" He adds:

The moment I found resistance serious, and the numbers opposed great, I acted in obedience to the warning instructions of the General-in-Chief, and withdrew the small number of troops exposed from under fire.

"Thus," says General Webb, "a fair opportunity to break the Warwick line was missed."

The importance of this incident may be best appreciated by reading General Magruder's account of it. He calls it a serious attempt to break his line at the weakest part. If, instead of two hundred men, Smith had felt authorized to push over his entire division, the Peninsula campaign would have had a very different termination.

The little that was done greatly pleased General McClellan. He announced the movement of General Smith in a somewhat excited dispatch to the War Department, which Mr. Stanton answered with still more enthusiastic congratulation. "Good for the first lick!" he shouts; "Hurrah for Smith and the one-gun battery"—showing the intense eagerness of the Government to find motives for satisfaction and congratulation in McClellan's conduct. But there was no sequel to the movement; indeed, General McClellan's dispatches indicate considerable complacency that Smith was able to hold the position gained. General Webb says, "Reconnaissances were made, . . . but no assaulting columns were ever organized to take advantage of any opportunity offered."

No congratulations or encouragements from the Government now availed anything with

McClellan. Struggling with a command and a responsibility too heavy for him, he had fallen into a morbid state of mind in which prompt and energetic action was impossible. His double illusion of an overpowering force of the enemy in his front, and of a government at Washington that desired the destruction of his army, was always present with him, exerting its paralyzing influence on all his plans and actions. In his private letters he speaks of Washington as that "sink of iniquity"; of the people in authority as "those treacherous hounds"; of the predicament he is in, "the rebels on one side and the Abolitionists and other scoundrels on the other." "I feel," he says, "that the fate of a nation depends upon me, and I feel that I have not one single friend at the seat of government"— this at a moment when the Government was straining every nerve to support him.

The Confederates, as Mr. Lincoln had said, were daily strengthening their position by fortification and reënforcement. On the 17th of April, General Joseph E. Johnston took command of the army of the Peninsula. He says that his force after the arrival of Smith's and Longstreet's divisions amounted to about 53,000 men, including 3000 sick; he places the force of McClellan at 133,000, including Franklin's division of 13,000 floating idly on their transports.* He did nothing more than to observe the Union army closely, to complete the fortifications between Yorktown and the inundations of the Warwick, and to hold his own forces in readiness for a movement to the rear. He kept himself informed of the progress of McClellan's engineering work against Yorktown, as it was not his intention to remain long enough to spend an hour under fire. He did not expect to be hurried; he had long before that given his opinion that McClellan did not especially value time. Every day of delay was of course an advantage, but "an additional day or two gained by enduring a cannonade would have been dearly bought in blood," and he therefore determined to go before McClellan's powerful artillery should open upon him. Seeing, as we now can, what was occurring upon both sides of the Warwick River, there is something humiliating and not without a touch of the pathetic in the contrast between the clear vision of Johnston and the absolute blindness of McClellan, in relation to each other's attitude and purpose. While the former was simply watching for the flash of the first guns to take his departure, glad of every day that the firing was postponed, but entirely indifferent to the enormous development of the siege-works going on in his sight, the latter was toiling with prodigious industry and ability over his vast earth-works and his formidable batteries, only pausing to send importunate dispatches to Washington for more guns and more soldiers, forbidding the advance of a picket beyond specified limits, carefully concealing every battery until all should be finished, not allowing a gun to be fired until the whole thunderous chorus should open at once, firmly convinced that when he was entirely ready he would fight and destroy the whole rebel army.

Nearly one hundred heavy Parrott guns, mortars, and howitzers were placed in battery against the town and camp of Yorktown and its outlying works, only fifteen hundred or two thousand yards away. Against the opinion of his ablest staff-officers, McClellan kept this immense armament silent for weeks while he was continually adding to it. Barnard, Chief of Engineers, says, "We should have opened our batteries on the place as fast as they were completed." Barry, Chief of Artillery, says:

> The ease with which the 100 and 200 pounders of this battery [Battery No. 1] were worked, the extraordinary accuracy of their fire, and the since ascertained effects produced upon the enemy by it, force upon me the conviction that the fire of guns of similar caliber and power in the other batteries at much shorter ranges, combined with the cross-vertical fire of the thirteen and ten inch sea-coast mortars, would have compelled the enemy to surrender or abandon his works in less than twelve hours.

General McClellan's only reason for refusing to allow the batteries to open fire as they were successively finished was the fear that they would be silenced by the converging fire of the enemy as soon as they betrayed their position. That this was a gross error is shown by the Confederate reports. They were perfectly cognizant of the progress and disposition of his batteries; the very good reason why they did not annoy him in their construction was that the Union lines were, to use Johnston's words, "beyond the range of our old-fashioned ship guns." A few experimental shots were fired from the shore batteries on the 1st of May; the effect of them convinced the Confederate general of the enormous surplus strength of the Federal artillery. The shots from their first volley fell on the camp of his reserve, a mile and a half beyond the village.†

* His own force is correctly given. He only slightly exaggerates that of McClellan.

† On the 23d of April, McClellan wrote to the President: "Do not misunderstand the apparent inaction here — not a day, not an hour, has been lost. Works have been constructed that may almost be called gigantic, roads built through swamps and difficult ravines, material brought up, batteries built. I have to-night in battery and ready for motion 5 100-pounder Parrott guns, 10 4½-inch ordnance guns, 18 20-pounder Par-

How long General McClellan would have continued this futile labor if he had been left alone, it is impossible to conjecture. If there was at first a limit in his own mind of the work to be done and the time to be given to it, it must have been continually moved forward until it passed out of sight. Up to the last moment he was still making demands which it would have taken weeks to fill. The completion of one work was simply an incentive to the beginning of another. Thus on the 28th of April,— a week after Franklin's arrival,— at a time when Johnston was already preparing to start for Richmond, he telegraphs to Washington as a pleasant bit of news that he "had commenced a new battery from right of first parallel," and adds: "Would be glad to have the 30-pounder Parrotts in the works around Washington at once. Am very short of that excellent gun." It is not difficult to imagine how such a dispatch at such a time smote upon the intense anxiety of the President. He answered in wonder and displeasure: "Your call for Parrott guns from Washington alarms me, chiefly because it argues indefinite procrastination. Is anything to be done?" But the general, busy with his trenches and his epaulements, paid no regard to this searching question. Two days later, May 1, he continued his cheery report of new batteries and rifle-pits, and adds, "Enemy still in force and working hard"; and these stereotyped phrases last with no premonition of any immediate change until on the 4th he telegraphed, "Yorktown is in our possession," and later in the day began to magnify his victory, telling what spoils he had captured, and ending with the sounding phrases, "No time shall be lost. I shall push the enemy to the wall."

Johnston had begun his preparations to move on the 27th of April, and on the 3d of May, finding that McClellan's batteries were now ready to open,— a fact apparently not yet known to McClellan,— he gave orders for the evacuation, which began at midnight. He marched away from Yorktown with about 50,000 men. General McClellan, by his own morning report of the 30th of April, had in his camps and trenches, and scrambling in haste on board the transports that they had quitted the day before, the magnificent aggregate of 112,392 present for duty, and a total aggregate of 130,378.

FROM WILLIAMSBURG TO FAIR OAKS.

THE evacuation of Yorktown took General McClellan so completely by surprise that a good deal of valuable time was lost in hurried preparation to pursue the retiring enemy. Franklin's division, after their fortnight of delay on the transports, had been disembarked. They were hastily returned to their boats. Says Webb:

> Several hours were consumed in having the commands properly provisioned for the march. The evacuation was discovered at dawn, and it was noon before the first column started in pursuit. Johnston by this time had taken his entire command to Williamsburg. Knowing that McClellan's advance would soon reach him, he made his dispositions at his leisure. He posted a strong rear-guard there under Longstreet to protect the movement of his trains. The Union cavalry under Sherman came into collision with this force about dark and was repulsed, losing one gun. The main body of the pursuing army came up during the night, under the command of Generals Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keyes. It is strongly illustrative of General McClellan's relations with his corps commanders, that neither of these generals had any orders from him as to the conduct of the battle which was inevitable as soon as they overtook the enemy, and there was even serious doubt as to which among them was in command of the forces. Sumner had been ordered by the General-in-Chief to take command in his absence, but these orders had not been communicated to Heintzelman, who thought that he was to take control of the movement.

There was some confusion of orders as to the roads to be taken by the different commands, in consequence of which Hooker came into position on the left of the line and Smith on the right. The contrary disposition had been intended.

The morning of the 5th came with no definite plan of battle arranged. General Hooker, following his own martial instincts, moved forward and attacked the enemy at half-past 7 and was soon hotly engaged. He fought almost the entire rear-guard of Johnston during the whole forenoon. Heavy reënforcements thrown against him checked his advance and caused him to lose the ground he had gained. Hooker speaks in his report with much bitterness, not wholly unjustified, of the manner in which his division was left to fight an overwhelming force, "unaided in the presence of more than 30,000 of their comrades with arms in their hands," and we search the reports of General McClellan and the corps commanders in vain for any adequate explanation of this state of things.

The whole day was bloody and expensive

rotts, 6 Napoleon guns, and 6 10-pounder Parrotts; this not counting the batteries in front of Smith and on his left — 45 guns. I will add to it to-morrow night 5 30-pounder Parrotts, 6 20-pounder Parrotts, from 5 to 10 13-inch mortars, and — if they arrive in time — one 200-pounder Parrott. Before sundown to-morrow I will essentially complete the redoubt necessary to strengthen the first parallel as far as Wormley's Creek from the left, and probably all the way to York River to-morrow night. *I will then be secure against sorties.*" [McClellan to Lincoln, April 23. MS.] With a force of three to one he was wasting weeks in defensive works.

and without adequate result. The heroism of Hooker and Hancock, and their brave troops, was well-nigh wasted. There was no head, no intelligent director, no understood plan. McClellan arrived late in the day and was unable to contribute anything to the result, although the cheers with which he was welcomed showed how fully he possessed the confidence and affection of his troops. He had not anticipated so early an engagement, and was spending the day at Yorktown to dispatch Franklin's division up the river.

Actual contact with the enemy, however, made, as it always did, an exaggerated impression upon him. The affair, which when he heard of it at Yorktown seemed to him a mere skirmish with a rear-guard, suddenly acquired a portentous importance when surveyed in the light of the bivouac at Williamsburg, amidst the actual and visible signs of a sanguinary conflict. His dispatch to the War Department, written at 10 o'clock the night of the battle, betrays great agitation, and his idiosyncrasy of multiplying the number of his enemy, as a matter of course, asserts itself. "I find General Joe Johnston in front of me in strong force, probably greater a good deal than my own." After a compliment to Hancock he continues, "I learn from the prisoners taken that the rebels intend to dispute every step to Richmond." One can only wonder what he expected them to say. "I shall run the risk of at least holding them in check here, while I resume the original plan. My entire force is undoubtedly inferior to that of the rebels, who will fight well." * Thus while Johnston was profiting by the darkness to prepare to continue his retrograde march at daybreak, McClellan was nerving himself to stand the risk of holding his ground at Williamsburg, while he "resumed the original plan" of a movement by water.

The next day, when he discovered that the enemy had moved away, leaving their wounded on the field of battle, his apprehension of attack subsided, but other difficulties rose before him. He telegraphed on the 7th to the Secretary of War that "until the roads improved both in front and rear no large body of troops could be moved." Johnston had apparently no difficulty in moving his troops, which McClellan thought a larger body than his own.

Reaching a place called Baltimore Cross-Roads, Johnston halted for five days, and, after receiving intelligence of the evacuation of Norfolk and the destruction of the *Merrimac*, apprehending an attack upon Richmond by way of the James River, he ordered his forces to cross the Chickahominy on the 15th. Two days after this the rebel army encamped about three miles from Richmond, in front of the line of redoubts that had been constructed the previous year. It was a time of great apprehension, almost of dismay, at Richmond. The Confederate President, and most of his cabinet, hastily sent their families to places of safety. Mr. Davis, whose religious feelings always took on a peculiar intensity in critical times, had himself baptized at home, and privately confirmed at St. Paul's Church. There was great doubt whether the city could be successfully defended; the most important archives of the Government were sent, some to Lynchburg and some to Columbia.†

But General Johnston had reason to confirm his opinion that McClellan cared little for time. He remained several days at Williamsburg after he had ascertained that the enemy had disappeared from in front of him. His visions of overwhelming forces of rebels were now transferred to Franklin's front. On the 8th he telegraphed the War Department a story of 80,000 to 120,000 opposed to Franklin, but in full retreat to the Chickahominy. On the 10th he sends an urgent appeal to Washington for more troops, claiming that the enemy "are collecting troops from all quarters, especially well-disciplined troops from the South." His own army will inevitably be reduced by sickness, casualties, garrisons, and guards — as if that of the enemy would not. He therefore implores large and immediate reënforcements in a tone which implies that the President could make armies by executive decree. "If I am not reënforced," he says, "it is probable that I will be obliged to fight nearly double my numbers, strongly intrenched." In face of a morning report of over 100,000 men present for duty he says: "I do not think it will be at all possible for me to bring more than 70,000 men upon the field of battle." This last statement was in one sense true; he never did, and it is to be presumed he never could, handle that many men at once. All his battles were fought piecemeal with a part of his force at a time.

He still protested stoutly against the original organization of his army corps, and asked that he might be permitted to break it up or at least to suspend it. He disliked his corps

* On the 6th of May the veteran General Wool sent this dispatch to the War Department, showing how his elders regarded at the time these jeremiads of the young general: "The desponding tone of Major-General McClellan's dispatch of last evening more than surprises me. He says his entire force is undoubtedly considerably inferior to that of the rebels. If such is the fact, I am still more surprised that they should have abandoned Yorktown." [War Records.]

† J. B. Jones, "A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," entries of May 8, May 10, and May 19.

commanders, and naturally wished his friends to exercise those important commands. He blamed the corps organization for all the trouble at Williamsburg, and said, if he had come on the field half an hour later, all would have been lost. The President was greatly wounded by this persistent manifestation of bad temper, but bore it after his fashion with untiring patience and kindness. He sent an official order, authorizing McClellan to suspend temporarily the corps organization in the Army of the Potomac, and to adopt any that he might see fit, until further orders. At the same time he wrote a private letter to the general, full of wise and kindly warning. He said:

I ordered the army corps organization not only on the unanimous opinion of the twelve generals whom you had selected and assigned as generals of division, but also on the unanimous opinion of every military man I could get an opinion from, and every modern military book, yourself alone excepted. Of course I did not on my own judgment pretend to understand the subject. I now think it indispensable for you to know how your struggle against it is received in quarters which we cannot entirely disregard. It is looked upon as merely an effort to pamper one or two pets and to persecute and degrade their supposed rivals. I have had no word from Sumner, Heintzelman, or Keyes. The commanders of these corps are of course the three highest officers with you, but I am constantly told that you have no consultation or communication with them; that you consult and communicate with nobody but General Fitz-John Porter and perhaps General Franklin. I do not say these complaints are true or just, but at all events it is proper you should know of their existence. Do the commanders of corps disobey your orders in anything? When you relieved General Hamilton of his command the other day, you thereby lost the confidence of at least one of your best friends in the Senate. And here let me say, not as applicable to you personally, that senators and representatives speak of me in their places as they please without question, and that officers of the army must cease addressing insulting letters to them for taking no great liberty with them. But to return. Are you strong enough — are you strong enough even with my help — to set your foot upon the necks of Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keyes all at once? This is a practical and very serious question for you. The success of your army and the cause of the country are the same, and of course I only desire the good of the cause.

General McClellan accepted the authorization with alacrity and the sermon with indifference. He at once formed two provisional army corps, giving Fitz-John Porter the command of one and Franklin the other.

After leaving Williamsburg and joining his army at Cumberland, he reiterated his complaints and entreated for reënforcements that it was not in the power of the Government to send him. His morbid apprehension had grown to such an extent that on the 14th of May he telegraphed his conviction that he would be compelled, with 80,000 men, to fight 160,000 rebels in front of Richmond; and begged that the Government would send him "by water" — he did not want them to come overland — "all the disposable troops," "every man" that could be mustered. The President, anxious to leave nothing undone to help and encourage him, replied to these important demands first by a friendly private note, in which he said:

I have done and shall do all I could and can to sustain you. I hoped that the opening of the James River and putting Wool and Burnside in communication, with an open road to Richmond, or to you, had effected something in that direction. I am still unwilling to take all our forces off the direct line between Richmond and here.

He afterwards sent a dispatch through the War Department, of which the essential points are as follows:

The President is not willing to uncover the Capital entirely, and it is believed that even if this were prudent, it would require more time to effect a junction between your army and that of the Rappahannock by way of the Potomac and York rivers than by a land march. In order therefore to increase the strength of the attack upon Richmond at the earliest moment, General McDowell has been ordered to march upon that city by the shortest route. He is ordered — keeping himself always in position to save the Capital from all possible attack — so to operate as to put his left wing in communication with your right wing, and you are instructed to coöperate so as to establish this communication as soon as possible, by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond, . . . but charged, in attempting this, not to uncover the city of Washington; and you will give no order, either before or after your junction, which can put him out of position to cover this city. . . . The President desires that General McDowell retain the command of the Department of the Rappahannock, and of the forces with which he moved forward.

Events as little foreseen by General McClellan as by the Government, and which had by him been declared impossible,— the defeat of our forces in the Shenandoah and the movement of a large rebel force to the upper Potomac,— prevented the execution of this plan. But it is worthy of notice that immediately on the receipt of the President's instructions, while he was waiting for McDowell to join him, General McClellan evinced no gratification at this compliance with his wishes. On the contrary, he lost no time in making a grievance of it; he wrote a long and elaborate dispatch protesting against it, and asking that "McDowell should be placed explicitly under his orders in the ordinary way." In his report, and in all his subsequent apologies for his campaign, he makes this positive assertion:

This order rendered it impossible for me to use the James River as a line of operations, and forced me to establish our depots on the Pamunkey and to approach Richmond from the north.

This charge is an evident after-thought, and is no less lacking in adroitness than in candor. We will permit it to be answered by General

Webb, the ablest military writer on the Peninsula campaign, who is always the friend of McClellan, and his partisan wherever the writer's intelligence and conscience allow it. He says:

> It is but repeating the proper criticisms made by other writers that General McClellan had frequently mentioned the Pamunkey as his prospective base; that he made no representation to the Government, at the time, that he wished to be free to move by the James; and that it was within his power during the first three weeks of June, when he found that McDowell was again withheld from him, to follow the latter route. On one point there can be no question — that the position of his army, as already given, along the left bank of the Chickahominy from Bottom's towards New Bridge, on May 20, with the White House, on the Pamunkey, as the base of supplies, was one of McClellan's own choice, uninfluenced by McDowell's movements.

It required ten days after the fight at Williamsburg for McClellan's headquarters to reach Cumberland, on the south bank of the Pamunkey, and on the next day he established his permanent depot at the White House, near by. On the 21st the army was brought together and established in line on the Chickahominy, the right wing being about seven and the left about twelve miles from Richmond, from which they were separated by two formidable barriers — the rebel army, and the river with its environment of woods and swamps, its fever-breathing airs and its sudden floods. The latter was first attacked. General McClellan began at once with great energy the building of several bridges over the stream, a work of special difficulty on account of the boggy banks, which made long approaches necessary. In this work, and in a voluminous correspondence with the President in regard to reënforcements, which we shall notice when we come to treat of those movements of Jackson's in the valley that caused the division of McDowell's force, he passed ten days; he pushed the corps of Keyes and Heintzelman across the river, and retained those of Sumner, Franklin, and Porter on the north side.

The monotony of camp life was broken up on the 27th of May by a brilliant feat of arms performed by Fitz-John Porter and his corps at Hanover Court House, where he attacked and defeated a rebel force under General Branch. The chief value of this battle was its demonstration of the splendid marching and fighting qualities of the troops engaged. General McClellan was greatly annoyed that the President did not seem to attach sufficient importance to this action; but General Johnston in his "Narrative," while not diminishing the gallantry of Porter and his troops, or denying the complete defeat of Branch, treats it merely as an incident of Branch's march under orders to join Anderson, which was accomplished the same day at the point designated for this junction. There was no sequel to the fight. Porter and his victorious troops marched back to camp.

On the 26th of May, General McClellan informed the President that he was "quietly closing in upon the enemy preparatory to the last struggle," and that he would be "free to strike" on the return of Porter. But several days elapsed without the blow being struck, until the enemy, as usual, accelerated matters by himself striking. It had been for some time the intention of General Johnston to attack the Union army before McDowell should join it; and learning, on the day of the battle of Hanover Court House, that McDowell was leaving Fredericksburg, he resolved at once to strike McClellan's force on both sides of the river. When we consider that the consolidated returns of the Army of the Potomac for the 31st of May showed an aggregate of 127,166 officers and men, of whom there were 98,000 present for duty, with 280 pieces of field artillery, and that General Johnston's force amounted to about 60,000 effectives, we cannot but think it was a fortunate circumstance for him that he did not attempt to carry this heroic plan into effect. At night, when he had called his general officers together for their instruction, Johnston was informed that McDowell's force, which had been marching southward, had returned to Fredericksburg. He then abandoned his idea of attacking McClellan on both sides of the river, and reverted to his former plan of assailing with his whole force the two corps on the south bank as soon as they had sufficiently increased the distance between themselves and the three corps on the north.

In this plan, as in the other one,— and we shall see, farther on, that the same was the case with General Lee,— General Johnston does not seem to have taken into the account the possible initiative of General McClellan. He makes his plans entirely without reference to it, choosing his time for attack absolutely at his own convenience. He takes it for granted that he will be met with a courageous and able defense — but nothing more. The worst he has to fear in any case is a repulse; there seems no thought of an offensive return in his mind. The Northern general, on the contrary, judged his adversary with more courtesy than justice. He evidently had no suspicion of Johnston's intentions. At the moment that the latter was calling his generals together to give orders for the assault, McClellan was telegraphing to Washington: "Richmond papers urge Johnston to attack, now that he has us away from gun-boats. I think he is too able for that."

Johnston's purpose was finally adopted and put in action with great decision and promptitude. On the 30th D. H. Hill informed him that the Federals were in force at Seven Pines, and that the indications were that all of Keyes's corps was south of the river; to which Johnston immediately responded by telling him he would attack the next morning. Within an hour or two his whole plan of battle was arranged. Orders were given to throw twenty-three of the twenty-seven brigades of which the Confederate army consisted against the two corps of Heintzelman and Keyes.* The rest were to observe the river by the Meadow and New bridges. After the plan of battle was arranged, a violent storm of rain came on and continued most of the night. This was a welcome incident to Johnston, as it inspired the hope that the river might overflow its banks and sever the communication between the two wings of the Federal army. He did not permit the rain to delay him.

The forces commanded by Longstreet and Hill attacked Casey's division of Keyes's corps with great impetuosity, and in overwhelming numbers, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Keyes's corps, supported by those of Heintzelman, defended their ground with gallantry and pertinacity; but the numbers opposed to them were too great, and they gradually and sullenly gave way, retiring inch by inch, until, as night came on, they had been forced more than a mile and a half east of the position that they had occupied in the morning.

The forces under G. W. Smith, accompanied by Johnston in person, whose duty it had been to strike the right flank of the Union army as soon as the assault of Longstreet and Hill became fully developed on the left, were delayed for some time on account of a peculiar condition of the atmosphere, which prevented the sound of the musketry from reaching from Seven Pines to the headquarters of Smith on the Nine-mile road. But about 4 o'clock, Johnston, having been informed of the progress of affairs in Longstreet's front, determined to put Smith in upon the Union right flank, being by this time relieved of all fear of a reenforcement from the other side of the river. Fortunately for the Union cause, the forces immediately opposite this position were commanded by General Sumner, an officer whose strongest traits were soldierly ardor and generosity. He had been ordered, as soon as the firing began, to hold himself in readiness to move to the assistance of his comrades at Fair Oaks; but he gave these orders a liberal interpretation, and instead of merely preparing to move he at once marched with two divisions to the two bridges he had built and halted them, with his leading companies at the bridges. In this manner an hour of inestimable advantage was saved. The swollen river soon carried away one of the bridges, and the other was almost submerged when the order came to Sumner to cross.

Without delaying a moment on the west bank, Sumner marched through the thick mud in the direction of the heaviest firing and repulsed the attacks of Smith. This Union success was the result of Sumner's straightforward and unhesitating march. His appointment to the command of an army corps had been bitterly opposed and never forgiven by General McClellan; he had been treated by his commander with studied neglect and disrespect; and this magnificent service was his only revenge. About 7 o'clock the Confederates met their severest mischance of the day; General Johnston received at an interval of a few moments two severe and disabling wounds.

The firing ceased, "terminated by darkness only," Johnston is careful to say, before he had been borne a mile from the field. The command had devolved by seniority of rank upon General G. W. Smith.

There was great confusion and discouragement in the rebel councils. Jefferson Davis found hope in the suggestion that "the enemy might withdraw during the night, which would give the Confederates the moral effect of a victory." Early on June 1 the battle was renewed, and the Union troops reoccupied the ground lost on the day before. At 2 o'clock General Lee took command, and the battle died away by the gradual retirement of the Confederates.

A great battle had been fought absolutely without result. The Confederates had failed in their attempt to destroy McClellan's two outlying corps, but their failure entailed no other consequences. The losses were frightful upon both sides: the Union army lost 5000, and the Confederate loss was reported at something over 4000, which is generally considered an under-statement. But there was this enormous difference between the condition of the two armies: the Union troops south of the Chickahominy, though wearied by the conflict, with ranks thinned by death and wounds, had yet suffered no loss of *morale;* on the contrary, their spirits had been heightened by the stubborn fight of Saturday and the easy victory of Sunday. North of the river lay the larger portion of the army, which had not fired a gun nor lost a man in the action. It is hardly denied, at this day, by the most passionate of McClellan's partisans, that the way to Rich-

* In an article in THE CENTURY for May, 1885, General Johnston changes this statement to "twenty-two out of twenty-eight brigades."

mond was open before him on Saturday afternoon. It was his greatest opportunity.

Jackson was in the Valley of the Shenandoah detaching from Lee an army of 16,000 men. The enemy had thrown almost his whole force against McClellan's left wing, and had received more injury than he inflicted. Our right wing was intact; the material for bridging the upper Chickahominy had been ready for three days; the Confederate army was streaming back to Richmond in discouragement and disorder. Even so ardent a friend of McClellan as the Prince de Joinville writes:

> The Federals had had the defensive battle they desired; had repulsed the enemy; but arrested by natural obstacles which perhaps were not insurmountable, they had gained nothing by their success. They had missed an unique opportunity of striking a blow.

If General McClellan had crossed his army, instead of one division, at the time that Johnston's entire force was engaged at Seven Pines, the rout of the Southern army would have been complete and the way to Richmond would have been a military promenade.* But the next day and during the week that followed the enterprise assumed so many difficulties in his eyes that he could not have been expected to attempt it. The rains continued; the sluggish river became a wide-spreading flood; the ground, a mixed mass of clay and quicksand, afforded no sure standing-place for horse, foot, or artillery; most of the bridges were carried away; the army, virtually cut in two by the river, occupied itself in the arduous work of intrenching. General Lee, the ablest officer in the Southern Confederacy, his mind put entirely at ease in regard to an immediate attack upon Richmond, had leisure to devote himself to restoring the organization and *morale* of his army, and bringing from every side the reënforcements that he was to use with such effect a month later in the bloody contests from the Chickahominy to the James.

* The repulse of the rebels at Fair Oaks should have been taken advantage of. It was one of those "occasions" which, if not seized, do not repeat themselves. We now know the state of disorganization and dismay in which the rebel army retreated. We now know that it could have been followed into Richmond. Had it been so, there would have been no resistance to overcome to bring over our right wing. [General Barnard]

Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, the translator of the Prince de Joinville's work, who was in Richmond during the battle, gives the following account of the condition of the Confederates on the morning of June 1:

> They were in a perfect chaos of brigades and regiments. The roads into Richmond were literally covered with stragglers, some throwing away their guns, some breaking them on the trees, all with the same story that their regiments had been "cut to pieces"—that the "Yankees were swarming on the Chickahominy like bees," and "fighting like devils." In two days of the succeeding week the provost-marshal's guard collected between 4000 and 5000 stragglers and sent them into camp. Had I been aware on that day of the actual state of things upon the field, I might easily have driven in a carriage through the Confederate lines directly into our own camps. It was not indeed until several days after the battle that anything like military order was restored throughout the Confederate positions. Appendix, p. 113.

"AS A BELL IN A CHIME."

AS a bell in a chime
Sets its twin-note a-ringing,
As one poet's rhyme
Wakes another to singing,
So, once she has smiled,
All your thoughts are beguiled
And flowers and song from your childhood are bringing.

Though moving through sorrow
As the star through the night,
She needs not to borrow,
She lavishes, light.
The path of yon star
Seemeth dark but afar:
Like hers it is sure, and like hers it is bright.

Each grace is a jewel
Would ransom the town,
Her speech has no cruel,
Her praise is renown;
'T is in her as though Beauty,
Resigning to Duty
The scepter, had still kept the purple and crown.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

OUR NATIONAL MILITARY SYSTEM.

I.— WHAT THE UNITED STATES ARMY SHOULD BE.

BEFORE submitting the following suggestions in regard to the possibilities of the future army of the United States, I will state some facts that pertain to the army as it exists to-day.

The law fixing the peace establishment of the army, passed in 1869, limited the strength to thirty thousand. The annual appropriation bill has of late years contained a proviso that no money thus appropriated shall be used for recruiting more than twenty-five thousand men. The cost of keeping up this force has always exceeded $30,000,000 and has often amounted to $40,000,000. The men enlisted for this force are mostly recruited in the large cities, and consist of a class who in the main have selected to enlist from other than patriotic motives or love of the military profession. A large proportion are foreigners who are not sufficiently acquainted with the country to find other employment. Many have found out their incapacity to make headway in civil life, the causes being as different as the characters and circumstances of the individuals. Too many belong to that large and unfortunate class known under the generic name of "tramps," who are wanderers by nature and who become the deserters from the army. Many are illiterate, few are educated and capable, and the great majority lack the necessary talents and capacity to take care of themselves and to advance in life. The smart and apparently capable man, when found in the ranks, is generally suspected of some moral taint or intemperate habit not tolerated among his friends, and the number who attain distinction in the army, or after leaving it, are few indeed. There is no opportunity afforded the enlisted man to become qualified to command in case of war, and the number who rise to a commission is remarkably small.

The law permits original enlistments from sixteen to thirty-five years of age. Reënlistments are not restricted by age, and can take place so long as the examining surgeon finds no objection. The duration of each enlistment is five years. The number of posts garrisoned by the regular army is about 125. They are scattered throughout the territory of the United States, and the duties of the troops occupying them are mainly confined to the simplest routine of garrison life, such as guard duty, target practice, and company and battalion drills. Their time is taken up in rehearsing these elementary lessons over and over, doing them as well, if not better, after the first few weeks of instruction as they ever do afterwards. This is the experience and attainment of the larger portion of the enlisted men. On the frontier there are occasional outbreaks of the Indians in the vicinity, but they are yearly becoming less frequent. When an outbreak does occur the troops have an opportunity to learn a little field service. This humdrum condition is less true of the cavalry than of the other two arms of the service, because the care and instruction of the horse adds a material task to the duties of the trooper. But his duties are also confined to a narrow sphere, and the training of the enlisted men of the army is limited to taking care of themselves and performing the elementary duties stated above. There is no provision for elevating the rank and file, no means held out to the soldier to enable him to rise in the profession of arms, and the longer he remains in service the more incapable he becomes of taking care of himself out of it. The great majority go through their first enlistment of five years making little or no progress after the first year, and when they are discharged, if they do not reënlist, they settle down on a homestead or in some frontier village, and are lost to the country, so far as any further military service to be derived from them is concerned. The most valuable service they have rendered is the opportunity they have afforded the commissioned officers to practice the administration of army affairs and to acquire the care and command of troops. Those who reënlist simply repeat this experience, and make no material progress. They may be good enough soldiers in case there is any actual service in the field to do, but all that they have acquired is limited to the individual.

While military knowledge is fairly maintained and practiced in the army, there is no provision for disseminating it, in order that we may have as many men as possible throughout the country who are themselves instructed and who are capable of giving instruction to others in the event of a war. If proper men were selected at the proper time of life, and the proper training furnished them, with such an end in view, they would at the end of five years' service be able to take a company

into the field and instruct others to do the same.

The annual cost per man of maintaining our military establishment is about $1200. Surely at such a cost a much better result could and should be obtained. It is evident that, by the methods which are in use in the army at present, we get only a minimum return for this sum. According to the foregoing calculation, it costs more to maintain a private in the United States army than it does to make an officer at West Point. Can there be any doubt about the relative value of the two to the country? No enlisted man, be his abilities what they may, can hope to compete with a graduate of the Military Academy, through such opportunities as are furnished at the present time in a five-years' enlistment. This is due to the fact that the material in the ranks is incapable of acquiring the necessary knowledge, even if it were furnished, which it is not. Besides, a large percentage of the rank and file are morally disqualified for higher and responsible positions, as may be shown by the number of desertions from the service. A large percentage are professional deserters, as was shown by the number of men in the ranks who claimed the benefit of the President's proclamation in 1873. At that time nearly one-third of the enlisted men confessed themselves deserters. There is no means at present by which this class of criminals, or any other, can be kept out of the ranks. With the history of the Academy before us, can it be doubted that we can, and should, get much more for the money expended than we do? Since 1870, when the army was reduced to its present strength, the cost of maintaining it has been, on an average, about forty millions a year. For this sum 100 West Point Academies could be maintained, educating 30,000 students, and graduating annually from 5000 to 7000. Would not the substitution of the method of making officers for the one of maintaining enlisted men, since it can be done cheaper, give the country a much greater military strength, in the event of a war, than any result that we get out of the army as it is now constituted?

Some of the defects of our military system, or rather want of system, have here been pointed out, not with the view to finding fault, but to aid in suggesting where improvement is needed. The defects cited will not be questioned by any officer of sufficient experience, for they are easily deduced from the official reports made from time to time. The Lieutenant-General of the army, in his last annual report, states, in reference to desertion, that there is a slight increase over the previous year, and that it is likely to continue. The army, notwithstanding its defects, due to mismanagement and unwise legislation, has done good service whenever it has been called upon, and has amply repaid its cost, in proof of which the history of the growth and settlement of the great West in the past half-century will fully testify.

But the nature of its duties are destined soon to change, and we must change our methods to meet the new conditions. The Indian question is fast being settled so far as requiring a military force, and will be soon so insignificant as to be disregarded in military legislation. Soon the sole duty of the army will be the preparation, conservation, and dissemination of military knowledge, and keeping pace with the progress of military science, in order that the country may not invite war by being unprepared for it. Our geographical position relieves us of the great expense of maintaining a very large standing army, for we have no large standing armies on our borders. But we cannot afford to neglect to provide ourselves with the means and material for war, for the reason that being prepared is the surest means of preventing war; not to be prepared is simply to invite it. So long as the great nations of the earth maintain immense armies and foster the art of war, we must do the same. China, the most populous nation on earth, is at the mercy of any third-rate power, simply because in her civilization she has paid little attention to the art of war. If China had given the same attention to the subject that the Western nations have, she could with her population control the world.

The ideal army that we have in view is an educational institution, the fundamental principle being to recruit its material from the youth of the land, who will be able to learn the duties of the service and to impart them to others. To furnish the necessary field for the extension of their knowledge, and to give the entire country the benefit of it, the recruits should be selected *pro rata* from the congressional districts, to which they would be returned when they had completed their education.

Every military post should be a military school. A liberal construction of section 1231 of the Revised Statutes would enable this to be done without further legislation. The authorities, however, have been unfavorable to this idea in so far that they have ruled that a soldier cannot be compelled to go to school. It is difficult to understand the position of General Sherman on this question, in view of the support he has given to the schools established at Fort Monroe and Fort Leavenworth. The Adjutant-General and the Inspector-General have also advocated this view, and maintained that further legislation is necessary in order

that soldiers can be compelled to go to school. Unquestionably further legislation is necessary, if the general of the army and his staff so maintain. The law of obedience seems sufficient to exact nearly everything else from the soldier, and it is not easily understood why he cannot be required to learn everything that will make him more useful to the service. There would be no difficulty in the way if the Commander-in-Chief or the War Department should make a rule requiring soldiers to attend school. General Sherman has declared in his annual reports, while in command of the army, that the above-mentioned schools have added nothing to the current expenses of the army. If this is so, then every post could be converted into a military school, without increasing the annual appropriation. The schools referred to are for officers, and not for enlisted men, but whether the attendance of officers is voluntary or compulsory has not yet been made apparent. Neither is it self-evident that they are more necessary for the officer than for the enlisted man. An officer's commission is given him on the theory that he has received his commission because he is already familiar with the subjects that are taught at these schools, and illustrates another serious defect of the service; viz., the tendency to repeat and revive over and over again what has once been thoroughly learned. It would not be deemed advisable for a graduate of the Military Academy to be permitted to return to West Point to go over the same course again even once, to say nothing of continuing the repetition. Yet a large percentage of the duties of the service is nothing more than repetition. Take the matter of target practice and drill, which is carried to such an extent that it often becomes detrimental instead of beneficial. Why compel men to do a thing that has once been learned until the monotony of the repetition destroys interest and makes it truly distasteful. Every graduate of the Academy will concede that the repetition of the whole course of infantry tactics three times annually is one of the greatest trials of the course. Target practice has been conducted to such an excess that officers and men have been outspoken in their condemnation of it, and have brought about a reduction to a reasonable limit. After a man has once learned to shoot, it is expensive, besides being detrimental, to require him to shoot for weeks and weeks. The principle of taking up some other subject useful in the profession would be more conducive to the interests of the service, and less irksome. It is not maintained that practice should be dispensed with entirely after a subject is once acquired, but that it should not form the sole occupation of troops, to the exclusion of every other duty, as drill is sometimes made to do. Too much importance is attached to drill tactics. When the sword and pike and the bow and arrow were the essential weapons of war, the formation of ranks had its origin, and developed into masses and an elaborate and complicated manual. With the introduction of fire-arms the thinning of the ranks began, and has continued with the improvement in arms until it is simply disastrous for any force to be surprised in solid formation, where formerly the reverse was the case. The complicated drill, which is having a tendency to simplicity of late, was devised by the sovereigns of large armies to furnish occupation for the troops in time of peace, who if not kept busy would soon engender trouble.

We are disposed to adopt the customs of European nations without taking into consideration why they exist there, and the possibility that they are not necessary in our country. So long as the French nation was considered the first military power in the world, we used French tactics and wore French uniforms. When the Germans conquered the French, we donned the helmet. We adhere to rigid lines in ranks and drills, and to unnecessarily complicated systems, when every officer of experience knows that they have no value and are not used in actual warfare. A member of the National Guard is liable to think that he knows the whole art of war if he can take the prize at a competitive drill or a target practice, on an armory floor and with an unobstructed range. In actual war he would not be able to accomplish the facings in a plowed field any better than the volunteer of a few weeks, and the accuracy of his fire would be materially affected by the unfamiliar ground and the knowledge that there was an enemy who might fire first. Modern warfare is influenced in a greatly diminished degree by what remains to us of the tactics of Frederick the Great and his time. All that is ever used of the endless drilling, when in actual campaign, is the passing from column into line and from line into column by the simplest methods, and no other movements, no matter how favorable the ground or how perfect the drill. The precision required in drill takes away from the soldier what is of the first importance in modern warfare — independence of movement, freedom of action, and that individuality which belongs to every man whether in or out of the ranks. We must progress with the changes that attend military science, and the improvement in weapons to which the old formations are no longer applicable.

During times of peace the instruction of the army in most of its duties should be confined

to learning *how* to do them, and to *do* many of them only for the purpose of learning *how*. In the conduct of war there is ample time for practice of all its requirements if the knowledge exists as to how it should be conducted. Constant and unremitting exercises for the purpose of being ready for war that comes so seldom is really a waste of time and strength. The great precision in firing that is attained by so much hard work is lost as soon as the practice ceases.

With each post organized as a school and graded for each arm of the service, and the recruits classed at depots according to capacity and progress already made, they can be assigned to their proper place to begin the contest for the prizes that should be held out for all. There should be something for each and every man to work for. The young man who has nothing to work for is without a very essential qualification for a soldier; and the service that holds out no adequate reward to the industrious and efficient worker in time of peace, nor to the gallant and successful man in time of war, cannot hope to have an efficient and trustworthy army. The system of service should be so arranged that the sifting and promotion will, in the course of the enlistment, place each man in his proper place according to his merits, both as to services and to acquirements. For the inferior and refractory material that would undoubtedly find its way into the service under the most rigid scrutiny one or two companies could be assigned in each regiment, to which these men could be transferred and made to do the rougher and more disagreeable work, to the relief of the better men.

While holding that the army should be an educational institution, it is not intended to limit it to book knowledge. The instruction should also be technical to a certain extent. There will be many who will not take to books who can be of great service as carpenters, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, masons, painters, etc.; — these are all trades which can be taught, for they are all carried on at every post. All these pursuits are essential in war; in fact, there is no pursuit in civil life that may not be of service in war. The ax and the spade were as valuable as the musket in the last days of the rebellion.

Many officers of the army will be averse to the introduction of mechanical and industrial work into the military service, as improper and unnecessary. There has been much written and said against the working of the soldiers, it being claimed that it is one of the objectionable features of the service that so much manual labor is required of the men, and that it is incompatible with military duty. This will readily be met by changing the status of manual labor in the army and making it a military duty as well. The management of working parties can be utilized as a means of discipline as well as drill, and with much greater utility to the service and the soldier. There will be no difficulty in doing this, for the importance of skilled labor under military control, applied to military affairs, can readily be shown; and whether war comes or not, its utility remains, especially as we are supposing the army to be composed of a younger and superior material.

The Military Academy would furnish the instructors for these post schools, and the various branches taught there could be carried on to a greater or less extent at all military posts, without additional increase of the current expenses of the army. In the course of a five-years' enlistment the progress which each man would make would be in proportion to his application and capacity and the opportunities afforded him. That education of the rank and file would be beneficial to the army will hardly be questioned. Yet many officers will be found who will oppose the plan of making the army an educational institution, on the ground that it would never be ready for immediate service. It is possible that if education should be made the important feature that its importance demands, the necessity of being ready to move at a moment's notice might be lost sight of in a measure, but there is nothing in the system here suggested that would prevent the most complete preparation for any emergency. It would, however, be quite sufficient to teach the army how to be ready. As has already been stated, it is a great waste of energy for the army to be maintained in constant readiness for what comes so seldom, and rarely comes so suddenly that preparation cannot be made if the means and knowledge exist to get ready. It is the supplying of the means and the knowledge that is here advocated.

In order that the proper material for the army may be provided, it will be necessary to change the methods of the recruiting service. It should be the duty of that branch of the War Department to procure the recruits from the youth of the land, from all parts *pro rata*, in order that all sections of the country shall be represented; when the enlistments expire, the young men, with the knowledge they have acquired while in the service, should be distributed as widely as possible. They should be young men, preferably eighteen and certainly not over twenty-five years of age. Selecting them from congressional districts, the present strength of the army could be maintained by obtaining fifteen recruits annually from each district.

The prevailing rule should be one enlistment, in order that the greatest number possible may get a military training. Five years is ample time in which to produce good results. The young man who could not in five years qualify himself for an officer under a system with that end in view, would not be likely to do it by longer service.

If an education, in addition to the pay, clothing, and subsistence, could be held out, there would be no difficulty in getting the necessary young men. There is little doubt that, when such a plan should become known and established, it would be necessary to make the selections by competitive examinations. The prospect would be very inviting to a large percentage of the young men of the United States, for the number of those whose ambition is greatly in excess of their opportunities is very large. The opportunity of getting an education while one is being clothed and fed, and receiving from fifty cents to one dollar per day, would be availed of gladly by any young man who had not been favored by fortune. It would be his chance to see something of the great world. After five years he could return to his home and relatives with a diploma and a discharge that would give him a claim to a commission as an officer in the event of a war, and he could have from one to two thousand dollars in his pocket; for he could save all his pay, as he would have little time to spend it if he applied himself closely to his duties. Many armies of young men, larger than the United States army to-day, are longing for such a start in life.

The expense of the army graduate would not be lost to the country even if a war did not occur during the available life of such graduate. He would be utilized in the local military organizations, and his savings would enable him to make a beginning in such civil pursuit as he might desire to follow, if he had not acquired a trade during his service. He would take a place and position among his friends and kindred corresponding to the standing his abilities and application won for him in the army. A very large percentage of the pay of the enlisted men of the army, which is now spent in saloons and gambling establishments, would be brought home by the discharged men, to be usefully spent among the people — an economic feature that would be of great value in time, for it would be a constant and continuous addition to the wealth of the congressional districts from year to year; not in money alone, but also in educated and well-trained defenders of the country. At the end of five years there would be in each district about seventy-five graduates from the army, from among whom a sufficient number of officers could be obtained to instruct any number of volunteers that would probably be called for from the district in the event of a war. With such a body of competent instructors, the volunteer service could be placed in better condition for the field in thirty days than was attained during the first year of the war of the Rebellion.

This plan would provide from twenty to twenty-five thousand instructors every five years, and place them where they would be most needed. An army of half a million of men will require at least fifteen thousand officers. When war comes in this country, the first necessity is a sufficient quota of competent officers. By the foregoing plan there would be a permanent source of supply to select from, possessed of the most recent information on the subject of the care and management of troops.

Our form of government being different from that of all other great nations, our military system must be modified to suit it. We raise our armies by calling for volunteers, and without the approval of the people no war could be got on foot by the Government in this country. For this reason our military methods should be popularized as much as possible, in order to have the sympathies of the people. We have no military system whatever. The militia laws looking to that end, which were devised in the early history of the United States, have failed of their object, and are a dead letter on the statute books. When war comes we shall be as unprepared for it as we were when the Rebellion came upon us. We shall be obliged to resort to the same expensive methods, and suffer the same humiliations in the beginning that the country has heretofore experienced. Great as were our resources, we could make no headway in the first year of the rebellion, because the great body of the people were ignorant of the means and methods of carrying on war, and there were not a sufficient number of instructors provided for such a contingency. In another decade there will not be left a military remnant of our last experience that could be utilized, for the improvement and changes that have been made in the means of warfare will require new and original adaptations of our resources. The object of this paper is to suggest the best possible preparation that the amount of money we annually appropriate could accomplish.

The limited force scattered throughout the United States that we ostentatiously designate as our standing army is smaller than that of any other country in proportion to its population, except China. While France has a soldier to every 60 inhabitants, we have one in 2400. By some extremists, who hold that a standing army is not consistent with a republican form of government, this insignifi-

cant force is sometimes accused of threatening the liberties of our people. It is a misnomer to call an establishment that bears such a proportion to the population a standing army. It is nothing more than the custodian of what military knowledge exists in the country. This is a heavy responsibility, which should be aided by making it also a producer and disseminator of military knowledge, in order that it may have the opportunity of rendering an adequate return for the immense cost it is to the country.

It is necessary that the people at large should see and appreciate the importance — if not the necessity, at least the economy — of utilizing the army as has been outlined in this paper. The army of the present day is conservative and not disposed to radical innovations. The War Department could do much to put the army in the way indicated; but, in view of the opposition of the high authorities cited, it will be necessary for Congress to direct what should be done. That august body is also slow to act without being stimulated to action by the people.

Every friend of the army who has the interest of his country at heart, and sees the necessity for maintaining the greatest possible military strength at the smallest cost, must appreciate any plan that will provide for the production of military knowledge and its dissemination among the people, for it is the primary element of national defense. It is believed that the foregoing plan is in accord with our institutions, and that when fully understood by the people it will be accepted as the most practical and economical means of fostering and developing the greatest national strength, of engendering patriotism and the love of country, and will tend to the preservation and perpetuation of the Union.

August V. Kautz,
Brevet Major-General, U. S. Army.

FORT NIOBRARA, NEBRASKA, July, 1888.

II.— MILITARY EDUCATION AND THE VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

A VERY important element in the national defense, when the nation's peace is threatened, must be the character of the troops which will compose her armies, and the means which must be relied upon to call them from their homes to the battle-fields and to change them as quickly as possible from an unorganized body of citizens into an efficient and victorious army. First in importance is the character of the material upon which we have to work. Grant said of a prominent Union general, "He perhaps did not distinguish sufficiently between the volunteer who enlisted for the war and the soldier who serves in time of peace." There are a great many officers who make the same mistake. The volunteer soldier, who in time of the nation's peril enlists for the war, is often a man in comfortable circumstances, of competence or even wealth, and his enlistment is a pecuniary sacrifice to him. He is often a man of social position, surrounded by friends who regard and esteem him, all of which he fully appreciates. Patriotism and the hope that by honorable and perhaps distinguished services he may still improve his social position and popularity are the motives of his enlistment. They infuse him with energy and prompt him to heroic deeds.

As a rule a member of the National Guard or State Militia is a man of good social standing. He has usually some military taste, inclination, and ability. All the time he gives to his military studies and training is at a sacrifice of his private interests; and consequently he desires to accomplish as much as possible in the shortest space of time. There is nothing mercenary in his motives, for the pay and allowances he receives are never equal to his outlay of money, taking no account of the time he gives.

The chief pleasure he derives from his service is in the gratification of his taste for military knowledge, the satisfaction he takes in his military exercises and the excellence of his attainments, the knowledge that he is in a position to defend his country and society promptly and well, and the increased regard and esteem he merits from his countrymen. He has independence of character and is self-reliant, strong, and intelligent, and frequently is a man of broad and liberal culture and the strongest sense of personal honor, dignity, and self-respect.

This is the kind of men who must constitute our volunteers in time of war, and we must rely especially upon such to rouse the people to patriotic action and to lead them forth in the defense of the country in time of peril.

The nation having secured the volunteer, the next step is to convert him into a soldier in the shortest possible space of time. To this end the most difficult and at the same time absolutely indispensable thing is to induce him at all times to submit his judgment, in matters requiring action, to that of his commanders, and certainly and surely to obey the

orders of his superior officers in the most prompt and exact manner. This result is obtained in two very different ways, owing to the character of the material of which the soldier is to be made; and it is exceedingly important that the difference in the two systems should be understood, that the method may be adapted to the character of the material. One system is based upon a cringing submission to and personal dependence upon superiors. Under such discipline men soon cease to be men and become mere machines. The kind of men who constitute the majority of our volunteer armies, and especially of the National Guard, do not yield to these measures. Three or five years is not enough in which to teach them to cease to reflect: so short a time is not enough in which to destroy the enthusiasm with which they enlisted, or to cause them to lose their independence of character and to cease to think for themselves; and we are all glad that it is not.

It seems to me that in our United States army and Military Academy the tendency has been, and still is, too much to seek the wrong foundation for discipline, and the more intelligent, patriotic, and self-respecting class of men have been deterred from enlisting in the regular army; and many of the best men, of the noblest impulses, who do enlist are no doubt by this cause moved to desert without being willing to give their reasons, fearing the ridicule of their companions and officers who do not sympathize with them in their ideas of personal dignity and self-respect.

Aristocratic theories are impracticable in a volunteer army of free citizens, and still more so in the National Guard. Some of the very best National Guard companies, which would have obeyed the military orders of their officers, even at the risk of their lives, with an eagerness, exactness, and self-devotion that could not have been excelled, have sometimes been discouraged, their self-respect wounded, and their ardor destroyed by an unwise and foolish attempt of their military superiors to carry their superiority beyond strictly military matters, into the social life of the command, and to make their men feel that the subordination extended not only to things military but to all things, and was personal rather than official. Such companies only await the expiration of their enlistment to leave the service, with the advice to their friends — which, contrary to the ordinary rule, is sure to be taken — never to enter it. The loss of such men is absolutely irreparable. The decline in discipline and efficiency in many commands of the National Guard may be attributed largely to the loss of such men, their places being supplied by others of inferior character. If this process should be general and should continue, the decline and ultimate extinction of the National Guard would be inevitable.

A subordination that is attempted to be made instinctive by basing it upon an exaggeration of the personal, social, and assumed inherent inferiority of the enlisted man, besides preventing the best enlistments, can only, where a free citizen is concerned, be made efficient by long years of effort — longer than any war is likely to last; and therefore this kind of discipline, while it may answer in the armies of aristocratic countries, is not the best in a free country. Fortunately the foundations of a better are ready at hand, and it is not necessary to change the character of the man in order to make of him a good soldier.

For the aristocratic idea we should substitute that of properly constituted authority, a love of law, order, and system, fidelity to duty, pride of good citizenship and of military and chivalric qualities, and an intelligent and full explanation of the absolute necessity of silence and strict obedience at all times, in order to conquer — supplemented, as in other cases, by real merit and proper example in the superior. By proper instruction on these subjects, addressed to the soldier's intelligence, a better discipline can be developed in the volunteer army, and especially in the National Guard, and in a very much shorter time than can possibly be done by the aristocratic method. And when at the close of a war such a soldier again becomes a free citizen, he is a better one than before, and in mind, principles, and habits is in full accord with free institutions.

This is the reason why the soldiers of the volunteer armies so quickly, so naturally, and so completely returned to their civil duties, after four or five years of active military life, to the great surprise of those whose ideas had been formed by contemplating the result of the disbanding of armies governed by the aristocratic principle.

It would seem best in a free country in time of peace to use, so far as possible, that basis of discipline best adapted to the volunteer armies in time of war. Any system may answer when but little strength is required, and that one should be selected which, with the least change, would give the greatest strength in the time of the greatest trial.

Some system should be adopted by which men should be instructed in the nature of military subordination as distinct from social. When this is done, the work will be much facilitated. This system should be developed as much as possible before a war occurs, and is an important part of the preparation for the national defense.

Persons who have formed their opinions upon matters of discipline by observing armies

governed on the aristocratic principle are apt very much to underrate the value of the subordination and discipline of the National Guard and volunteers, on account of the freer intercourse between inferior and superior and the apparent disregard for ceremony and forms to be noted in the ranks of the latter. It is difficult for them to believe that a man who does not stand at "attention" in the presence of an officer is nevertheless fully prepared to obey his orders to the utmost; but such is often the case.

The National Guard of the States is a sort of cadet corps from whose rank and file general and field officers are likely to be evolved in case of war, as has often been done before; and it is generally admitted that the more intelligent an officer is the more efficient he will be. It is likewise true, though not so universally admitted, that the same rule applies to the private. In thousands of ways, such as in making the most of his few comforts and in taking care of himself in camp and field as well as in battle, the private soldier's efficiency is largely in proportion to his intelligence.

So much for the education of the republican soldier in military discipline. The soldier of the Republic should also differ from the soldier of a monarchy in this: he should be of the people, for the people, in close relation to and in sympathy with the people, and should continue to be so well acquainted with them, and they with him, that they and he may have the fullest confidence and esteem for each other. In monarchies the soldier is the fighting instrument of his sovereign, who often desires that he should *not* sympathize with the people.

In selecting material for soldiers from among the people, it is best that the culling process should go on from youth up. The youths at colleges and high-schools should have an optional class in military tactics and drill. It would not be without profit to all if it were made compulsory, as it is in Switzerland, for the time would not be wasted if the individual should never become a member of a military organization. The physical development and the muscular and mental training resulting from an elementary course in military tactics, drill, and exercises would be ample compensation for the time and money spent, and probably would be as useful to the learner in after civil life as his Latin, French, or algebra, and possibly more so. Boys and men having a military bent or inclination would naturally seek schools where such advantages were offered in connection with their other studies, and so of higher schools and colleges. He who had a special talent would be most likely to go farthest in this direction, and he who found that he had no taste or ability of this kind would more easily take some other profession without any sense of disgrace to himself or friends in doing so. In this way the selection of the fittest would be continually going on in the most natural way possible, just as in the other spheres of life. Appointments to the regular army and to the Military Academy could then be made from among those who had distinguished themselves by special natural fitness and by special attainments. The West Point Academy should have its doors thrown open wider, so that any one who might be willing to subject himself to the severe discipline there practiced for four years, under penalty for desertion, could enter, and students on graduation should not be promised commissions in the army or required to take them. This change, it is believed, would not injure the discipline at West Point. Experience teaches that it is not the students who are of their own will striving for an education who are insubordinate at college, but those who have their education thrust upon them by doting friends.

Likewise every inducement of honorable mention, or otherwise, should be offered to men of proper natural attainments and qualifications to enter the standing army and to remain as long as they can feel enthusiasm for their work; and when they practically cease to learn they should be allowed and encouraged to resign and to seek employment among the people in the kindred professions or occupations of peace, as did Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Schofield, Rosecrans, and others, thus giving place to other young men who would be glad to spend a few years in preparing themselves to defend their country if occasion might require. It is not probable that Grant, Sherman, and McClellan lost anything of efficiency by their years of civil employment, but rather gained. It placed them in positions where special effort and ability would produce for their possessors special results, and so increased their energy, their tact, and their mental resources and enterprise. It brought them into closer contact with the people, and so increased their knowledge of the peculiar character and quality of the material of which were composed the volunteer armies of the Republic, which they afterwards so gloriously led.

Men should not always be in school, and that is what military life might well be called in time of peace: it is a preparation for work to be hereafter done when the nation's strength is tried.

It is not recommended, at least for the present, that there should be a compulsory rotation in the army. It is only proposed that resignations of officers after a few years' ex-

perience should be freely accepted and encouraged, and that they should be allowed to return to the body of the people, in order that other officers may receive commissions in the army for short periods, or may receive commissions which they would be permitted to resign as soon as they too had received some experience. Some officers might remain permanently in the army to preserve its traditions, as professors remain in colleges while students come and go. Under such a system of military preparation men of military experience and education living in civil life among their neighbors and countrymen could in a short time gather together their friends and acquaintances, whom they would know, and who would know them, thus giving mutual confidence, and could lead them to the defense of society and of the state and nation more promptly than it could be done in any other way; and this would make a strong nation without the expense and disadvantages of a large standing army.

In a free republic the military force always has been, and always will be, in the body of the people. It cannot be permanently otherwise: where the ultimate force is, there is the sovereignty. All institutions and orders and all laws exist by sufferance or direct command of this ultimate force. This has been recognized by all our great statesmen, and they have shown their belief by urging the necessity for training the people to arms, in the form of a well-organized militia. They have embodied their principles in our constitutions, state and national. The practice in the earlier years of the Republic of seeking to train all men physically capable, if ever justifiable, has long ceased to be so, because the number of such men, being about seven millions, is so large that the training of all is entirely unnecessary. It would involve an enormous expenditure of money. It would compel men to drill who have no aptitude for military affairs. They would not succeed, and they would be a hindrance to the others. It would be irksome to them, and they would use their efforts to break up the system. It would also prevent the natural process of selecting the fittest, which results where only one in fifty or a hundred is trained, and only those who from an instinct of fitness volunteer for the purpose.

The officers in the volunteer militia are selected, and should be, from men whose attainments, abilities, and experience make their time most valuable to themselves as well as others.

It would be a good thing for the National Guard if some part of the five thousand enlisted men and officers, which the Adjutant-General recommends should be added to the regular army, should be taken from the National Guard by enlistments and commissions for a short period of service — of three or six months, or even a year. The candidate for such a service should be required first to pass such an examination by an army board as would show him to be reasonably well qualified by nature and attainments to at once assume the duties that his new position would impose upon him. At the military posts where the National Guard men serve there should be a school for officers and enlisted men, where the duties of the various positions should be intelligently explained and illustrated by officers detailed for the purpose, in which these citizen soldiers might make the most of their time while in the army. These short-term men and officers might perhaps be required to discharge all duties, so far as might be deemed practicable, that are required of others of their rank in the army. They should be enlisted or commissioned in the army, and for the time being have nothing to do with the National Guard. That kind of discipline in the army which is based upon personal dependence might be slightly impaired by this practice, but the best discipline would not be to any considerable extent; for if the right persons were selected, it would be those who were most desirous of learning true discipline.

In order to secure a more general instruction the National Guard should go into camp from six to ten days each year, and it should all go into state camps, under one commander. There is a very great, very beneficial, and almost indispensable influence in converting men into soldiers — in the promotion of discipline of every sort, in army-making as distinguished from mere teaching — to be found in having soldiers do duty in the presence of others, and having other soldiers do duty in their presence. Each one learns that he has a duty that he himself must perform, and that others have duties with which he must not interfere; and the latter is almost as important as the former. By seeing other soldiers faithfully performing their duties without swerving to the right hand or to the left, by seeing perfect order prevailing and everything being done by the right person and in the right way and at the right time amidst so large a number as to make this utterly impossible without military discipline, the *esprit de corps* is engendered, and the feeling strengthened that the whole army is a unit, and each part, while attending to its own duty, can rely, without the least nervousness or distrust, upon all other parts attending to theirs. A soldier may and will have his private personal friends with whom he talks and in whom he confides. As a soldier he should know other soldiers simply as such, ac-

cording to their rank, position, and duties, without reference to the personality of the man. This is more easily learned where the soldier is brought into contact with soldiers of whom he knows nothing but their rank, position, and duties, except that they are honorable members of his own army, and as such are always worthy of the utmost confidence as soldiers, from a soldier. These things can only be learned by having large bodies of troops together under trusted and competent officers, and they must be learned or there is no real army. It is these feelings, felt to be so strong and so deep by the veteran comrades of many well-fought campaigns, that make old soldiers so confiding, so trusting, so partial to one another through all their after life. These things constitute the indispensable essence of the army; and without them there can be no army, no matter how many otherwise good soldiers there may be. It is only when these things are too much overlooked, undervalued, or misunderstood, and when too much relative importance is attached to the mechanical execution of the drills and ceremonies, that small camps are preferred to the largest possible.

In States where there is a well-organized National Guard, a commission might be appointed consisting of four or five officers selected from the National Guard, and as many more detailed from the regular army, including such professors of military science as might be serving in the colleges of the State. This commission might examine such officers and non-commissioned officers as desired to be examined and such as might be ordered before it, and grant diplomas showing attainments in the various branches of military art and science. Such an institution to be of any value must have its expenses, including pay of officers who compose it and transportation and subsistence of officers attending it, paid by the State. In this event a healthy demand would be created for the service of such regular officers as could be secured from the army and the military colleges during the annual encampment, to conduct officers' schools and non-commissioned officers' schools, and to assist and coach the various officers in the discharge of their duties generally. It would not be well for any one to supersede commanders as the proper instructors of their own troops; but commanders would be glad to avail themselves of the assistance of better-informed men, and would be profited thereby. In this way the services of several officers of the regular army would be extremely profitable, if they could be obtained during the annual encampment of each brigade.

If something of the plan here suggested were gradually adopted, it would have a tendency to put many graduates of West Point and some ex-army officers with their technical knowledge into the National Guard, and some of the most military of the National Guard officers might find their way into the army, carrying with them their practical knowledge of the character of our volunteers. It would bind together in one bond of sympathetic union the Military Academy, the Army, and the National Guard, greatly strengthen the military power of the nation, and foster that sentiment so necessary in a republic of liberty governed by law.

James Montgomery Rice,
Lieutenant-Colonel, Illinois National Guard.

III.— COMMENT ON COLONEL RICE'S PAPER.

COLONEL RICE'S paper covers many points on which opinions naturally differ. It is a wholesome sign that so much attention is being paid by thoughtful men to the necessity of providing for our national defense by a more thorough organization of the militia of the several States, and it is from a comparison of their opinions that the best method is to be selected.

Wars nowadays are speedily decided, and a nation not prepared to protect itself will be conquered before it can organize and train its natural forces so as to render them effective. With our absurdly small regular army, it is to the National Guard of the various States alone that the country must look to supply the regimental and company officers who are to command the volunteers who are to protect it in time of war. No pains, therefore, should be spared to make their military education as thorough as is possible under the peculiar circumstances of their services.

The foundation of a military organization is discipline. I do not think it possible to have in a militia regiment the rigid discipline of regulars. But while not carrying "class distinction" too far, it is perfectly possible to require the men, *when in uniform*, to conform to rigid rules in regard to the respect to be paid to their officers and to the forms of ceremony, etc., so as to impress upon them the maxim "that obedience to authority lies at the foundation of military efficiency." This is done regularly at the New York State Camp, and the better the regiment the more pride its members take in observing these matters.

The great point to insure obedience — and one upon which particular stress is laid by German authorities — is to impress upon the men that their officers will protect them from all unnecessary labor and danger; "for when the men know this they face hardship and danger uncomplainingly, knowing that it is inevitable." This involves, of necessity, that the officers should be taught how to care for their men; and here, therefore,

is where the National Guard officer is weak, because uninstructed.

I doubt whether it would be possible to throw open the doors of West Point as proposed, without injuring it. The cadets are now paid and supported by the country. If there were many more, it would cost too much. Besides, the present wholesome regulation which draws the officers of our army from every state and rank in life would be apt to be overthrown.

Any system, however, which would enable our youth and those National Guardsmen who are anxious to improve themselves in military matters to do so would be of great value. Military instructors in colleges, short-term service in army posts,— like the one-year volunteers of Germany,— would cost the country but little, and add greatly to its means of defense. It cannot be expected, however, that such men as compose our National Guard will enlist as privates in the army. They would not like to associate with the men, nor would the influence upon them be good if they did.

Examinations and diplomas in the method suggested by Colonel Rice — anything, in fact, which will help the National Guardsman to fit himself for service without taking up more time than he can afford to devote — should be provided.

I cannot agree with Colonel Rice as to the value of large camps of instruction. They look imposing, but there is very apt to be too many "reviews" and ceremonies. A model camp should have as little show and as much hard work as possible. At the meetings of the United States National Guard Association the regimental officers all preferred regimental camps. The experience of New York shows, however, that there should be carefully selected instructors and inspectors to see that the prescribed work is done, and done properly.

George W. Wingate,
President National Guard Association of the United States.

NEW YORK, July, 1888.

IV.— OUR NATIONAL GUARD.

MALE citizens of the United States between eighteen and forty-five years of age are considered available for military duty, men holding State or Government positions, or certain religious beliefs, being exempt.

During the summer of 1887 twelve States and one Territory* had their guard inspected, while in camp, by United States army officers detailed for that purpose by the Secretary of War. The following extracts from the reports of some of these officers give an idea of the efficiency of the guard in general.

Colonel H. M. Black, United States Army Inspector Michigan N. G.:

> The general appearance of the several regiments was excellent. All looked young, active, energetic, and healthy, and have in them the material to make as fine soldiers as could be found in any country.

Colonel E. S. Otis, United States Army Inspector Pennsylvania N. G.:

> The men are young, of fine physique. . . . Its intelligence is of a high order; its organization is effective; its practical knowledge, considering its opportunities, very marked.

Colonel W. R. Shafter, United States Army Inspector Second Brigade California N. G.:

> The conduct of the men while in camp was most excellent, their physical condition good, and it was apparent that the only thing necessary to make them first-class soldiers was the need for their services in actual warfare.

Edwin C. Mason, Acting Inspector-General, United States Army:

> From my experience with the militia in years past, I was entirely unprepared to find the National Guard on such a high plane of discipline and general efficiency as I find that in the State of Iowa.

Colonel E. F. Townsend, United States Army Inspector Dakota N. G.:

> It is an excellent body of men, full of zeal, and only requires to be directed rightly to make splendid soldiers.

* Alabama, California, Dakota, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont.

Adjutant-General Drum, United States Army (report to Secretary of War, 1887), calls attention to these reports as follows:

> The reports, appended hereto, of the several inspecting officers are highly interesting and instructive. The steadily increasing interest manifested by the militia of the States is evidenced by the high percentage of attendance at the annual encampments and the general excellent military spirit of the troops. . . . Young officers of the army could be spared during the winter, to report to the adjutants-general of States, on application of the governors, to aid in the instruction of both officers and non-commissioned officers.

Whilst the reports referred to show that the *personnel* of the guard is all it should be, there are deficiencies to which these reports point — deficiencies which consist mainly in discipline, knowledge of guard duty, and equipments.

Whatever in the way of uniforms and equipments have been obtained were, until recently, issued by the State or purchased by the men themselves, but now the United States Government lends a helping hand by an annual appropriation of $400,000 "in the way of equipments," each State being allowed its *pro rata* proportion. Each State has its own uniform and button (a few States, having adopted the United States army uniform and retaining the State button, are exceptions). The guns in use vary, but the tendency now in this is to adopt the regulation United States army gun, and many States have already done so. The armament of the artillery, as a rule, is old ordnance and unfit for service. The Gatling gun now forms part of the armament of the artillery in California, Connecticut, Indiana, Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, and perhaps other States.

The National Guard of the different States, if brought together, would present a variegated appearance as to uniform, arms, and general equipment.

The guard in each State is enlisted for service within the State only, and is under control of the governor, who by virtue of his office is commander-in-chief, and who appoints an administrative officer called the adjutant-

general, who looks after the guard. Each State regulates the pay for her troops, which in many States amounts to very little, while some allow the guard, when on duty, United States army pay.

The accompanying table based upon the official return of the Adjutant-General, U. S. A., July 2d, 1888, gives the strength of the regularly enlisted militia. It will be seen that our National Guard numbers about one hundred thousand, and the first thing to be considered is the efficiency of this body of men.

States	*General Officers.*	*General Staff.*	*Regimental, Field, Staff, and Company Officers.*	*Non-Commissioned Officers, Musicians, and Privates.*	*Total Officers and Men.*	*Troops of Cavalry.*	*Batteries of Artillery.*	*Companies of Infantry.*
Alabama	9	42	157	2036	2244	1	3	38
California	8	110	243	4056	4417	1	14	41
Colorado	2	31	105	1015	1153	4	1	26
Connecticut	1	9	162	2401	2573		1	37
Delaware		14	40	655	709	2		8
Florida			105	1066	1171		2	30
Georgia		25	308	4233	4566	10	3	60
Illinois	4	44	277	3825	4150		2	65
Indiana	1	22	164	1997	2184	1	4	36
Iowa	2	18	192	2481	2693			48
Kansas	5	30	130	1801	1966		2	30
Kentucky		13	88	1235	1336		1	19
Louisiana	7	31	158	1821	2017	5	8	10
Maine	1	6	70	891	968		1	22
Maryland	2	30	135	1849	2016			41
Massachusetts	5	37	351	4653	5046	3	3	72
Michigan	4	16	139	2853	3012		1	36
Minnesota	6	23	127	1640	1796	1	1	30
Mississippi	4	20	135	1230	1389		4	32
Missouri	1	12	112	2026	2151	1		6
Nebraska	1	19	84	1118	1222	1	1	20
Nevada	4	40	18	300	362		1	18
N. Hampshire	1	9	99	1127	1236	2	1	24
New Jersey	3	50	257	3637	3947		2	53
New York	5	76	675	12474	13230		6	179
No. Carolina	1	20	118	1175	1314	1		27
Ohio		16	368	5242	5626	1	8	89
Oregon	1	12	111	1433	1557	1	1	25
Pennsylvania	4	41	535	7965	8545	2	2	132
Rhode Island	1	24	115	1016	1156	2	4	20
So. Carolina	8	88	443	4305	4844	36	4	42
Tennessee		20	126	1411	1557		5	25
Texas	3	30	248	2275	2556	10	2	53
Vermont	1	14	56	721	792		1	12
Virginia	2	8	158	2707	2875	3	4	46
West Virginia		1	74	794	869	1	1	2
Wisconsin		20	144	1928	2092	1	1	34
Territories.								
Dakota		30	82	880	992		1	18
Montana	5	7	40	571	623	2	1	8
New Mexico		9	144	1582	1735	32		5
Washington	3	24	57	806	890	1		14
Wyoming			3	45	48			
Dist. Columbia	1	8	84	1096	1189			24
Total	106	1099	7237	98372	106814	125	97	1557

No return received from Arkansas. Arizona, Idaho, and Utah have no organized militia.

The officers of higher ranks and many of the company commanders now in the service served in the civil war, and those officers who did not, chiefly young men, are being molded and influenced by these veterans; and this influence will last long after the old soldiers are gone. The ranks are filled by self-sustaining young men who are unequaled in love of country, soldierly qualities, education, and habits.

Instead of keeping up a large standing army for the maintenance of its honor and integrity, this country relies on the volunteer. That the volunteer is expected to respond to all calls in time of need is sufficient reason for having him properly equipped in time of peace. The guard as it now stands is virtually a volunteer army; although only sworn into State service, these men would at the first call *volunteer* to go wherever their country needed them.

Many theories have been advanced for the improvement of the guard, and the following ideas in regard to this improvement have been suggested by reports of inspecting officers, articles in military journals, conversations with military men, and service in the guard.

Let the guard be divided between the States and Territories in accordance with the population, and have a uniform oath of enlistment swearing men into the service of the General as well as the State Government. Make them, in fact, United States volunteers, and, if best, change the name from National Guardsmen to United States Volunteers.

After thoroughly equipping and arming, let the United States Government instruct them in the duties of the soldier; and with this in view, the Secretary of War could detail competent officers to visit as often as needed the armories in each State, to give instructions by means of lectures, schools, drills, etc., these officers, for the time being, to act in conjunction with the State's adjutant-general.

The adjutant-general of a State is a political appointee, and this is often detrimental to the guard. When a competent adjutant-general is found he should be retained, without reference to politics or change of governors. If this cannot be accomplished, let the Secretary of War detail a suitable officer, who, although acting under orders from the governor, would be free from political intrigue.

An important addition to any plan would be a pecuniary inducement for men to attend drill. Allow something per year for attending drills,—it need not be a large sum,—and for absence unexcused deduct a stipulated amount. Thus the hardest thing to contend against—non-attendance at drill—would be remedied. When drilling, in camps of instruction, or on duty for the General Government, let the same authority pay them; and when a State calls for them, let it pay for the service rendered. The idea of paying these men for drilling might be antagonized on the ground of expense; but it must be remembered that the money would be spent on our best young men, and that these men are holding themselves ready to spend their lives, if need be, for their country. The physical and mental training, the improvement in carriage and general appearance, of the men is a strong argument in favor of this plan. Furthermore, the fact that they were being paid for their efforts in perfecting themselves as citizen soldiers would increase their zeal and keep the ranks filled with the best material.

The State's adjutant-general's department should be supported by the State, and armories provided by the same authority.

Were the foregoing ideas carried out, the result would be a United States volunteer army divided between the States, the troops in each State forming a military department under command of the governor; but when called into the service of the General Government, the soldier would pass from under the State's control and be subject to the United States authority.

The importance of selecting efficient officers is not to

be lost sight of. The common plan now in vogue is for the men to elect their officers. When in addition to this the newly elected officer is required to go before an examining board, properly constituted, incompetent material will be kept out.

The following, from the last year's report of General Sheridan, is worthy of the consideration due to the high authority from which it comes:

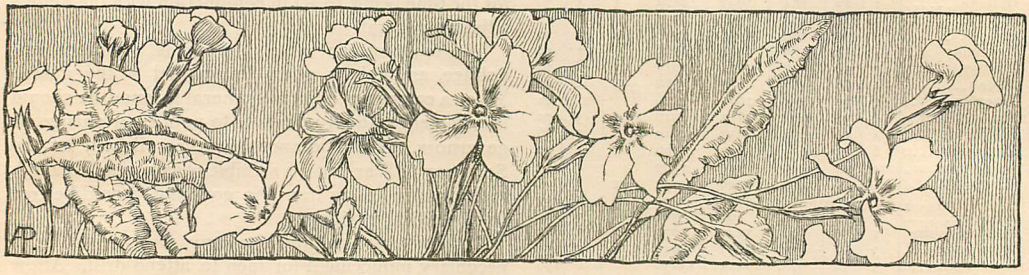
I am strongly in favor of the General Government extending all possible aid to the National Guard of the different States, as they constitute a body of troops that in any great emergency would form an important part of our military force. They should be armed with the best weapons, amply provided with complete camp and garrison equipage, and instructed in the various drills and exercises according to the tactics and systems followed in the regular army. According to my observation and experience, most of the State troops now march well and handle the gun well, but they are deficient in discipline and all the duties that teach a soldier to take care of himself while in camp and upon the march. This defect can best be overcome by establishing some system of encampment under the control of the General Government. In the development of such a measure, the entire army, as well as myself personally, will be glad to render such assistance as lies in our power, and I recommend that the favorable consideration of the subject may be commended to Congress.

Experience would soon demonstrate the feasibility of any plan which might be adopted, and by proper changes, as needed, an effective system could be formed. In many States the maintaining of a military force is now a necessity in order to keep down the riotous element so freely admitted to our shores.

The number of men available for military duty is estimated at 8,000,000. Granting that a National Guard 100,000 strong is large enough, there would be one citizen soldier out of 80 available men, or one-eightieth of our strength, equipped.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, July, 1888.

Edmund Cone Brust,
Major 1st Regiment Light Artillery Ohio National Guard.



SAPPHO.

UPON a height, upon a height of song,
A maiden sits whose bosom ne'er hath heaved
With the dark billows that to Love belong,
Who hath not been deceived, who hath not grieved.

From the bright bow of her delicious lips
Arrows of music, like to sunbeams, spring;
And, like the shafts upon the shoulder-tips
Of Phœbus, loud in human hearts they ring.

Greece shuts her eyes to listen, as the lay
From Lesbos' isle o'ersings the echoing sea,
And in the purple fields of nether day
The shade of Homer brightens wondrously.

Tears fill those eyes, long blind to human strife—
Tears of keen pleasure such as Hector shed,
When on the fragrant bosom of his wife
The hero's baby hid a startled head.

And in that grove of cypresses severe
That sadly sentinel the Stygian stream,
When Sappho's music brims her empty ear,
The ghost of Helen smiles through her dark dream.

For never yet, since naked from the wave
That climbed her, clamorous for a last embrace,
Arose that goddess crueller than the grave,
With gleams like laughters in her gliding grace,—

Oh! never yet since Venus like a flower
Rose from the subject sea, hath woman's word
The world's deep heart with such mysterious power,
The world's deep heart, like the deep ocean, stirred.

But if the shadows in the populous vasts
Of Death's domain thrill at the song divine,
Oh! how much deeper is the spell it casts
On those who still quaff Life's resplendent wine!

No wonder maids of Lesbos 'neath the moon
Dance till the day comes blushing up the hill,
And then in coverts apt for amorous swoon,
Till noon bring sleep, of dream-love take their fill.

No wonder men of Lesbos are inspired
To loftier aims of love, to grander deeds
Of patriot purpose by the singer fired.
But now, alas! her own full bosom bleeds:

Phaon has come, and on her perfect lips
The song's perfection ceaseth. She is mute,
While from her sudden-moistured palms there slips
Quick to her feet the sudden-rifted lute.

Phaon has come: alas! for happy days,—
Alas! for innocence of girlish youth,—
Her eyes are dazzled by his careless blaze,
Her mind enslaved by his apparent truth.

Strange! Other men as beautiful as he
In Lesbos, lovely land, have wooed her warm,
And often sworn to her on bended knee
Her sweet song could not match her face and form.

But Phaon proudly towers above the rest,
And at his lightest word each ruddy drop
In her bright body, hurrying to her breast,
Burns with a madness that no will may stop.

"I love him, love him, but does he love me?"
Ah! question asked for ages,— seldom yet
Securely answered — by what hard decree
In woman's rose-heart must that thorn be set?

"I love him, love him," in her eager ear
The small bird sings it, brightly fluttering by;
Or when she wanders by the ocean drear
The billows moan it, and the winds reply.

When she believes he loves her in return,
The summer days a splendor more serene
Are gemmed with, and the nights more lovely burn,
While stars, like golden hearts, throb large and keen.

When she believes he doth not love her — oh!
The night is not so gloomy as the day,
Because with day her mind's worst shadows go,
And sleep with dreams her anguish can allay.

But he hath spoken — oh! the golden tongue,
Oh! jewel words, forever to be worn!
He loves her: he hath said it — or hath sung,
For speech is music on this happy morn.

Away with doubts, away with fears, make room!
Alas! the world is narrow for such bliss:
One life is narrower still to hold the bloom,
The flower divine of that first double kiss.

Sappho is crowned so tall with happiness,
She cannot stoop to sing as erst she sang:
To voice her secret joy would make it less;
To set it to a tune would be a pang,

Because 't would seem to limit it, and so
In Phaon's arms she lets the moments fly,
Each night her passion gaining in its glow,
Each day her worship soaring still more high.

But the hour comes that comes with certain pace
To all things human, be they glad or sad:
There is a shadow on her Phaon's face;
His voice forgets the tender tones it had.

Yet still he seeks her side, and, cruelly kind,
Lingers,— and so hope lingers,— and she tries
With strange new fancies to enmesh his mind,
E'en as she dons new robes to snare his eyes.

But the hour comes that comes with certain pace,
And Phaon comes not to the trysting-tree!
His heart is tangled in a newer grace —
Another face, perhaps, more fair than she.

What then, to lure him back, shall she attempt —
Poor Queen of Song, still eager to be slave
Of one light man who never could have dreamt
What an immensity of love she gave?

"Yea, I will sing some world-compelling song,
My long-neglected lute I will retake."
Alas! her spirit's discord is too strong:
The music's heart, like hers, can only break.

"Thou, too, art false! Down, down, false lute!" she cries;
"If from thy secret chambers of delight
I cannot win one song, how vain my sighs
Would be to summon Phaon to my sight!

"Gone is my gift — my magic is o'erspelled:
O thou, dear Goddess of the silver bow!
Let now my grievous misery be quelled:
To ease this heart I pray thee overthrow

"This brain with one swift arrow. Goddess pure,
Most glorious Moon, mother of dreams, be kind;
Since for this woe there be no earthly cure,
Rain down a heavenly madness on my mind."

The goddess hears her and in pity bends,
Remembering Latmos and Endymion:
Swifter than lightning is the beam she sends,
And lo! a shade on Sappho's mind is thrown.

But her dark eyes flash brighter than before,
And loud she sings — so loud that, stunned with fright,
In the dense bosk the nightingales no more
With thick, precipitate song o'erpraise the night.

A shade on Sappho's mind, and now, and now,
As if in symbol of high sympathy,
A cloud is gathering on heaven's azure brow
From veils of vapor that have left the sea.

Louder she sings, and, singing, blindly takes
A little goat-path up the precipice
At whose rough base the angry ocean breaks
With a long, rolling roar and then a seething hiss.

See now! she climbeth to the topmost crag:
'Twixt crag and cloud she poiseth like a bird,
Her long dark locks out-floating like a flag:
Her bosom panting like a racer spurred.

The sacred fury bubbles to her mouth;
From that divinest of all human throats,
Sweet as a honeyed zephyr of the south,
Loud as a silver clarion come the notes:

"Lo! I am She who sprung from the deep sea:
My car, a pearl, was drawn by rival doves,
And, like the play of little flames, round me
Gamboled a roseate cloud of baby Loves,

"Precocious Cupids, armed with quip and jest,
To tease the senses of humanity;
But ah! my sleep in the sea's womb was best —
Was best for mortals and most sure for me.

"For, when deep calleth unto deep, above
Imagination must the tempest soar,
And when the very Queen of Love doth love,
The peace of gods deserts her evermore.

"So I, who was a goddess yesterday,
Am now a feather for the breath of Fate;
Dead is my lover, dead and gone away
Down through the wide, the ever-open gate.

"Then let me go, because I cannot die,
Back to the dreamful womb from whence I sprang;
O Mother, Mother Ocean! look, I fly
Theewards to solve me of this earthborn pang."

A flash of eyes — or is it lightning now?
A tossing of white arms — or is it spray?
And Sappho crowns no more the crag's dark brow;
Her beauty, like a dream, hath passed away.

Then from the cradling waves ascends a sigh
Half pain, half joy: the dolphins in their leap
Pause, and the sea-mews pipe a puny cry
Against the thunders gathering o'er the deep;
But Sappho, free from dreams, now sleepeth the true sleep.

Henry W. Austin.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The American Volunteer.

READERS of the papers on war subjects that have appeared in the pages of THE CENTURY cannot have failed to note in them from time to time points bearing upon the topic presented in the articles on the national military system in this number of the magazine, in which General Kautz of the Regular Army and the officers of the State Militia, writing for their respective divisions of the service, call attention to the soldierly qualities of the young men of the nation and their general capacity for a thorough and liberal education in the theory and practice of military arts.

In THE CENTURY'S narratives of battles and campaigns of the civil war, distinguished leaders of both sides have laid particular stress upon the character of American volunteers. Grant, McClellan, Longstreet, Beauregard, Sherman, all but one leaders of armies, and that one—Longstreet—the permanent commander of an army corps, have in the course of their articles praised the troops that bore upon their bayonets the fortunes of the respective sections. General Grant in his Shiloh paper, contrasting the volunteer with the regular, says that the former system "embraced men who risked life for a principle, and often men of social standing, competence, or wealth." General McClellan in his account of the Peninsular campaign, writing of the Seven-Days' fighting, says, "No praise can be too great for the officers and men who passed through these seven days of battles, enduring fatigue without a murmur, successfully meeting and repelling every attack made upon them, always in the right place in the right time, and emerging from the fiery ordeal a compact army of veterans, equal to any task that brave and disciplined men can be called upon to undertake." General Longstreet in summing up results on the invasion of Maryland in 1862 says, "Our soldiers were as patient, courageous, and chivalrous as any ever marshaled into phalanx." General Beauregard writes of the first Bull Run that "the personal material on both sides was of exceptionally good character," and says that at Shiloh his command was "of excellent personality." General Sherman, in "The Grand Strategy of the War," after commenting upon the trained soldiery of Europe, concludes as follows: "Nevertheless, for service in our wooded country, where battles must be fought chiefly by skirmishers and 'thin lines,' I prefer our own people. They possess more individuality, more self-reliance, learn more quickly the necessity for organization and discipline, and will follow where they have skilled leaders in whom they have confidence."

These commanders were all scientifically trained to the profession of arms, and, with the exception of the last, the remarks quoted apply to the volunteers early in the war. It is a fact that some of the best fought battles of the war were those delivered in Virginia and Maryland, and in Mississippi and Tennessee, in 1862, when the troops engaged had been less than a year in service, many of them less than half that time. Though a variety of circumstances are taken into account by a commander who is about to risk all upon one feat of arms, the reader of these inside histories of battle-field events seldom or never finds a general, when writing of such a crisis, betraying a want of faith in his troops. That the troops would do all that men could do under the circumstances seems always to have been a safe conclusion. This was not alone the case where the test was one of brute heroism simply; it was so when high moral courage was needed. If the armies were irregularly rationed because there was no means of transportation, there was no mutiny; the men slung their muskets across their backs, took up tools proper for the work, made roads, constructed bridges, repaired and manned engines, cars, and boats, and when the lines of supply were in order returned to their proper work before the enemy. General Grant states in his story of the Chattanooga campaign, "Every branch of railroad building, making tools to work with, and supplying the workingmen with food, was all going on at once, and without the aid of a mechanic or laborer except what the command itself furnished." Instances innumerable are recorded in these vivid narratives, showing that the American people, in war as in peace, are equal to every emergency. Men bred to the professions, and to the finer callings of art and trade, were both able and willing to handle the shovel and pickax whenever it became necessary to the safety of a position to have it intrenched.

But beyond this superb personality of the volunteers, —a quality which is of course of the highest importance,— there is little in these military narratives to encourage the people in a belief that the country is at all times prepared for war.

The energy and versatility that are so invaluable in soldiers and so characteristic of American young men must be guided by scientific methods, and scientific knowledge in military matters is not a mere routine acquirement. There is such a thing as the genius of battle; and genius in war, as in other fields of high endeavor, rests oftenest upon men whose well-trained powers lend them confidence and freedom in the heat of action. Most soldiers, perhaps all, who have the true military spirit are not by nature lovers of strife. Hence the placing of proper knowledge of the arts of war and of the control of implements of war into the hands of men devoted to military life, especially men who, like the American militia, are citizens, having all the interests of citizens in the preservation of peace and of the institutions of the land, would seem to be a wise solution of the military problem.

Germany maintains peace by being always prepared for war. Men like the volunteers who have been described in the recent war narratives, and who are again considered as the proper personnel for the military

system of to-day, in the articles by General Kautz and Colonel Rice, will not under any encouragement seek diversion on the battle-field; but rather, when driven to it, will wage war as a measure that makes for peace. American volunteers will never again be pitted in war against American volunteers. The question seems to be whether American volunteers of the future shall enter upon the campaign against a foreign foe, when it is forced upon them, as an army of well-trained citizen soldiery, or, speaking from a military point of view, as a heterogeneous mob. Conditions have changed since military men now living acquired their experience, and they will continue to change. Unless our methods of preparation are in keeping with the times, we must one day pay dearly for the oversight.

Philip H. Sheridan.

In the death of General Sheridan the country has lost another of the five soldiers — Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Meade, and Sheridan — to whose directing hands the nation, North and South, is mainly indebted for the successful conclusion of the contest for the preservation of the Union; a man, moreover, whose place as a picturesque figure of the war and whose military reputation were established during his life. There is likely to be little difference of opinion in the historical estimates of so uncomplex a nature — as a man, strong and simple, as a commander, vigilant, resourceful, bold, confident, decisive, and reliable. Probably no officer on the Union side, except Hancock, and none on the Confederate side, except perhaps Forrest, so nearly embodied the instinct of war, the pagan idea of Mars. It speaks much, therefore, for Sheridan's personal character, and much for the American popular ideas which produce such sentiments in our soldiers, that at heart, like Grant, he had an utter abhorrence of war, having been known even to say that the time is coming when the killing of a thousand men in battle will be looked upon as a thousand murders.

In a certain sense it may be said, without derogation, that Sheridan's fame outran even his notable achievements. Brilliant as he was in raid or pursuit, or in the gorge of battle, it was not until the first great raid to Richmond, and in the masterly campaign of the Shenandoah Valley, and in these alone, that he may be said to have exercised anything like the initiative which goes with the responsibilities of a command of the first rank. He did nothing that was not done well; thoroughness was his most conspicuous trait. But the fortune of war did not throw to his lot the solution of the largest military problems. Grant, on the other hand, was prepared for the grand strategy of the last year of the war by having had on every field he fought, from Belmont to Chattanooga, the widest option and responsibility. The most accurate judgment of a man is likely to be found in the consensus of contemporary opinion, and in this light it is a magnificent tribute to Sheridan that most of the prominent officers of the contending armies have thought him fit for greater commands than those which he actually exercised.

This was the judgment of Grant, and we believe is that of Sherman, and of many others only less distinguished. It is inspired by the fact that Sheridan was, first of all, master of his profession; that he was always ready to give more of service than was expected of him, and that he had not the limitations of petty personal qualities which detracted from the success of so many commanders on both sides. His life was devoted to the service of his country; his action was uninfluenced by animosity; and his death, like that of Grant, is an occasion for considering anew the benefits of the great struggle, and for renewing those pledges of generous friendship between former foes which is the crowning glory of the American soldier.

The Amenities of Politics.

Our country has been peculiarly fortunate in the orderly development of its political history, which has secured at each successive point a clearly marked line of division between the two great forces that have finally made the country what it is. There have been very few periods in our history when the individual voter has not had a clear opportunity of choice between two fundamental and opposing theories of government and politics, while the phases of this opposition have changed as the country and its needs have changed. The one force has had its time of peaceful growth and its time of abnormal development, when it went so far as to strike at the very life of the republic; but it has developed generally in strict accord with the natural growth of the country, and gives us now a system of local and internal government more nearly approaching perfection than any other system has yet provided for its citizens. The national idea, too, has had its period of abnormal development, when it seemed to threaten not only the liberty of the individual, but even the life of the States; but its general course of development has been no more rapid than the highest needs of the country have made imperative. One can hardly follow the constant conflicts and alternate triumphs of these two historical forces without a feeling of special wonder at the definiteness of the issues which they have offered from time to time to the mass of voters, and the general success with which popular government has in every case indorsed with its approval that one of the two whose success at the moment was more important to the general welfare of the country.

Yet he who loves and respects his fellow-man cannot escape a sense of humiliation as he notices the apparent indifference of individual men to the great issues really at stake. The two streams of force are grand, imposing, and impossible to mistake: the individual units whose thought, feeling, and action make up the sum of these forces are apparently actuated by anything but a consciousness of the historical stream of which they are a part. Eighty or ninety years ago, for example, the country's foreign and domestic character seemed to be at stake. It was a question whether the rising republic was to take its place among the nations of the earth as a mere congeries of jarring states, without respect abroad or confidence at home, or as a strong, homogeneous nation, which would not permit other nations even to know officially that there were diversities of interest within the United States. Here, at least, would seem to be an issue which Federalist and Democrat could appreciate promptly and

argue clearly, and which would drive out at once every extraneous consideration. Nothing of the sort: the great streams of political force flow silently on to their destination, but not one in a thousand of their individual units seems to have been conscious of the real current of his action. The scene of politics becomes a curious study. Here is one man who can think and speak of nothing but Mr. Jefferson's atheism, while there is another who is as profoundly absorbed in the atrocious schemes of New England politicians to sell their country to the Governor-General of Canada. Here is one who can talk only of Mr. Madison's dissimulation in masking his truckling subserviency to France; there is another whose field of political discussion is limited to the manner in which New England Federalists have used blue lights for the purpose of conveying signals to the British blockading fleet. When almost every individual thus confines his thought to one little corner of the political field, it is astonishing that the sum-total of such pettinesses should so exactly balance and eliminate the really petty elements and put the great issues into their proper place.

Nor is this characteristic confined to ancient history: the grandest crises of the nation's history have never been able thoroughly to ennoble the expression of the individual's sense of them. One need not go far back from the present to find cases in which the great issues of politics have been belittled or disguised by the pettier phases of them to which individuals have been willing to confine their attention and their motives.

The whole process, however, has its encouraging side in the evidently increasing determination of voters, with the spread of general intelligence and the multiplication of channels for obtaining intelligence, to insist upon having definite and fundamental political issues presented to them, and to turn a deaf ear to the random recriminations which once formed the politician's main stock in trade. The tendency is enough to explain at once the progressive improvement in the tone of political discussion, up to and including the present presidential election, to which every historian will bear witness, and the increasing repulsion of the people to any attempt to revert to the methods and manners of the past. There are with us still more than enough of the remnants of the past; but men dislike them more, and are continually more ready and prompt to protest against them. Every new appeal to men's intelligence becomes a new force, making them more apt to resent, as an insult to their intelligence, any subsequent attempt to influence their decision on great and fundamental questions by the introduction of the petty and transitory party cries which used to be so effective. The tendency in the natural growth of democracy is not towards demagogism, but away from it: it may yield to demagogism at first, but it discounts demagogism in the end.

We may be certain, then, that political parties will see more and more clearly that nothing is more profitable in political discussion than a decent regard for the amenities of politics. Anything less than that implies a disrespect for the intelligence of the voters to whom the appeal is made; and no one will be more apt to feel and show an increasing sense of such disrespect than the voters themselves.

Who is the Genuine Party Man?

IT would seem to be self-evident that political parties are, properly, associations of voters for the purpose of putting into practice certain political principles. Such a purpose can only be accomplished in a free country by associated action — that is, by party action. We believe in parties, and we believe no less in political independence. But independence *in* party action by no means implies independence *of* party action. The truest sort of an independent in politics may be a firm believer in parties. The genuine independent uses parties; he does not let parties use him. He is, in fact, the only true party man; the only man who uses party for the legitimate and essential party purpose of putting into practice certain definite political principles. No sight is more pitiful than that of a free citizen who continues to vote with a party that is pledged to carry out certain definite political principles, of which principles the voter heartily disapproves. The citizen who does this not only stultifies his own manhood, but helps to degrade all political action, offers a premium to the interested professional partisan, and becomes a clog upon free institutions.

There are occasions when an honest man must be respected in his hesitation to make a "choice of evils," but as a rule we have little sympathy for the squeamish or falsely sentimental citizen who virtually disfranchises himself when great political questions are to be decided, or goes off on side issues, leaving the actual fight to men of strong convictions, pure and definite purposes, and genuine grasp of the situation; and we have quite as little sympathy for the man who through simple inertia or false shame and moral cowardice fails to make use of whichever party at the time being best represents his own political principles.

The professional and interested partisan spends a large portion of his time in appealing to the free, independent, and rational decision of his fellow-citizen; and another large portion of his time in abusing the fellow-citizen who acts as he is importuned to act — that is, on his own unprejudiced and independent volition. But such abuse falls harmless at the feet of those who use parties intelligently, instead of submitting to act as their slaves and tools; who, far from despising party machinery, cheerfully make use of this machinery to advance what they believe to be the best interests of that common country which all political parties profess to serve.

Manual Training.

SINCE the writing of Mr. Patterson's brief essay, in the present number of THE CENTURY, there has been a decided advance in the movement towards manual training in our public schools, and this new system must have the effect of lessening the tendency towards clerical labor. Mr. Patterson's remarks offer, incidentally, a strong argument in favor of manual training, though we are well aware that the advocates of the training of the hand base their arguments largely upon the consequent training of the head,—in other words, on the general educational value of this special branch of education.

OPEN LETTERS.

Lincoln as a Military Man.*

THE recent publication in THE CENTURY, in the Nicolay and Hay history of Abraham Lincoln, of documents, letters, etc. hitherto inaccessible to the public has shown the phenomenal superiority in civil matters of this man of men to his associates and his surroundings. Whether as a publicist, diplomate, statesman, constitutional lawyer, or "politician," he had no equal in those fateful and momentous days from 1861 to 1865.

There are some who estimate his military ability as equal to his civil. My own reading of and acquaintance with the war of the Rebellion led me to entertain this opinion some years since, albeit my judgment in such matters is not entitled to weight enough to warrant its publication.

But of all war-students none was so well qualified to speak with authority on this point as the late Colonel Robert N. Scott. His intimate personal acquaintance with the prominent actors in that war, his varied personal experience of military service, and, above all, his relation to and familiarity with the "Rebellion Records," gave him the right to speak with authority.

Having to call upon him some years since at his "War Records" office, the business in hand led naturally to some discussion of the leaders of the army. Colonel Scott showed me letters, tables, and documents, then unpublished, that led him to certain conclusions in respect to certain men. Then looking up, he said, with enthusiasm and vehemence, "I tell you, M., the biggest military man we had was Abraham Lincoln." He disclaimed for him, of course, knowledge of military technique; but, in respect to what should and what should not be done, and when and where, he said Lincoln "was more uniformly right and less frequently wrong than any man we had."

WASHINGTON, D. C. *R. D. M.*

Lowell's Recent Writings.

WHATEVER diplomacy loses in the renewed lease of leisure given to Mr. James Russell Lowell, there is a distinct gain to American letters in more fields than one. His recent addresses on subjects not yet wholly resigned to the "shouters" furnish a model for the "gentleman in politics." In these addresses he reaches that high standard of public duty which led him as a young man to speed the flight of the runaway slave to Canada, and which, in the later antislavery days, held him with Sumner at the van before the piping times of peace had brought the rear to the front. This is a clear gain for political literature; while the few essays — only too rare — on purely literary themes show no weakening of the critical faculty on the part of our best and keenest critic. The scholarship is as rich; the wit riper and more genial, less combative, but not less trenchant. Now we have in the new volume, "Heartsease and Rue,"† all the virtues lying behind the prose — the sure touch of the critic; the shrewd cast of judgment which holds state affairs to the tests of conscience; satire, less in quantity, but equal in quality to his best; and wit flashing through satire, giving to it a kindlier glow. Of unmodified satire perhaps the best specimen is the "Tempora Mutantur," dating back in form and manner to the oldest satirical verse, but striking the public vices of the times with an accuracy of aim worthy of Andrew Marvel, the Parliament poet of the Commonwealth who is less read to-day than he deserves, but of whom we are reminded in verses like the following:

A hundred years ago
If men were knaves, why, people called them so.
. . . . . .
Men had not learned to admire the graceful swerve
Wherewith the Æsthetic Nature's genial mood
Makes public duty slope to private good.
. . . . . .
But now that "Statesmanship" is just a way
To dodge the primal curse and make it pay,
Since office means a kind of patent drill
To force an entrance to the Nation's till,
And peculation something rather less
Risky than if you spell it with an "s,"
. . . . . .
With generous curve we draw the moral line:
Our swindlers are permitted to resign.
. . . . . .
Confront mankind with brazen front sublime,
Steal but enough, the world is unsevere,—
Tweed is a statesman, Fisk a financier;
Invent a mine, and be — the Lord knows what;
Secure, at any rate, with what you 've got.
. . . . . .
Even if indicted, what is that but fudge
To him who counted-in the elective judge?
Whitewashed, he quits the politician's strife
At ease in mind, with pockets filled for life —
. . . . . .
A public meeting, treated at his cost,
Resolves him back more virtue than he lost.
. . . . . .
With choker white, wherein no cynic eye
Dares see idealized a hempen tie,
At parish meetings he conducts in prayer,
And pays for missions to be sent elsewhere;
On 'Change respected, to his friends endeared;
Add but a Sunday-school class, he 's revered,
And his too early tomb will not be dumb
To point a moral for our youth to come.

Lines of severe satire like these are fewer in Lowell than those wherein humor, if it does not entirely neutralize, at least dulcifies the acids. The man who looked upon public life sixteen years ago — let us put it as far back as that — had little stomach for anything but satire. Lowell was no lamp-blinded scholar stumbling into politics with a green shade over his eyes, but a man who saw the active side of human life in company with men of the widest knowledge of affairs. It has always been the fashion for the genuine statesman in New England to lounge in the scholar's arm-chair, and for the scholar to hobnob, over cigars, with the statesman. Thus Lowell dropped into politics, in the higher sense, and did service some years before the "shouters" of to-day knew how to spell the word politics. When he went to Spain, and afterwards to England, he went as one

*See especially the present installment of the "Life of Lincoln."— EDITOR.

† "Heartsease and Rue." By James Russell Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

trained "at the gates of the king," and the king's gates in those antislavery days were thronged by such men as Sumner and Phillips and Garrison, Rantoul and Mann, from whom, as Xenophon puts it, one could learn much good and no evil thing. There was always there a good supply of "them literary fellers" with the double D's. The scholar became a statesman, the statesman a scholar by force of association. There was then, as always, a form of statecraft which meant "manipulation," which never presides at the formation of parties based on principle; which is, in fact, too busy in "handling" to do much with heading parties; and Lowell, who had helped in his way in founding the old antislavery and the new Republican parties, could never look into the face of a "manipulator" without a laugh; and the more he looked the more he laughed. The satirical laugh, as a weapon of offense, he was master of; and with it, better than many stump-speakers, he did service. It is a wholesome weapon, this amalgam of satire with laughter — if that can be called wholesome which first doubles you up and then cuts at the doubling-point. "Heartsease and Rue," however, is, as I have said, not greatly given to satire of any sort. It is the mellowest and kindliest of all Lowell's literary work. Many of the poems date back a quarter of a century and more. Of these one of the best in pure humor is, "At the Burns Centennial," which antedates the war period. For the promised continuation of another, "Fitz Adam's Story," some of us have been waiting and hoping half of an average life. "The Origin of Didactic Poetry" reads like a stray leaflet from the "Fable for Critics," and will be remembered with that. The "Agassiz," which is younger, rises at times to the full height of the old "Commemoration Ode." All scholars will count it a perpetual treasure. Of the various sonnets — a form of verse in which Mr. Lowell seems least successful, perhaps because his fancy is too rich and too discursive to let him follow one clear stream of thought as closely as the sonnet requires — the most pleasing to one reader at least are "Scottish Border," and the first and third of those entitled "Bankside." But there are two stanzas, sonnets in quality, and almost in form, of unusually beautiful clearness. These are "The Prison of Cervantes" and "My Portrait Gallery."

But how idle to try to pick out the best, when each will be best to some, and when all have passages not excelled by any poet of to-day for flavor, for humor, for virility, for the human quality, which still, as ever, serves to bring Lowell home to our hearts, and to keep his verse on the scholar's table. One of these poems of finest reach and beauty is his latest, "Endymion," wherein the mood, however, is of the almost incommunicable kind, kindled in all of us sooner or later by the fact that the image-making faculty of youth will enter at last into an unsatisfactory competition with the dull realism of middle life and old age. It is the mood which led Wordsworth, on the one hand, to write his grand ode on "Immortality," and Byron, on the other, to sing, in more human strain:

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished scene,—
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me.

James Herbert Morse.

Lectures on American History.

THE attention given by THE CENTURY to matters of educational importance prompts me to bring to the notice of its vast circle of readers a project which must have much interest for them as citizens of this great republic. The value of educating and elevating their fellow-citizens, or of assuring that the education of future citizens be such as to secure their highest honesty and efficiency as citizens, will commend itself to all who are already good citizens. The project referred to has this end in view.

For several years courses of lectures have been given to the youth of Boston with a view to afford sound instruction in history and the principles of American institutions and government. These lectures were instituted by Mrs. Mary Hemenway, who was instrumental in saving from destruction and devoting to this noble object the Old South Church; and these lectures have been known as the "Old South Historical Courses." In Boston they have aroused an interest in and an enthusiasm for political and historical study that has borne valuable fruit; and lately similar courses have been instituted in some Western cities, notably Chicago, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis, the value of the work having been perceived by energetic educators of those places. Now it is proposed seriously to push this work forward throughout the country wherever there is interest or opportunity enough for its direction and maintenance. Interest in and knowledge of it are almost everything that it is necessary to arouse. Its direction and maintenance will be easy, and the opportunities for it are unlimited. It would prove valuable where there is even only one school, and home talent for its conduct could generally be found even in such places. The study of the local history and institutions of the places would in such cases be a fitting and comparatively easy work, and, besides showing what real study and investigation mean, would lead to the larger study of the history and institutions of state and nation, and so prove of incalculable value. But the *need* of such work in the large cities particularly, and in New York more particularly, is what I wish to enforce now. The socialistic and communistic doctrines so prevalent in these cities, the corruption so widespread among their officials,— and often, too, among their voters,— the ignorance so apparent of either institutions or economics, the want of reason even, as shown in the misunderstanding or misapplication of the simplest and most evident principles of this science and in the conduct of private organizations, prove this need of something better in the education of citizens.

The education of citizens is the proper work of the common schools. They have no other valid reason for existence. They have no other right to public money. If they fail in the education of citizens, they have no right whatever to public maintenance. But they do fail. Hence — However, we will not enforce the conclusion. What we do wish is to see the schools put on such a basis as will falsify the premises and consequently nullify the conclusion. To do this, some such work as we have touched on above is necessary. The schools at present are incompetent to do their first duty. They must be made competent. Their teachers must be taught — first their duty, then how to do it. Some such work as that of the Old South His-

torical Courses is needed in New York City, and in other cities throughout the land. In New York particularly the end should be primarily to instruct the teachers and to put the first proper work of the schools on a basis that will meet the hardest criticism that can be brought against anything — that it does not and cannot accomplish the first object of its existence.

Mary R. Hargrove,
Editor of "The Teacher."

Fifty Tucks instead of One.

ONE does not need to be a Mrs. Methuselah to remember the breeze that stirred the waters of domestic life when the sewing-machine first became an actual, practical fact, and the world began to realize that a new and positive working power was at hand. It was, to begin with, a real godsend to the gentlemen of the press. Such eloquent paragraphs as they scattered broadcast from Dan to Beersheba! The emancipation of woman from the drudgery of the needle — what a theme it was for the glowing pens of the young journalists of, say, twenty-five summers ago! There were to be no more "Songs of the Shirt"; no more pallid women in dreary attics, stitching away for dear life between the daylight and the dark. Learned divines did not scorn to leave their Bibles and commentaries in unwonted tranquillity while they wrote column after column in praise of this new wonder. Poets sang pæans to it, and in plainest prose manufacturers and agents told us what it could accomplish. Long statements were tabulated, with hand-work and machine-work in opposing columns. A man's shirt, stitched bosom and all, could be made in so many minutes,— or was it an hour? — a woman's dress in an astonishingly brief period, and a child's apron in just no time at all. Well does the writer remember one ecstatic editorial in a famous religious weekly, in which the workroom was made the arena of a merry contest between the cutter and the machine, and save at some especially critical juncture, "like the rounding of a sleeve," the machine always came out ahead. It was very eloquent and impressive, even though by the uninitiated it had always been supposed that "the rounding of the sleeve" was the work of the scissors rather than of the needle.

Some of the brethren took another tack, and wondered what this evil world was coming to. The weaker sex was constitutionally lazy, as every one knew. American women, especially, were always ready to shirk their duties and responsibilities. Had they not forgotten how to spin and to weave? And now if they were to give up the sharp, disciplining needle, well might the lover of his country stand aghast.

But it must be acknowledged that this tone was taken by but few. By most of the writers and speakers of the day the sewing-machine was hailed as the benefactor of womankind — the herald of release from an intolerable bondage. An hour or two was to accomplish the labor of days. Then would follow abundant leisure — long, quiet hours with book or pen; time to think, time to grow, time for one's long neglected music, or for art; time for the cultivation of all the minor graces, and of that genial hospitality which can be found in its perfection only where there is leisure for social enjoyment. In the monotonous measure of that tireless arm of steel lay the hope of the nation. For, as are the mothers, so are the sons.

That was the dream of twenty-five years ago. Has it gone by contraries, like other dreams, or has it come true? How is it, O my country-women? Have we any more leisure than we used to have? Or do we put fifty tucks where we used to put one, and find a dozen ruffles indispensable where two used to suffice — to say nothing of the fact that we make garments now by dozens, where we used to make them by pairs?

The relative prettiness of the garments is not now under discussion. The question is not one of taste, or of elegance, but of leisure. We all complain of being tired. High or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, we are all in a hurry — all trying to crowd ten hours of work, or study, or pleasure into six. Alike in city and in country, we meet women with harassed faces and tired eyes, nervous, restless, robbed of their birthright — the quiet, restful grace which is one of woman's highest charms. And, more 's the pity, when it all seems so needless, they are by no means the women who have the most really necessary work to do. Is there no way to help it?

Let the fifty tucks, which are good in their place and by no means to be quarreled with, unless they cost too much, stand for the many things that bring into our lives useless toil, useless burdens, useless perplexities; and then ask the Yankee question, Does it pay? Does it pay to have the tucks at the cost of what is better worth having?

Not long ago a friend showed me some dainty bits of needlework, the clothing of a little child, that had come down to her from her grandmother's mother. Fine as gossamer were the fabrics used, and the infinitesimal tucks and hems, the exquisite hemstitching and drawn-work, the delicate fagoting, the fairy-like stitches, were a wonder to behold. One could hardly believe that the lovely little garments had been made for actual use; had belonged to the wardrobe of a living child, intended for real service and not for mere show-pieces to be wondered at and admired.

"Does n't this rather take the wind out of your sails?" asked one who stood near. "Talk about work and the hurry and flurry of this nineteenth century, and then look at this! Who can imagine a woman of to-day setting so many patient stitches into one little garment? Confess now that your theories are put to naught."

"On the contrary, they are only confirmed," I answered. "The hand that pulled these airy threads and set these minute, even stitches was neither hurried, nor flurried, nor worried. It was the willing servitor of a cool and quiet brain. This morsel of a frock was not caught up with a beating heart and throbbing nerves in the brief pauses of a heated, overwrought life, and hurried on to completion that the child might display it at next week's fancy ball or garden party. It was a long, happy labor of love, begun months before it was actually needed, and slowly touched and retouched as an artist finishes a picture. Its every fold speaks of calm and quiet, of summer afternoons in shaded porches, or winter nights by glowing firesides. It tells of motherly love and sisterly confidences, of merry chats and friendly greetings."

"But it was work, nevertheless," said my friend;

"and life is life, everywhere and always. I don't see how women ever had time or strength to put so much work on one baby dress."

"You 've hit the nail on the very head this time," I replied. "That 'one' tells the whole story. Our children have dozens every season, and there is no end to the tucks and puffs and ruffles. Little Miss Mischief is arrayed in a fresh white robe in the morning. By noon it is soiled and must go into the wash-tub with all its dainty superfluities. Do you suppose this little robe was ever played in? — that it ever knew the meaning of a game at romps, or a mud-pie? By no means. The quaint little eighteenth century maiden who once owned it had a plenty of plain dimity 'slips,' easily made and easily washed, for everyday wear. *This* was laid away in a chest sweet with rose-leaves and lavender, and only brought out on great occasions. Do not fancy for one moment that it was ever consigned to the tender mercies of Chloe, or Bridget (if there were any Bridgets in those days), or even of Yankee Hannah. My lady herself 'did up' the pretty trifle, clear-starching and patting and pulling into shape without so much as breaking a single thread. How long, think you, would it have endured the rough handling of our day? But this little frock descended from child to child and did good service for a whole generation. One needs keen eyes to detect it, but it has been mended more than once — darned with such slow patience that the interwoven threads seem a part of the fabric itself."

Fifty tucks instead of one — tucks that speedily "perish with the using." The principle of the thing runs through the whole warp and woof of our modern life. As has been said before, there is no need to quarrel with the tucks. They are all well enough in their places. But to put our whole time and strength into them, even while we give utterance to the frequent complaint that there is no peace, no rest, no time for the grand old books or the bright new ones, or even to read the newspapers and thus follow the onward march of the stirring events of our own day — surely this is an absurdity. It is paying too dear for the whistle. It is selling one's birthright for a very poor and unsavory mess of pottage.

If they were always and everywhere beautiful — these tucks for which we are ready to sacrifice so much — there might be some excuse for yielding to their fascinations. For the woman who does not love beauty is an anomaly, a monstrosity. But fuss and feathers are *not* beauty; and there can be no true elegance that does not rest on the solid foundation of fitness. Therefore to most of us beauty must mean simplicity — the simplicity of life, dress, and manners, that would bring with it ease and leisure, and the peace that passeth understanding.

Tucks are not all alike, by any means; and they are not all made on the sewing-machine. Tucks mean one thing to me and another to you and still another to our neighbor. We have our own little private dictionaries, every soul of us, in the pages of which words bear the strangest and most contradictory significations. It would be laughable sometimes, and sometimes pitiable, if we could but read the definitions, never thought of by Worcester, Webster, or other authorities, that are given in these individual lexicons of ours to this one word — tucks! What it means in mine I do not intend to say in this presence, nor what it means in yours. That is our secret, and we will keep it. But there are women to whom it means just this: a relentless war with flies and dust, speckless windows, mirrors on the polished surfaces of which there is never a spot or blemish, and rooms too prim to be comfortable. It means keeping the blessed children, with their toys and trumpery and pretty confusion, out of the parlor, little finger-prints off the piano, and every daisy and buttercup off the carpet. To some it means the handsomest and costliest house in town, with the most elaborate furnishings, and perfection in every detail. It means the finest and whitest linen, the most lustrous silver, the daintiest china. To some, on the other hand, it means the saving of every penny, the adding of dollar unto dollar, no matter at what cost of strength and health and womanly loveliness. To others it stands for the latest fashion, the last new wrinkle in drapery, the newest fancy in laces, or for whatever may chance to be the brief rage of the moment. To others still it means puff-paste and kickshaws, and all the countless dainty devices of the table that are a delight to the eye but a weariness to the flesh.

No one has a right to quarrel with these definitions. They stand, in most instances, for things good and desirable in themselves — these harlequin tucks that take so many forms, and appear in such differing phases. If only there were not so many of them! It is the whole fifty that weigh us down. One straw does not break the camel's back. It is the last one of many that breaks it.

The difficulty lies in learning just where to draw the line, which certainly must be drawn somewhere. Just what good thing is it that we should give up for the sake of having something better still? He or she who can satisfactorily answer this query will deserve the thanks of all womankind.

The question of household service grows year by year more perplexing and harder to solve. When one takes this fact into consideration and remembers that it is stated on good authority that three-fourths of the women in this country do their own work and that of the other fourth full one-half employ but one servant, how to make life more simple and easy seems a matter of the utmost importance. It is not a mere question of money. The having it or the lack of it does not settle the matter. There are many parts of the country in which anything like competent service cannot be obtained for love or money. Of the three-fourths above referred to, it is safe to say that at least one-half of them do *not* belong to the class that is content to be merely drudges. They, like their sisters, are fond of books, of art in so far as they know it, of beauty in all its forms. They long for leisure with all its golden possibilities.

But, in full accord with the spirit of our institutions, they are proud and ambitious — if not for themselves, yet for their children. And if there is one thing that the average American woman cannot calmly endure it is to be supposed ignorant of what is or is not "good form." Not that she uses that expression. She wishes it to be understood that she knows what it is "the thing" to do as well as her neighbor does. Shall she have hash — the hash of her grandmother, savory and toothsome, on her table when the last new cook-book abases that plebeian dish and exacts patties, croquettes and rissoles?

Perish the thought! If she break her back in the slow process of molding the refractory things into shape, or scorch her face frying them, the croquettes she will have if Madame La Mode so ordains, even though, if they told the plain truth, the chances are that not only she, but her husband, and her children, and the stranger within her gates would be forced to acknowledge that they decidedly preferred the hash.

Is not this servitude of the worst description,— to say nothing of the folly of it,— this spending of precious strength and golden hours in doing what in the long run does not add one iota to our own happiness, or to that of any other living being, merely because somebody regards it as "the thing" to do, or to have it?

Undoubtedly, whether one lives in city or country, it is well to follow, as far as one can without the sacrifice of higher things, the customs and usages of so-called polite society. As a rule they have at the bottom some wise foundation. But when we are gravely told by those who speak with authority that "self-respect" demands of us this or that,— the observance of the merest trifles as to the etiquette of table service, or of anything of a like nature,— is it not time to pause and to take a fresh start? The loss of self-respect is a terrible thing. Its preservation is so vital a point that it seems hardly wise to set up standards that are absolutely out of reach of the vast majority of American housewives and home-makers.

Is it certain that the new ways are always better, and wiser, and more refined than the old ways? Then again, have we not all read something about the folly of putting new wine into old bottles?

There is such a thing, alas! as losing all the strength and dignity out of a life by ill-considered attempts to change its current. The broad, full stream is apt to dwindle away in numberless small channels, and its power dwindles likewise. After men and women have gone much beyond the middle mile-stone, sudden changes as to style of living, household service, and the like are not apt to add greatly either to their dignity or to their happiness. In short, there are many conceivable circumstances under which one tuck is infinitely better than fifty.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

"The Right Man for Our Church."

ALTHOUGH some of the clerical abilities and accomplishments expected to be constantly in readiness at a moment's notice for the use of Christian congregations and the general public are to be found chiefly in the imaginations of inconsiderate and not over-intelligent laymen, the demand for them is none the less difficult to meet. As proved in the letters written by expectant committees, they sometimes mount up in number and variety till they reach the summit of absurdity. The professor of a theological seminary, receiving one of these epistles which enumerated the long and discouraging list of talents and requisites necessary in the character and attainments of one who should be fit for the pastorate of "our church," replied to the committee to the effect that "we have no man now in this seminary such as you describe, and doubt if we ever had one." Manners, dress, voice, elocution, public spirit, magnetic attraction for young people, wife, number of children, extravagance or parsimony in living, executive talent, interest in education and temperance, gracefulness at weddings, appropriateness of manner and speech at funerals — all these, besides those many qualifications which are really needed to make a good preacher, come in for a share of criticism, and form important factors in the layman's ideal of the clergyman he would like, or thinks he would like, as the pastor of his church.

It is here submitted, therefore, that in no other occupation is so much expected in things which are really non-essential to it. That a minister should be a good man, sound in the Christian faith, and an interesting and sensible preacher goes without saying. Every congregation should look for these things, and be thankful for all else that may chance to go with them; but is it not true that so much more than these is often demanded that it can truthfully be said that the follower of no other occupation is subjected to so many and so severe tests concerning matters which lie outside professional requirements? The carpenter, or plumber, or mason is simply required to do his work well; his opinions, and dress, and social powers, together with the qualities of his wife and the number of his family, are not subjects of public inquiry. We do not ask whether the lawyer has a pleasing voice, or the physician a becoming and stylish dress, or the architect a taking manner, or the army officer a charming wife, or the school-teacher a magnetic bearing in a drawing-room, although these may be desirable possessions: we ask whether the man understands his business in its essentials, is learned in its details, and skillful in the practice of it.

These demands made upon the ministerial profession are often more exacting among the less intelligent than among the educated, so that it is sometimes said in clerical circles that those who know the least concerning the long and laborious preparation required to fit men for the modern pulpit, and concerning the proper characteristics of a good preacher, are the most emphatic in their insistence on a great number and variety of qualifications in their minister. A small country church in Massachusetts, many years ago, criticised quite sharply the services of a man whom they supposed to be preaching for them as a candidate, and were much surprised afterwards to learn that he already occupied a position as pastor much more prominent and influential than they would have believed possible. I remember also a case where a small city congregation that had among its members scarcely a man that was even fairly well educated heard a man preach several Sabbaths. He was a graduate of a New England college and of one of the best of our theological seminaries, a man of good address, scholarly and gentlemanly in his pulpit manners, a careful, thoughtful sermonizer, and a fluent speaker. He was disliked; and when some of the chief men were questioned as to the cause of dissatisfaction, they replied, "He does n't have a commanding presence." The readers of this letter will recall one of old of whom it was said that his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible; but they will be forced to admit that Paul was, after all, something of a preacher. This congregation in search of a "commanding presence" were a feeble folk, numerically and financially; and though the Lord's people, however poor and weak, ought, theoretically, to

have the very best in the way of spiritual food, yet as things are in the church, as well as in the world, it is a question whether they were wholly wise in looking for perfection in the Lord's vessel, and whether they were not too slow in appreciating the Lord's grace contained in it; and although ministers ought not to be rated by the amount of salary that they receive, still this incident will remind many of the man who said, concerning an underpaid servant girl, "You can't expect all the Christian virtues for two dollars a week."

In proof of the singular demands sometimes made upon the minister, not only for needful qualifications not looked for in other professions, but also for those which do not really form a part of the clergyman's necessary outfit for his work, I offer for perusal a letter written less than five years ago by a member of a church in one of the largest and oldest and — will it be believed? — most cultured of our American cities. It was written by one layman to another. The writer was a member of the "supply committee" appointed to "look for the right man" as pastor, and the epistle is one of inquiry into the fitness of a certain minister who had been recommended to him for the position. Leaving out dates and proper names and a single sentence, which might furnish a clue to identification, I give the letter *verbatim*, without correction of rhetoric, grammar, italics, or punctuation.

MR. —— ——.

MY DEAR SIR: I have this day read your letter directed to my friend Mr..... relative to Rev. Mr..... ....of ..... My church relation is with.....church, chairman of the *committee* &c.— delegated to find just the man for..... church. We have enjoyed the opportunity in listening to several fine speakers — but very few of them are considered what is needed — or fitted for this pulpit and people,— a defect in *voice* — physique or mannerism. It requires a strong full rounded voice — to be heard in the auditorium of the sanctuary — we can seat 1200, & everybody must hear in our church. Our congregation during the time Dr..... has been with us has averaged 700 or 800 — We must have a man who has the make up *temporally* & *spiritually*, who will bring in 1300 & fill us to overflowing — Our church membership is 400 — we want a membership not less than 1200 — We think with God's help & the right man — who is a good seed sower, can do it — we have a good operative force —— & there is material in abundance — needing to be square-*hewed* & *numbered* for the building. The streets are full of houses on both sides & there are to be found rough ashlers to be hammered — We need a master workman in the gospel.

Will you please give me the exact measurement of Mr..... (confidentially if you say so) that is to say ....

Is he a man of deep piety? & yet a social & ready man — an original man? in thought & utterances — a real student of God — man & nature? Are his illustrations forcible & impressive? &c. &c. Does he use a manuscript? What is his salary? How much family? — where did he graduate, in Theology? How does he stand on the Andover question? &c, I am satisfied that some are born to be Teachers. If my request is granted and the reply is satisfactory I feel sure that some of our committee will go and listen to Mr.....

Fraternally yours

—— ——.

These can hardly be termed modest demands. To say nothing of the requirement that the minister should draw a hundred more people than the church will accommodate, and also convert and make communicants of the exact twelve hundred which the church does accommodate, the particularity of some of these questions is certainly interesting. One wonders why the inventory did not include an inquiry as to the cut of collar or style of boots worn by the aspiring seeker for a pulpit. As if a minister should be expected to tell a committee or a church what he thought of the complicated phases of the Andover matter; or was answerable to a church committee for the number of his children! But things still more singular are sometimes the subject of criticism. "We cannot allow a man to preach as a candidate here," said the shrewd deacon of a New England church. "He must be accepted on his record; for should he preach as a candidate, Dr. Blank might object to him on the ground of his lack of gracefulness in taking off his overcoat." Not long since, in an Eastern city, a candidate for a pastorate was rejected after being heard, and inquiry elicited the fact that one of the objections made to him was that he wore a "fly tie." No defense of this hapless seeker for a pastorate will be here attempted. Doubtless our brother was verily guilty in wearing a tie that fastened itself to the shirt button with a bit of rubber; but it ought to be said in partial extenuation of his offense that although he had not, like one of whom we have read, given his whole mind to his neck-tie, it might have been for the reason that he was somewhat preoccupied in the attention bestowed upon the spirituality and helpfulness of his sermon, and the appropriateness of his prayers.

When one considers the many different tastes and preferences to be found in a large modern congregation, and remembers that these tastes have reference so much more largely than in former years to external and non-essential matters, it will be readily apprehended by those outside the ministry that the business of "candidating" is admirably adapted to strike terror to the heart of a minister of ordinarily sensitive nerves. The radical idea of it is false to begin with. That idea is, when stated in plain words, that a church, by hearing a man preach for a single Sunday, can learn sufficiently of his character and abilities for the work of the ministry to decide off-hand whether he is the man they want, or rather, whether he is the man they need, to live with them and be their minister week after week and year after year. Suppose a great corporation should insist that its employment of a lawyer as its permanent solicitor should turn, not on his general record as a lawyer, but on the impression he made on the directors by the delivery of a single plea before a jury. Suppose a medical institution should allow its action in the appointment of a physician to a responsible place to be decided by the management and result of his practice in a single case of fever. The comparisons are not wholly false or inapt. In many respects the lawyer or the physician put to such a test would have the advantage of the minister. The deeper and more subtle qualities of character, the sources of power and influence, the secret fountains of social and spiritual strength which are so largely elements in the success of a pastor, might manifest themselves but faintly in a trial sermon. The candidate in many cases comes to the ordeal a complete stranger to the congregation; he is perhaps unaccustomed to the order of service, or the pulpit is not of the proper height, or he is not as well as usual — has taken a cold on the long journey made to keep this appointment, or is suffering from headache. Any one of these may seriously affect a preacher, especially in our non-liturgical churches, where so much depends upon the personal appearance of the speaker; and on a critical occasion like this, where success is likely to turn on appearances, a seemingly

insignificant circumstance may disconcert a sensitive man and unfit him for his work. A slight physical ailment, or the unaccountable loss of the preaching mood which sometimes afflicts a minister of nervous temperament, may cripple the mental energies and so abate that vigor and alertness of mind which are necessary to the proper outfit of the preacher for his work, especially where much of that work is extemporaneous, that he may fail to show his real power as a preacher. The choice of a theme is difficult at such a time, and may be unfortunate for that particular congregation or that particular time, on account of certain local circumstances of which the preacher is ignorant; or it may fail to give a proper idea of the average range and kind of his usual discourse. But he is here, and he must be heard. No matter what the drawbacks, he must preach; and preach as a man to whom the assembly is looking as their possible pastor. He must make his "impression," and the action of the parish is to turn on that impression.

To a sensitive man, the whole business is repulsive; to a man with a fine moral sense, there is a certain feeling of the insincerity of it. It seems to him as much a "performance" as the solo of the gallery singer is sometimes said to be. He is here professedly to preach the gospel and to do good to the souls of men; he is here really to show these people how gracefully and impressively and eloquently he can do it. The whole business carries a hollow and unreal look. He feels instinctively that comparatively few will be impressed by the depth, beauty, truth, sweetness, or soundness — if such there be — of his discourse, or by the simplicity and reverence of feeling in his prayers; and that the large proportion of the assembly will be thinking of the manner rather than the matter, of form rather than substance. His face attracts one, his voice another, his pathetic tones another, his "manner" another, his comments on the Scripture another, his undemonstrative method another. But other people are repelled by the same things. A ministry of months and years might correct these bad impressions and confirm the good ones; but the minister is here for only one Sunday and then flits to other fields, to pass through the same ordeal. The "impression" must necessarily be imperfect as a correct idea of what the candidate is as a preacher and pastor. Moreover, the minds of all being so largely engaged in taking what strikes the eye and makes a temporary impression on the ear, the service as a religious service is a failure. It is not a service sincerely conducted by one unconscious of himself and aiming at spiritual effect alone, nor one in which the hearers heartily enter, or can heartily enter, with the simple desire that they may worship God, and receive thereby spiritual benefit to themselves. The obvious conclusion is, that the more refined or sensitive the man is who submits to this ordeal, the more likely will he be *not* to *do* his best, or *be* his best. He will find more difficulty than some other men of less refinement of character, because he will be more conscious of the false and unreal position which he has allowed himself to fill. The practice must be more or less demoralizing to a church that Sunday after Sunday keeps up this business of listening to candidates, and it must be more or less debasing to the ministers who accept invitations to enter into the arrangement.

If this letter shall awaken the desire of any to seek some more reasonable plan of securing pastors for our churches, following out perhaps the excellent suggestions offered by Dr. Gladden in a recent number of THE CENTURY, its purpose will be fulfilled. At any rate it can do no harm to call attention to the immoderate desires and expectations of laymen in their search for imaginary and impossible ministers, and to that emphasis which they too often lay upon tests and qualifications which are not really necessary to a faithful and successful ministry.

Forrest F. Emerson.

NEWPORT, R. I.

"Aunt Martha" Grayson.

IT seems to me fitting to the story of "The Graysons" to publish a little incident connected with "Aunt Martha" that came under my personal observation.

The incident of which I speak occurred when Lincoln and Douglas were making their famous tour of Illinois, and were to speak at Havanna, Mason County, Illinois.

About 6 o'clock on the day previous there came to the house of the friend with whom I was stopping an old lady who had walked I do not know how many miles to see "dear Old Abe." She wore a calico sun-bonnet and a clean dark calico dress of rather scant proportions and was toil-worn and withered, but withal had such a kindly face that one forgot her homely attire and backwoods manners.

She talked incessantly of Mr. Lincoln, always calling him "Old Abe," and was so eager and trembling in her desire to see him that I could not help wondering what possible interest she could have in him, or he in her. I learned that Lincoln, years before, had saved the life of her son, who was accused of murder, and no scrap of evidence seemed possible to save him from the gallows. Here, then, was the mother of the young man whose story I had so often heard.

The next morning the old lady was up long before the rest of us, nervously roaming about, and scarcely able to control her agitation. "I am going to be the first to greet 'Old Abe' when he leaves the boat," she said over and over again; "and I want to tell him how glad I am that he has become so great."

She did not wait for the steam-whistle to herald his coming. With trembling fingers she tied the strings of her sun-bonnet under her chin, lighted her pipe,— I 'm sure I 'm not mistaken in this, — and hurried nervously away, saying as she left, "I must be the first to take him by the hand." And sure enough she was. The whistle blew, the crowd surged down to the landing, but the old lady was already there. No sooner was the plank thrown out than "Aunt Martha" stepped upon it, and was indeed the first to meet and greet "Old Abe."

She came back to the house shortly after, her face radiant with joy, the tears still coursing down her withered cheeks, and cried out between intervals of hysterical sobs: "I 've seen him — he was not ashamed of me — he took my old hand and wrung it with a will, saying, 'Howdy, Aunt Martha? How are all the folks? I 'm right glad to see you.'"

Mrs. H. L. Tobien.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Lord Bacon and the Vail Telegraphic Code.

IN the April number of THE CENTURY Mr. Pope, in his article on "The American Inventors of the Telegraph," claims for Mr. Vail the "conception of an alphabetical code, based on the elements of time and space."

Without desiring to detract in the slightest from Mr. Vail's credit as an inventor, and admitting that this conception and its realization were with him original, he was not, in the language of patents, the first, as well as the original, inventor of this conception.

Bacon, in the first chapter of the Sixth Book of "De Augmentis Scientiarum" refers to a "contrivance" of a cipher which he "devised himself when he was at Paris in his early youth, and which he still thinks worthy of preservation." It is what he calls "an alphabet of two letters"; and though he transposes these two letters through five spaces to form the twenty-four letters of our alphabet then in common use (I and J and U and V not being discriminated), he adds this remarkable paragraph:

"Nor is it a slight thing which is thus by the way effected, for hence we see how thoughts may be communicated at any distance of space, by means of any objects perceptible, either to the eye or ear, provided *only that those objects are capable of two differences;* as by *bells, trumpets, torches, gun shots, and the like.*"

I think I justly call this paragraph remarkable, in view of the development of this idea which has since taken place. The Vail alphabet for the telegraph, the signaling by flashes of light, the sounding upon whistles and bells, and the daily discovery of "some new field of usefulness for this universal symbolic language" to which Mr. Pope refers are, almost in terms, set out by Bacon in this paragraph.

How much older than Bacon this method of alphabetic distinction is I cannot say. Perhaps if Wendell Phillips were alive he would trace it back to the Greeks, or to the Phenicians, and then say that the name of the Egyptian from whom they got it was long since forgotten.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *R. D. Mussey.*

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Torm.

DE'R law! Sis' Jane, ef dat ain't you!
Come in an' tek a cheer;
I ain't sot eyes upon yo' face
Sence hawg-killin' time las' year.
Lemme dus' it wid my ap'on, 'kase
I 's 'feard yo' 'll spile yo' dress;
We 's kinder late dis mornin', an'
T'ings is all in a mess.

Heah, Jim! bring mammy a tu'n er wood
(Yo' dad des sont a load).
Lize! fetch some water from de spring—
(Nigger, doan' brek dat gode!)
How 's all yo' folks? Well? Dat is good;
An' we all des is prime.
I 'm gwine to tell yo' 'bout Torm's gal
Ef yo' 'll des gimme time.

Yer see, Torm 's gone an' 'gage' heself
Ter a likely gal—but min',
She ain't no yaller nigger, mun!
She 's de molliglassy* kine,
Des 'bout de culler ob gingerbread—
Sis' Jane! whot 's de motter wid you!
Yo' face 'bout as long as two o' my arms,
An' yo' lips is fa'rly blue.

How 's Torm, yo' say, Sis' Jane? How 's Torm?
Why, my Torm, he 's all right;
He went to see his Sylvie walk
De cake-walk des las' night—
Bad news? I spec dat shote o' mine
Done hang in de bobby cue† fence;
Lize druv him out a while ago,
An' he hain't nuvver come back sence.

Bad news 'bout Torm? Go 'way, Sis' Jane!
'T ain' nothin' happen to Torm;
He 's haulin' railroad sills to-day
Down on ole marster's farm.
De railroad!—dat wuz hit, yer say?—
De railroad danejus place?—
Tell me de Gospel troof, Sis' Jane!
I sees death in yo' face.

De train come tyarrin' 'long, yer say,
An' Torm cyarn't hol' de hoss;
De injine shriek so furous dat
He r'ar. an' pitch, an' toss,
An th'ow Torm out, an' den de wheels
Des strek him on de hade?
An' now you 's tryin' ter splain ter me
Dat *my boy Torm*—is dade?

'T ain' while to tell me dat, Sis' Jane!
Torm *cuddent* die 'fore me.
Heish! what 's dat rumblin' 'long de road?
Dey 's bringin' him—home—ter me?
Lawd Jesus! come hyar to me now,
An' tell me what I done!
De Lawd hab mussy upon me!
O Torm! my son, my son!

Sarah A. Peple.

* By some called moligasker, supposed to be a corruption of Madagascar.

† Barbed-wire fence.

Ballade of Beseeching.

(TO MR. A-ST-N D-BS-N.)

"Virelais, ballades, and verses vain." SPENSER.

BALLADE, quatorzain too, we know.
We know rondeau and triolet.
We 've turned a villanelle or so,
And even the pantoum we have met.
Sestines we conned (but did not get
Much pleasure from them, we must say);
But this one thing escapes us yet —
Pray tell us what 's a *virelai.*

The rondel's mazes to and fro
We trod, lost there as in a net.
The chant-royal essayed — but oh,
We left it, half way, in a pet:
It *cannot* be "cast in one jet";
We like, beside, a thing more gay,
Less like some stately minuet.
Pray tell us *what 's* a virelai.

'T is now too late to school to go
To study French — the alphabet
Of parley-voo, that language *beau,*
We never learned, to our regret,
Else even that task ourselves we 'd set.
Alas, is there *no* other way?
Our flesh we 're losing from the fret!
Pray tell us what 's a virelai.

ENVOY.

Poet, of gratitude our debt
Is greater, now, than we can pay;
But still we sue (with eyes tear-wet) —
"Pray tell us what 's a virelai!"

Alice Williams Brotherton.

Little Mamma.

WHY is it the children don't love me
As they do mamma?
That they put her ever above me —
"Little mamma"?
I 'm sure I do all that I can do.
What more can a rather big man do,
Who can't be mamma —
Little mamma?

Any game that the tyrants suggest,
"Logomachy," — which I detest,—
Doll-babies, hop-scotch, or base-ball,
I 'm always on hand at the call.
When Noah and the others embark,
I 'm the elephant saved in the ark.
I creep, and I climb, and I crawl —
By turns am the animals all.
For the show on the stair
I 'm always the bear,
The chimpanzee, or the kangaroo.
It is never, "Mamma,—
Little mamma,—
Won't *you?*"

My umbrella 's the pony, if any —
None ride on mamma's parasol;
I 'm supposed to have always the penny
For bon-bons, and beggars, and all.
My room is the one where they clatter —
Am I reading, or writing, what matter!
My knee is the one for a trot,
My foot is the stirrup for Dot.
If his fractions get into a snarl
Who straightens the tangles for Karl?
Who bounds Massachusetts and Maine,
And tries to bound flimsy old Spain?
Why,
It is *I,*
Papa,—
Not little mamma!

That the youngsters are ingrates don't say.
I think they love me — in a way —
As one does the old clock on the stair,—
Any curious, cumbrous affair
That one 's used to having about,
And would feel rather lonely without.
I think that they love me, I say,
In a sort of tolerant way;
But it 's plain that papa
Is n't little mamma.

Thus when shadows come stealing anear,
And things in the firelight look queer;
When shadows the play-room enwrap,
They never climb into my lap
And toy with *my* head, smooth and bare,
As they do with mamma's shining hair;
Nor feel round my throat and my chin
For dimples to put fingers in;
Nor lock my neck in a loving vise
And say they 're "mousies" — that 's mice —
And will nibble my ears,
Will nibble and bite
With their little mice-teeth, so sharp and so white,
If I do not kiss them this very minute —
Don't-wait-a-bit-but-at-once-begin-it. —
Dear little papa!
That 's what they say and do to mamma.

If, mildly hinting, I quietly say that
Kissing 's a game that more can play at,
They turn up at once those innocent eyes
And I suddenly learn to my great surprise
That my face has "prickles" —
My mustache tickles.
If storming their camp I seize a pert shaver,
And take as a right what was asked as a favor,
It is, "O Papa,
How horrid you are —
You taste exactly like a cigar!"

But though the rebels protest and pout,
And make a pretense of driving me out,
I hold, after all, the main redoubt,—
Not by force of arms nor the force of will,
But the power of love, which is mightier still.
And very deep in their hearts, I know,
Under the saucy and petulant "Oh,"
The doubtful "Yes," or the naughty "No,"
They love papa.

And down in the heart that no one sees,
Where I hold my feasts and my jubilees,
I know that I would not abate one jot
Of the love that is held by my little Dot
Or my great big boy for their little mamma,
Though out in the cold it crowded papa.
I would not abate it the tiniest whit,
And I am not jealous the least little bit;
For I 'll tell you a secret: Come, my dears,
And I 'll whisper it — right-into-your-ears —
I too love mamma,
Little mamma!

Charles Henry Webb.

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